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Illustration for "The Sestina"

See page 191

A NEAT AND SHRIVELLED GENTLEMAN SAT AT A DESK



# HARPER'S

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### The Awakening

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

#### CHAPTER I

DR. LAVENDAR and Goliath had toiled up the hill to call on old Mr. Benjamin Wright; when they jogged back in the late afternoon it was with the peculiar complacency which follows the doing of a disagreeable duty. Goliath had not liked climbing the hill, for a heavy rain in the morning had turned the clay to stiff mud, and Dr. Lavendar had not liked calling on Benjamin Wright.

"But, Daniel," said Dr. Lavendar, addressing a small old dog who took up a great deal more room than he was entitled to on the seat of the buggy, "Daniel, my boy, you don't consult your likings in pastoral calls." Then he looked out of the mud-spattered window of the buggy, at a house by the roadside—"The Stuffed Animal House," Old Chester children used to call it, because its previous owner had been a taxidermist of some little local renown. "That's another visit I ought to make," he reflected, "but it can wait until next week. G'long, Goliath!"

Goliath went along, and Mrs. Frederick Richie, who lived in the Stuffed Animal House, looking listlessly from an upper window saw the hood of the buggy jogging by, and smiled. "Thank Heaven!" she said.

Benjamin Wright had not thanked

Heaven when Dr. Lavendar drove away. He had been as disagreeable as usual to his visitor, but being a very lonely old man he enjoyed having a visitor to whom to be disagreeable. He lived all by himself on his hilltop, a mile out of Old Chester, with his "nigger" Simmons, his canary-birds, and his temper. More than thirty years before he had quarrelled with his only son Samuel, and the two men had not spoken to each other since. Old Chester never knew what this quarrel had been about; Dr. Lavendar speculated upon it as he and Goliath went squashing through the mud that April afternoon, and wondered who was to blame. "Pot and kettle, probably," he reflected. "Samuel's goodness is very irritating sometimes, and his father's badness is—well, it's not as distressing as it should be. But what a forlorn old critter he is! And this Mrs. Richie is lonely too—a widow—and no children, poor woman. I must call next week. Goliath wouldn't like to turn round now and climb the hill again. Danny, I fear Goliath is very selfish."

Goliath's selfishness carried them home and landed Dr. Lavendar at his own fireside, rather tired and full of good intentions in regard to calls. He confided these intentions to Dr. William King who looked in after supper to inquire about his cold.



"Cold? I haven't any cold! You can't get a job here. Sit down and give me some advice."

"I'll advise you not to go out in such weather. Now promise me you won't go out to-morrow?"

"To-morrow? Right after breakfast, sir! To make calls on the people I've neglected. Willy, how can I find a home for an orphan child? A parson up in the mountains has asked me to see if I could place a little seven-year-old boy. The child's sister who took care of him has just died. Do you know anybody who might take him?"

"Well," said Willy King, "there's Mrs. Richie."

Dr. Lavendar looked at him over his spectacles. "Mrs. Frederick Richie?—though I understand she calls herself Mrs. *Helena* Richie. I don't like a young female to use her own name, William, even if she *is* a widow! Still, she may be a nice woman I suppose. Do you think a little boy would have a good home with her?"

"Why," the doctor demurred, "of course, we know very little about her. She has only been here six months. But I should think she was just the person to take him. She is mighty good-looking, isn't she?"

"Yes," Dr. Lavendar said, "she is. And good looks are important. Other things being equal I prefer a good-looking woman. But I don't know that her looks are a guarantee that she can train up a child in the way he should go. Can't you think of anybody else?"

"I don't see why you don't like Mrs. Richie?"

"I never said I didn't like her," protested Dr. Lavendar; "but she's a widow."

"Unless she murdered the late Richie, I can't see that that's against her."

"Widows don't always stay widows, Willy."

"I don't believe she's the marrying kind," William said. "I have a sort of feeling that the deceased Richie was not the kind of husband who receives the compliment of a successor—"

"Hold on; you're mixing things up! It's the bad husband and the good wife that get compliments of that kind."

William laughed as he was expected

to, but he stuck to his opinion that Mrs. Richie had had enough of husbands. "And anyway, she's devoted to her brother—though he doesn't come to see her very often."

"There's another point," objected Dr. Lavendar; "what kind of a fellow is this brother? Danny growled at him once, which prejudiced me I'm afraid. Why doesn't he give her a home with him?"

"Well, for one thing she seems to have taken a fancy to Old Chester, and maybe the conditions are not attractive at his house. I suppose all families have their skeletons. Not that Mr. Pryor is a skeleton. He seems a decent man enough, though I must say he doesn't cultivate acquaintances in Old Chester."

"She says he is not very well," Dr. Lavendar explained; "she says he likes to keep quiet when he comes down here."

"I don't see anything wrong with him."

"Hasn't taken any of your pills? Maybe he doesn't believe in doctors. I don't myself."

"Thank you," said William King.

"There's too much fuss anyway over our precious carcasses! And you fellows encourage it."

"Been to see Mrs. Drayton to-day?" William inquired sweetly.

Dr. Lavendar displayed temper; the name of Old Chester's chronic invalid was a red rag to him. Then he said he wished he knew more about Mrs. Richie. "I ask you for information and all you say is that she's good-looking, and her brother doesn't take your pills."

William laughed.

"She doesn't come to church very regularly, and she never stops afterwards to talk," Dr. Lavendar ruminated.

"Well, if you want talking there's Mrs. Drayton. And as for church-going, she lives 'way up there on the hill road—"

"Yes, she does live pretty far out of town," Dr. Lavendar admitted, "but that's not a reason for not being neighborly after church."

"She's shy," said William King, "that's all. Shyness isn't anything very wrong. And she's mighty pleasant when she does talk to you. I tell you Dr. Lavendar, pleasantness goes a good way in this world. I'd say it was better than goodness—only they are the same thing."

"No, they're not," said Dr. Lavendar.



"I admit she doesn't belong to the sewing society," William said grinning; "and Mrs. Drayton says she doesn't show proper grief for her husband. She actually smiles sometimes! Mrs. Drayton says that if the Lord were to remove her beloved husband, she would never smile again."

"William," said Dr. Lavendar chuckling, "I begin to like your widow."

"She's not my widow, thank you! But she's a nice woman, and she must be pretty lonely up there all by herself."

"Wish I had gone in to see her this afternoon," the old man said thoughtfully. "As you say she might be a suitable person to take this little boy. I wonder if she's going to stay in Old Chester?"

"Sam Wright says she has spoken to him of buying the house. That looks as if she meant to settle down. Did you know that Sam's Sam is casting sheep's-eyes at her?"

"Why, she's old enough to be his mother!" said Dr. Lavendar.

"Oh, no. Sam's Sam is twenty-three, and Mrs. Drayton says that Mrs. Richie will never see forty-five again. Which leads me to conclude that she's about thirty."

"Of course she doesn't encourage him?" Dr. Lavendar said anxiously.

"She lets him come to see her, and she took him out once in that wicker-work vehicle she has—looks like a clothes-basket on wheels. And she provides the clothes to put into it. Martha says they are beautiful. But Mrs. Drayton says that no truly pious female would be willing to decorate poor flesh and blood with such finery. Mrs. Drayton says—"

"William! Is this the way I've brought you up? To pander to my besetting sin? Hold your tongue!" Dr. Lavendar rose chuckling, and stood in front of the fireplace, gathering the tails of his flowered cashmere dressing-gown under his arms. "I must say I don't think she was very hospitable to the boy, so far as the clothes-basket went. I was at the post-office, and I heard him ask her to give him a lift. I didn't think, myself, that she wanted him. But she took him in. I hope he isn't really smitten, Willy? You never can tell what that boy will do."

"Yes, he's a hair-trigger," the doctor agreed, "a hair-trigger! And his father understands him about as well as—as Danny there understands Hebrew! I think it's a case of Samuel and his father over again. Dr. Lavendar, do you suppose anybody will ever know what those two quarrelled about?"

"Probably not."

"I suppose," William King ruminated, "that you'd call Sam a genius?"

"No, I wouldn't; he has no patience. You can't have genius without patience. Sam hasn't a particle."

"Well," the doctor explained, "he hasn't the slightest sense of responsibility; and I notice that when people have no sense of responsibility, you call them either criminals or geniuses."

"I don't," said Dr. Lavendar dryly, "I call 'em poor critters either way. But Willy, about this little boy; the great point is, who needs him? I expect he'll be here on Saturday."

"What! This week? But you haven't found anybody to take him."

"Oh, he'll stay with me for a while. Mary 'll look after him. And I'll play marbles with him. Got any white alleys? Gimme six, and I'll give you an agate."

"But Dr. Lavendar, that will be a nuisance to you," William King protested. "Let me take him. Or, at least—I'll ask Martha—she's house-cleaning now, and I'm not sure—" William ended weakly.

"No, no; I want him myself," said the old minister.

"Well," Dr. King said with evident relief, "shall I speak to Mrs. Richie about him? I'm going up there tomorrow; she's got a sick cook, and she asked me to call. What's his name?"

"David Allison. You might sound her William, but don't be definite. Don't give her any chance to say yes or no. I want to know her a little better before I make up my mind. When the boy comes I'll happen along in my buggy with him, and then we'll see. And meantime Willy, keep your eye on Sam's Sam. He mustn't get too much interested up there. A little falling in love with an older woman doesn't hurt most boys; in fact, it's part of their growing up and likely as not it does 'em good. But Sam's Sam isn't like most boys."



"That's so," said William King, "he may not be a genius and he certainly isn't a criminal, but he's a good deal of a firecracker."

## CHAPTER II

"**Y**OU can't think of anybody who might like to take this little David Allison, can you, my dear?" William King asked his wife at breakfast the next morning.

"I certainly cannot," Martha said decidedly. "I think it's a very dangerous thing to take unknown children into your family. I suppose you think I ought to offer to do it? But in the first place, I'm very tired, and in the second place, I don't like boys. If it was a girl it might be different."

"No doubt we could find a girl," William began, but she interrupted him.

"Girls are a great expense. And then, as I said—unknown children!—they might turn into anything. They might have evil tendencies; they probably have; if the parents die early, it's a sign of weakness of some sort. I've no doubt this boy's father drank. I don't want to seem unkind, but I must say flatly and frankly that, considering how hard it is for us to make both ends meet—as you keep up a sort of free practice—I don't think it's prudent to suggest any new responsibilities and expenses."

"Oh, I wasn't making suggestions," William King said. "I guess we're not the people to bring up a child. I'd spoil him, I've no doubt."

"I'm sure you would!" Martha said, greatly relieved. "It would be the worst possible thing for him. But Willy, there's that Mrs. Richie?"

"You think his evil tendencies wouldn't hurt her?" the doctor said dryly.

"I think she's a rich woman, so why shouldn't she do a thing like that? I'll go and see her if you want me to—though she never makes you feel welcome—and tell her about the boy?"

"You needn't bother," William said. "Dr. Lavendar will see her himself."

"I don't understand that woman," Mrs. King went on. "She keeps herself to herself too much. It almost looks as if she didn't think we were good enough to associate with her!"

William made no reply.

"Willy, does she use perfumery?"

"How in the world should I know!" said the doctor.

"Well," Martha said, "there's a sort of fragrance about her. It isn't like cologne, it's like—well, orris-root."

William made no comment.

"It's a kind of sachet, I guess; I'd like to know what it is. Willy, Sam Wright's Sam went out walking with her yesterday. I met them on the River Road. I believe the boy is in love with her!"

"He's got eyes," William agreed.

"*Tck!*" said Martha, "the idea of calling her good-looking! And I don't think it speaks well for a woman of her age—she's forty if she's a day—to let a boy trail round after her like that. And to fix herself up with sachet-powders and things. And her Sarah told the Draytons' Jean that she had her breakfast in bed every morning! I'd like to know how my housekeeping would go on if I had breakfast in bed, though dear knows I'm very tired and it would be pleasant enough. But I don't do lazy things just because they are pleasant."

The doctor made no defence of Mrs. Richie. Instead he asked for another cup of coffee and when he was told that it would not be good for him, he got up, then paused patiently, his hand on the door-knob, to hear his Martha out.

"William, what do you suppose is the last thing Sam Wright's Sam has done?"

The doctor confessed his ignorance.

"Well, his father sent him to Mercer on Monday to buy supplies for the bank. He gave him seventy-five dollars. Back comes my young gentleman with—what do you suppose? A lot of pictures of actors and actresses! And no supplies."

"What! you don't mean he spent the money on the pictures?"

"Every bit of it!" cried Martha. "His mother came in and told me about it last night. She said his father was frantic. She was dreadfully upset herself. As for Sam, he kept saying that the 'prints,' as he called them, were very valuable—though I'm sure I can't see why. They were only of actor people, and they had all died sixty or seventy years ago."

"Actors!" the doctor said. "Poor



Samuel! he hates the theatre. I do believe he'd rather have pictures of the devil."

"Oh, but wait. You haven't heard the rest of it. It appears that when the boy looked at 'em yesterday morning he found they weren't as valuable as he thought—I don't understand that part of it," Martha acknowledged—"so what does he do but march down-stairs, and put 'em all in the kitchen stove! What do you think of that?"

"I think," said William King, "that he has always gone off at half-cock ever since he was born. But Martha, the serious thing is his spending money that didn't belong to him."

"I should think it was serious! If he'd been some poor little clerk in the bank, instead of Mr. Samuel Wright's only son, he would have found it was serious! Willy, what do you make of him? He isn't a bad boy, and yet if somebody else did the things he does, we'd say he was bad?"

"Bad?" said William, "of course he isn't bad. He's just—different. Why, Martha, that boy wouldn't do a mean thing or a dirty thing any more than a girl would. But he is queer," William admitted, "queer as Dick's hatband, and he and his father have about as much in common as oil and water."

"And now he thinks he's in love with this Richie woman," Martha went on—but William made his escape. He had to go and hitch up, he said.

Before he took Jinny out of her stall he went into the harness-room and hunted about on a shelf until, behind a rusty currycomb and two empty oil-bottles, he found a small mirror. It was misty and flecked with clear spots where the quicksilver had dropped away, but when he propped it against the cobwebbed window he could see himself fairly well. Staring into its dim depths he retied his necktie; then he backed the buggy out of the carriage-house. But after he had put his mare between the shafts he hesitated. . . . The buggy was very shabby; it sagged badly on the right side, and there was a rent in the faded cushion. The doctor looked at his watch. . . . Then hurriedly he led Jinny back to her stall, got a bucket of water and a sponge, and washed off the dashboard

and wheels. After that he fumbled along a dusty beam to find a bottle of oil with which he touched up the harness. But when all was done he shook his head. The buggy was hopeless. Nevertheless, when he climbed in and slapped Jinny's flank with the newly oiled rein he was careful to sit in the middle of the seat to make the springs truer, and he avoided the mud-puddles on the road up to the Stuffed Animal House. There were a good many puddles, for it had rained the day before. To-day the clouds had gathered up behind the hills into white domes, but the sky was that faint April blue that dims easily into warm mists. There was the smell of earth, the fainter scent of unopened buds, and from the garden borders of the Stuffed Animal House came the pungent odor of box.

Helena Richie, standing by a bed of crown-imperials, bareheaded, a trowel in her gloved hand, her smooth cheek flushed with the unwonted exertion of planting seeds, caught the exquisite breath of the box, and sighed; then, listlessly, she turned to walk back towards the house. Before she reached it the gate clicked and Dr. King came up the path. She saw him and looked hurriedly about, as if seeking a way of escape, but it was too late.

"Gardening?" he called to her.

"Yes," she said, and her smile like reluctant sunshine did not betray to the doctor that he was not welcome.

"Don't work too hard," he cautioned her. It seemed to William King, looking at her with wondering admiration, that she was too delicate a creature to handle a trowel. There was a certain soft indolence in the way she moved that was a delight to his eye. It occurred to him that he would ask his Martha why she didn't wear gardening-gloves. Mrs. Richie wore them, and as she pulled one off he saw how soft and white her hand was. . .

"How's the patient?" he asked.

"Poor Maggie? Oh, she's pretty uncomfortable I'm afraid. After you've seen her, will you come and tell me what I must do for her?"

They had gone together to the front porch, and as she stood on the lower step looking up at him, the sunshine suddenly filled her eyes with limpid brown light.



"Maggie is in her room in the ell—the first door on the left. Shall I show you the way?"

"I know the way," he said.

Mrs. Richie sat down on the porch step to wait for him. She had nothing else to do. She never had anything to do. She had tried to be interested in the garden, and had bought a trowel and some seeds and wandered out into the borders that very morning; but a manufactured interest has no staying quality—especially if it involves any hard work. She was glad when William King came back and sat down beside her; sickness was not an agreeable topic, but it was a topic.

"Maggie will be all right in two or three days, but don't let her go into the kitchen before Monday. A bad throat pulls you down. And she's had a good deal of pain."

"Oh, poor Maggie!" she said wincing.

William looked at her with open amusement. "A sore throat is nothing so very dreadful."

She drew a breath of relief. "Oh, I'm so glad! I can't bear to think of pain." Then she looked at him anxiously. "Don't you think she can cook before Monday? I'm so tired of scrappy dinners."

"I'm afraid not," William King said. "I'm very sorry." But that his sorrow was not for Maggie was evident.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Richie; and then her eyes crinkled with amusement at his concern. "I don't really mind, Dr. King."

"I shouldn't blame you if you did," he protested warmly. "Nobody likes scrappy dinners. I wish you would come down and have dinner with us?"

"Oh, thank you, no," she said. And the sudden shy retreat into her habitual reserve was followed by a silence that suggested departure to the doctor. As he got up he remembered Dr. Lavendar and the little boy, but he was at a loss how to introduce the subject. In his perplexity he frowned, and Mrs. Richie said quickly:

"Of course she sha'n't do any work. I'm not so bad-tempered as you think; I only meant that I don't like discomfort."

"You bad-tempered?" he said. "No,

indeed! You're—just the opposite. That's why I suggested you when I heard about this boy."

"What boy?"

"Why, a little fellow of seven—David his name is—that Dr. Lavendar is trying to find a home for. And I thought perhaps you—"

"—would take him?" cried Mrs. Richie in astonishment, and then she laughed. "I!"

"Why, it occurred to me that perhaps you might be lonely, and—"

Helena Richie stopped laughing; she pulled off her other glove and looked down at her white hands. "Well, yes, I'm lonely. But—I don't like children, Dr. King."

"You don't?" he said blankly, and in his surprise he sat down again. "Oh, I'm sure that's only because you don't know them. If you had ever known a child—"

"I have," Mrs. Richie said, "one." Her voice was bleak; the gayety had dropped out of it; for an instant she looked old. William King understood.

"It died?"

She nodded. She began to pull her gloves on again, smoothing down each finger carefully and not looking at him.

"A little girl?"

"Boy." She turned her face away, but he saw her chin tremble. There was a moment's silence; then the doctor said with curious harshness,

"Well, anyhow, *you* know what it means to have owned your own."

"Better not have known!"

"I can't feel that. But perhaps I don't understand."

"You *don't* understand." Her head with its two soft braids wound around it like a wreath was bent so that he could not see her face. "Dr. King, his father—hurt him. Yes; hurt a little baby, eight months and twelve days old. He died seven weeks later."

William drew in his breath; he found no words.

"That was twelve years ago, but I can't seem to—to get over it," she said, with a sort of gasp.

"But how—" Dr. King began.

"Oh, he was not himself. He was—happy. I believe you call it *happy*? When he got sober he was—not happy."

"How did you bear it?"



"I didn't bear it I suppose. I never have borne it!"

"Did he repent before he died?" William King said passionately.

"Before he—?" Her voice suddenly shook; she made elaborate pretence of calmness, fastening her gloves and looking at them critically; then she said: "Yes, Dr. King; he—repented. He *repented!*"

"If there ever was excuse for divorce, you had it!"

"You don't think there ever is?" she asked absently.

"No," William said. "I suppose you'll think I'm very old-fashioned, but I don't, unless—" he stopped short; he could not have put his qualifying thought into words to any woman, especially not to this woman, so like a girl in spite of her thirty-odd years. "You see," he said awkwardly, "it's such an unusual thing. It never happened in Old Chester; why, I don't believe I ever saw a—a divorced person in my life!"

"Well," she said, "anyhow, I didn't get a divorce."

He interrupted her, blushing to his temples. "Mrs. Richie! You didn't think I thought of—of such a thing?"

But it was plain that she regretted her confidence; she rose with an evident purpose of changing the subject. "I must go and put in some more seeds. My man George says it's too early, but I hate to wait—for anything! Why doesn't Dr. Lavendar keep this little boy? After all, he's lonely himself."

"Well, he's an old man you know, and—"

"Dr. King," she broke in, "I don't mind having the child here for a week while Dr. Lavendar is looking for somebody to take him. Not longer. It wouldn't do. Really it wouldn't. But for a week, perhaps, or maybe two—"

"That would be a great help," William King said. "Then Dr. Lavendar can have plenty of time to find a home for him. I would have been glad to take him myself, but just at present it happens that it is not—I should say, Mrs. King is—very tired, and—"

"It is perfectly convenient for me," Mrs. Richie said, "if you'll only cure Maggie! You must cure Maggie, so that she can make cookies for him."

"I'll cure Maggie," the doctor assured her smiling, and went away much pleased with himself. But when he got into his shabby old buggy he sighed.

"Poor soul!" he said. "Poor soul!"

### CHAPTER III

WILLIAM KING reported the result of his call to Dr. Lavendar, and when he told the tragic story of the dead baby the old man blinked and shook his head.

"Do you wonder she doesn't call herself Mrs. *Frederick* Richie?" William demanded. "I don't!"

"No; that's natural, that's natural," Dr. Lavendar admitted.

"I suppose it was a dreadful thing to say," said William, "but I just burst out and said that if ever there was an excuse for divorce, she had it!"

"What did she say?"

"Oh, of course, that she hadn't been divorced. I was ashamed of myself the next minute for speaking of such a thing."

"Poor child," said Dr. Lavendar, "living up there alone, and with such memories! I guess you're right; I guess she'd like to have little David, if only for company. But I think I'll keep him for a week or two myself, and let her get sort of acquainted with him under my eye. That will give me a chance to get acquainted with her. But to think I haven't known about that baby until now! It must be my fault that she was not drawn to tell me. But I'm afraid I wasn't drawn to her just at first."

Yet Dr. Lavendar was not altogether at fault. This newcomer in Old Chester was still a stranger to everybody—except to Sam Wright's Sam and to William King. To be sure, as soon as she was settled in her house Old Chester had called and asked her to tea, and was confused and annoyed because its invitations were not accepted. Furthermore, she did not return the calls. She went to church, but not very regularly, and she never stopped to gossip in the vestibule or the churchyard. Even with Dr. Lavendar she was remote. The first time he went to see her he asked, with his usual directness, one or two questions: Did Mr. Pryor



live in Mercer? No; he had business that brought him there occasionally. Where did he live? In Philadelphia. Had she any relatives in this part of the world—except her brother? No, none; none anywhere. Was Mr. Pryor married? Yes. Had he any family? One daughter; his wife was dead. "And you have lost your husband?" Dr. Lavendar said gently. "This is a lonely life for you here, I am afraid."

But she said oh, no; not at all; she liked the quiet. Then, with faint impatience as if she did not care to talk about her own affairs, she added that she had always lived in the East; "but I find it very pleasant here," she ended vaguely.

Dr. Lavendar had gone away uneasy and puzzled. Why didn't she live with her brother? Family differences no doubt. Curious how families fall out! "You'd think they'd be glad to hang together," the lonely old man thought; "and they are not necessarily bad folk who quarrel. Look at Sam and his boy. Both of 'em good as gold. But it's in the blood there," he said to himself, sighing.

Sam and his son were not bad folk. The boy had nothing bad about him; nothing worse than an unexpectedness that had provided Old Chester with smiles for many years. "No; he is not bad; I have seen to *that*," his father used to say. "He's hardly been out of my sight twenty-four hours at a time. And I put my foot down on college with all its temptations. He's good—if he's nothing else!" And certainly Samuel Wright was good too. Everybody in Old Chester said so. He said so himself. "I, my dear Eliza, have nothing with which to reproach myself," he used to tell his wife ponderously in moments of conjugal unbending. "I have done my duty. I always do my duty under all circumstances; I do my duty now by Sam."

This was when he and his son fell out on one point or another, as they had begun to do as soon as young Sam learned to talk; and all because the father insisted upon furnishing the boy with his own most excellent principles and theories, instead of letting the lad manufacture such things for himself. Now

when Sam was twenty-three the falling-out had become chronic. No doubt it was in the blood, as Dr. Lavendar said. Some thirty years before, Sam Senior, then a slim and dreamy youth light-hearted and given to writing verses, had fallen out with his father, old Benjamin Wright; fallen out so finally that in all these years since, the two men, father and son, had not spoken one word to each other. If anybody might have been supposed to know the cause of that thirty-year-old feud it was Dr. Lavendar. He certainly saw the beginning of it. . . .

One stormy March evening Samuel Wright, then twenty-four years old, knocked at the Rectory door; Dr. Lavendar, shielding his lamp from the wind with one hand, opened it himself.

"Why, Sam, my boy," he said and stopped abruptly. He led the way into his study and put the lamp down on the table. "Something is the matter?"

"Yes."

"What is it, Samuel?"

"I can't tell you, sir."

"Does your father know?"

"My father knows. . . . I will tell you this, Dr. Lavendar—that so help me God, I will never speak to my father again."

The young man lifted one hand; his face was dreadful to look upon. Then trying to speak in a natural voice he asked if he might stay at the Rectory for that night.

Dr. Lavendar took two turns about his study, then he said, "Of course you may, Samuel, but I shall feel it my duty to acquaint your father with the fact."

"Just as you please, sir."

"And Sam—I hope the night will bring wisdom."

Sam was silent.

"I shall see your father in the morning and try to clear this thing up."

"Just as you please, sir. I would like to go to my room now if you have no objection."

And that was all Dr. Lavendar got out of the son.

He lighted a lamp and silently preceded his guest up-stairs; then he went back to his study and wrote a line to the father. He sent it out to the Wright house and sat up until midnight waiting for an answer. None came. "Well," said Dr. Lavendar at last trudging up





HELENA RICHIE AND DR. KING







to bed, "the boy comes by his obstinacy honestly." The next morning he went early to see Mr. Benjamin Wright. But as far as any straightening out of the trouble went or any enlightenment as to its cause, he might as well have stayed at home.

"Sam send you?"

"No; I came to see what I could do for you both. I take it for granted that Sam is at fault in some way? But he is a good boy, so I am sure he can be made to see his error."

"Did he tell you what was the trouble?"

"No; will you?"

"Let him come back and behave himself!" the older man said.

Dr. Lavendar thrust out his lower lip with a thoughtful frown. "It would expedite things, Wright, if you could tell me a little about the affair?"

Mr. Wright hesitated. He thrust his hand down into a blue ginger-jar for a piece of dried orange-skin and bit at it as if to steady his lips. "Sam can tell you if he wants to. All I have to say is that I am doing my duty to him. I've always done my duty to him. If he sees fit to set up his own Ebenezer, and say he won't speak to me—I suppose he conveyed that filial sentiment to you?—he can do so. When he gets hungry he can speak. That's what other puppies do when they are hungry."

And that was all Dr. Lavendar got out of the father. . . .

This was thirty-two years ago. Sam Wright may have been hungry, but he never spoke. Instead, he worked. Old Chester seethed with curiosity for a while—to see Benjamin Wright pass his son with a contemptuous stare, to see Sam pass his father without a glance was very exciting. But excitement ebbs in thirty-two years. For one thing, old Mr. Wright came less often into town—because he could not bear to meet his son, people said—and Samuel never took the hill road out of Old Chester for a corresponding reason. Furthermore, it was hard to connect Samuel with anything so irrational as a quarrel, for every year he grew in solemn common sense. Benjamin Wright's growth was all in the way of temper; at least so his boy Simmons, a freckled mulatto of sixty years, informed Old Chester.

"He ain't got no human feelin's, 'cept for them there canaries," Simmons used to say in an aggrieved voice; "he'll stand and look at 'em and chirp to 'em by the hour—an' 'en he'll turn round and swear at you 'nough to take your leg off," Simmons said bitterly. Simmons did his best for the canaries which he detested, cleaning out the cages and scraping the perches and seeing that the seed-trays and bath-tubs were always full; he did his best conscientiously, and it was hard to be "swore at when you ain't done nothin'." When by their father's orders the grandchildren came up to the lonely house on the hill, the old man used to pitch small coins to them and tell them to go and look at the canaries—"and then clear out. Simmons, give 'em some cake or something! Good-by. Good-by. Clear out."

But long before old Mr. Wright had settled into such dreary living, the son with whom he had quarrelled had made a life of his own. He had taken to himself a wife, and brought up a boy and a household of girls. His slimness and gayety had disappeared as well as his dreaminess and versifying instincts. "Po'try?" he had been heard to say, "why, there isn't a poem that was ever written that I'd take five minutes out of my business to read!" It seemed as if the quarrel had wrenched him from the grooves, physical and spiritual, in which Nature had meant him to run and started him on lines of hard common sense. He was heavy and pompous and painfully literal; inclined to lay down the law to everybody; richer than most of us in Old Chester, and full of solemn responsibilities as burgess and senior warden and banker. His air of aggressive integrity used to make the honestest of us feel as if we had been picking pockets! Yes; a good man, as Old Chester said.

Years ago Dr. Lavendar had given up his efforts to reconcile the two Wrights; years ago Old Chester's speculations languished and died out. Once in a while some one remembered the quarrel and said, "What in the world could it have been about?" And once in a while Samuel's own children asked awkward questions. "Mother, what was father's row with grandfather?" And Mrs.



Wright's answer was as direct as the question. "I don't know. He never told me."

When this reply was made to young Sam he dropped the subject. He had but faint interest in his father, and his grandfather with whom he took tea every Sunday night was too important a person to connect with so trivial an affair as a quarrel.

This matter of offspring is certainly very curious. Why should the solid Samuel Wright and his foolish, obedient Eliza have brought into the world a being of mist and fire? A youth who laughed or wept or sung aloud, unconscious of or at least indifferent to all about him! The only things Sam and his parents had in common were the need of food and the desire for shelter—and even here they differed, as Sam was not interested in food as such, and thought the stars more desirable than a respectable roof. Sam Senior used to look at his son sometimes and shake his head in bewildered astonishment, but often he was angry, and oftener still—though this he never admitted—hurt. The boy always impersonally amiable never thought it worth while to explain himself; partly because he was not interested in his father's opinion of his conduct, and partly because he knew he could not make himself understood.

"But who, my dear Eliza," Samuel would say to his wife—"who could understand such a youth? Look at this last performance of his! Purchasing pictures of *actors*! Where does he get such low tastes?—unless some of your family were interested in such things?"

"Oh no, Samuel; no, indeed," Mrs. Wright protested nervously.

"And to use money not his own! Do you know what that is called, my dear Eliza? It is called—"

"Oh—don't, Samuel," whimpered the poor mother.

"And to think how carefully I have trained him! And all I have done for him—I let him buy that skiff he said he wanted. Absolute waste of money! Our old rowboat is good enough for the girls, so why isn't it good enough for him? And I never laid a hand on him in punishment either; not many fathers can say that."

As for the bank supplies young Sam had explained to his mother that they had been ordered and charged, so what *was* the matter? And Mrs. Wright kneading her tear-soaked handkerchief into a ball, cried some more and said,

"Oh, Sam dear, why *do* you act so?"

Sam looked at her attentively, wondering why her little nose always reddened when she cried. But he waited patiently, until she finished her rambling reproaches. It occurred to him that he would tell Mrs. Richie all about this matter of the prints. "*She* will understand," he thought.

Sam's acquaintance with Mrs. Richie had begun when she was getting settled in her new house. Sam Senior, having no desire to climb the hill road sent his various communications to his tenant by his son, and afterwards Sam Junior had communications of his own to make. He fell into the habit of stopping there on Sunday afternoons, quite oblivious of the fact that Mrs. Richie did not display any pleasure at seeing him. After one of these calls he was apt to be late in reaching "The Top," as his grandfather's place was called, and old Benjamin Wright in a moth-eaten beaver hat, pulled down over his brown wig, would glare at him with melancholy dark eyes.

"Gad-a-mercy, what do you mean! Getting here at six-five. I have my tea at six, sir; at six sharp. Either get here on time or stay away. I don't care which. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," young Sam would murmur.

"Where have you been? Mooning after that female at the Stuffed Animal House?"

"I had to leave a message, sir, about the lease."

"How long does it take to leave a message about a lease?"

"She was not down-stairs and I had to wait—"

"I had to wait! That's more to the point. There—don't talk about it. You drive me crazy with your chatter."

Then they would sit down to supper in a black silence only broken by an occasional twitter from one of the many cages that hung about the room. But afterwards young Sam had his reward: the library, a cigar, long before he was old enough to smoke, and his grand-



father reading aloud—in a wonderful voice, deep, sonorous, flexible—Shakespeare, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher. To be sure, there was nothing personal in such reading—it was not done to give pleasure to young Sam. Every night the old man rumbled out the stately lines, sitting by himself in this gloomy room walled to the ceiling with books, and warmed by a soft-coal fire that snapped and bubbled behind the iron bars of the grate. Sometimes he would burst into angry ecstasy at the beauty of what he read. “There! What do you think of *that*?”

“Oh, it’s splendid!”

“Hah! Much you know about it! There is about as much poetry in your family as there is in that coal-scuttle.”

It was when he was eighteen that once the old man let the boy read *The Tempest* with him. It was a tremendous evening to Sam. In the first place, his grandfather swore at him with a fury that really attracted his attention. But that night the joy of the drama suddenly possessed him. The deed was done; the dreaming youth awoke to the passion of art. As Benjamin Wright gradually became aware of it delight struggled with his customary anger at anything unexpected. He longed to share his pleasure with somebody; once he mentioned to Dr. Lavendar that “that cub, my grandson, really has something to him!” After that he took Sam’s training seriously in hand, and his artless pride concealed itself in a severity that knew no bounds of words. When the boy confessed his wish to write a drama in blank verse, his grandfather swore at him eagerly and demanded every detail of what he called the “fool plot of the thing.”

“What does that female at the Stuffed Animal House say to the idea of your writing a drama?” he asked contemptuously.

“She says I may read it to her.”

“Knows as much about dramatic poetry as you do I suppose? When you finish the first act bring it to me. I’ll tell you how bad it is.”

His eager scoffing betrayed him, and every Sunday night, in spite of slaughtering criticism the boy took courage to talk of his poem. He had no criticism from Mrs. Richie.

When he first began to call at the Stuffed Animal House she had been coldly impatient, then uneasy, then snubbing. But nothing can be so obtuse as a boy; it never occurs to him that he is not wanted. Sam continued to call and to tell her of his play and to look at her with adoring eyes. And by and by the coldness to which he was so calmly impervious wore off; a boy’s innocent devotion must touch any woman no matter how self-absorbed she may be. Mrs. Richie began to be glad to see him. As for his drama, it was beautiful, she said.

“No,” Sam told her “it isn’t—yet. You don’t know. But I like to read it to you, even if you don’t.”

His candor made her laugh, and before she knew it, in spite of the difference in their years they were friends. As William King said, she was lonely and Sam’s devotion was at least an interest. Besides, she really liked the boy; he amused her; and her empty days were so devoid of amusement! “I can’t read novels *all* the time,” she complained. In this very bread-and-butter sort of interest she had no thought of possible consequences to Sam. A certain pleasant indolence of mind made it easy not to think of consequences at all. But he had begun to love her—with that first passion of youth so divinely tender and ridiculous! After a while he talked less about his play and more about himself. He told her of his difficulties at home, how he hated the bank and how stupid the girls were.

“Lydia is the nicest, but she has no more imagination than a turnip. They are very uninteresting—my family,” he said meditatively. “I don’t like any of them—except mother. Mother hasn’t any sense, but she’s good,” Sam ended earnestly.

“Oh, but you mustn’t say things like that!”

“Why not? They’re true,” he said with a surprised look.

“Well, but we don’t always tell the truth right out,” she reminded him.

“I do,” said Sam, and then explained that he didn’t include his grandfather in his generalization. “Grandfather’s bully; you ought to hear him swear!”



"Oh, I don't want to!" she said horrified.

"I told him that I burned the prints up," Sam went on. "And he said 'good riddance of bad rubbish.' That was just like grandfather! Of course he did say that I was a d—I mean, a fool, to buy them in the first place; and I knew I was. But having bought them, the only thing to do was to burn them. But father!"

Mrs. Richie's eyes crinkled with mischievous gayety. "Poor Mr. Wright!"

Sam dropped his clasped hands between his knees. "It's queer how I always do the wrong thing. Though it never seems wrong to me. You know father wouldn't let me go to college for fear I'd go to the devil?" he laughed, joyously. "But I might just as well, for he thinks everything I do in Old Chester is wrong." Then he sighed. "Sometimes I get pretty tired of being disapproved of, and I never can understand why! The fact is people are not *reasonable*," he complained. "I can stand anything but unreasonableness."

She nodded. "I know. I never could please my grandmother—she brought me up. My mother and father died when I was a baby. I think grandmother hated me; she thought everything I did was wrong. Oh, I was so miserable! And when I was eighteen I got married, and—and that was a mistake."

Sam gazed up at her in silent sympathy.

"I mean my—husband was so much older than I," she said. Then with an evident effort to change the subject she added that one would think it would be simple enough to be happy! "All my life I only wanted to be happy," she said.

"You're happy now—aren't you?" he asked.

She looked down at him—he was sitting on a stool before the fire near her feet—and laughed with a catching of the breath. "Oh, yes, yes—I'm happy."

And Sam caught his breath too, for there were tears in her eyes.

But instantly she veered away from personalities. "What is that scar on your wrist?"

Sam looked down at his hands clasped about his knees, and blushed faintly. "Oh, nothing; I was very young when that happened."

"How did it happen?" she asked absently. It was often possible to start Sam talking and then think her own thoughts without interruption.

"Why, I was about twelve," Sam said, "and I had a squabble with Lydia. I can't remember now what she did—something aggravating. And I slapped her; awfully hard."

"Oh, you bad boy!" she said indolently.

"Of course in a minute I was ashamed. And I just took my penknife—it was a new knife grandfather had given me; father took it away from me afterwards," Sam interjected, "I always thought that was a mean thing to do—well, I took my knife and tried to cut my hand off, and—"

"Tried to cut your hand off!"

"Why," said Sam frowning, "of course I was foolish; but still, it had slapped Lydia you know. Besides, I knew father would send me to bed on bread and water, and I thought if I cut off my hand he wouldn't. If I had waited five minutes I wouldn't have tried to do it, but I never wait," Sam ended calmly. "Golly! How it bled! Spoiled the nursery carpet. Father sent me to bed for that, so I didn't gain anything." His lip drooped. His feeling for his father was a candid mixture of amusement and contempt.

"But do you always act on the spur of the moment?" she said, astonished.

Sam laughed and said he supposed so. "I'm a good deal of a fool," he added simply.

"Well," she said sighing, "it's dangerous to be like that. I know, because I—I am a good deal of a fool myself." Then again, abruptly she changed the subject. "What do you think? I'm going to have some company!"

Sam frowned. "Your brother?"

"No, oh no; not—Mr. Pryor." Then she told him that Dr. Lavendar had asked her if she would look after a little boy for him for a few weeks.

Sam was irresponsive. Little boys were a great deal of trouble, he said.

"Come now; how long since—"

Sam's limpid deer's-eyes reproached her silently.

"How shall I amuse him?" she said.

And Sam eager to serve her promised to find a pair of rabbits for the child.



"I used to like rabbits when I was young," he explained.

At last, after his hostess had swallowed many yawns, Sam reluctantly said good night. As he went bounding down the hill in the darkness, he sang aloud, but he did not know what he sang. In his young breast, Love like some warm living thing, stirred and lifted glorious wings and drove his voice throbbing and exultant to his lips. The tears were wet on his face; words did not matter! Nothing mattered—except this hot ecstatic ache in his breast. He was not at all disturbed to hear the church clock strike eleven. It might have struck twelve and he would not have been disturbed. Nothing outside of himself ever disturbed Sam. Standing in the doorway of the Wright house in thunderous silence, his father lamp in hand awaited him. As Sam entered, the silence broke into a flash of crackling and scathing contempt.

"It does not occur to you, sir, I suppose, that a lady may find your society tiresome? It is after eleven!"

Sam smiling to himself hung up his hat in silence. He was reflecting that he must see about those rabbits at once.

"You will understand, sir, if you please, that while you do me the honor to live under my roof you will return to it at night at a respectable hour. I will not sit up for you in this way. You will be in at ten o'clock. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," said Sam; and added with sudden awakening of interest, "if you would let me have a key, father, I—"

"I will not let you have a key! I will have no boy entering my house at midnight with a key! Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," Sam murmured falling back into his own thoughts.

Mr. Wright still talking stood at the foot of the stairs so that his son could not pass him. Sam yawned, then noticed how in oratorical denunciation his father's long upper lip curved like the beak of a bird of prey; behind his hand he tried to arch his own lip in the same manner. He really did not hear what the Senior Warden was saying; he only sighed with relief when it was over and he was allowed to go upstairs and tumble sleepily into bed.

As for his long-suffering hostess, when

she was alone Helena Richie rubbed her eyes and began to wake up. "That boy never knows when to go!" she said to herself with amused impatience. Then her mind turned to her own affairs. This little boy, David Allison, was coming to Old Chester on Saturday; he was to stay with Dr. Lavendar for a while, and then come to her for a week or two. But she was beginning to regret the invitation which she had sent through Dr. King. It would be pleasant to have the little fellow, but—

"I can't keep him, so why should I take him even for a week? I might get fond of him! I'm afraid it's a mistake. I wonder what Lloyd would think? I don't believe he really loves children. And yet—he cared when the baby died."

She pulled a little low chair up to the hearth and sat down, her elbows on her knees, her fingers ruffling the soft locks about her forehead. "Oh, my baby! my little, little baby!" she said in a broken whisper. The old passion of misery swept over her; she shrank lower in her chair, rocking herself to and fro, her fingers pressed against her eyes. It was twelve years ago, and yet even now in these placid days in Old Chester, to think of that time brought the breathless smother of agony back again—the dying child, the foolish brute who had done him to death. . . . If the baby had lived he would be nearly thirteen years old now; a big boy! She wondered whether his hair would still have been curly? She knew in her heart that she never could have had the courage to cut those soft curls off—and yet, boys hated curls, she thought, and smiled proudly. He would have been so manly! If he had lived—how different everything would have been—how incredibly different! For of course, if he had lived she would have been happy in spite of Frederick. And happiness was all she wanted.

She brushed the tears from her flushed cheeks, and propping her chin in her hands stared into the fire, thinking—thinking. . . . Her childhood had been passed with her father's mother, a silent woman who with bitter expectation of success had set herself to discover in Helena traits of the poor, dead, foolish wife who had broken her son's heart. "Grandmamma hated me," Helena



Richie reflected. "She begrudged me the least little bit of pleasure." Yet her feeling towards the hard old woman now was not resentment; it was only wonder. "Why didn't she like me to be happy?" she thought. It never occurred to her that her grandmother who had guarded and distrusted her had also loved her. "Of course I never loved her," she reminded herself, "but I wouldn't have wanted her to be unhappy. She wanted me to be wretched. Curious!" Yet she realized that at that time she had not desired love; she had only desired happiness. Looking back, she pondered on such astounding immaturity; as if there could be one without the other! And what a child she had been to imagine that merely to get away from that gray life with her grandmother would be happiness, and so had married Frederick. Frederick. . . . She was eighteen, and so pretty. She smiled remembering how pretty she was. And Frederick had made such promises! She was to have every kind of happiness. Of course she had married him. Thinking of it now she did not in the least blame herself. If the dungeon doors open and the prisoner catches a glimpse of the green world of sunshine, what happens? Of course she had married Frederick! As for love she never thought of it; it did not enter into the bargain—at least on her part. She married him because he wanted her to, and because he would make her happy. And oh, how glad her grandmother had been! At the memory of that passionate satisfaction Helena clasped her hands over the two brown braids that folded like a chaplet around her head and laughed aloud, the tears still glittering on her lashes. Her prayers, her grandmother said, had been answered; the girl was safe—an honest wife! "Now lettest Thou Thy servant—" the old woman murmured with dreadful gratitude in her voice.

Thinking of that gratitude the tears dried upon Helena's cheek, hot with the firelight and with her thoughts. "Suppose she had lived just a little longer?—just three years longer! Where would her gratitude have been then?" Helena's face overflowed with sudden gay malice, but below the malice was weariness.

"You are happy now—aren't you?" Sam Wright had said. . . . Why, yes, certainly. Frederick had "repented," as Dr. King expressed it; she had seen to his "*repentance!*" That in itself was something to have lived for—a searing flame of happiness! Enough one might think to satisfy her—if she could only have forgotten the baby. At first she had believed that she could forget him. Lloyd had told her she would. How young she had been at twenty-one to think that any one could forget! She smiled dryly at her childish hope and at Lloyd's ignorance. But Lloyd had been very good about the baby; he had let her talk of him all she wanted to. Of course, after a while he got a little tired of the subject, and naturally. It was Frederick's baby! And Lloyd hated Frederick as much as she did. How they used to talk about him in those first days of his "*repentance.*" . . . "Have you heard anything?" "Yes; running downhill every day." "Is there any news?" "Yes, he'll drink himself into his grave in six months." Ah, that was happiness indeed!—"his *grave*, in six months!" . . . She flung herself back in her chair, her hands dropping listlessly into her lap. "Oh—my little, dead baby!" . . .

It was nearly midnight; the fire had burned quite out; the room had fallen into shadows. Oh, yes, as she told Sam Wright, she was happy. Her face fell into lines of dull indifference.

She got up, wearily, rubbing her eyes with the backs of her hands, as a child does; then suddenly remembered that she had reached no conclusion about this little boy Dr. Lavendar was interested in. Suppose she should get fond of him and want to keep him—how would Lloyd feel about it? Would he think the child might take her thoughts from him? But at that she smiled; he could not be so foolish! "I might ask him anyhow? Of course, if he should object I wouldn't dream of it. I wonder what he will think?"

#### CHAPTER IV

MR. LLOYD PRYOR thought very deeply after he read Mrs. Richie's letter. He sat in his office and smoked and reflected. And as he reflected his face brightened. It was a handsome



face with a mouth that smiled easily. His heavy-lidded eyes behind astonishingly thick and curling lashes were blue; when he lifted them the observer felt a slight shock, for they were curiously motionless; generally, however, the heavy lids drooped, lazily good-humored. He read Mrs. Richie's letter and tapped the edge of his desk with strong, white fingers.

"Nothing could be better!" he said.

Then suddenly he decided that he would go to Old Chester and say so in person. "I suppose I ought to go anyhow; I haven't been there for six weeks. Yes; this child is just what she needs."

And that was how it came about that when he went home he pulled his daughter Alice's pretty ear and said he was going away that night. "I shall take the ten-o'clock train," he said.

His girl—a pleasant flowerlike young creature—scolded him affectionately. "I wish you wouldn't take so many journeys! Promise to be careful; I worry about you when I'm not with you to take care of you," she said in her sweet anxious young voice. Her father, smiling, promised prudence, and for the mere joy of watching her let her pack his bag, lecturing him as she did so about his health. "Now that you have undertaken all this extra business of the Pryor-Barr people you owe it to your stockholders to be careful of your health," she told him, refusing to notice his smile when he solemnly agreed with her.

"What would happen to the Company if anything happened to you?" she insisted rubbing her soft cheek against his.

"Ruin, of course!"

But she would not laugh. "And what would happen to *me*?"

"Ah, well, that's a different matter," he admitted, and kissed her and bade *her* be careful. "What would happen to me if anything happened to you?" he teased.

She hung about him, brooding over him like a little mother dove with a hundred questions. "Are you going anywhere except to Mercer?"

"Well, yes; possibly."

"Where?"

"Oh, to a place called Old Chester."

"Who are you going to see there?"

"Nobody you know, Gas-bag! I never heard of such curiosity!"

"Ah, but I like to think about you when you are away, and know just where you are and what you are doing every minute of the time."

At which he laughed and kissed her, and was off to take the night train for Mercer, which made it possible for him to catch the morning stage for Old Chester.

There was one other passenger in the stage—a little boy with a soft thatch of straight yellow hair that had been chopped short around the bowl of some domestic barber. He sat on the opposite seat and held a bundle in his arms, peering out over the top of it with serious blue eyes.

"Well, young man, where are you bound?" inquired Mr. Pryor. When the child said he was bound for Old Chester Lloyd Pryor tossed a quarter out of the window to a hostler and bade him go into the stage-house and buy an apple. "Here, youngster," he said when the man handed it up to him, "take that!—keep the change, my man."

The child took the apple gravely; he said, "Thank you, sir," but he was not effusive. He looked out of the window and hugged his bundle. Half-way to Old Chester he began to nibble the apple, biting it very slowly so that he might not make a noise, and thrusting it back into his pocket after each bite with an apprehensive glance at the gentleman in the corner. When he had finished it and swallowed the core, he said suddenly,

"Mister, have you any little boys and girls?"

His companion who had quite forgotten him looked over the top of his newspaper with a start. "What? What did you say? Oh—boys and girls? Yes; I have a girl." He smiled as he spoke.

"Is she as big as me?"

Lloyd Pryor put down his paper and twitched his glasses off. "About twice as big I should think," he said, kindly.

"Twice as big! And twice as old?"

"How old are you?"

"I'm seven going on eight."

"Well then, let's see. Alice is—she is twice and five-sevenths as old. What do you make of that?"

The child began to count on his fingers, and after looking at him a minute or two with some amusement Mr. Pryor



returned to his paper. After a while the boy said suddenly, "In the flood the ducks couldn't be drowned, could they?"

But Lloyd Pryor had become interested in what he was reading. "You talk too much, young man," he said coldly, and there was no further conversation. The old stage jogged along in the uncertain sunshine; sometimes Mr. Pryor smoked, once he took a nap. While he slept the little boy looked at him furtively, but by and by he turned to the window absorbed in his own affairs.

As the stage pulled into Old Chester Mr. Pryor roused himself. "Well, my boy, here we are," he said.

The child quivered and his hands tightened on his bundle, but he said nothing. When they drew up at the tavern, there was Dr. Lavendar and Danny and Goliath, the doctor displaying excitement.

"Mary gave me some gingerbread for him," he was saying to Van Horn. "I've got it tied up in my handkerchief;—why!" he interrupted himself, screwing up his eyes and peering into the dusk of the old coach—"why, I believe here's Mrs. Richie's brother too!"

As the horses came to a standstill at Van Horn's steps, Dr. Lavendar was in quite a flutter of eagerness. But when the very little boy clambered out the old minister only shook hands with him, man fashion, with no particular display of interest.

"I'm glad to see you, David. I am Dr. Lavendar." Then he turned to say "How do you do?" to Mr. Pryor. "Why, look here," he added, in a cheerful afterthought, "I'm going up your way; get out and come along in my buggy. Hey! Danny! Stop your snarling. The scoundrel's temper is getting bad in his old age. Those snails Jonas drives can't keep up with my trotter!"

"But you have one passenger already," Mr. Pryor protested. "I'll just go on up in the stage, thank you."

"Oh," Dr. Lavendar said, "David's bundle is the biggest part of him, isn't it, David? We'll leave it with Van Horn and get it as we come back. Come along, Mr. Pryor! There, David, tuck yourself down in front; Danny can tag behind." There was a moment's hesitation and then Mr. Pryor did as he was bid. Dr.

Lavendar climbed in himself and off they jogged, while Jonas remarked to Van Horn that the old gentleman wasn't just the one to talk about snails, as he looked at it. But Mr. Pryor watching the April sunshine chased over the hills by warm cloud shadows and bursting into joy again on the low meadows, reflected that he had done well for himself in exchanging the dark cavern of the stage for Dr. Lavendar's easy old buggy and the open air. They stopped a minute on the bridge to look at the creek swollen by spring rains; it was tugging and tearing at the branches that dipped into it, and heaping up rocking lines of yellow froth along the banks.

"In summer that's a fine place to wade," Dr. Lavendar observed. David glanced up at him and then down at the water in silence.

"Well, Goliath! at this rate Jonas could beat us," said Dr. Lavendar and smacked a rein down on the shaggy old back. David looked around at Mr. Pryor with sudden interest.

"Is your name Goliath?" he asked.

Lloyd Pryor was greatly amused. "I hope you haven't such a thing as a sling with you, David?" he said.

The little boy grew very red but made no reply.

"It's my horse's name," Dr. Lavendar told him, so kindly that David did not hear the chuckle in his voice. But the color was hot in the child's face for many minutes. He had nothing to say for the rest of the pull up the hill except briefly, "Good-by, sir," when Mr. Pryor alighted at the green gate of the foot-path that led up to the Stuffed Animal House.

"I'm very much obliged for the lift, Dr. Lavendar," he said in his coldly courteous voice, and turned quickly at an exclamation behind him.

"Lloyd!"

"I've brought your brother home, Mrs. Richie," said Dr. Lavendar.

Helena Richie was standing just inside the gate, her face radiant.

"Oh, Lloyd!" she said again breathlessly.

Mr. Pryor laughed and shook hands with her in somewhat formal greeting.

"Do you see my other passenger?" Dr. Lavendar called out. "He came with





PEERING OUT WITH SERIOUS BLUE EYES







your brother. David, suppose you shake hands with Mrs. Richie? I generally take my hat off, David, when I shake hands with a lady."

"I don't, sir," said David gently, putting a hand out across the wheel. Mrs. Richie drew a long breath and seemed to see the little boy for the first time; but as she took his hand her eyes lingered on his face, and suddenly she drew him forward and kissed him.

David bore it politely but he looked over her head at Mr. Pryor. "Mister, Alice is nineteen."

"What?" Mr. Pryor said, his heavy-lidded eyes opening with a sudden blue gleam; then he laughed. "Oh yes! I'd forgotten our sum in arithmetic; yes, Alice is nineteen."

"Well," Dr. Lavendar said, "g'long, Goliath," and the buggy went tugging on up the hill. "David, if you'll look in my pocket you'll find some gingerbread."

David thrust a hand down into the capacious pocket and brought up the gingerbread in a red silk handkerchief. He offered it silently to Dr. Lavendar.

"I don't believe I'll take any. Suppose you eat it, David?"

"No, I thank you, sir."

Dr. Lavendar shook his head in a puzzled way.

David swallowed nervously. "Please, sir," he said, "was that lady that gentleman's sister?"

"Yes," Dr. Lavendar told him cheerfully.

"But if she is his sister," the little boy reasoned, "why didn't she kiss him? Janey, she — she — always kissed me," David said. His whole face quivered. A very large tear gathered, trembled, then rolled over; he held his hands together under the lap-robe and looked the other way; then he raised one shoulder and rubbed his cheek against it.

"Janey was your sister?" Dr. Lavendar said. "I guess she was a pretty nice sister?"

David's hands tightened; he looked up speechless into the kind old face.

"David," said Dr. Lavendar in a businesslike way, "would you mind driving for me? I want to look over my note-book."

"Driving?" said David. "Oh, *my!*" His cheeks were wet but his eyes shone. "I don't mind, sir. I'd just as lieves as not!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## The Ungained Height

BY GARDNER WEEKS WOOD

IF this be Life—to count the languid hours  
That drift as dreams from sun to setting sun;  
Or, indolent, to watch the shadows run  
Across some sturdier dial-stone than ours:  
If Love is but to lie in breeze-swept bowers,  
Whose honeyed incense drowns the prayer of pain;  
To touch, but not to take; never to gain  
The pinnacles that crown Love's ancient towers:  
  
If uncut leaves still lock the book of youth;  
If petalled roses droop before the screen  
That shields the emptiness of love unearned:—  
Then may the wanton wake to know the truth  
That Life is loss; and from the Magdalene  
The lesson of Love's impotence be learned.



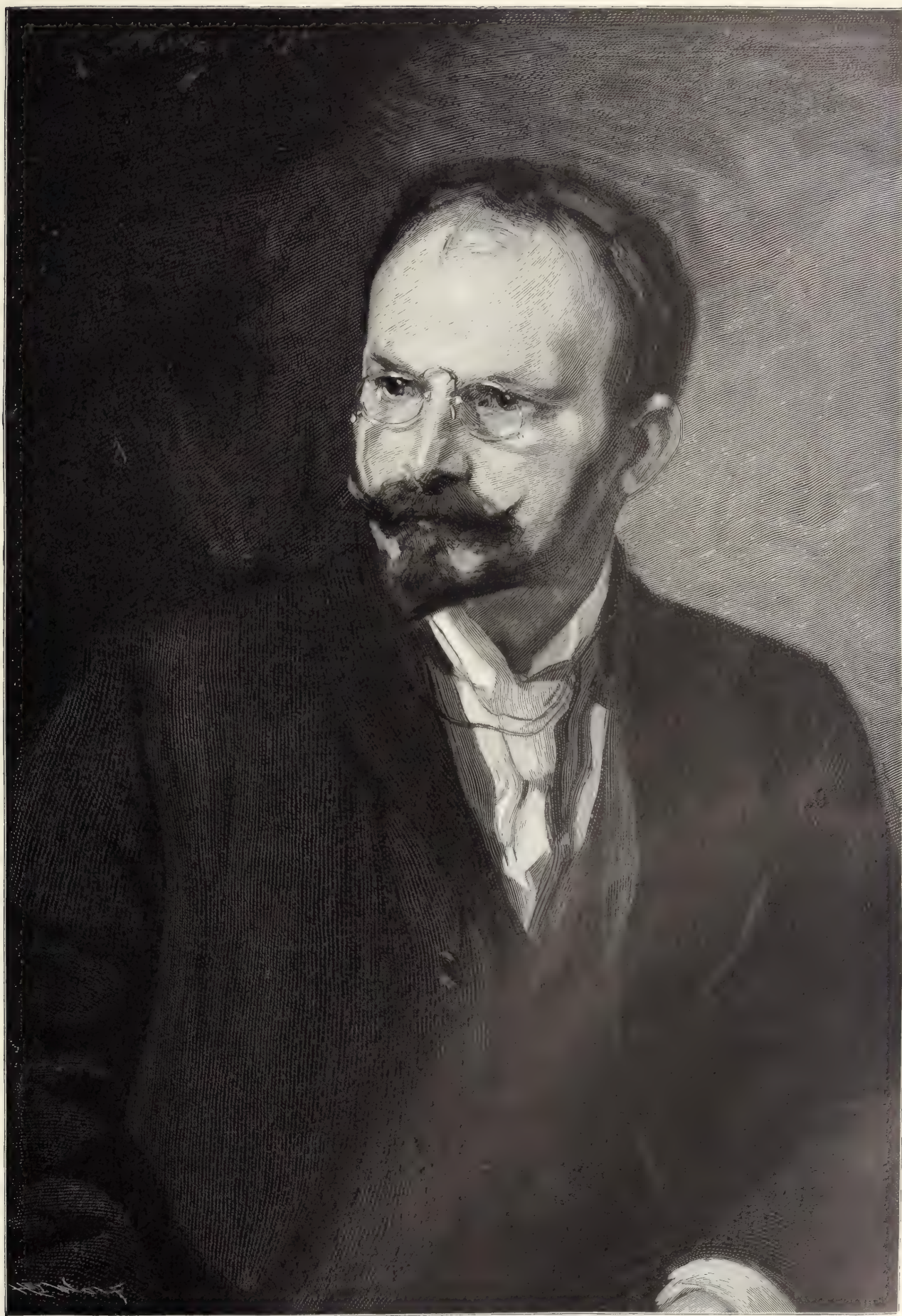
## A Portrait, by Irving R. Wiles

FEW engravers to-day practise wood-engraving within strictly legitimate lines. Mr. Wolf, however, upholding the standard of pure line engraving, has never consented to employ his skill on the photographic process blocks now in universal use. Leaving his native Alsace at eighteen, after the Franco-Prussian war, his artistic career has been spent wholly in America, where illustrated magazines have done much for wood-engraving. Contemplating his work, one feels that his faith in the permanency of wood-engraving as a fine art is justified. His superiority can best be appreciated by comparing his work with that of the best engravers of a generation ago. Art, like everything else, is a thing of life, of growth, and drops its husks with the changes which mark its progress. With greater accuracy of outline, the engraver to-day secures the subtler qualities of light, shade, and color. Mr. Wolf's preeminence as a reproductive engraver is due to his unprejudiced mind and the complete self-forgetfulness he shows when translating another artist's idea, his sole aim being to interpret the work in hand.

Distinctly modern, he is interested in all that makes for modern life, and in touch with the art that represents it. While he has given us masterly renditions of the Old Masters, in his engravings of modern paintings he is without a rival, and has won the highest recognition both here and abroad, receiving medals at the Paris Salon in 1895, at the Expositions of 1889 and 1900, at both of which he was a member of the National Jury, and at Rouen in 1903. First-class honors also were his at Chicago in 1893, and at St. Louis in 1904 he received from the Superior International Jury a Diploma and Grand Medal of Honor. He was recently elected an Associate Member of the National Academy, into whose permanent gallery this portrait goes.

W. STANTON HOWARD.





PORTRAIT OF HENRY WOLF, BY IRVING R. WILES

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting*



# The Chemistry of Commerce

## I.—CATALYTIC PROCESSES

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Professor of Chemistry in Washington and Jefferson College

IN a certain very old book ascribed to Raimundus Lullus, Doctor Illuminatissimus, there is contained the account of a remarkable substance. "Take of this precious medicine," he says, "a piece as large as a bean. Throw it upon a thousand ounces of mercury and this will be changed into a red powder. Place one ounce of this latter upon one thousand ounces of mercury which will thereby be transformed into a red powder, of this again, an ounce thrown upon a thousand ounces of mercury will convert it entirely into medicine . . . . of this last medicine, throw once more an ounce upon a thousand ounces of mercury and this will be entirely changed into gold which is better than gold from the mines."

Concerning the actual existence of this transcendental medicine, it must be confessed that the Illuminated Doctor was either dreaming or scheming, though the essence of our incredulity lies, possibly, in our reluctance to admit that this "medicine" could act by its mere presence, by merely being there, and in a quantity so infinitely small. The commonly received idea of chemical action, as thousands of young men and women are learning it in the schools, forbids all this. They are taught that chemical action takes place *between* substances. Thus, a common type of chemical action is a case of "trade." To take a non-chemical example: An Italian peanut-vender and his peanuts are a fairly stable compound; so is a boy with a penny so long as the compound is isolated. But place the compounds together, and the following reaction immediately takes place:

Peanut-vender . peanuts+Boy . penny  
=Peanut-vender . penny+Boy . peanuts.

Other chemical actions may be classi-

fied as highway robbery, or marriage, or divorce, or what not; the important point is that in all general chemical teaching substances are supposed to act *together*, and that when one substance acts upon another it must, itself, be changed into something entirely different.

It will be seen that this way of looking at things is but a crude and partial expression of the facts of chemistry, and by no means adequate, in the increasing demands of men, for explaining what men want to know, or for helping men to do what they want to do. There is a newer, deeper knowledge, a new province of chemistry, which is beginning to assume a suzerainty over the whole chemical realm, and, indeed, to lay down laws for other sciences. This new knowledge is Physical Chemistry, and one important branch of Physical Chemistry is *Catalysis*. From our knowledge of catalysis Lully's dream of a sublimated medicine seems by no means so wonderful as he doubtless intended it to appear.

There exist certain substances which may lie in a vessel seemingly inert and yet by their mere presence may dictate what actions shall or shall not take place therein. A thing which has this commanding power is a *catalyst* and the process is *catalysis*. A catalyst has the same chemical composition at the end of the reaction as it has at the beginning; it is chemically unchanged by what it does. A very small quantity of a catalyst will bring about the chemical transformation of enormously large quantities of substances which lie in its presence. It must be plain to the reader that such catalytic bodies must be very interesting in what they teach us concerning the inner properties of matter, and that they ought to be very valuable if harnessed to industry and the needs of every-day life.



We shall illustrate some of these catalytic actions in a few simple test-tube experiments, which, while they are not dramatic or sensational in their appearance, serve to demonstrate clearly some of the fundamental characteristics of chemical action; and we shall proceed from these experiments to their technical application. It will all serve to show, incidentally, how far in advance of scientific teaching in the schools is scientific discovery, both in facts and in the interpretation of facts, and how remarkably quick the Germans are to apply present discovery to the practical ends of German industry.

The mere presence of a trace of a foreign body may make an insoluble body soluble. The following puzzling fact is known but to few: Chromic chloride is a curious substance that exists in two forms, soluble and insoluble. The "insoluble" violet crystals may be left under water for days unaffected, as in Fig. 1 (a); but drop into the test-tube a trace of chromous chloride, even 0.000025 of a gram, and the violet crystals hasten to bury themselves in the water, the temperature rises almost to boiling, and the indigo-blue liquid results as pictured in Fig. 1 (b). The mere presence of a trace of the catalyst has suddenly let loose the powerful affinities lying latent in the violet crystals and the substance is dissolved. It is almost as curious as though a pound of salt thrown off the

Battery should dissolve Manhattan Island. This is an example of what is called physical catalysis, for the chemical properties of the chromic chloride are the same after as before; it has simply passed into solution.

Turning now to chemical catalysis, we are confused by the number of examples, for, owing to the recent ferment of in-

vestigation, it would take a dictionary to chronicle them. The metals, for example, are wonderful in the number and importance of the chemical changes which their mere presence inspires. Consider the following example:

The test-tube Fig. 2 (a) contains hydrochloric acid and tin; there is no obvious sign of an action. But let fall a drop of a solution of platinum into the tube, and the result is immediately apparent; there is a vigorous action between the acid and the tin. Fig. 2 (b), the tube is filled with bubbles of evolving

hydrogen, and yet the whole vigorous action was initiated by the mere presence of a trace of platinum.

We have lifted merely a sod or two of this great field of catalysis in order to show the reader what treasures lie beneath, but sufficiently, we hope, to convince him on *a priori* grounds of the propriety of Ostwald's statement when he says: "If one considers that the acceleration of reactions by catalytic means occurs without the expenditure of energy, and in this sense gratis, and that in all

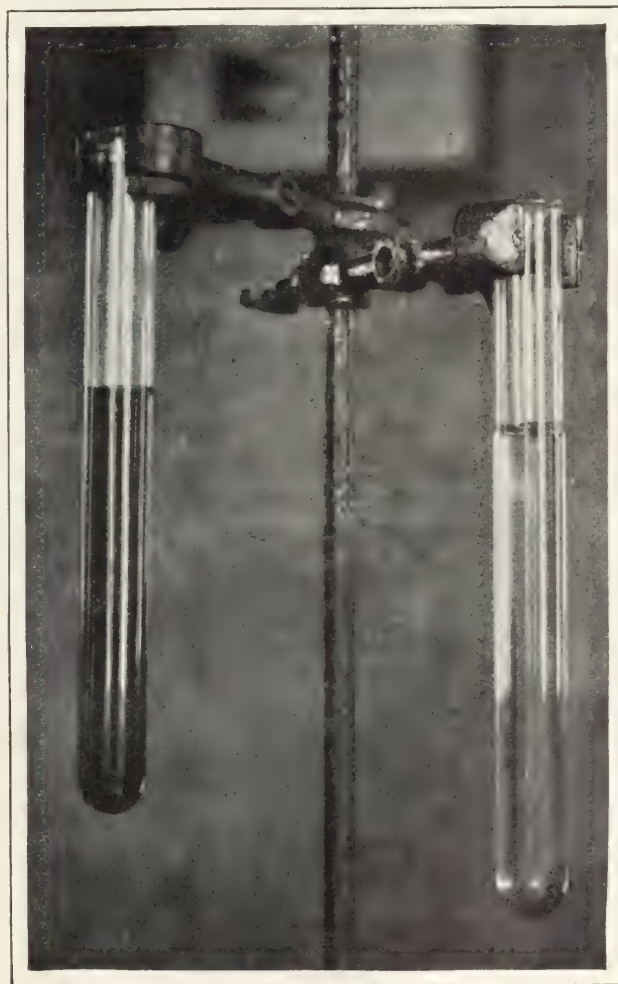


Fig 1.—(a) Test-tube containing chromic chloride (insoluble) in water; (b) reaction caused by adding a trace of chromous chloride



technical work, including chemical, time is money, it is evident that the systematic use of catalytic acids may lead us to expect the most far-reaching changes in technology."

Just how rapidly these "far-reaching changes" are proceeding it is the purpose of our article to demonstrate. Consequently we leave untouched the old chance applications of catalysis. Men used its aid without knowing even the word, just as they used fire without knowing the meaning of combustion. Catalysis is as old as drunkenness, for alcohol is produced by fermentation, and ferments are catalysts.

Intelligent catalysis began with the Deacon process. Here, in any factory using it, we find immense quantities of hot hydrochloric acid and air passing over some thirty-six tons of broken brick impregnated with copper chloride, only to issue thence transformed into chlorine and water. This chlorine afterwards passes into the form of bleaching-powder, chloroform, and a dozen other chlorinated substances. The mere presence of the chloride of copper has worked the miracle of transforming, gratis, a cheap product into a dear one; and of transferring money from the pocket of one man to the pocket of another to an extent which is very carefully kept secret, but which is immensely greater than most technologists appreciate. The hydrochloric acid used for this purpose is a by-product from the old Le Blanc process for the manufacture of soda, which would long ago have passed into the limbo of forgotten arts without its aid.

Another necessary prop to this process is the Claus-Chance process. In every great soda-factory of this type there are enormous piles of "tank waste"—useless, and a menace to the neighborhood. From this "waste" sulphuretted hydrogen is obtained, which, mixed with air, passes into a "Claus Kiln," where it makes the acquaintance of oxide of iron. Under the persuasive influence of this substance, it is transformed into sulphur and water. The sulphur is, of course, entirely valuable: the oxide of iron remains quite unaffected by its valuable exertions, except that it becomes gradually transformed into artificial iron pyrites, which is more efficient than the original oxide. Strange

to say, if one attempts to use "natural" pyrites instead, no catalytic action whatever is obtained and no sulphur is produced; why, nobody knows; it is a mystery shrouded in the word "catalysis." Many counties in England are dotted over with these factories. Still another interesting manufacture in this connection is the Hargreaves-Robinson process for the production of "salt-cake" (sodium sulphate) and chlorine by passing a mixture of hot sulphur dioxide and air, obtained by roasting pyrites, over common salt impregnated with a chloride of copper. Four and a half pounds of copper to a ton of salt works the wonder, and since pyrites and salt are cheap and "salt-cake" and chlorine are dear, it is naturally very profitable. Though millions are locked up in these processes, they pale into insignificance beside the contact process for the manufacture of sulphuric acid—perhaps the greatest triumph of modern technical knowledge. Sulphuric acid, oil of vitriol, is the king of chemical products. Its uses are literally innumerable, and the amount of sulphuric acid availed of by a country is a very fair measure of its civilization. The total consumption of sulphuric acid for the year 1904 exceeded eight billion pounds.

Everybody makes sulphuric acid from sulphur dioxide, air, and water. The sulphur dioxide, for the most part, is obtained by roasting iron pyrites. Now air is cheap, water is cheap, and iron pyrites is almost as cheap as the cost of hauling. Every part of the process is easy with one exception—the necessary intermarriage of the oxygen of the air with the sulphur dioxide from the roasting. This has been consummated in the past by great lead-lined chambers, aggregating sometimes 200,000 cubic feet of space, and under the catalytic influence of the oxides of nitrogen. A plant manufacturing sulphuric acid covers many acres of ground and employs millions of money. The factories are, naturally, under the control of trust organizations, which, although so powerful, are in the embarrassing position of being what is called a "threatened industry." The enemy has its seat on the banks of the Rhine. The "Badische Anilin und Soda Fabrik of Ludwigshafen



am Rhine" is a name to conjure with in Germany, and no robber castle on that historic river was ever more dreaded than is this modern fortress of industry by those against whom it is commercially and inimically inclined. The "Badische" makes use of a simple-seeming fact discovered by Peregrine Phillips in 1831, that the sulphur dioxide and air will unite with the most agreeable ease in the mere presence of platinum—a case of pure catalysis. Nothing came of this discovery seventy-five years ago, because the fact only *seemed* simple, and because in Eng-

land there is no sympathy between learning and manufacture. In Germany, however, there is no tariff wall against English ideas, and eventually this fundamental fact (after it had been added to by the labors of many men) fell into the capable managing hands of the "Badische." Of the progress and issue of this great struggle only a Scientific Homer could adequately sing—how difficulty after difficulty rose up to smite them, and how in consequence plant after plant went to the scrap-heap. They found they were using little air when they ought to use much; they found they were using heat when they ought to use cold; and, most deadly and costly

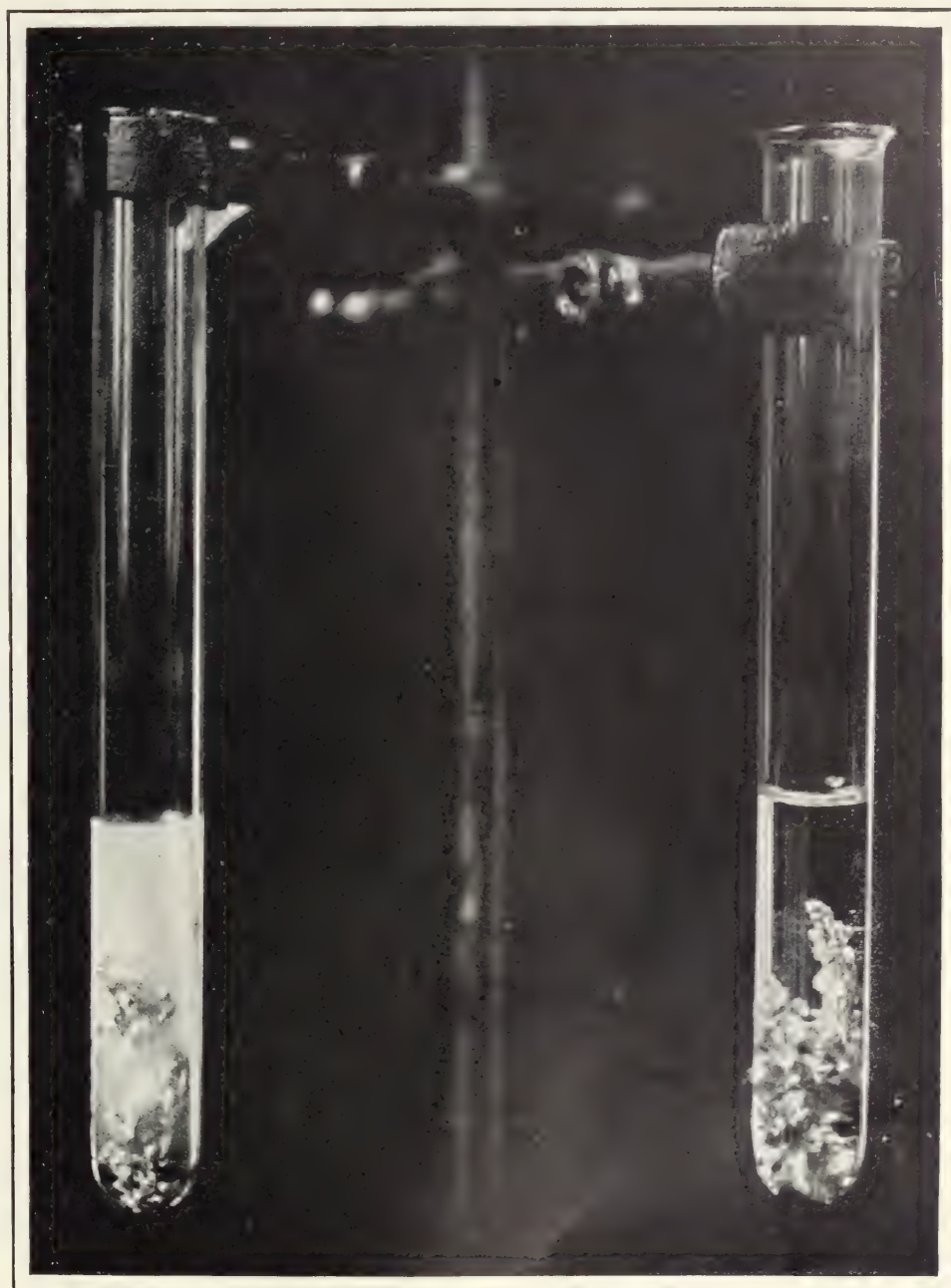
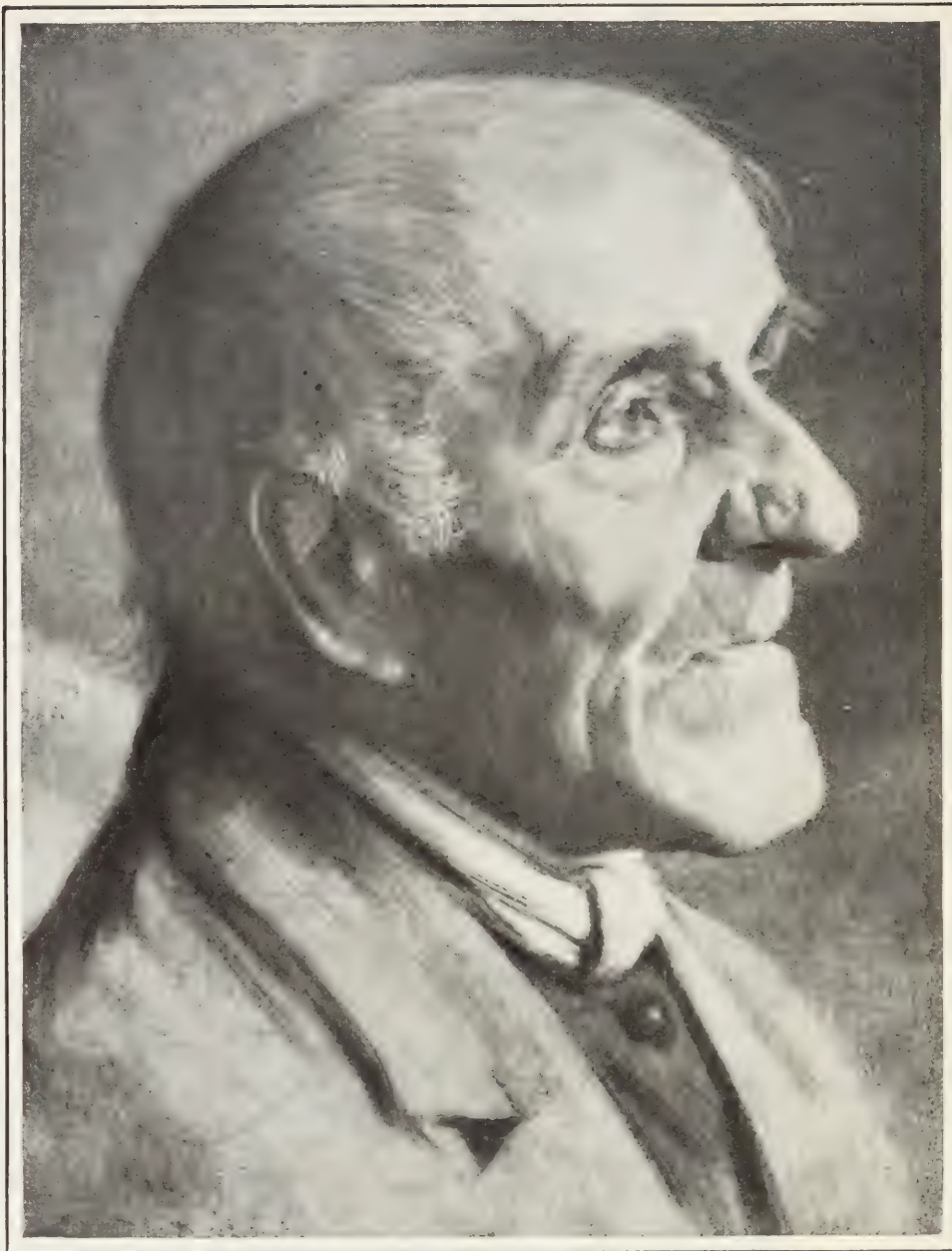


Fig. 2 —(a) Test-tube containing hydrochloric acid and tin; (b) action caused by a drop of a solution of platinum

difficulty of all, they found their platinum was being constantly poisoned and ruined from the presence of minute impurities in the roasted gas. Their worst enemy was arsenic; and it is easy to poison a catalyst. After the most heroic efforts and the enormous expenditure of knowledge and time and labor and money, they won. The roasted sulphur gas and air are scrubbed and dried and cooled and passed over platinized asbestos, only to be collected therefrom as 116,000 tons of sulphuric acid for the year 1900, and over 200,000 tons for 1904. But there are so many ways of killing a cat that it is not surprising that other catalytic processes have been derived for this same





CARBON PRINT MADE BY THE CATATYPE PROCESS

purpose. The transriparian rival of the "Badische," the Verein Chemische Fabriken at Mannheim, employs oxide of iron as the catalytic agent. Another company, Meister, Lucius, and Brüning, of Höchst, employs a protected variation of the Badische process, while the Actien-Gesellschaft für Zinc Industrie is perhaps the most serious rival of all. This company employs a soluble salt impregnated with platinum and puffed up into a porous condition. In 1903 it had no less than twenty-three plants working; and the success of this company gains additional significance to the American manufacturer from the fact that its interest was primarily concerned in the utilization of a by-product—the waste

sulphur from the zinc-blende. Other catalysts, such as vanadium, chromium, tantalum, etc., are now proposed, and the manufacture is in a ferment.

The enormous dividends paid by these companies attest the profitable nature of the application of pure science to industry.

By all these processes concentrated sulphuric acid can be made cheaper than by the old "lead-chamber" process. With the dilute acid the advantage is not so clear. The great lead-chamber process, therefore, is in a parlous state. It is a "threatened industry." Now threatened industries, like threatened men, sometimes live long; and there is no doubt that, taking alarm in time,



these great companies are making strenuous efforts to improve their process so as to gain the necessary margin of safety. So far as to-day is concerned, the new process has even reacted favorably upon the old. As for to-morrow, it is hard to say. The new process is improving itself so rapidly that the old is not unlikely eventually to seek refuge in the scrap-heap.

The "Badische," however, uses one hand to wash the other, and both to wash the face. In developing this huge sulphuric-acid synthesis it had in mind only incidentally the displacement of the old lead-chamber process. Fundamentally, its object was the direct consumption of the acid by itself in quite another process which, equally, has been one of the most brilliant achievements of technical chemistry.

The commercial synthesis of indigo is a process which has reversed the economic relations of states. Only yesterday, so to speak, twenty-five million dollars' worth of indigo was exported every year from India and the surrounding islands and countries. This was obtained from the indigo-plant by a crude and ignorant fermentation-catalysis that originated long before authentic history. The indigo-planters were a powerful self-sufficient race of men who passed the time fleetingly, "as they did in the golden world," in the employment of serf labor and an easy production. Consumers of indigo were continually in trouble over the variable purity and quantity of the product. It was natural, then, that scientific manufacturers such as the "Badische" should wish to supplant this ignorant production by the same substance made pure and out of coal-tar. In order to accomplish this three steps were necessary—(1) the determination of the constitution of indigo, (2) the synthesis of indigo, (3) the commercial production of synthetic indigo. The first and second problems took fifteen years of Baeyer's life, and the third problem, its commercial production, took nearly twenty years longer. The first promising synthesis of indigo was perfected by the "Badische" up to the competing point, and was then calmly discarded because it started with toluene

as a raw material, and there was too little toluene in the world to extinguish the annual 11,000,000 pounds of natural indigo. Nothing less than the complete extinguishment of natural indigo would satisfy these men. It was then that its catalytic synthesis from naphthalene was discovered. Naphthalene is obtained from coal-tar, and is both abundant and cheap. We need not inflict upon the reader the names of fear possessed by the substances through which naphthalene passes on its way to indigo. Our subject is catalysis, and the validity of the whole process depends on a catalytic operation—the mere presence of mercury (or mercury and copper)—in bringing about the easy action of sulphuric acid in oxidizing naphthalene to phthalic acid, the first step in the process. This interesting essential (the advantageous presence of mercury) was discovered through some mercury found at the bottom of an experimental flask—the result of a broken thermometer!

Through this little accident in 1897 synthetic indigo became a commercial reality, after the "Badische" had spent over \$4,500,000 on the plant and preliminary experiments. In 1903 the German export of artificial indigo amounted to \$6,250,000. In 1904 the export of natural indigo from India amounted to less than thirty per cent. of what it had been, and, as a matter of fact, artificial indigo is now actually being imported into India. The reason is, briefly, that the artificial indigo from coal-tar is not only indigo: it is *pure* indigo and cheaper than the natural product.

As practised by the "Badische," 10,000 tons of naphthalene, over 1,200,000 pounds of ammonia, 4,500,000 pounds of glacial acetic acid, and 10,000,000 pounds of salt are annually consumed. The 50,000 tons of sulphuric acid which is required are obtained from the contact process to which we have referred. The indigo produced by this interesting catalysis of mercury would require the cultivation of an area of more than a quarter of a million acres of land in the home of the indigo-plant. But the "Badische" has no monopoly. There are no less than three other processes distinctly different for the production of the same product and in large operation



on an industrial scale. It is plain that the indigo-planter's occupation is gone.

The interesting catalytic process called the "Catatype Process" was devised by Professor Ostwald and Dr. Gros. It is concerned with the making of photographic prints without sunlight. Since, thanks to Dr. Gros, the writer was made practically acquainted with this process at the works of the Neue Photographische Gesellschaft, at Steglitz, the reader may try it for himself. We already know how easily peroxide of hydrogen decomposes in the mere presence of metals. This is, here, the primary fact. A piece of cotton is dipped into a mixture of peroxide and ether, and is then quickly rubbed over the face of a negative. It is then left for a brief instant. During this instant the ether evaporates, and wherever there is silver on the negative the peroxide is catalyzed by its presence into water, and wherever there is no silver the peroxide is left unaltered. There is thus on the face of the negative an invisible positive of peroxide. Place, now, the negative in contact with a piece of gelatinized paper in a "printing frame," and this invisible positive is at once transferred to the paper, and on placing this paper immediately into an alkaline solution of manganous sulphate, for example, you will obtain a beautiful picture in brown tones. With an alkaline silver solution the print will be black. The process is peculiarly applicable for the easy production of beautiful "carbon" prints. The pigmented and unsensitized paper is brought into contact, as described above, and is then treated in the ordinary way. The carbon print reproduced in our illustration did not take two minutes to make. By the time this article is printed, the process will be on the German market.

The metals are catalytically and industrially active in a number of other ways. By a process devised by Ostwald, the ammonia obtained in the manufacture of illuminating gas is mixed with air and passed over platinum with the production of nitric acid, and a large experimental plant using this process is now established on the banks of the Rhine. Platinum-black is also respon-

sible for the large quantities of "formalin" made by passing over it the vapors of wood-alcohol mixed with air. It is also the active substance in the well-known formaldehyde lamp and in the self-lighting gas machine. Alcohol vapors mixed with air are now converted into acetic acid by the same agency; crude acetic acid is now purified by it, and the important substance vanillin is prepared by its presence. The mere presence of copper compounds brings about the manufacture of various dyes, such as anilin black, methyl violet, fuchsia, and others.

Lead and manganese compounds by their presence act as "dryers" in the oxidation of linseed oil. A zinc tube through which the vapors of alcohol and air are passed establishes a process yielding eighty per cent. of aldehyde. The compounds of iron are concerned in metallurgical operations, such as the roasting of sulphides, and in other ways. So is the oxide of calcium (lime) in lead metallurgy. The mere presence of nickel in transforming oleic acid into stearic acid is establishing an important process for using up what has been, in large measure, a waste material. Barium carbonate and pumice-stone effect the easy commercial manufacture of acetone from acetic acid.

But there are industrial catalysts other than metals. For example, large quantities of the valuable solvent carbon tetrachloride are now manufactured in the presence of iodine; and carbon purifies alcohol and water. A fat-splitting enzyme extracted from castor-oil seeds brings about the decomposition of fats in an easier way than by lye, and permits the use of carbonates instead of lye in the manufacture of soap. In the battle between electrolytic alkali manufacture and the ammonia-soda process this fact is likely to play a decisive part.

The writer wishes to express his obligation to Professor Bredig, of Heidelberg, who kindly placed at his disposal the collected literature of this widely scattered knowledge of which so slight a résumé appears in this place, and to his students, many of them Americans, for making him practically acquainted with the important problems upon which they are now engaged.



# The Sestina

RETOLD FROM THE FRENCH OF NICOLAS DE CAEN

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

HERE we have to do with the opening tale of the Dizain of Queens. I abridge at discretion; the initial account of the Barons' War, among other superfluities, I amputate as more remarkable for veracity than interest; and the result is that to the Norman cleric appertains whatever the tale may have of merit, whereas what you find distasteful in it you must impute to my delinquencies in skill rather than in volition.

Within the half-hour after de Giars's death (here one overtakes Nicolas mid-course in narrative), Dame Alianora thus stood alone in the corridor of a strange house. Beyond the arras the steward and his lord were at irritable converse.

First, "If the woman be hungry," spoke a high and peevish voice, "feed her. If she need money, give it to her. But do not annoy me."

"This woman demands to see the master of the house," the steward then retorted.

"O incredible Bœotian, inform her that the master of the house has no time to waste upon vagabonds who select the middle of the night as an eligible time to pop out of nowhere. Why did you not do so in the beginning, you dolt?" He got for answer only a deferential cough, and very shortly continued: "This is remarkably vexatious. *Vox et præterea nihil*,—which signifies, Yeck, that to converse with women is always delightful. Admit her." This was done, and Dame Alianora came into an apartment all littered with papers, where a neat and shrivelled gentleman of fifty odd sat at a desk and scowled.

He presently said, "You may go, Yeck." He had risen, the magisterial attitude with which he had awaited her advent cast aside. "O God!" he said; "you, madame!" His thin hands, scholarly hands, were plucking at the air.

Dame Alianora had paused, greatly

astonished, and there was an interval before she said, "I do not recognize you, messire."

"And yet, madame, I recall very clearly that some thirty years ago Count Bérenger, then reigning in Provence, had about his court four daughters, each one of whom was afterward wedded to a king. First, Margaret, the eldest, now regnant in France; then Alianora, the second and most beautiful of these daughters, whom troubadours hymned as *La Belle*. She was married a long while ago, madame, to the King of England, Lord Henry, third of that name to reign in these islands."

Dame Alianora's eyes were narrowing. "There is something in your voice," she said, "that I recall."

He answered: "Madame and Queen, that is very likely, for it is a voice that sang a deal in Provence when both of us were younger. I concede with the Roman that I have somewhat deteriorated since the reign of good Cynara. Yet have you quite forgotten the Englishman who made so many songs of you? They called him Osmund Heleigh."

"He made the Sestina of Spring that my father envied," the Queen said; and then, with a new eagerness: "Messire, can it be that you are Osmund Heleigh?" He shrugged assent. She looked at him for a long time, rather sadly, and afterward demanded if he were King's man or of the baron's party. The nervous hands were raised in deprecation.

"I have no politics," he began, and altered it, gallantly enough, to, "I am the Queen's man, madame."

"Then aid me, Osmund," she said; and he answered with a gravity that singularly became him:

"You have reason to understand that to my fullest power I will aid you."

"You know that at Lewes these swine overcame us." He nodded assent. "And



now they hold the King my husband captive at Kenilworth. I am content that he remain there, for he is of all the King's enemies the most dangerous. But, at Wallingford, Leicester has imprisoned my son, Prince Edward. The Prince must be freed, my Osmund. Warren de Basingbourne commands what is left of the royal army, now entrenched at Bristol, and it is he who must liberate him. Get me to Bristol, then. Afterward we will take Wallingford." The Queen issued these orders in cheery, practical fashion, and did not admit opposition into the account, for she was a capable woman.

"But you, madame?" he stammered. "You came alone?"

"I come from France, where I have been entreating—and vainly entreating—succor from that other monkish king, the pious Lewis of that realm. Eh, what is God about when He enthrones these cowards, Osmund? Were I a king, were I even a man, I would drive these smug English out of their foggy isle in three days' space! I would leave alive not one of these curs that dare yelp at me! I would—" She paused, the sudden anger veering into amusement. "See how I enrage myself when I think of what your people have made me suffer," the Queen said, and shrugged her shoulders. "In effect, I skulked back to this detestable island in disguise, accompanied by Avenel de Giars and Hubert Fitz-Herveis. To-night some half-dozen fellows—robbers, thorough knaves, like all you English,—suddenly attacked us on the common yonder and slew the men of our party. While they were cutting de Giars's throat I slipped away in the dark and tumbled through many ditches till I spied your light. There you have my story. Now get me an escort to Bristol."

It was a long while before Messire Heleigh spoke. Then, "These men," he said—"this de Giars and this Fitz-Herveis—they gave their lives for yours, as I understand it,—*pro caris amicis*. And yet you do not grieve for them."

"I shall regret de Giars," the Queen said, "for he made excellent songs. But Fitz-Herveis?—foh! the man had a face like a horse." Then again her mood changed. "Many men have died for me, my friend. At first I wept for them, but now I am dry of tears."

He shook his head. "Cato very wisely says, 'If thou hast need of help, ask it of thy friends.' But the sweet friend that I remember was a clean-eyed girl, joyous and exceedingly beautiful. Now you appear to me one of those ladies of remoter times—Faustina, or Jael, or Artemis, the king's wife of Tauris,—they that slew men, laughing. I am somewhat afraid of you, madame."

She was angry at first; then her face softened. "You English!" she said, only half mirthful. "Eh, my God! you remember me when I was happy. Now you behold me in my misery. Yet even now I am your Queen, messire, and it is not yours to pass judgment upon me."

"I do not judge you," he hastily returned. "Rather I cry with him of old, *Omnia incerta ratione!* and I cry with Salomon that he who meddles with the strife of another man is like to him that takes a hound by the ears. Yet listen, madame and Queen. I cannot afford you an escort to Bristol. This house, of which I am in temporary charge, is Longaville, my brother's manor. And Lord Brudenel, as you doubtless know, is of the baron's party and—scant cause for grief—with Leicester at this moment. I can trust none of his people, for I believe them to be of much the same opinion as those Londoners who not long ago stoned you and would have sunk your barge in Thames River. Oh, let us not blink the fact that you are not overbeloved in England. So an escort is out of the question. Yet I, madame, if you so elect, will see you safe to Bristol."

"You? singly?" the Queen demanded.

"My plan is this: Singing folk alone go whither they will. We will go as jongleurs, then. I can yet manage a song to the viol, I dare affirm. And you must pass as my wife."

He said this with a very curious simplicity. The plan seemed unreasonable, and at first Dame Alianora waved it aside. Out of the question! But reflection suggested nothing better; it was impossible to remain at Longaville, and the man spoke sober truth when he said that any escort save himself was unprocurable. Besides, the lunar madness of the scheme was its strength; that the Queen should venture to cross half England unprotected—and Messire Heleigh on the face of





THEY WERE OVERTAKEN BY FALMOUTH HIMSELF







him was a pasteboard buckler—was an event that Leicester would neither anticipate nor on report credit. There you were! these English had no imagination. The Queen snapped her fingers and said: "Very willingly will I be your wife, my Osmund. But how do I know that I can trust you? Leicester would give a deal for me—any price in reason for the Sorceress of Provence. And you are not wealthy, I suspect."

"You may trust me, *mon bel esper*"—his eyes here were those of a beaten child,—"since my memory is better than yours." Messire Osmund Heleigh gathered his papers into a neat pile. "The room is mine. To-night I keep guard in the corridor, madame. We will start at dawn."

When he had gone, Dame Alianora laughed contentedly. "*Mon bel esper!* my fairest hope! The man called me that in his verses—thirty years ago! Yes, I may trust you, my poor Osmund."

So they set out at cockcrow. He had procured a viol and a long falchion for himself, and had somewhere got suitable clothes for the Queen; and in their aging but decent garb the two approached near enough to the similitude of what they desired to be esteemed. In the courtyard a knot of servants gaped, nudged one another, but openly said nothing. Messire Heleigh, as they interpreted it, was brazening out an affair of gallantry before the countryside; and they appeared to consider his casual observation that they would find a couple of dead men on the common exceedingly diverting.

When the Queen asked him that morning, "And what will you sing, my Osmund? Shall we begin with the Sestina of Spring?" Osmund Heleigh grunted.

"I have forgotten that rubbish long ago. *Omnis amans, amens*, saith the satirist of Rome town, and with some show of reason."

Followed silence.

One sees them thus trudging the brown, naked plains under a sky of steel. In a pageant the woman, full-veined and comely, her russet gown girded up like a harvester's, might not inaptly have prefigured October; and for less comfortable November you could nowhere have found a symbol more precise than her lank

companion, humorously peevish under his white thatch of hair, and so constantly fretted by the sword tapping at his ankles.

They made Hurlburt prosperously and found it vacant, for the news of Falmouth's advance had driven the villagers hillward. There was in this place a child, a naked boy of some two years, lying on a door-step, overlooked in their gross terror. As the Queen with a sob lifted it the child died.

"Starved!" said Osmund Heleigh,— "and within a stone's throw of my snug home!"

The Queen laid down the tiny corpse, and stooping, lightly caressed its sparse flaxen hair. She answered nothing, though her lips moved.

Past Vachel, scene of a recent skirmish, with many dead in the gutters, they were overtaken by Falmouth himself, and stood at the roadside to afford his troop passage. The Marquis, as he went by, flung the Queen a coin, with a jest sufficiently high-flavored. She knew the man her inveterate enemy, knew that on recognition he would have killed her as he would a wolf; she smiled at him and dropped a courtesy.

"That is very remarkable," Messire Heleigh observed. "I was hideously afraid, and am yet shaking. But you, madame, laughed."

The Queen replied: "I laughed because I know that some day I shall have that man's head. It will be very sweet to see it roll in the dust, my Osmund."

Messire Heleigh somewhat dryly observed that tastes differed.

At Jessop Minor a more threatening adventure befell. Seeking food at the Cat and Hautbois in that village, they blundered upon the same troop at dinner in the square about the inn. Falmouth and his lieutenants were somewhere within the house. The men greeted them with a shout, and one of them—a swarthy rascal with his head tied in a napkin—demanded that the jongleurs grace their meal with a song.

At first Osmund put him off with a tale of a broken viol.

But, "Haro!" the fellow blustered; "by blood and by nails! you will sing more sweetly with a broken viol than with a broken head. I would have you



understand, you hedge-thief, that we gentlemen of the sword are not partial to wordy argument." Messire Heleigh fluttered inefficient hands as the men-at-arms gathered about them, scenting some genial piece of cruelty. "Oh, you rabbit!" the trooper jeered, and caught him by the throat, shaking him. In the act he tore open Messire Heleigh's tunic, disclosing a thin chain about his neck and a small locket, which he wrested from its fastening. "Ahoi!" he continued. "Ahoi! my comrades, what species of minstrel is this, who goes about England all hung with gold like a Cathedral Virgin? He and his sweetheart"—the actual word was grosser—"will be none the worse for an interview with the Marquis."

The situation was awkward, for Lord Falmouth was familiar with the Queen, and to be brought specifically to his attention meant death for the two of them. Hastily Osmund Heleigh said:

"Messire, the locket contains the portrait of a lady whom in youth I loved very greatly. Save to me, it is valueless. I pray you, do not rob me of it."

But the trooper shook his head with drunken solemnity. "I do not like the looks of this. Yet I will sell it to you, as the saying is, for a song."

"It shall be the king of songs," said Osmund,—“the song that Arnaut Daniel first made. I will sing for you a Sestina, messieurs,—a Sestina in salutation of Spring.”

The men disposed themselves about the grass, and presently he sang.

Sang Messire Heleigh:

"Awaken! for the servitors of Spring  
 Marshal his triumph! ah, make haste  
 to see  
 With what tempestuous pageantry they  
 bring  
 Mirth back to earth! hasten, for this  
 is he  
 That cast out Winter and the woes that  
 cling  
 To Winter's garments, and bade April  
 be!

"And now that Spring is master, let us be  
 Content and laugh,—as anciently in  
 Spring

The battle-wearied Tristran laughed, when  
 he

Was come again to Tintagel—to bring

Glad news of Arthur's victory and see  
 Ysoude, with parted lips, that waver,  
 and cling.

"Anon in Brittany must Tristran cling  
 To this or that sad memory, and be  
 Alone, as she at Tintagel;—in Spring  
 Love soweth thus what lovers reap, but  
 he  
 Is blind, and scatters baleful seed that  
 bring  
 Such fruitage as blind Love lacks eyes  
 to see."

He paused here for an appreciable interval, staring at the Queen. You saw his flabby throat aquiver, his eyes melting, saw his cheeks kindle and youth ebb back into the lean man like water over a crumbling dam. His voice was now big and desirous.

Sang Messire Heleigh:

"Love sows, and lovers reap; and ye will  
 see

The loved eyes lighten, feel the loved  
 lips cling,

Never again when in the grave ye be  
 Incurious of your happiness in Spring,  
 And yet no grace of Love there, whither  
 he

That bartered life for love no love may  
 bring.

"Here Death is;—and no Heracles may  
 bring

Alcestis hence, nor here may Roland see  
 The eyes of Aude, nor here the wakening  
 Spring

Vex any man with memory, for there be  
 No memories that cling as cerements cling,  
 No love that baffles Death, more strong  
 than he.

"Us hath he noted, and for us hath he  
 An hour appointed, and that hour will  
 bring

Oblivion.—Then, laugh! Laugh, love, and  
 see

The tyrant mocked, what time our bosoms  
 cling,

What time our lips are red, what time  
 we be

Exultant in our little hour of Spring!

"Thus in the Spring we mock at Death,  
 though he

Will see our children perish and will  
 bring

Asunder all that cling while love may be."

He put the viol aside and sat quite  
 silent. The soldiery judged, and with



cordial frankness stated, that the difficulty of his rhyming scheme did not atone for his lack of indecency, but when the Queen of England went among them with Messire Heleigh's hat she found them liberal. Even the fellow with the broken head admitted that a bargain was proverbially a bargain, and returned the locket with the addition of a coin. So for the present these two went safe, and quitted the Cat and Hautbois both fed and unmolested.

"My Osmund," Dame Alianora said presently, "your memory is better than I had thought."

"I remembered a boy and a girl," he returned. "And I grieved that they were dead."

Afterward they plodded on toward Bowwater, and that night rested in Chantrell Wood. They had the good fortune there to encounter dry and windless weather and a sufficiency of brushwood, with which Osmund constructed an agreeable fire. In its glow these two sat, eating bread and cheese.

But talk languished at the outset. The Queen had complained of an ague, and Messire Heleigh was sedately suggesting three spiders hung about the neck as an infallible corrective for this ailment, when Dame Alianora rose to her feet.

"Eh, my God!" she said; "I am wearied of such ungracious aid! Not an inch of the way but you have been thinking of your filthy books and longing to be back at them! No; I except the moments when you were frightened into forgetfulness—first by Falmouth, then by the trooper. O Eternal Father! afraid of a single dirty soldier!"

"Indeed, I was very much afraid," said Messire Heleigh, with perfect simplicity,—"*timidus perire*, madame."

"You have not even the grace to be ashamed! Yet I am shamed, messire, that Osmund Heleigh should have become the book-muddled pedant you are. For I loved him—do you understand?—I loved young Osmund Heleigh."

He also had risen in the firelight, and now its convulsive shadows marred two dogged faces. "I think it best not to recall that boy and girl who are so long dead. And frankly, madame and Queen, the merit of the business I have in hand is questionable. It is you who have set

all England by the ears, and I am guiding you toward opportunities for further mischief. I must serve you. Understand, madame, that ancient folly in Provence yonder has nothing to do with the affair. Remember that I cry *nihil ad Andromachen*! I must serve you because you are a woman and helpless; yet I cannot forget that he who spares the wolf is the sheep's murderer. It would be better for all England if you were dead. Hey, your gorgeous follies, madame! Silver peacocks set with sapphires! Cloth of fine gold—"

"Would you have me go unclothed?" Dame Alianora demanded, pettishly.

"Not so," Osmund retorted; "again I say to you with Tertullian, 'Let women paint their eyes with the tints of chastity, insert into their ears the Word of God, tie the yoke of Christ about their necks, and adorn their whole person with the silk of sanctity and the damask of devotion.' And I say to you—"

But Dame Alianora was yawning quite frankly. "You will say to me that I brought foreigners into England, that I misguided the King, that I stirred up strife between the King and his barons. Eh, my God! I am sufficiently familiar with the harangue. Yet listen, my Osmund: They sold me like a bullock to a man I had never seen. I found him a man of wax and I remoulded him. They gave me England as a toy; I played with it. I was the Queen, the source of honor, the source of wealth,—the trough, in effect, about which swine gathered. Never in all my English life, Osmund, has man or woman loved me; never in all my English life have I loved man or woman. Do you understand, my Osmund?—the Queen has many flatterers, but no friends. Not a friend in the world, my Osmund! And so the Queen makes the best of it and amuses herself."

Somewhat he seemed to understand, for he answered without asperity:

"*Mon bel esper*, I do not find it anywhere in Holy Writ that God requires it of us to amuse ourselves; but upon many occasions we have been commanded to live righteously. We are tempted in divers and insidious ways. And we cry with the psalmist, My strength is dried up like a potsherd. But God intends this, since until we have here demonstrated



our valor upon Satan, we are manifestly unworthy to be enregistered in His army. The great Captain must be served by proven soldiers. We may be tempted, but we may not yield. O daughter of the South! we may not yield!" he cried, with an unheralded, odd wildness.

"Again you preach," Dame Alianora said. "That is a venerable truism."

"Ho, madame," he returned, "is it on that account the less true?"

Pensively the Queen considered this. "You are a good man, my Osmund," she said at last, with a fine irrelevance, "though you are very droll. *Ohimè!* it is a great pity that I was born a princess! Had it been possible for me to be your wife, I should have been a better woman. I shall sleep now and dream of that good and stupid and contented woman I might have been." So presently these two slept in Chantrell Wood.

Followed four days of journeying. As Messer Dante had not yet surveyed Malebolge, they lacked a parallel for that which they encountered; their traverse discovered England razed, charred, and depopulate,—picked bones of an island, a vast and absolute ruin about which passion-wasted men skulked like rats. They went without molestation; malice and death had journeyed on their road aforetime, as heralds, and had swept it clear.

At every trace of these hideous predecessors Osmund Heleigh would say, "By a day's ride I might have prevented this." Or, "By a day's ride I might have saved this woman." Or, "By two days' riding I might have fed this child."

The Queen kept Spartan silence, but daily you saw the fine woman age. In their slow advance every inch of misery was thrust before her as for inspection; meticulously she observed and appraised her handiwork.

Bastling the royal army had recently sacked. There remained of this village the skeletons of two houses, and for the rest a jumble of bricks, rafters half burned, many calcined fragments of humanity, and ashes. At Bastling, Messire Heleigh turned to the Queen toiling behind.

"Oh, madame!" he said, in a dry whisper, "this was the home of so many men!"

"I burned it," Dame Alianora replied. "That man we passed just now I killed.

Those other men and women—I killed them all. And little children, my Osmund! The hair like corn floss, blood-dabbled!"

"Oh, madame—!" he wailed, in the extremity of his pity.

For she stood with eyes shut, all gray. The Queen demanded: "Why have they not slain me? Was there no man in England to strangle the proud wanton? Are you all cowards here?"

"Not cowards!" he cried. "Your men and Leicester's ride about the world, and draw sword and slay and die for the right as they see it. And you for the right as ye see it. But I, madame! I! I, who sat snug at home spilling ink and trimming rose-bushes! God's world, madame, and I in it afraid to speak a word for Him! God's world, and a curmudgeon in it grudging God the life He gave!" The man flung out his soft hands and snarled. "*We are tempted in divers and insidious ways.* But I, who rebuked you! behold now, with how gross a snare was I entrapped!"

"I do not understand, my Osmund."

"I was afraid, madame," he returned, dully. "Everywhere men fight and I am afraid to die."

So they stood silent in the ruins of Bastling.

"Of a piece with our lives," Dame Alianora said at last. "All ruin, my Osmund."

But Messire Heleigh threw back his head and laughed, new color in his face. "Presently men will build here, my Queen. Presently, as in legend the Arabian bird, arises from these ashes a lordlier and more spacious town."

Then they went forward. The next day Fate loosed upon them Gui Camoys, lord of Bozon, Foliot, and Thwenge, who, riding alone through Poges Copse, found there a man and a woman over their limited supper. The woman had thrown back her hood, and Camoys drew rein to stare at her.

"*Ma belle,*" said Camoys, in friendly condescension, "*n'estez vous pas jongleurs?*"

Dame Alianora smiled up at him. "*Ouais, messire; mon mary faict les chançons—*" Here she paused, with dilatory caution, for Camoys had leapt from his horse, giving a great laugh.



"A prize! ho, an imperial prize!" Camoys shouted. "A peasant woman with the Queen's face, who speaks French! And who, madame, is this? Have you by any chance brought pious Lewis from oversea? Have I bagged a brace of monarchs?"

Here was imminent danger, for Camoys had known the Queen some fifteen years. Messire Heleigh rose to his feet, his five days' beard glinting like hoar frost as his mouth twitched.

"I am Osmund Heleigh, messire, younger brother to the Earl of Brudenel."

"I have heard of you, I believe,—the fellow who spoils parchment. This is odd company, however, Messire Osmund, for Brudenel's brother."

"A gentleman must serve his Queen, messire. As Cicero very justly observes—"

"I am inclined to think that his political opinions are scarcely to our immediate purpose. This is a high matter, Messire Heleigh. To let the sorceress pass is of course out of the question; upon the other hand, I observe that you lack weapons of defence. Yet if you will have the kindness to assist me in unarming, that will place our commerce upon more equal footing."

Osmund had gone very white. "I am no swordsman, messire—"

"Now this is not handsome of you," Camoys began. "I warn you that people will speak harshly of us if we lose this opportunity of gaining honor. And besides, the woman will be burned. Plainly, you owe it to all three of us to fight."

"—but I refer my cause to God. I am quite at your service."

"No, my Osmund!" Dame Alianora then cried. "It means your death."

He spread out his hands. "That is God's affair, madame."

"Are you not afraid?" she breathed.

"Of course I am afraid," said Messire Heleigh, irritably.

After that he unarmed Camoys, and presently they faced one another in their tunics. So for the first time in the journey Osmund's long falchion saw daylight. He had thrown away his dagger, as Camoys had none.

The combat was sufficiently curious. Camoys raised his left hand. "So help me God and His saints, I have upon me

neither bone, stone, nor witchcraft where-through the power and the word of God might be diminished or the devil's power increased."

Osmund made similar oath. "Judge Thou this woman's cause!" he cried, likewise.

Then Gui Camoys cried, as a herald might have done, "*Laissez les aller, laissez les aller, laissez les aller, les bons combattants!*" and warily they moved the one toward the other.

On a sudden, Osmund attacked, desperately apprehensive of his own cowardice. Camoys lightly eluded him and slashed his undefended thigh, drawing much blood. Osmund gasped. He flung away his sword, and in the instant catching Camoys under the arms, threw him to the ground. Messire Heleigh fell with his opponent, who in stumbling had lost his sword, and thus the two struggled unarmed, Osmund atop. But Camoys was the younger man, and Osmund's strength was ebbing rapidly by reason of his wound. Now Camoys's tethered horse, rearing with nervousness, tumbled his master's flat-topped helmet into the road. Osmund caught it up and with it battered Camoys in the face, dealing severe blows.

"God!" Camoys cried, his face all blood.

"Do you acknowledge my quarrel just?" said Osmund, between horrid sobs.

"What choice have I?" said Gui Camoys, very sensibly.

So Osmund rose, blind with tears and shivering. The Queen bound up their wounds as best she might, but Camoys was much dissatisfied.

"For reason of His own, madame," he observed, "and doubtless for sufficient ones, God has singularly favored your cause. I am neither a fool nor a pagan to question His decision, and you two may go your way unhampered. But I have had my head broken with my own helmet, and this I consider to be a proceeding very little conducive toward enhancing my reputation. Of your courtesy, messire, I must entreat another meeting."

Osmund shrank as from a blow. Then with a short laugh he conceded that this was Camoys's right, and they fixed upon the following Saturday, with Poges Copse as the rendezvous.



"I would prefer that the combat be à outrance," Gui Camoys said, "in consideration of the fact that it was my own helmet. You must be aware, Messire Osmund, that such an affront is practically without parallel."

This, too, was agreed upon, and they bade one another farewell.

Then, after asking if they needed any money, which was courteously declined, Gui Camoys rode away, and sang as he went. Osmund Heleigh remained motionless. He raised quivering hands to the sky.

"Thou hast judged!" he cried. "Thou hast judged, O Eternal Father! Now pardon! Pardon us twain! Pardon for unjust stewards of Thy gifts! Thou hast loaned this woman dominion over England, all instruments to aid Thy cause, and this trust she has abused. Thou hast loaned me life and manhood, agility and wit and strength, all instruments to aid Thy cause. Talents in a napkin, O God! Repentant we cry to Thee. Pardon for unjust stewards! Pardon for the ungirt loin, for the service shirked, for all good deeds undone! Pardon and grace, O Eternal Father!"

Thus he prayed, while Gui Camoys sang, riding deeper into the tattered, yellowing forest. By an odd chance Camoys had lighted on that song made by Thibaut of Champagne, beginning,

Signor, saciez, ki or ne s'en ira,

and this he sang with a lilt gayer than the matter of it countenanced. Faintly there now came to them the sound of his singing, and they found it, in the circumstances, ominously adapt:

"Et vos, par qui je n'oi onques aïe,  
Descendez tuit en infer le parfont."

Dame Alianora shivered. "No, no!" she cried. "Is He less pitiful than we?"

They slept that night in Ousely meadow, and the next afternoon came safely to Bristol. You may learn elsewhere with what rejoicing the royal army welcomed the Queen's arrival, how courage quickened at sight of the generous virago. In the ebullition Messire Heleigh was submerged, and Dame Alianora saw nothing more of him that day. Friday there were counsels, requisitions, orders signed, a letter despatched to Pope

Urban, chief of all a letter (this in the Queen's hand throughout) privily conveyed to the Lady Maud de Mortemer,—much sowing of a seed, in fine, that eventually flowered victory. There was, however, no sign of Osmund Heleigh, though by Dame Alianora's order he was sought.

On Saturday at seven in the morning he came to her lodging in complete armor. From the open helmet his wrinkled face, showing like a wizened nut in a shell, smiled upon her questionings.

"I go to fight Gui Camoys, madame and Queen."

Dame Alianora wrung her hands. "You go to your death."

He answered: "That is very likely. Therefore I am come to bid you farewell."

The Queen stared at him for a while; on a sudden she broke into a curious fit of deep but tearless sobbing.

"*Mon bel esper,*" said Osmund Heleigh, very gently, "what is there in all this worthy of your sorrow? The man will kill me; granted, for he is my junior by some fifteen years, and in addition a skilled swordsman. I fail to see that this is lamentable. Back to Longaville I cannot go after recent happenings; there a rope's end awaits me. Here I must in any event shortly take to the sword, since a beleaguered army has very little need of ink-pots; and shortly I must be slain in some skirmish, dug under the ribs perhaps by a greasy fellow I have never seen. I prefer a clean death at a gentleman's hands."

"It is I who bring about your death!" she wailed. "You gave me gallant service, and I have requited you with death!"

"Indeed, the debt is on the other side. The trivial services I rendered you were such as any gentleman must render a woman in distress. Naught else have I afforded you, madame, save very anciently a Sestina. Ho, a Sestina! And in return you have given me a Sestina of fairer make—a Sestina of days, six days of life." His eyes were fervent now.

She kissed him on either cheek. "Farewell, my champion!"

"Ay, your champion. In the twilight of life old Osmund Heleigh rides forth to defend the quarrel of Alianora of Provence. Reign wisely, my Queen, that



hereafter men may not say I was slain in an evil cause. Do not shame my maiden venture."

"I will not shame you," the Queen proudly said; and then with a change of voice: "O my Osmund! my Osmund!"

He caught her by each wrist. "Hush!" he bade her, roughly; and stood crushing both her hands to his lips, with fierce staring. "Wife of my King! wife of my King!" he babbled; and then flung her from him, crying with a great lift of speech: "I have not failed you! Praise God, I have not failed you!"

From her window she saw him ride away, a rich flush of glitter and color. In new armor with a smart emblazoned surcoat the lean pedant sat conspicuously erect, though by this the fear of death had gripped him to the marrow; and as he went he sang defiantly, taunting the weakness of his flesh.

Sang Osmund Heleigh:

"Love sows, and lovers reap; and ye will  
see

The loved eyes lighten, feel the loved  
lips cling

Never again when in the grave ye be

Incurious of your happiness in Spring,  
And yet no grace of Love there, whither  
he

That bartered life for love no love may  
bring."

So he rode away and thus out of our history. But in the evening Gui Camoys came into Bristol under a flag of truce, and behind him a litter wherein lay Osmund Heleigh's body.

"For the man was a brave one," Camoys said to the Queen, "and in the matter of the reparation he owed me acted very handsomely. It is fitting that he should have honorable interment."

"That he shall not lack," the Queen said, and gently unclasped from Osmund's neck the thin gold chain, now locketless. "There was a portrait here," she said,— "the portrait of a woman that he loved in his youth, Messire Camoys. And all his life it lay above his heart."

Camoys answered stiffly: "I imagine that to have been the object which Messire Heleigh flung into the river shortly before we began our combat. I do not rob the dead, madame."

"That was very like him," the Queen said. "Messire Camoys, I think that this day is a festival in heaven."

Afterward she set to work on requisitions in the King's name. But Osmund Heleigh she had interred at Ambresbury, commanding it to be written on his tomb that he died in the Queen's cause.

How the same cause prospered (Nicolas concludes), how presently Dame Alianora reigned again in England and with what wisdom, and how in the end this great Queen died a nun at Ambresbury and all England wept therefor,—this you may learn elsewhere. I have chosen to record six days of a long and eventful life; and (as Messire Heleigh might have done) I say modestly with him of old, *Majores majora sonent*. Nevertheless I assert that many a forest was once a pocketful of acorns.

## Song for Music

BY ROSE CARY NOBLE

LOVE is the wind: my heart is the fallen leaf;  
Love is the measure: mine are the failing feet;  
Yet must I dance in time with its throbbing beat,  
Yet am I blown about in the woods of Grief.

Mad though the dance, unstirred and serene you move,  
Wild though the wind, you flower secure and sweet—  
Love is the music: mine are the failing feet,  
I am the whirling leaf, for the wind is Love.





THE WONDERFUL DIARITE VASE OF THE CRESTED WOOD-DUCK

## The Treasures of Prehistoric Moundville

BY *H. NEWELL WARDLE*

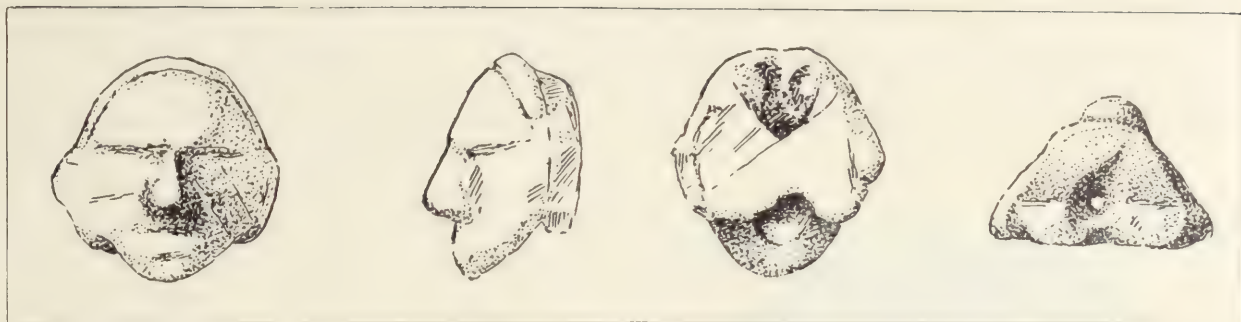
The Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia

THE great circle of mounds on the Black Warrior River, some fifteen miles, by the crow's aerial trail, below Tuscaloosa, Alabama, must have impressed the first settlers in its vicinage with a due sense of its hoary antiquity, since they called it Carthage. All the way down to its junction with the Tombigbee, the Black Warrior wriggles—to say winds would do scant justice to its serpentine sinuosity—through corn and cotton land, past other mounds and groups of artificial eminences, but such localities are dignified by names no more reminiscent of the past than Gray's Landing and Jones' Ferry. Carthage as an appellation was too suggestive of broken columns, crumbling inscriptions,

and Punic coins to sit well upon an ancient American city of the copper age; hence the present town to which the prehistoric gives a name is now known as Moundville.

The pre-Columbian mound settlement stood upon a broad plain, elevated above the reach of the Black Warrior's most towering vernal onslaught. Three deep gullies have worked their way back from the high river-bluff on the north, and now thrust themselves between some of the principal eminences; but the rains which caused these washouts were more recent than any prayed for by priest and people of this prehistoric culture centre. Of the score of mounds in the group, the smaller are so placed as to





VARIOUS VIEWS OF THE AMETHYST HEAD  
Buried with the Great Chief of Mound C

present an elongated circle, with a short east and west diameter of about two thousand feet, while the four great structures form a triangle in the north, with its apex resting on the centre of the circumscribed plain and its lateral elevations in the line of the oval. Abutting on the outer edge of the middle mound in the triangle's northern base, and connecting with it by a graded way, is a low broad platform of tamped earth. Within the circle and without, the land is one vast cemetery.

From time to time stone effigy pipes and incised pottery have been turned up by the plough, but no systematic investigation of the site was ever under-

taken previous to the spring of 1905, when Mr. Clarence B. Moore began his excavations on behalf of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. For more than a decade the attention of this eminent archaeologist has centred in the mounds of our southern coast. In his steam-yacht, bearing every necessary appliance, including an efficient force of experienced diggers, he has explored every navigable stream and inlet from the Carolinas round to Alabama.

The ancient city near Moundville lay mostly on the land of Mr. Hardy Clements, of Tuscaloosa, who generously placed his property at the Academy's service. The surveying and plotting of

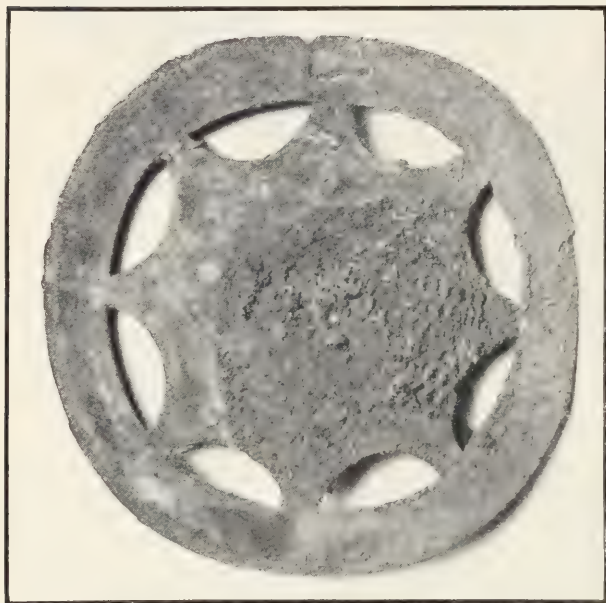
the area once accomplished, the work of excavating was very rapidly pushed forward. Trial holes, sunk through the mounds down to the undisturbed soil of the plain beneath them, were, under signs of promise, enlarged to fulfilment. At other times broad trenches were cut through, and again, in the case of some of the smaller mounds, the whole bulk was thoroughly dug over. The clinging clay soil rendered the use of sieves impossible, and many small objects were probably passed unnoticed, despite the frequent and cautious plying of the hand-trowel. Here, as elsewhere, the enforcement of Mr.



ANNULAR GORGET OF THE GREAT CHIEF OF MOUND C



Moore's rule that no digging shall be done without his actual presence assured an accurate record of each find and its relation to the other objects in the grave.



GORGET WORN BY THE GREAT CHIEF OF  
MOUND C

For burials were the most productive of results, the ancient custom of carrying all one's personal wealth to the shadow-land leaving little to the residential sites save the lost, the broken, and the discarded, amid the ashes of long-dead fires.

Usually, even in ancient mounds, there are recent superficial burials, where the crumbling and corroded iron axe-head or the fragment of mirror, long reft of mercury, attests the coming of the European. But here, at Moundville, not so much as a single glass bead, not a bit of brass, was present, to indicate that the white trader and his wares had ever been. The settlement was plainly pre-Columbian from foundation to final decay, and no modern Indians have since occupied the site. By how many tens or hundreds of years it antedated the eventful fifteenth century no one may say. Many of the burials were of such ancient date that only a black line in the soil, or a portion of a pelvis (preserved by contact with a copper artefact), remained to record that here lay a brave and here a maiden. Yet that brave once hunted the wood-bison in the Alabama forests and skinned his quarry with the stone knife now lying where his hand

should be; and that maiden once bore the vessel now standing by her vanished feet down to the river and filled it at the brink, smiling back at her reflection in the stream. And when with her burden she had ascended the steep bluff, the plain lay green and smiling in the early morning light, bounded by the wide circle of wattled dwellings, each segment lifting the home of its clan head, or minor chief, upon a domiciliary mound above the common level of his following.

As she penetrated within the tribal circle, skirting the eminence with that grim house which sheltered the bones of the recent dead, before her on the broad central mound the high priest stood, and turning from point to point sacrificed the sacred tobacco to the four world quarters, and offered up a silent prayer to the fleet-footed warrior with the shining arrows and the glowing copper shield just appearing above the eastern horizon. Slowly and with frequent pauses the crier made his sunwise circuit of the settlement—Hark ye! hark ye people! and the announcement of the business of the day: perhaps the harvesting of the maize crop, the enlargement of a mound, or the ceremonial chungke game on the broad, tamped platform in the north—the game which was at once a prayer by symbol to Those Above and an earnest effort to transfer the orenda or mystical power of the people to the weakened winter sun, that it might roll across the sky as the polished stone discoidal whirled over the hardened chungke-field. Perchance the day's event was nothing less than the installation of the great chief who will go down in history as "Burial No. 37," Mound C.

An irregular pentagon, raised not more than fifteen feet and a half, there was little to indicate that Mound C would prove the most productive of results and the resting-place of a powerful and wealthy chief, when Mound B, with its steep faces and imposing height of fifty-seven feet, had yielded not a single artefact. The structure of the smaller eminence gave evidence of two periods in its history. Originally it had been built nine feet above the level of the plain and used for residential purposes. At this time or somewhat later graves had been sunk, and they who dwelt above laid



themselves down to rest a while before their long and final journey. Then the surface was raised at least six and a half feet higher, when it served again as a domiciliary mound and again as a place of interment.

It was during this second stage that "Burial No. 37" took place—yet so long ago was it that of the great chief there remained only a black line in the soil and a few fragments of bone that lay against his copper regalia. Of the pouch and moccasins of skin, perhaps beautifully embroidered with gayly dyed porcupine quills, of the cotton fabric and the elaborate featherwork of his costume, not a trace is left, yet there is enough of green and fragile ornament to give some idea of the splendor of his appearance when all this copperwork flashed red-gold in the southern sun. At the back of his head he wore a long and slender strip of copper, thrust in the hair like the honors-feather of a modern chief. At the left a curious hook-shaped hair-ornament of copper was secured by a pin of bison-horn. Around his neck hung a double string of pierced pearls from which depended three gorgets of sheet copper. The uppermost, circular in form, seems to have framed, so to speak, an exquisite pendant of carved amethyst. This unique gem of aboriginal art is a human head, to make which required loving and skilful labor—sawing with a string and wet sand, and drilling with a reed and pounded quartz. Below the annular gorget lay a second disk, the centre of which was occupied by an eight-pointed star. Lower on his chest had hung a pendant of peculiar form, rounded above, pointed below, showing, by excisions in the sheet copper, the swastika and the triangle. Wrists and ankles had been encircled by strings of round wooden beads, each covered with the precious copper. Across the knees lay the long and slender head of the ceremonial battle-axe once borne by the great chief of Mound C. Near by was found a lump of mineral pitch, most probably paint for some great ceremony of the land of shades.

Undoubtedly all this paraphernalia had a clear and well-defined meaning, apparent to every tribesman, and a subtler symbolism in the esoteric thought cir-

culating in secret society and sacerdotal cult. Mr. Moore, most careful and cautious archæologist that he is, prefers to keep to the firm ground of actual observa-



SHEET-COPPER PENDANT BURIED WITH THE  
GREAT CHIEF OF MOUND C

tion, leaving to the future investigator the more uncertain and often treacherous by-paths of hypothesis and analogy. But here it is permitted to venture an explanation of the probable purport of this insignia, which occurred more than once in the graves of Moundville. There is a suggestive water-bottle of the ordinary Moundville black ware, bearing as its incised decoration the winged or haloed sun. Of the sun's four divergent rays, the lower is terminated by an arrow-



point, and the upper expands into a notched arrow-shaft. Thus the sun, in Amerindian mysticism, becomes the shield and the solar ray the swift arrow of the sun-bearer. With tribes whose historic habitat lay immediately to the west of the Moundville region the paramount chieftain was regarded as the earthly representative of the sun, and some such concept may have ruled this prehistoric people also, for the solar shield and arrow seem to have formed an important part of the insignia of the great chief of Mound C.

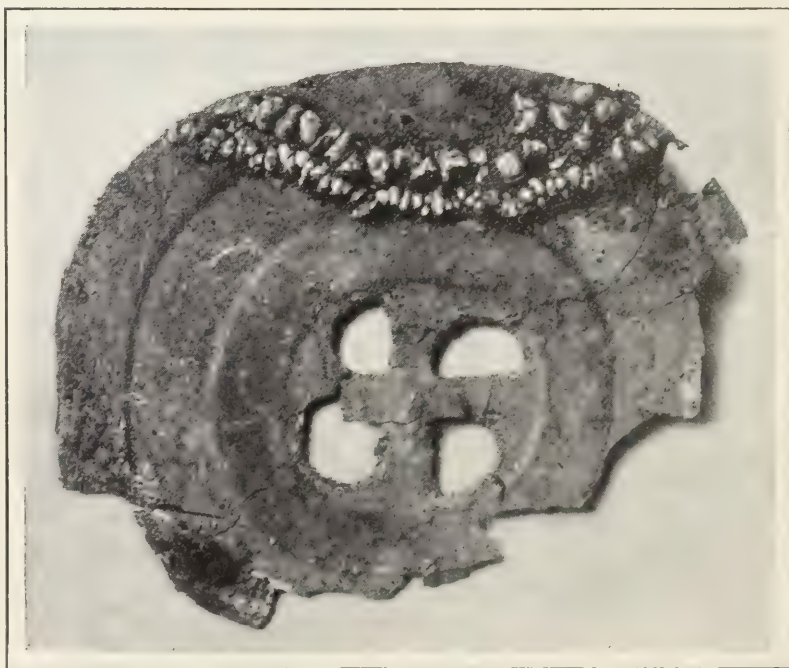
A different manifestation of the same thought appears in the regalia of the lesser chief of Mound H. He was of powerful physique, yet not overtall, though the beautiful copper hair-ornament which he wore must have added to his apparent height. This superb adornment was mounted upon a slender bone pin. The socket for the pin had been fixed by riveting, and a second additional piece was attached above by the same method to form the upper portion of the design. The main expansion bore, in *repoussé* work, a human head which seems to wear a copper head-dress rising crestlike above the sagittal line. Upon the graceful pin lay a little copper disk—a five-pointed star enclosed in a circle—at one time pendent from the forward portion of the hair. Disk-shaped ear-plugs of wood, copper-coated, had fallen to right and left of the skull. A necklace of small shell beads and other ornaments of like material must have added to his gay appearance. Both wrists and the left forearm had worn circlets of great globular beads and smaller ones, spool-shaped—all cut from shell. Near the elbow of the right arm had once hung from a band thirteen copper pendants, arrow-head shaped, and each bearing a *repoussé* eye.

Professor W. H. Holmes, Director of the Bureau of Ethnology, re-

gards these pendants as birds' heads, despite the transverse position of the eye. If he be right in his conjecture, there is nothing to oppose the assumption that it was also a ceremonial arrow-head, and perhaps the solar ray. So intricate and involute are the red man's concepts of the external world that in all probability the arrow with its piercing beak, its lateral feathering, its forked (notched) tail, and its swift flight, for him partook of the nature of the bird.

This second wearer of the shield-and-arrow, sun-and-ray emblem wore at each knee numerous spool-shaped beads of shell and the large globular shell beads at the ankle. A ceremonial tomahawk blade of copper lay ready to his hand, and at his feet was the circular stone palette with the war-paint still upon it.

Stone disks of varying sizes have frequently been found in the South, and speculations as to their purpose were many, but it remained for Mr. Moore to finally settle the puzzling problem. A dozen scalloped disks and many rectangular slabs of well-ground, fine-grained stone were unearthed by him at Moundville, every one bearing traces of mineral paint upon one or both sides. From their surfaces and from the masses of pigment found in the graves it is



COPPER GORGET WITH SWASTIKA, AND SHOWING  
STRINGS OF PEARLS

(From Mound C)





COPPER HAIR-ORNAMENT, BURIED WITH THE CHIEF OF MOUND H

possible to learn something of the colors which, laid on with bear's oil, gave individuality of personal decoration to sacred dance and tribal ceremony.

Black mineral pitch, red oxide of iron, green earth, and galena were found with burials, but the palettes yielded only red, white, and cream; one in particular bore white, cream, and pink pigment on its face and red upon the reverse. But most striking of all must have been the brilliant silver paint made from the galena. The brave who wore that decoration shone indeed. Its beauty has now all departed, and only the white carbonate remains on the palettes to show where the glittering sulphide had been ground and mixed.

Two particularly fine stone effigy pipes, undoubtedly used in the tribal ceremonies, were among the number of the treasure-trove—one a squatting human figure, the other a crouched panther.

From the incised decoration on the pottery it is possible to obtain some idea of the belief which underlay the unknown ritual practised in the

ancient settlement. Two wide-mouthed water-bottles display a curious composite creature. One shows an antlered rattlesnake with darting forked tongue, uplifted wing, and legs drawn close against the body. The other gives the same mythical monster in sections laid vertically upon the bowl of the now neckless bottle. The antlered head and the rattled tail, both pointing upward, occupy opposite sides of the vessel, while to right and left are the elaborately ornate wings. Surely this can be no other than the cloud serpent, he who causes the rattling thunder and the forked or zigzag flash, though why, in common with the winged serpents of Peru, he boasts legs it were difficult to surmise.

This mythical being has lived in the lore of many peoples, widely separated in land and lineage, but the Cherokee folktales of the wonderful Uktena present some features of peculiar interest. It is suspected that they borrowed these from the Muskogee, whose territory included the Black Warrior region at the time of the dis-



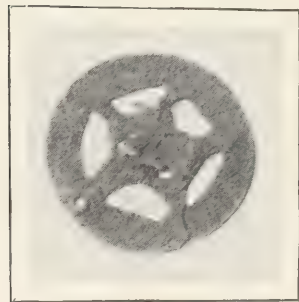
COPPER PENDANTS WITH REPOUSSE EYE  
(From elbow of the Chief of Mound H)



covery. Whether the Uktena had its origin with these latter, or came to them by right of descent or courteous loan from the prehistoric Moundville people, is a hazardous question.

Originally the Uktena, the "keen-eyed," was a man. Transformed into a huge, horned serpent, and sent on high to destroy the sun, beneath whose fierce rays the people were dying, forestalled in his mission by Rattlesnake, he became angry and vengeful, the bitter enemy of mankind. As time passed, he grew to be a terror to the land, and was solemnly banished by the tribal council to live in Galunlati, the "Above." With the inevitable fate of a cloud spirit, he was destroyed many times, only to reappear and meet his end in other legends.

According to one such tale, he lived in a river that flowed beneath an almost inaccessible cave, where a pair of Tlanuwa, or mythic monster hawks, had a nest, whither they carried off children to feed their young. At last, yielding to the earnest entreaty of the people, a powerful medicine-man



COPPER HAIR-ORNAMENT  
BURIED WITH CHIEF  
OF MOUND H

caused himself to be let down by bark ropes from the overhanging rock when the parent birds had gone forth to hunt. Swinging to and fro, he finally managed



A CIRCULAR PALETTE

to pull himself into the cave. The floor was strewn with a sickening débris. From the nest four young birds greeted him with gaping mouths. Grasping the uncanny nestlings, he flung them over the ledge to the deep water where the Uktena dwelt. Scarcely had he reached the summit again when the old Tlanuwa returned. They circled round and round the rock where stood the empty nest, seeking the author of the mischief. The snake lifted his antlered head above the water. With a furious scream they swooped down upon him. One seized the serpent in his talons and flew far up in the sky, his mate at his side, all the while rending great pieces from the writhing body, till the last morsel had been flung down. So high in the air were they that when the fragments fell they made great indentations in the rocks, as may be seen to-day at the place called "Where-the-Tlanuwa-cut-it-up."

This story, apparently an embellished localization of the rending of the clouds by the wind, may account for the sectioning of the antlered rattlesnake on



the water-bottle of Moundville. Peoples perish; myths are immortal.

A second winged hero in ancient song and story, and, if numbers count for aught, a more important one, is preserved in the ceramic art of the Black Warrior region. The ivory-billed woodpecker had a reputation in the land, and the women engraved him on their pottery, and doubtless wove him, crest and tail and

mystic emblem, into their vanished basketry. Something of his fame survived into historic times; for Catesby, the English naturalist, who traversed the region in the early part of the eighteenth century, speaks of the aboriginal trade in the bills of this bird. So prized were they that as much as two buckskins were sometimes paid in exchange for a single bill.

Curiously, the woodpecker never appears alone in art—as does the majestic eagle of the eagle bottle—but always

paired, the head of one above, that of the other below, and the characteristic triangle tails with the serrated terminal line of pointed feathers projecting laterally. Usually the wings are absent, and frequently even the crested heads are lacking, so that in conformity with the law of essentials in decorative art only the triangular tails remain, united by the circle that was once their coalescing bodies.

As if to emphasize this remarkable cruciform arrangement of heads and



WATER-BOTTLE WITH WOODPECKER TAIL AND SWASTIKA



DESIGN OF THE WINGED SERPENT





ENGRAVED FRAGMENT OF SHELL CUP OF THE  
FIGHTING WARRIOR

tails, the woodpecker, and he alone, bears on tail or crested poll the world-wide emblem of the cardinal points, the oft-venerated swastika. Yet the woodpecker is scarcely the bird of swift, strong, continuous flight to be looked for as the ruler of the winds and the four world quarters. Perhaps this feathered chieftain, with the swift-darting tongue, who rolls out his strange resonant peal from the hollow limb of a tree, is only the puissant rain-maker, the medicine-man, whose distant drumming rumbles low along the horizon and reverberates among the hills.

The cult of the cardinal points is represented on many vessels by the well-known figure of the four or eight armed cross, but nowhere does it find a stranger and yet more logical expression than on the finger-sign bottles. There the four diagonal paths are pointed out by fingers grouped in series of three, the intermediate arms of the cross being given the ordinary treatment of cross-hatching. Sometimes the decorative field is bordered by a scalloped line made up of fingers and undulations.

The eight paths of the wind and rain were always of paramount importance to an agricultural people, watching anxiously over the maize crop. Two interesting little conical vases take their form from the maize ear. Vessels of this shape were used by the ancient people of prehistoric Pueblo Bonito, in New Mexico, but those show the grains on the tapering cylinder. One of the Alabama corn-ear vases bears a mystic symbol of unknown significance, much used by the people of the Black Warrior settlement—the open hand and eye. Possibly this combination was a prayer, by suggestion, for power—for the quick, clear eye and the skilful hand. If so, the petition was granted. More probably it was endowed with some recon-

dite meaning, unguessed as yet. The sign of the hand reaches round the world.

On the fictile ware of Moundville there were present other ancient symbols, common to the decorative art of the barbaric Old World and the New—the meander and the scroll, both born of the daily life which they helped to beautify. A charming example of the latter *motif* occurs on a straight, wide-mouthed jar of polished earthenware, where the little interspersed depressions give variety to the glossy blackness of the surface. This fine black exterior is not the result of the firing on the clay. Some mixture of grease and soot, applied in a liquid state, was converted to a dense carbon coating in the primitive potter's kiln.

Beauty of design and monotony of form characterize the product of these smothered ovens. The cup, the bottle, and the bowl are omnipresent. Yet it was the quaint and simple bird bowl of earthenware which sat as model for the most remarkable piece of sculpture ever discovered north of Mexico on the Amer-





THE CEREMONIAL BATTLE-AXE OF AMPHIBOLITE

ican continent.\* The stone vase of the crested wood-duck is of diarite—a rock related to the jades and one of the hardest and most resisting of stones. Incalculable pains and patient, laborious effort must have been expended upon it, yet so true was its maker's eye, so skilled his hand, that any deviation from the perfect circle with a diameter of eleven and a half inches is scarcely perceptible, and the tough rock is finished down at the rim to a thinness only varying between a fourth and a third of an inch. In front rises the head of the drake of the crested wood-duck, the neck gracefully arched, and the bill laid upon the breast. From the opposite edge a flat conventional tail juts out horizontally. Head, neck, and tail are ornamented with an incised design of wonderful accuracy.

In the northern end of the heavily wooded ridge which overlooks the river bluff to the north, and the deep gully on the east which separates it from the last resting-place of the chief of Mound

C, some clan of ancient Moundville buried its dead for untold generations, cutting through the dry bones of the old and forgotten to make room for the new and all too sorrowfully remembered. In such an aboriginal disturbance the beautiful head was struck from the vase and a portion of the crest shivered to fragments. It was a day long to live in the memory when a sharp edge of stone, projecting near an effigy pipe, was revealed to the excavators as a portion of a vessel's rim, with surmounting bird's head. Excitement ran high. The entire digging force of twenty-three men was put to work in a circle, throwing the dirt behind and keeping a sharp lookout for further fragments. At last, in the newer grave, some feet away, the remainder of the stone vase was found intact, but the bits of the broken crest were irrecoverable in the sticky clay soil.

This is the find which has set the archæological world agog—an absolutely unique piece, beautiful in its workmanship and in the symmetry of its form.

\* See illustration, page 200.



It is the *chef-d'œuvre* of an ancient artist, who probably spent in its creation the greater part of his manhood, drilling with flinty reed and fine-ground quartz, carving with hard stone tools, polishing with stone and moistened sand, finishing with leather, slowly, slowly, here a little and there a little, sitting in the sun and stopping now and then to admire, to chat, to discuss its beauties and its betterment with the other stone-age craftsmen who came to marvel and advise; then, when finished, used perhaps in the great tribal councils, to hold the brew of bitter herbs, the potent "black drink." From it in such case drank each venerable councillor in turn, lifting the carved shell cup and drinking to the dregs.

The remnant of such a carved shell cup was found by the expedition—only the remnant, alas! It was but a fragment, and the design had flaked off all round the margin, but enough remained to set the seeker's pulse athrobbing and make the mercurial hope to mount. Two other shell drinking-cups were found, quite perfect, but with not a line upon their surfaces. On the broken fulgur there were originally two figures. Of one, only the upper portion remains. A fighting warrior, tattooed or painted, with copper ear-disk and crested head-dress, raises his right arm to wield the heavy war-club. The drawing is instinct with life and motion, the face youthful, even boyish. Above his head is what appears to be the ceremonially wrapped shaft of a lance, and beyond this the leg of a second individual.

This shell cup of the fighting brave raises the question of the weapons of the Moundville warriors. Throughout all the diggings, whether on house site, in midden-heap, or burial-pit, there was a surprising paucity of serviceable arrow-points, spear-heads, and axes. It is barely possible that the implements of warfare were of perishable material—the

heavy wooden war-club, the spear-thrower, the lance with hardwood blade, perhaps the blow-gun and the cane-tipped, poisoned dart. But this seems scarcely probable in view of the abundance, equally surprising, of ceremonial axes of copper, undoubtedly patterned after the keen-edged, stone-bladed tomahawk, whose mission was death. One beautiful ceremonial hatchet of stone—the finest ever found—was brought back by Mr. Moore's expedition. It is of amphibolite—a rock of the same mineral group as the diarite vase,—and the handle and blade are carved from a single mass, exactly imitating its every-day model of stone blade and wooden haft. The proximal end of the tomahawk is finished with a carefully cut ring, through which a thong might be run to attach it to the bearer's wrist.

The scarcity of actual weapons, the wealth in ceremonials and copper regalia, the striking arrangement of the four large mounds, not one of which gave evidence of residence or grave, the highly symbolic decorative art in copper, stone, and clay—all stand in evidence of the conclusion that the ancient settlement on the Black Warrior River was not military, but a centre of barbaric art and religion, perhaps the seat of the most puissant tribe in a great confederation, perhaps surrounded by territory wide enough and kinsmen strong enough to keep it unmolested, despite the open waterway that leads northward to its very doors. In the long ago it would seem to have been the Rome of this portion of the world, devout, wealthy, beauty-loving, not standing on a culture-level much higher than that of the semi-savage folk around, but producing or from time to time attracting, here and there, now and then, some artist of surpassing skill and feeling for the beautiful, like him who hammered out the copper hair-plume of Mound H, or him who carved the crested wood-drake bowl.





# The Underling

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.—PART I

THERE were five of the Lynde family—three brothers and two sisters. One of the sisters was a widow, one a spinster. The sisters kept house for the brothers, who were all unmarried. The brothers were working a large farm on scientific principles. People said they were getting rich. Their style of living gave evidence of prosperity.

About six o'clock one night the three brothers, with two hired men, came across the stubble of a recently mowed field toward the large white house where supper was awaiting them. The eldest brother, James, came first, walking with a free majesty of carriage. He was a handsome man, nearly forty. Behind James Lynde came his brother Edgar, the youngest of the three. He was also handsome, although with a boyish sort of beauty. He was thirty-five, and looked scarcely more than twenty. The principal expression of his face was one of unquestioning happiness. People said that Edgar Lynde had the happiest disposition of them all. He was a great favorite with everybody, and the hired men would do anything for him. Unquestioning happiness has about it a certain self-centredness. The hired men said that Mr. Edgar would not worry if all the hay on the farm was out and a shower coming up. Women adored him. There was something about this happy-faced man, so happy that he felt no real need of anything more, even of them, which fascinated and allured. The two hired men came after Edgar, walking with the loose, almost disjointed, hip-hop of their kind.

Behind them, last of all, came William Lynde. He was slightly younger than James, but he looked much older. He was small, rather unfitted for manual labor by his physical conditions. His delicate bones and muscles had become warped

into unnatural shapes by exercise, rather than strengthened. He was bent, and moved with unmistakable weariness, yet with a persistency which gave the impression of reserve strength. His face, originally as handsome as that of either of his brothers, was worn, and had a look of dogged patience and humility which usually years alone bring. He seldom spoke. He was unfailingly industrious, but was popularly supposed to accomplish nothing, to know little, and to be "rather lacking." The hired men held him in no respect. He never raised a voice of authority. He crept after the others several paces in the rear, with his rake over his shoulder. As he walked—they were all moving toward the west—he gazed at the sunset sky. It was a sea of glory: a daffodil radiance, with clouds like wings of gold and silver and pearl. The man's face, gazing at it, changed. He looked like one for whom a trumpet of action had just sounded. The other men did not notice the sunset at all.

Finally they reached the great white house—a fine structure, with a noble array of outbuildings, barns, and store-houses. The hired men entered the kitchen door; the brothers, with the exception of William, entered a side door, and went directly to their rooms to wash and change their linen before supper. William entered the kitchen door with the hired men. In the kitchen was a masterful maid who had been long with the family. She was capable with a capability almost amounting to genius. The two hired men washed their hands and faces at the sink. William waited his turn, and the maid, whose name was Emma, regarded him with scorn. The kitchen table was set for three. William always ate with the hired men. Emma gave supper to the three men, and the two brothers and the sisters in the dining-



room; then she had her own supper. After she had seen the three men in the kitchen eating, the two hired men with loud gulps and gurgles, and William silently, with his face bent with an indescribable gentle melancholy over his plate, she put on a clean white apron, entered the dining-room, and took up her station at the table there until the others had finished.

Mrs. Meserve, by virtue of her former married estate, as well as her superior age, had the head of the dining-table, which was of solid old mahogany. The dining-room was really charming. Beside the solid old mahogany table was a marvellous old sideboard, and a corner cupboard filled with Canton china. The windows had diamond-shaped panes. Annie Lynde, the spinster sister, was artistic, and she had had the old rectangular panes of distorting glass changed. She had also had the walls papered with dull blue, and there was a moulding with more of the blue Canton-ware. She was a year older than William, very pretty, with a delicate prettiness, and was well dressed. Mrs. Meserve was stouter and older, with a fair hardness of countenance, and she was well dressed. The brothers, now they had changed their working-clothes, appeared distinctly gentlemen.

The two meals progressed, the one in the dining-room, the other in the kitchen. William, of those in the kitchen, finished his supper first. He had not much appetite, and, besides, the alien company of the hired men irritated him more than usual. He rose abruptly and went out of the kitchen and the house, and back across the stubby field until he reached the nine-acre lot—a noble field, as level as a floor, enclosed with well-kept stone walls, and bordered on two sides with sweeping elms. He crossed to one of those sides, and seated himself on the wall on a large flat stone, where he had often sat before. Then his face took on an almost happy expression. He looked at the trees, which crossed the horizon with majestic arcs of grace; he looked at the sky, which had not yet lost all its sunset glory, but was fading slowly with wonderful gradations of rose and violet and primrose, and at the stubble of the field. The mutilated stalks of grass showed rainbow lights, and the air was

sweet and cool. The trees, the sky, the field, the blessed coolness, and the descending shade of the night were all inexpressibly dear to the man. He could just see, across the field, the roof of a house. When he looked at that, his face became at once yearning and benignant. He could hear faintly across the field the sound of a piano, and a singing treble voice. It was rather thin, but sweet, and carried far. The song had a pretty air, somewhat plaintive; the words were inaudible. William listened. That was really what he had come to this place for. He came there nearly every warm night, when the windows were open and he could hear the singing.

Miss Rose Willard lived in the house. She was the music-teacher of the village, and sang in the church choir every Sunday. She usually practised the hour after supper. As he listened, William seemed to see her seated at the piano in the pretty little parlor, where he had been a few times years ago. Rose Willard was not so very young, but she was a beauty. He could see just how her face looked: her sweet eyes bent upon the lines of the song, the singing curve of her parted lips. He sighed; and yet not altogether sorrowfully. Suddenly the music ceased; it usually lasted an hour. The man's face fell disappointedly. Then he saw a flutter of something white across the field. It was now nearly dusk. William gazed at the pale moving flutter across the field, close to the trees, where the stubble was not so trying to delicately shod feet. Then, before he could realize it, Rose Willard stood before him. Her dainty white gown was gathered up, revealing the lace on her petticoat; a lilac ribbon was tied around her waist; her gown was slightly open at the neck, revealing a firm, round throat. Rose was rather below the middle height; she was small and firm, with charming curves. Her face was round, with large blue eyes, and her curling yellow hair was twisted into a little crest at the top of her head. She stood looking at the man on the wall in an odd fashion, half shamed, half defiant.

"Good evening, Mr. Lynde," said she, finally.

Then William collected himself and rose. "Good evening, Miss Willard," he



replied, and all his miserable timidity and humility were upon him again.

She continued to look at him, and now a scorn and anger were in her look, as well as shamefacedness and defiance.

"I want to ask you something," she said, abruptly.

William bowed.

"I want to know if you weren't here last evening."

"Yes, I believe I was," replied William.

"And the evening before that?"

"I think so."

"Almost every evening this summer?" continued the woman, pitilessly.

"I don't know but I was."

"Why?"

William did not answer.

"Why?" insisted the woman.

Then William said something about its being a cool place and pleasant to sit in.

"I should think you would sit on the piazza at your own house with your brothers and sisters," said Rose. Her voice in speaking was almost a singing voice, loud and sweet, but entirely uncompromising.

William hung his head before her straight blue gaze in a weary, patient fashion which seemed to enrage her.

"Why don't you hold your head up?" she burst out. "Why do you do so? William Lynde, I am all out of patience with you."

William continued to stand before her as if before a righteous judge.

Rose made an impatient movement, and seated herself on the wall. "I am doing an outrageous thing, and it would be town talk if it got out," said she, "but I can't help it. I've stood this just as long as I can. Sit down here beside me, William Lynde; I've got something to say to you." William moved slowly to a stone at some distance from Rose.

"Now," said Rose, "I am going to ask you some questions, and I want you to answer me. I've heard a good many things said, and now I am coming straight to you to find out how much is true, and how much isn't."

William waited, his head turned away from her. He was conscious of a faint, subtle perfume from her garments, and the malodorousness of his own came in his face, and filled him with a sort of

despair. What was he to sit beside this white-clad song-bird?

"Have you had your supper?" asked she.

"Yes," replied William.

"Where?"

William hesitated.

"Where?" demanded the woman.

"In the kitchen."

"In the kitchen with the hired men?"

"Yes," admitted William, with a sort of gasp.

"Why didn't you eat in the dining-room with the rest of the family? Why do you eat in the kitchen with the servants? Why don't you dress like a gentleman as your brothers do? You must have your rights in the property as well as they."

"I can't tell you why," William said, in a muffled voice.

"Nonsense! Yes, you can tell me, too. Why can't you tell me?"

William remained silent, but his face in the dim light was as the face of a ghost, and he was swallowing convulsively as if he were choking back sobs.

"Before I'd be an underling all the days of my life, when I had as good a right to hold up my head as anybody, I'd—" Rose stopped. She had no expression forcible enough.

The two sat silently on the wall; then Rose spoke again. "I am going to do a dreadful thing, I suppose," said she. "I am mortified and ashamed of myself for doing it, and you needn't think I am not. Afterwards, when I think it over, I shall be almost crazy, but I am going to do it. I am going to ask you if you remember a night when you walked home with me from church, years ago when we were very young."

William nodded. "Yes," he replied, in a choking voice. "I never forgot."

"It was just before your father died."

William nodded again, and again murmured yes.

"Well," said Rose, "I didn't know but you had forgotten. I am going to say right out—although, as I said before, when I think of it afterward, I shall be most ready to kill myself for it—that I never forgot, and—" She hesitated, then she went on with a sort of shamed resolution. "Of course I haven't married,"—she bridled a little as she spoke,—“but of course I've had my chances, and now—"



William trembled perceptibly.

"I have a good chance now," said Rose; "perhaps you can guess who, but—I guess I am not made like a good many women. When I have once—" She paused and hesitated, then she continued firmly: "When I admitted what I did to you, that time," she said, "I didn't do it in a flirty kind of way, like some young girls. I was never that kind, and I never forgot, and I have always felt bound to myself because of it, if I didn't to you. Then there was another thing. I have been scolding you for letting yourself be so put upon, but I guess I am one of the kind of women who has a liking for the under dog." Her defiant voice trembled and broke. She began to weep softly. Her dainty shoulders, turned from the man beside her, were heaving. William looked at her, and his face was convulsed and ghastly. Then he spoke with determination.

"I have always wondered if I owed it to you to tell you something," he said, "but I wasn't quite sure. Now I know, and I am going to tell you."

"You needn't on my account, if you have changed your mind," said Rose, in a bitter, sobbing voice.

"I have never changed my mind." In spite of himself, William's voice was full of the tenderest inflections. "It wasn't that, but I didn't know how much you had understood or meant, you were so pretty, and there were so many—"

"Enough was said for any girl who had any self-respect to draw one conclusion," replied Rose, with spirit.

"Yes, but it was a hard thing to tell. I knew you thought I liked you, but you went on just the same, pretty and laughing as ever, and whether you meant—"

"I never was a girl to wear my heart on my sleeve, nor say and do things of that kind unless I did mean them."

"I didn't know quite what to do. I see now I ought to have told you, but it was hard."

"What was hard?"

"To tell you."

"To tell me what?"

"To tell you I had done something wrong, so I could never marry anybody."

"What have you done wrong, for Heaven's sake? I don't believe you ever hurt a fly, William Lynde. You were

never that kind. You always took the heavy end of things and let yourself be put upon more or less. I don't believe a word of it."

"It is the truth," said William, in a heavy voice.

"You don't mean that you ever did anything that would make you liable to arrest, or—anything of that kind, if you were found out?"

"Yes," replied William.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Rose. William remained silent. His face had a curious doggedness—the doggedness of a martyr under fire. Rose moved a little nearer. "Well, if you did," said she, "people can always overlook anything if one is sorry and never does so again."

"I am not sorry," said William, "and I should do so again."

Rose stared and shrank back. "William Lynde," said she, "what on earth do you mean?"

"I have committed a crime," said William, in a voice so calm that it sounded hard. "I was tempted, and I yielded, and I should do so again."

The woman's face changed. She felt a little fear of him. "Do your folks know about it?" asked she.

"They know what I did," replied William. He spoke evasively, but Rose did not notice that.

"And they have kept quiet about it? I think they have stood by you pretty well."

"Yes, they have," assented William, wearily.

"Well, I am not going to urge you to tell what you did, if you don't want to," said Rose, and her voice was full of suspicious inflections, and the singing quality had disappeared.

"I'll tell you sometime," said William.

"When?"

"I can't tell you while I am living. I'll leave a letter for you to read after I am dead."

"What nonsense!" said Rose, harshly.

"Ten chances to one you'll outlive me."

"No, I guess I sha'n't. I am not as well as I used to be."

"Not anything serious?" said Rose, and again the tenderness was in her voice.

"No, I guess not," replied William,





Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"I AM WILLING TO OVERLOOK IT," SAID SHE, IN A LOW VOICE



patiently, "but I'll write a letter, anyway."

Rose's whole body inclined toward him as they sat there. "I am willing to overlook it, not knowing," said she, in a low voice.

"No, Rose, I can't," said the man. "It's no use; I can't."

Rose sprang to her feet. "Well, I guess I've humiliated myself enough for one night!" she cried. "I wouldn't marry you now, William Lynde, if you were to tell me you hadn't done anything worse than to steal a pin."

William was silent.

"I expect your brother to-night," she said. "I don't know whether you know it or not, but he has been after me for a long time."

"Yes, I knew it," said William, in a choking voice.

"Well, I guess I may as well tell him to-night that I'll marry him."

"I hope you will be happy," said William, and she could scarcely hear him.

"I guess I shall be as happy as most people," said she. "Your brother is good-looking, and has a good disposition, and he holds up his head as if he wasn't ashamed of anything he has ever done."

"He has no call to be," replied William.

Rose went slowly home across the field. The stubble pricked her feet, and she set them down with a gingerly impatience. She was angry with William, she pitied him, and she felt humiliated. She said to herself that it had come to a pretty pass when she, Rose Willard, had in a measure thrown herself at a man's head to be rejected. Then she wondered what in the world he had done, and evil surmises swarmed in her innocent mind like so many unclean flies. She was a good woman, and had led a pure life, but the imagination for evil is dormant or rampant in all things human. She really stained herself imagining what William might have done, as she crossed the field, her dainty white gown gathered up, the lace of her petticoats ruffling around her carefully stepping feet.

When she reached home, she found her widowed aunt Eliza Ames and her sister Gloria. Gloria was a libelous name for Rose's elder sister, but there had always been a Gloria in the Willard family, and the name had fallen to her lot, with

none of the meaning implied by it. Gloria was older than Rose, and a facsimile of her in everything except tints. Nothing more sallow and, where it was not sallow, colorless could be imagined than her face. She seemed homelier than if she had not had Rose for a sister. She had contrast to encounter as well as her own defects. But Gloria did not repine, at least openly. She had an even temperament, which was a blessing to her. Marriage had been dismissed finally from her thoughts when she was eighteen and a young man had walked home from evening meeting with her, and the next week with another girl, whom he had married in three months. Privately Gloria regarded that as the chance which every woman is said to have, and it was a taste of sweet which comforted her.

When Gloria looked up at Rose, lovely as a flower, in the choir, she had a curious pride of proprietorship in her. It really seemed to her that in some way Rose was dependent upon her for her beauty and her sweet singing voice, that to her were due the thanks for both. It was also borne in upon Gloria's mind that Rose owed all the comforts of life to her. She took pleasure in thinking her sister unpractical. Rose made all her own pretty gowns, but Gloria never fairly realized that she herself did not make them; she looked at a hat which Rose had trimmed, and it seemed to her that she was the one who had fastened on the knots of ribbon and the flowers. She even had an odd sense of singing instead of Rose, and withal she was entirely sincere. Rose was good nature itself as regarded her sister. She was as sweet, in fact, with loyalty as a rose is with its essential perfume.

To-night as Rose entered, Gloria was seated in the lighted parlor, engaged on some fancy-work. She looked at her beautiful sister, and it was as good to her as if she saw herself, and yet not because of unselfishness. Rose seated herself at the piano, and began to sing a foolish, sentimental song, but in a moment her voice broke. She leaned her head over against the music-rack.

"What on earth is the matter?" asked Gloria.

"Too many fools in the world," replied Rose, in a voice which did not seem like her own, so gibing and bitter was it.



"I don't see what there is to cry about in that," said Gloria.

Rose laughed a little, and began to sing again. Her voice was triumphantly sweet and clear.

"I guess there isn't much the matter," said Gloria. Then the door-bell rang, pealing out in the midst of Rose's song.

"I guess you'll be all right now," whispered Gloria. She admired Edgar Lynde, and felt as proud as if he had been her own lover. Then she gathered up her work and went out of the room.

When Edgar Lynde came in and had seated himself, he begged Rose to go on with her song.

"It is a silly thing," said Rose. "I don't believe you will like it."

"It sounded very pretty as I was coming up the walk," said Edgar. "What is it?"

"Just a little thing I came across the other day in Crosby's."

"You didn't tell me the name."

"The name is 'Who loves once loves for aye,'" said Rose, and there was an odd tone of defiance in her voice.

Edgar laughed his unfailing laugh of merriment. There was to Rose something exasperating about Edgar Lynde's laugh. It did not seem to her as if everything in life was provocative of mirth, or even of good nature.

"Sounds as if that might be a pretty song," said Edgar. There was sentiment in his voice, for he was, in his light-hearted way, fond of Rose; still, he laughed.

"I don't see what you are laughing at," said Rose.

"Oh, nothing," replied Edgar. "I was only thinking how many widows and widowers, and even folks who have had stacks of love-affairs, would feel singing that song." There was nothing whatever satirical in his voice, which expressed simply good-humored and happy acquiescence with the laws of life.

Rose set her full lips firmly. "It may be truer than you think, all the same," said she. "You don't know what is at the bottom of folk's hearts."

"Well," retorted Edgar, "if anything like that is at the bottom of a heart, that man or woman had better stick to the one it's meant for; that's all I've got to say."

A singular expression came over Rose's face; her full lips tightened still more. "That's what I say," said she. Then she began to sing. Her voice rang out with unusual feeling and sweetness.

The music was light, and the words almost foolish enough to be incomprehensible, but she threw meaning into the song.

"By Jove!" cried Edgar, after Rose had finished, "that is one of the best things I have heard for a long time."

"I am glad you like it," said Rose, moving away from the piano.

"It is a pity you can't sing it in the choir," said Edgar, with his laugh.

"I fear it would hardly answer," replied Rose. She took some crochet-work of rose-colored wool off the table, and sat down.

"It would break up the meeting, I guess," said Edgar, and he laughed again. He pulled a chair close to her with easy grace. Then he caught at her work.

"Edgar Lynde, you will snarl my wool so I can never get it straight," said Rose, still impatiently.

"Oh, hang the wool!" said Edgar. Then he pulled the work out of her lap and gave it a toss on to the floor. Rose sat still, with an odd expression as of some one who expects something long looked for and is passive before the fatality of its advance.

"I don't want you to work to-night; I want you to attend to Edgar," said the man, and there was a childlike tone of tenderness in his voice.

Rose remained sitting, quietly waiting.

Edgar leaned over her. He took one of her hands, which she immediately pulled away, although so gently that the motion did not savor of repulse.

"You are going to marry me, dear, aren't you?" said Edgar.

Rose remained silent. She stared straight ahead. Her face was pale except for red spots on the cheeks; tears stood in her fixed eyes.

"Why don't you answer, dear?"

"I suppose so."

Edgar gave a little triumphant laugh, and flung an arm around Rose's waist. "You suppose so; I like that," he repeated. "That is all a man gets after he has been hanging around a girl as long as I have."





"ARE YOU AWAKE, GLORIA?" SHE WHISPERED, SOFTLY



"That ought to be enough," said Rose, soberly. "Of course I have understood, or thought I did, what your attentions meant. There is no use in pretending I didn't. We are not children."

"Well, I have had my eye on you ever since you were that high," said Edgar, indicating a three-feet height from the floor. "I know, dear, you would have been blind if you had not supposed so. But—" Edgar hesitated a second. Then he went on: "I will confess, though, I thought at one time that William had the best chance. That kept me back."

Rose turned on him abruptly. "What is it about William?" she asked.

"You won't see much of William, anyway, dear," replied Edgar.

"Why?" said Rose, and her tone was imperative.

Edgar shrugged his shoulders. "William is not much with the rest of the family," he said.

"Why?"

Edgar's smiling lips became firm. He looked down almost frowningly at her. "Rose," he said, "I love you, and I am going to do everything I can to make you happy, but there is one thing I cannot do, and none of the rest of us can do, and you must never ask it nor expect it."

"What is that?"

"You must not ask why William lives as he does, or why he is not, strictly speaking, one of the family."

"He eats with the hired men, doesn't he?" asked Rose.

"Yes, dear."

"And you cannot tell me why?"

"No, dear, and you must not ask me. We have good and sufficient reasons for it all. I know it looks as if we were treating William terribly, but we are treating him better than you may think." Suddenly Edgar's face, looking down at Rose's beautiful one, changed. "Say, Rose, what are you going to be married in?" said he. "White and a veil?"

"If I am not too old," replied Rose, with a curious angry blush.

"Stuff!" said Edgar. "There is not a young girl in town who can compare with you. White you wear, veil and all. Now I have waited all this time, you need not think I am going to miss anything." Edgar laughed again exultingly, and

again his exultant laugh irritated Rose. "Why did you make me wait so long, dear?" he asked. "You never even gave me a chance to ask you before."

"I wasn't in any hurry to get married," replied Rose, evasively.

"Hurry! I should think not," returned Edgar, laughing a loud peal. "Well," he said, "you've got to hurry now, dear; and I am going to have the wedding march played like a jig, and you will have to run up the aisle, with your white veil streaming out behind." Edgar leaned his face close to Rose to kiss her, but she pushed him away.

"Don't," said she.

Edgar regarded her with hurt astonishment. "Why," said he, "aren't you going to let me kiss you, now we are engaged?"

"Once when you go home," said Rose.

That night when Edgar had gone it was nearly midnight. Rose went up to her room, and the door of Gloria's opposite was wide open. The room was full of moonlight, and Rose saw Gloria stir in her white bed. She entered softly, setting her candle on a little table in the entry.

"Are you awake, Gloria?" she whispered, softly.

"Yes. What is it?"

"I am going to marry Edgar Lynde before long."

"I hope you'll be real happy," Gloria whispered back. Rose went up to the bed, and Gloria kissed her. Then Rose went out. "Please shut my door," Gloria said, in a muffled voice.

After Rose had gone, Gloria still lay there awake in the moonlight. Her cheeks were quite wet with tears; and yet she was not conscious of unhappiness or of envy because of the sight of her sister's possessing a happiness which she must miss. Still, her self-esteem held her firm. She felt like the background of gloom against which there is only possible the true relief of happiness. She almost felt as if had there been no Gloria with her calm self-renunciation, there could have been no Rose—certainly no Rose to the extent of beauty and happiness of which she was capable. She lay awake a long time planning Rose's trousseau.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



# In Up-town New York

BY CHARLES HENRY WHITE

WHEN in the middle of the eighteenth century a man settled on the northern end of Manhattan Island, then gradually being reclaimed from the wilderness, he had every reason to be proud of the fact, even though this was Harlem. His neighbors, though not numerous, were distinguished; Harlem had become the rural retreat of the aristocratic New-Yorker, and the social significance of residing there caused a man to enter this rugged country in the same buoyant spirit which at a later date characterized his departure from it. This suburban life, however, had its inconveniences; access to the old Welvers Tavern in New York was not easy, and a glance at the rocky, uneven formation of Harlem to-day—its granite eminences and deep, unexpected embankments—would imply that the homeward journey of the jocose element was a particularly hazardous performance after nightfall. When once a man's midnight yodling has suddenly been interrupted by a twenty-foot drop down an embankment, it is apt to shake him up and make him sceptical. One may assume, then, that the old resident was good in spite of himself; made sacrifices and retired early.

But the chief charm of old Harlem—its well-bred seclusion—was destined to be transitory. Later, when New York's business centre moved steadily up-town, greatly increasing the value of real estate and the cost of living, a horde of New-Yorkers moved to the north, and Harlem soon became a haven for the clerks and small merchants, the family man and the newly married couple and the young professional man, who all flocked thither; and there came into existence in its logical sequence the Harlem flat: a frail, angular, overelaborated structure, which at the advent of spring occasionally showed strange crevices in its sides, preparatory to descending in a cataract of bricks.

With this influx of humanity a wise and humane administration caused railings or bumpers to be erected along the embankments and gullies, making access to one's home, at night, easy for the normal and possible for the abnormal. This was only a few years prior to the pre-digested breakfast-food era, and all were content and merry in Harlem—and might have continued so had not a certain individual with an undeveloped sense of propriety (whom many to-day denounce as a myth) thrown the bone of contention.

It was at 125th Street—or was it at 120th Street? (opinions differ)—that this ostentatious person, who presumably had made money more rapidly and ingeniously than the law even to-day allows, drew an imaginary boundary-line for Harlem, with the unfortunate remark, "Thank the Lord, I'm out of it!" and forthwith moved to 115th Street. The seeds of discord had been sown. Our latent perversity makes us resent being told by a casual stranger just exactly where we are; it embarrasses a man and makes him feel cramped. Indeed, in this particular case it even went so far as to cast aspersions on one's social position, and has since been the means of much unnecessary bitterness in determining Harlem's exact boundary-line. Those who hitherto had been content—nay, even anxious—to live in Harlem soon began to speculate upon the possibility of there being a grain of wisdom in the stranger's exultation on leaving it. In short, a random remark had been the means of suddenly stimulating the Harlemite's critical sense at the expense of his happiness.

Thus, to-day, it is extremely difficult to get a Harlem resident with the correct mental attitude to answer you as to where New York ends and Harlem begins. He is rarely impersonal.

"Do you like Harlem?" you unwittingly ask your friend who resides at 120th Street.





HARLEM'S ARCADY  
Etched on copper by C. H. White

"I'm not in Harlem," he replies, with considerable bitterness. "Oh no! Don't fool yourself . . . it's not as bad as *that*! Harlem begins at 125th Street!"

"Cheer up!" you say; "it's only temporary." And with this you leave him in Harlem, to grope about for a motive in this wilderness of asphalt and tomblike houses; to wander through interminable vistas of glaring white pavement and geometrical brick; to dodge trolley-cars and elevated structures; to pass beneath windows bulging with ill-assorted humanity in pink and blue undershirts, gazing vacantly across the street; or to tumble against a throng of perspiring rooters grouped about the corner baseball game—until his nerves reach a supreme crisis: he pauses deliberately to listen with a morbid interest to the hoarse metallic raspings of the distant phonograph in one of the local palaces of artificial merriment!

On such an occasion, after having formally cursed Harlem, should you catch a glimpse of a dim strip of silver fringed with green, with here and there a faint suggestion of distant shipping and still more distant hills, faintly outlined at the vanishing-point of some great brick and plaster vista,—follow it, and presently the obvious side of Harlem,

the appalling monotony of her streets, the tin mouldings and venomous rococo, are left behind. A gentle breeze laden with fern and earthy forest odors reaches you from somewhere beyond the lofty masses of patriarchal oak and elm, like a distant call from Vagabondia which must be answered. You press on; here scaling steep embankments and rocky promontories, scarred and weather-beaten, thickly carpeted with velvety green lichen; now wandering through drowsy vales of moss and fern, beneath a lofty canopy of soaring branch and leafy foliage, until confused murmurs—perhaps the distant whistle of some river tug signalling for the drawbridge, or the low muffled tremolo of a passing motor-boat—reach the ear faintly. You hurry along, expectant, emerging from the woods to find yourself in Harlem's Arcady.

At your feet stretches a shimmering sheet of water, winding its way placidly in long graceful curves about the distant points, or losing itself in a rare vista of sky and water spanned by a silver network of innumerable swinging bridges. A distant tug and its train of barges steal lazily down the river, looking not unlike some mammoth eel in the odd perspective; and in the valley far





IN THE LEE OF THE ONE-HUNDRED-AND-TWENTY-FIFTH STREET BULKHEAD

Etched on copper by C. H. White

below, seen through a veil of mist, the apartment-hotel, with its French towers and steep mansard roofs, rears itself defiantly in its girdle of heavy foliage, like some medieval stronghold. And this is Harlem! Not the barren, naked, obvious side with its strange anomalies, but unobtrusive Harlem, refined upon, jealously revealing itself in one of those rare moods when a monastic grayness steals imperceptibly over the river, lending to the most prosaic thing a new significance.

First blithe and debonair, mirroring in her depths great rocky highlands, this whimsical river drifts capriciously into a minor vein through the Harlem

Bad Lands—a barren tract hemmed in by raw, vacant tenements and the still remoter fringe of factories half veiled in smoke. The desolation here is so complete that it commands admiration. The stranded wreck of a canal-boat imbedded in the mud, its clawlike ribs overgrown with moss and barnacles, and perhaps a stray naked urchin besmirched with mud, alone in this city wilderness—knee-deep in the stagnant filth—only heighten the deserted, forbidding aspect of the place. This is a superannuated public dumping-ground. At the approach of night one may see here, on rare occasions, a few isolated black spots detach-



ing themselves against the uniform grayness of the uneven ground; moving with painful uncertainty, and stopping from time to time to hover restlessly about the numerous pyramids of refuse. These are the local ragpickers—miserable, half-starved humanity—who occasionally haunt the scrap-heaps in a vain hope of sweating a few cents out of these thrice-sifted scavengerings.

To what extent Harlem is appreciated can only be fully realized after having seen the throngs of votaries in easy sprawl along her shores, who toil not, neither do they spin; or by a visit to Bill Conlin's—a derelict of a boat-house tucked away snugly in the lee of the 125th Street bulkhead, and dotted profusely by robust fellows in faded undershirts, contentedly watching the distant train of golden clouds roll past and tower into new formations; noting with unceasing interest the flood and ebb tide with its wake of stranded pleasure-craft, shaking with unfeigned good humor when the gasoline-launch runs foul of the sunken reef, or when the yachtsman, in immaculate white duck suit, slips with much throaty gurgling, amid a flood of bubbles, from the treacherous slime of the gangway into the river.

A fine old pensioner who fought with Farragut, an army veteran who went to Custer's relief, an ex-plumber and alleged gas-fitter, an involuntary tailor, a man of temperament who makes bromide enlargements that are never understood, and to this heterogeneous collection add Mike Dorlan, watchman of the dock, and "Fog Eye," an Italian junkman with a glass optic, and you have the little coterie of boat-house loungers that I stumbled upon by some happy accident one fine summer's day. They say little, these dreamers of the river, and when the spirit moves them to converse (which is seldom), it is usually a hoarse monosyllable spoken between clenched teeth—sideways through the corner of the mouth. Their infallible good humor and natural primitive buoyancy have been acquired in many cases by the liquidation of business interests; while others have sacrificed home and mother—at times even a wife and child—to answer the call of the river.

Bill Conlin calls this the "boat-house

fever," and Bill is a close observer; but Cauliflower Jim's testimony, while hardly impersonal, is not without value. "It gits on me nerves," he explained, "to sit round the house with the wimmen, and hear talk o' feathers and the like, and the new shape o' corsets." Howbeit, year in and year out they are there, basking in the sunshine and ripening into a mature old age waiting for the final harvesting. Save for an involuntary trip or two to the Island, little, it seems, intrudes upon the even tenor of their existence. So secluded is this little niche that few outsiders ever gain access to it. Occasionally, it is true, a stray Italian laborer in quest of work may pass through the low doorway into the mysterious gloom within and timorously approach the ponderous carcass of Mike Dorlan, watchman and inspector of the dock, in easy sprawl on the narrow balcony.

"Gota job? . . . Gota work?" Mike will repeat after him in pidgin-English; and then the sunburnt face of the dock-inspector wrinkles in a philanthropic smile.

"See that bridge over there, and those hills 'way off 'n the east?" he will begin, softly. "Walk straight down the dock, turn to yer right and beat it acrost the bridge, and keep right on movin'," and, his simple duties accomplished, the felt hat descends once more over the broad good-natured face, and with a deep sigh he relapses into a blissful silence.

Bill Conlin tells me that with the exception of myself industry has only prompted one man to visit the boat-house. He was a newspaper reporter who appeared one day with elaborate photographic paraphernalia during the coal strike, three years ago, just after the boys had borrowed enough coal from the freight-yards across the river to last them the whole winter.

"He give us each fifty cents to git out on the float and have our pictures took sawin' wood," Bill explained, with a significant wink. "'It's just to show the people of New York what the poor is doin' durin' the coal famine,' sez the rayporter, winkin' and trainin' the camera on us." Bill chuckled softly. "We didn't say nawthin', but kept right on sawin'—see?"



In spite of the apparent lack of anything approaching industry in these river loungers, if the occasion seems to warrant it they can bestir themselves into feverish activity. When the Harlem River refuses to give up its dead, and the family of the deceased offers a handsome remuneration for the recovery of a suicide, the sporting element latent in the river's floating population comes to life.

Fishy-eyed, thick-necked dreamers, upon whose ponderous boots can be seen embryonic forms of vegetation, and who for months have lain by the river's edge in a state of alcoholic coma, promptly awake from their lethargy and seem to take a new lease on life, rising with the dawn, when the grotesque flotilla sets forth with its strange débris of dragging paraphernalia. Crowbars with hooks attached, drag-nets heavily weighted, lead pipes with newfangled wire attachments—anything with clawlike properties—are eagerly pressed into service. Men whose hands show everything but the signs of honest labor scour the wrecking-yards of the neighborhood for water-logged dories capable of floating, with vigorous bailing, one or two men; and Tony the barber and Angelo the peanut-vender, haunted by dreams of untold treasure and touched with the craze for speculation, draw out their hoard of pennies and strike for the river.

Meanwhile the cannons blaze away over the placid waters of the stream; here a boat-load of plumbers of an adventurous turn shout hoarse orders at one another as they pass in a derelict of a sloop, propelled at uncertain moments by the second-hand motor but lately rescued from the junk-yard; while behind them comes the pale, anæmic man who, after three sleepless days and nights, has just rescued a pair of archaic stays from the river-bed, and proffers, as he rows along, a string of foul and blasphemous oaths. Bill Conlin, too, laid aside his sandworm industry to search the river. "Every guy in the bunch was fer settin' himself up in business with the proceeds," he explained to me later, half-apologetically. "And late one afternoon when old man Duggan from Highbridge pulls him up, the crowd went ravin' mad. The cop was fer nailin' the stiff himself and fadin' away with the

proceeds; but, 'No,' says old man Duggan. 'I'll take care of *him* meself—see? Hands off!' sez he, with a wild look in his eye, 'or I'll have the law on ye,' sez he, tremblin' with excitement. 'It's my stiff and I seen him first,' and sez he, 'you can play with him all ye like after I've cashed in,' sez he. And with that he froze on to him like a lobster, and now he's retired entirely."

"What are the chances for floaters around this season?" I asked, after he had relapsed into silence again.

"Nawthin' doin'," he replied, derisively. "I tell you the river ain't what it was."

On a fine midsummer Sabbath afternoon all Harlem appears to have reunited along the river's edge in one great *fête champêtre*. Outing parties in their Sunday's best line the shores, and it would seem, in loitering along its banks, watching the innumerable pleasure-craft ply back and forth, and the distant train of restless tilted sails slowly beating their way across the treacherous channels of the "Kills," that along this stream pleasure surely plays as important a part as commerce. A warm, genial atmosphere envelops everything; and when this subtle influence takes hold of one, a strange metamorphosis takes place.

Jim the iceman, "Aulie" the plumber, and Fritz of the milk-wagon, resplendent in Third Avenue "Admiral Dewey" suits—a mass of gorgeous braid interlacing their ample bosoms, topped with white yachting-caps—issue forth and shape an uncertain course down the river in their improvised "power-boat"; power that comes when one least expects it—at half-minute intervals, preceded by violent explosions. Along the docks loiter the less fortunate—the workmen with their wives and children, a fluctuating mass of color relieved against the uniform gray and salmon of the houses. The throaty anthem of the perspiring Sängerbund, crowded together in the Casino, reaches the ear in fragments above the confused noises of the river; and in the hush which at times unexpectedly falls upon this Harlem Kermess the distant brassy strains of a band playing rag-time to the lunatics in the asylum on the Island steals softly across the river.

It takes the Harlemite to appreciate





At Bill Collins.

(Copy)

A DERELICT OF A BOAT-HOUSE, WITH ITS HANGERS-ON

Etched on copper by C. H. White





THE "KILLS," SEEN FROM THE GOUVERNEUR MORRIS MANSION

Etched on copper by C. H. White

the real significance—the rare possibilities—of Sunday. Theirs is a Continental, a healthy German, Sabbath; a day of leisure, evoking long, shimmering stretches of water fringed with heather, bathed in genial delight, and racing clouds aloft, and untold wealth of beer and pretzels.

Concerning Harlem's former history little interest is manifested; crowds daily ply back and forth across the "Kills" almost in the shadow of "Morrisania," the romantic Morris mansion, without so much as a glance at this splendid Revolutionary relic, nor a thought of the significance of its destruction. To wander through its spacious halls that once echoed to the tread of a high-heeled Revolutionary pageant, to loiter in the grand reception-room where perhaps Washington and Lafayette trod a measure, or to pause within the sombre precincts of the library, panelled with mahogany, where the first rough draft of the Declaration of Independence came to light, and then return to see these panels rent asunder by the workmen engaged in demolishing it, is to

fully appreciate the capacities of a miserable thin-skinned patriotism. As the work of vandalism progressed, curious things came to light: a few old French coins, an antiquated tea-chest inlaid with ivory, and a dainty eighteenth-century flat-iron for the frills and ruffles of former gallants—things of another epoch—recalling the Reign of Terror with its hasty departures, its deserted palaces and deserted lawns run wild with hyacinth and daisy.

If the down-town New-Yorker takes but little interest in the significance of his landmarks, his brother in Harlem cares still less, for neither is imaginative. The latter's temperament craves something more vital, more tangible; and when the conversation turns to local legend and bizarre incidents, he shows an intense appreciation. Late one cloudy afternoon last summer Bill Conlin rowed me through the "Kills" past Morrisania and cheerfully dismissed it with, "It's an old castle; they're goin' to tear it down." But when we had entered the treacherous currents that sweep in dangerous eddies past the almost unnavigable



channels in the rear of Blackwells Island, he showed signs of animation, the direct cause of which I perceived to be the long point stretching out before us, upon whose green turf were frequent ochre-colored furrows—the scars of recent excavating—and along whose shores walked sundry listless figures in blue overalls.

“Those are the dopes from the funny-house takin’ an airin’,” he observed, indicating the distant blue spots that moved aimlessly about the turf. Then he became visibly irritated.

“It’s a pity the day ain’t fine or they’d be out diggin’ their canal,” he mused.

I was somewhat in the dark, when he enlightened me.

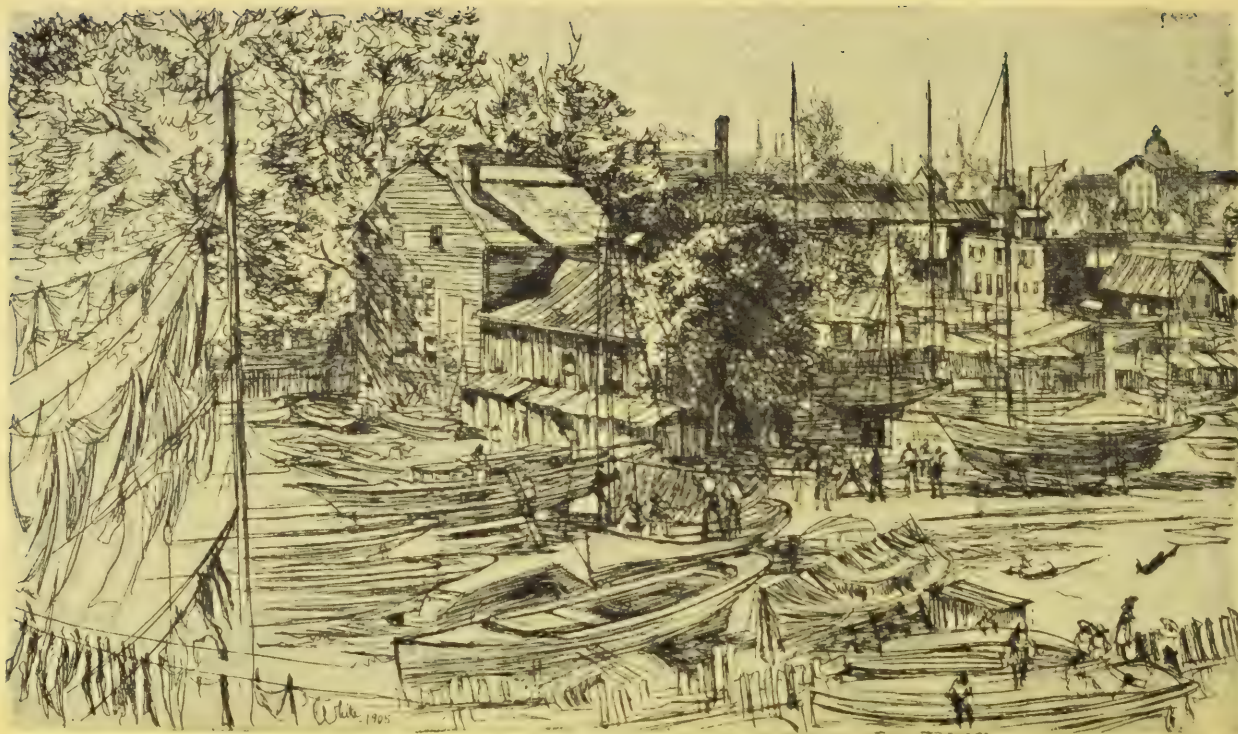
“You see, it’s this way,” he went on. “Even a guy who’s nutty gits tired o’ talkin’ it all over with himself. It’s wearin’ on him to have to give all the answers; so one o’ the doctors over there hits on a new idea, and next day has all the dopes lined up—guys wot thought they was bank presidents side by side with others wot simply stood and picked at things—all looked alike to him; and that there doctor was chuck full o’ brains, and could hand it out in a line o’ talk with the best o’ the lawyers.



“MORRISANIA,” THE GOUVERNEUR MORRIS MANSION

Etched on copper by C. H. White





A BOAT CLUB ON THE HARLEM

Etched on copper by C. H. White

“‘Friends,’ sez he, after he had them all bunched together, ‘we’re goin’ to dig a canal to cut off that there point,’ sez he. ‘Are ye on?’ sez he, and some o’ them waved at him and grinned and almost understood him. ‘Fall to!’ yells the doctor, ‘and let’s see how fast you can do it.’ And when the warden give them spades and wheelbarrows you should have seen the dirt fly! They no sooner gits the canal dug, when the doctor comes down agin and steps behind a tree to wipe the smile off his face, and starts in again. ‘Friends,’ sez he, ‘the administration has changed their minds,’ sez he, ‘and have decided to have the canal run through in the opposite direction; so you’ll oblige me by fillin’ this wan up and beginnin’ th’ other. It’s a good job

you’ve made, boys, and accept me compliments; it’s a *very* nice little canal,’ sez he, patten’ a couple o’ them over the head. ‘Ta, ta!’ sez he, fadin’ away.

“Year in and year out they keep on diggin’ that there canal, and I only heard tell of one guy in the bunch who ever had the brains to see that somethin’ must be wrong; and when the doctor begun givin’ his little song and dance about the administration changin’ their minds again and movin’ the canal four points to the west, a lad named Leary, from County Cork, Ireland, who was out there on trial, butted in with, ‘Say—will you tell me who the blazes voted fer this administration?’ And they thrun him out of the funny-house next day . . . a sane man, fer fear he’d contaminate the rest.”





# Braybridge's Offer

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

WE had ordered our dinners and were sitting in the Turkish room at the club, waiting to be called, each in his turn, to the dining-room. With its mixture of Oriental appointments in curtains, cushions, and little tables of teak-wood the Turkish room expressed rather an adventurous conception of the Ottoman taste; but it was always a cozy place whether you found yourself in it with cigars and coffee after dinner, or with whatever liquid or solid appetizer you preferred in the half-hour or more that must pass before dinner after you had made out your menu. It intimated an exclusive possession in the three or four who happened first to find themselves together in it, and it invited the philosophic mind to contemplation more than any other spot in the club.

Our rather limited little down-town dining club was almost a celibate community at most times. A few husbands and fathers joined us at lunch; but at dinner we were nearly always a company of bachelors, dropping in an hour or so before we wished to dine, and ordering from a bill of fare what we liked. Some dozed away the intervening time; some read the evening papers, or played chess; I preferred the chance society of the Turkish room. I could be pretty sure of finding Wanhope there in these sympathetic moments, and where Wanhope was there would probably be Rulledge, passively willing to listen and agree, and Minver ready to interrupt and dispute. I myself liked to look in and linger for either the reasoning or the bickering, as it happened, and now seeing the three there together, I took a provisional seat behind the painter, who made no sign of knowing I was present. Rulledge was eating a caviar sandwich, which he had brought from the afternoon tea-table near by, and he greedily incited Wanhope to go on, in the polite pause which

the psychologist had let follow on my appearance, with what he was saying. I was not surprised to find that his talk related to a fact just then intensely interesting to the few, rapidly becoming the many, who were privy to it; though Wanhope had the air of stooping to it from a higher range of thinking.

"I shouldn't have supposed, somehow," he said with a knot of deprecation between his fine eyes, "that he would have had the pluck."

"Perhaps he hadn't," Minver suggested.

Wanhope waited for a thoughtful moment of censure eventuating in toleration. "You mean that she—"

"I don't see why you say that, Minver," Rulledge interposed chivalrously, with his mouth full of sandwich.

"I didn't say it," Minver contradicted.

"You implied it; and I don't think it's fair. It's easy enough to build up a report of that kind on the half-knowledge of rumor which is all that any outsider can have in the case."

"So far," Minver said, with unbroken tranquillity, "as any such edifice has been erected, you are the architect, Rulledge. I shouldn't think you would like to go round insinuating that sort of thing. Here is Acton," and he now acknowledged my presence with a backward twist of his head, "on the alert for material already. You ought to be more careful where Acton is, Rulledge."

"It would be great copy if it were true," I owned.

Wanhope regarded us all three, in this play of our qualities, with the scientific impartiality of a bacteriologist in the study of a culture offering some peculiar incidents. He took up a point as remote as might be from the personal appeal. "It is curious how little we know of such matters, after all the love-making and marrying in life and all the inquiry of the poets and novelists." He addressed



himself in this turn of his thought, half playful, half earnest, to me, as if I united with the functions of both a responsibility for their shortcomings.

"Yes," Minver said, facing about toward me. "How do you excuse yourself for your ignorance in matters where you're always professionally making such a bluff of knowledge? After all the marriages you have brought about in literature, can you say positively and specifically how they are brought about in life?"

"No, I can't," I admitted. "I might say that a writer of fiction is a good deal like a minister who continually marries people without knowing why."

"No, you couldn't, my dear fellow," the painter retorted. "It's part of your swindle to assume that you *do* know why. You ought to find out."

Wanhope interposed abstractly, or as abstractly as he could: "The important thing would always be to find which of the lovers the confession, tacit or explicit, began with."

"Acton ought to go round and collect human documents bearing on the question. He ought to have got together thousands of specimens from nature. He ought to have gone to all the married couples he knew, and asked them just how their passion was confessed; he ought to have sent out printed circulars, with tabulated questions. Why don't you do it, Acton?"

I returned, as seriously as could have been expected: "Perhaps it would be thought rather intimate. People don't like to talk of such things."

"They're ashamed," Minver declared. "The lovers don't either of them, in a given case, like to let others know how much the woman had to do with making the offer, and how little the man."

Minver's point provoked both Wanhope and myself to begin a remark at the same time. We begged each other's pardon, and Wanhope insisted that I should go on.

"Oh, merely this," I said. "I don't think they're so much ashamed as that they have forgotten the different stages. You were going to say?"

"Very much what you said. It's astonishing how people forget the vital things, and remember trifles. Or per-

haps as we advance from stage to stage what once seemed the vital things turn to trifles. Nothing can be more vital in the history of a man and a woman than how they became husband and wife, and yet not merely the details, but the main fact, would seem to escape record if not recollection. The next generation knows nothing of it."

"That appears to let Acton out," Minver said. "But how do *you* know what you were saying, Wanhope?"

"I've ventured to make some inquiries in that region at one time. Not directly, of course. At second and third hand. It isn't inconceivable, if we conceive of a life after this, that a man should forget, in its more important interests and occupations, just how he quitted this world, or at least the particulars of the article of death. Of course, we must suppose a good portion of eternity to have elapsed." Wanhope continued, dreamily, with a deep breath almost equivalent to something so unscientific as a sigh: "Women are charming, and in nothing more than the perpetual challenge they form for us. They are born defying us to match ourselves with them."

"Do you mean that Miss Hazelwood—" Rulledge began, but Minver's laugh arrested him.

"Nothing so concrete, I'm afraid," Wanhope gently returned. "I mean, to match them in graciousness, in loveliness, in all the agile contests of spirit and plays of fancy. There's something pathetic to see them caught up into something more serious in that other game, which they are so good at."

"They seem rather to like it, though, some of them, if you mean the game of love," Minver said. "Especially when they're not in earnest about it."

"Oh, there are plenty of spoiled women," Wanhope admitted. "But I don't mean flirting. I suppose that the average unspoiled woman is rather frightened than otherwise when she knows that a man is in love with her."

"Do you suppose she always knows it first?" Rulledge asked.

"You may be sure," Minver answered for Wanhope, "that if she didn't know it, *he* never would." Then Wanhope answered for himself:

"I think that generally she sees it



coming. In that sort of wireless telegraphy, that reaching out of two natures through space towards each other, her more sensitive apparatus probably feels the appeal of his before he is conscious of having made any appeal."

"And her first impulse is to escape the appeal?" I suggested.

"Yes," Wanhope admitted after a thoughtful reluctance.

"Even when she is half aware of having invited it?"

"If she is not spoiled she is never aware of having invited it. Take the case in point; we won't mention any names. She is sailing through time, through youthful space, with her electrical lures, the natural equipment of every charming woman, all out, and suddenly, somewhere from the unknown, she feels the shock of a response in the gulfs of air where there had been no life before. But she can't be said to have knowingly searched the void for any presence."

"Oh, I'm not sure about that, professor," Minver put in. "Go a little slower, if you expect me to follow you."

"It's all a mystery, the most beautiful mystery of life," Wanhope resumed. "I don't believe I could make out the case, as I feel it to be."

"Braybridge's part of the case is rather plain, isn't it?" I invited him.

"I'm not sure of that. No man's part of any case is plain, if you look at it carefully. The most that you can say of Braybridge is that he is rather a simple nature. But nothing," the psychologist added with one of his deep breaths, "is so complex as a simple nature."

"Well," Minver contended, "Braybridge is plain, if his case isn't."

"Plain? Is he plain?" Wanhope asked, as if asking himself.

"My dear fellow, you agnostics doubt everything!"

"I should have said, picturesque. Picturesque, with the sort of unbeautifulness that takes the fancy of women more than Greek proportion. I think it would require a girl peculiarly feminine to feel the attraction of such a man—the fascination of his being grizzled, and slovenly, and rugged. She would have to be rather a wild, shy girl to do that,

and it would have to be through her fear of him that she would divine his fear of her. But what I have heard is that they met under rather exceptional circumstances. It was at a house in the Adirondacks, where Braybridge was, somewhat in the quality of a bull in a china-shop. He was lugged in by the host, as an old friend, and was suffered by the hostess as a friend quite too old for her. At any rate, as I heard (and I don't vouch for the facts, all of them), Braybridge found himself at odds with the gay young people who made up the hostess's end of the party, and was watching for a chance to—"

Wanhope cast about for the word, and Minver supplied it: "Pull out."

"Yes. But when he had found it Miss Hazelwood took it from him."

"I don't understand," Rulledge said.

"When he came in to breakfast, the third morning, prepared with an excuse for cutting his week down to the dimensions it had reached, he saw her sitting alone at the table. She had risen early as a consequence of having arrived late, the night before; and when Braybridge found himself in for it, he forgot that he meant to go away, and said good morning, as if they knew each other. Their hostess found them talking over the length of the table in a sort of mutual fright, and introduced them. But it's rather difficult reporting a lady verbatim at second hand. I really had the facts from Welkin, who had them from his wife. The sum of her impressions was that Braybridge and Miss Hazelwood were getting a kind of comfort out of their mutual terror because one was as badly frightened as the other. It was a novel experience for both. Ever seen her?"

We others looked at each other. Minver said: "I never wanted to paint any one so much. It was at the spring show of the American Artists. There was a jam of people; but this girl—I've understood it was she—looked as much alone as if there were nobody else there. She might have been a startled doe in the North Woods suddenly coming out on a twenty-thousand-dollar camp, with a lot of twenty-million-dollar people on the veranda."

"And you wanted to do her as The



Startled Doe," I said. "Good selling name."

"Don't reduce it to the vulgarity of fiction. I admit it would be a selling name."

"Go on, Wanhope," Rulledge puffed impatiently. "Though I don't see how there could be another soul in the universe as constitutionally scared of men as Braybridge is of women."

"In the universe nothing is wasted, I suppose. Everything has its complement, its response. For every bashful man, there must be a bashful woman," Wanhope returned.

"Or a bold one," Minver suggested.

"No; the response must be in kind, to be truly complemental. Through the sense of their reciprocal timidity they divine that they needn't be afraid."

"Oh! *That's* the way you get out of it!"

"Well?" Rulledge urged.

"I'm afraid," Wanhope modestly confessed, "that from this point I shall have to be largely conjectural. Welkin wasn't able to be very definite, except as to moments, and he had his data almost altogether from his wife. Braybridge had told him overnight that he thought of going, and he had said he mustn't think of it; but he supposed Braybridge had spoken of it to Mrs. Welkin, and he began by saying to his wife that he hoped she had refused to hear of Braybridge's going. She said she hadn't heard of it, but now she would refuse without hearing, and she didn't give Braybridge any chance to protest. If people went in the middle of their week, what would become of other people? She was not going to have the equilibrium of her party disturbed, and that was all about it. Welkin thought it was odd that Braybridge didn't insist; and he made a long story of it. But the grain of wheat in his bushel of chaff was that Miss Hazelwood seemed to be fascinated by Braybridge from the first. When Mrs. Welkin scared him into saying that he would stay his week out, the business practically was done. They went picnicking that day in each other's charge; and after Braybridge left he wrote back to her, as Mrs. Welkin knew from the letters that passed through her hands, and— Well, their engagement has come out, and—" Wanhope paused with

an air that was at first indefinite, and then definitive.

"You don't mean," Rulledge burst out in a note of deep wrong, "that that's all you know about it?"

"Yes, that's all I know," Wanhope confessed, as if somewhat surprised himself at the fact.

"Well!"

Wanhope tried to offer the only reparation in his power. "I can conjecture—we can all conjecture—"

He hesitated; then, "Well, go on with your conjecture," Rulledge said forgivingly.

"Why—" Wanhope began again; but at that moment a man who had been elected the year before, and then gone off on a long absence, put his head in between the dull-red hangings of the doorway. It was Halson, whom I did not know very well, but liked better than I knew. His eyes were dancing with what seemed the inextinguishable gayety of his temperament, rather than any present occasion, and his smile carried his little mustache well away from his handsome teeth. "Private?"

"Come in, come in!" Minver called to him. "Thought you were in Japan?"

"My dear fellow," Halson answered, "you must brush up your contemporary history. It's more than a fortnight since I was in Japan." He shook hands with me, and I introduced him to Rulledge and Wanhope. He said at once: "Well, what is it? Question of Braybridge's engagement? It's humiliating to a man to come back from the antipodes, and find the nation absorbed in a parochial problem like that. Everybody I've met here to-night has asked me, the first thing, if I'd heard of it, and if I knew how it could have happened."

"And do you?" Rulledge asked.

"I can give a pretty good guess," Halson said, running his merry eyes over our faces.

"Anybody can give a good guess," Rulledge said. "Wanhope is doing it now."

"Don't let me interrupt." Halson turned to him politely.

"Not at all. I'd rather hear your guess. If you know Braybridge better than I," Wanhope said.

"Well," Halson compromised, "perhaps I've known him longer." He asked,



with an effect of coming to business, "Where were you?"

"Tell him, Rulledge," Minver ordered, and Rulledge apparently asked nothing better. He told him in detail, all we knew from any source, down to the moment of Wanhope's arrested conjecture.

"He did leave you at an anxious point, didn't he?" Halson smiled to the rest of us at Rulledge's expense, and then said: "Well, I think I can help you out a little. Any of you know the lady?"

"By sight, Minver does," Rulledge answered for us. "Wants to paint her."

"Of course," Halson said, with intelligence. "But I doubt if he'd find her as paintable as she looks, at first. She's beautiful, but her charm is spiritual."

"Sometimes we try for that," the painter interposed.

"And sometimes you get it. But you'll allow it's difficult. That's all I meant. I've known her—let me see—for twelve years, at least; ever since I first went West. She was about eleven then, and her father was bringing her up on the ranche. Her aunt came along, by and by, and took her to Europe; mother dead before Hazelwood went out there. But the girl was always homesick for the ranche; she pined for it; and after they had kept her in Germany three or four years they let her come back, and run wild again; wild as a flower does, or a vine—not a domesticated animal."

"Go slow, Halson. This is getting too much for the romantic Rulledge."

"Rulledge can bear up against the facts, I guess, Minver," Halson said, almost austere. "Her father died two years ago, and then she *had* to come East, for her aunt simply *wouldn't* live on the ranche. She brought her on, here, and brought her out; I was at the coming-out tea; but the girl didn't take to the New York thing at all; I could see it from the start; she wanted to get away from it with me, and talk about the ranche."

"She felt that she was with the only genuine person among those conventional people."

Halson laughed at Minver's thrust, and went on amiably: "I don't suppose that till she met Braybridge she was ever quite at her ease with any man—or woman, for that matter. I imagine, as you've

done, that it was his fear of her that gave her courage. She met him on equal terms. Isn't that it?"

Wanhope assented to the question referred to him with a nod.

"And when they got lost from the rest of the party at that picnic—"

"Lost?" Rulledge demanded.

"Why, yes. Didn't you know? But I ought to go back. They said there never was anything prettier than the way she unconsciously went for Braybridge, the whole day. She wanted him, and she was a child who wanted things frankly, when she did want them. Then his being ten or fifteen years older than she was, and so large and simple, made it natural for a shy girl like her to assort herself with him when all the rest were assorting themselves, as people do at such things. The consensus of testimony is that she did it with the most transparent unconsciousness, and—"

"Who are your authorities?" Minver asked; Rulledge threw himself back on the divan, and beat the cushions with impatience.

"Is it essential to give them?"

"Oh, no. I merely wondered. Go on."

"The authorities are all right. She had disappeared with him before the others noticed. It was a thing that happened; there was no design in it; that would have been out of character. They had got to the end of the wood-road, and into the thick of the trees where there wasn't even a trail, and they walked round looking for a way out, till they were turned completely. They decided that the only way was to keep walking, and by and by they heard the sound of chopping. It was some Canucks clearing a piece of the woods, and when she spoke to them in French, they gave them full directions, and Braybridge soon found the path again."

Halson paused, and I said, "But that isn't all?"

"Oh, no." He continued thoughtfully silent for a little while before he resumed. "The amazing thing is that they got lost again, and that when they tried going back to the Canucks, they couldn't find the way."

"Why didn't they follow the sound of the chopping?" I asked.

"The Canucks had stopped, for the



time being. Besides, Braybridge was rather ashamed, and he thought if they went straight on they would be sure to come out somewhere. But that was where he made a mistake. They couldn't go on straight; they went round and round, and came on their own footsteps—or hers, which he recognized from the narrow tread and the dint of the little heels in the damp places."

Wanhope roused himself with a kindling eye. "That is very interesting, the movement in a circle of people who have lost their way. It has often been observed, but I don't know that it has ever been explained. Sometimes the circle is smaller, sometimes it is larger; but I believe it is always a circle."

"Isn't it," I queried, "like any other error in life? We go round and round, and commit the old sins over again."

"That is very interesting," Wanhope allowed.

"But do lost people really always walk in a vicious circle?" Minver asked.

Rulledge would not let Wanhope answer. "Go on, Halson," he said.

Halson roused himself from the reverie in which he was sitting with glazed eyes. "Well, what made it a little more anxious was that he had heard of bears on that mountain, and the green afternoon light among the trees was perceptibly paling. He suggested shouting, but she wouldn't let him; she said it would be ridiculous, if the others heard them, and useless if they didn't. So they tramped on till—the accident happened."

"The accident!" Rulledge exclaimed in the voice of our joint emotion.

"He stepped on a loose stone and turned his foot," Halson explained. "It wasn't a sprain, luckily, but it hurt enough. He turned so white that she noticed it, and asked him what was the matter. Of course that shut his mouth the closer, but it morally doubled his motive, and he kept himself from crying out till the sudden pain of the wrench was over. He said merely that he thought he had heard something, and he had—an awful ringing in his ears; but he didn't mean that, and he started on again. The worst was trying to walk without limping, and to talk cheerfully and encouragingly, with that agony tearing at him. But he managed somehow,

and he was congratulating himself on his success, when he tumbled down in a dead faint."

"Oh, come, now!" Minver protested.

"It is like an old-fashioned story, where things are operated by accident instead of motive, isn't it?" Halson smiled with radiant recognition.

"Fact will always imitate fiction, if you give her time enough," I said.

"Had they got back to the other picnickers?" Rulledge asked with a tense voice.

"In sound, but not in sight of them. She wasn't going to bring him into camp in that state; besides she couldn't. She got some water out of the trout-brook they'd been fishing—more water than trout in it—and sprinkled his face, and he came to, and got on his legs, just in time to pull on to the others, who were organizing a search-party to go after them. From that point on, she dropped Braybridge like a hot coal, and as there was nothing of the flirt in her, she simply kept with the women, the older girls, and the tabbies, and left Braybridge to worry along with the secret of his turned ankle. He doesn't know how he ever got home alive; but he did somehow manage to reach the wagons that had brought them to the edge of the woods, and then he was all right till they got to the house. But still she said nothing about his accident, and he couldn't; and he pleaded an early start for town the next morning, and got off to bed, as soon as he could."

"I shouldn't have thought he could have stirred in the morning," Rulledge employed Halson's pause to say.

"Well, this beaver *had* to," Halson said. "He was not the only early riser. He found Miss Hazelwood at the station before him."

"What!" Rulledge shouted. I confess the fact rather roused me, too; and Wanhope's eyes kindled with a scientific pleasure.

"She came right towards him. 'Mr. Braybridge,' says she, 'I couldn't let you go without explaining my very strange behavior. I didn't choose to have these people laughing at the notion of *my* having played the part of your preserver. It was bad enough being lost with you; I couldn't bring you into ridicule with



them by the disproportion they'd have felt in my efforts for you after you turned your foot. So I simply had to ignore the incident. Don't you see?" Braybridge glanced at her, and he had never felt so big and bulky before, or seen her so slender and little. He said, 'It *would* have seemed rather absurd,' and he broke out and laughed, while she broke down and cried, and asked him to forgive her, and whether it had hurt him very much; and said she knew he could bear to keep it from the others by the way he had kept it from her till he fainted. She implied that he was morally as well as physically gigantic, and it was as much as he could do to keep from taking her in his arms on the spot."

"It would have been edifying to the groom that had driven her to the station," Minver cynically suggested.

"Groom nothing!" Halson returned with spirit. "She paddled herself across the lake, and walked from the boat-landing to the station."

"Jove!" Rulledge exploded in uncontrollable enthusiasm.

"She turned round as soon as she had got through with her hymn of praise—it made Braybridge feel awfully flat—and ran back through the bushes to the boat-landing, and—that was the last he saw of her till he met her in town this fall."

"And when—and when—did he offer himself?" Rulledge entreated breathlessly. "How—"

"Yes, that's the point, Halson," Minver interposed. "Your story is all very well, as far as it goes; but Rulledge here has been insinuating that it was Miss Hazelwood who made the offer, and he wants you to bear him out."

Rulledge winced at the outrage, but he would not stay Halson's answer even for the sake of righting himself.

"I *have* heard," Minver went on, "that Braybridge insisted on paddling the canoe back to the other shore for her, and that it was on the way that he offered himself." We others stared at Minver in astonishment. Halson glanced covertly toward him with his gay eyes. "Then that wasn't true?"

"How did you hear it?" Halson asked.

"Oh, never mind. Is it true?"

"Well, I know there's that version,"

Halsen said evasively. "The engagement is only just out, as you know. As to the offer—the when and the how—I don't know that I'm exactly at liberty to say."

"I don't see why," Minver urged. "You might stretch a point for Rulledge's sake."

Halsen looked down, and then he glanced at Minver after a furtive passage of his eye over Rulledge's intense face. "There was something rather nice happened after— But really, now!"

"Oh, go on!" Minver called out in contempt of his scruple.

"I haven't the right— Well, I suppose I'm on safe ground here? It won't go any farther, of course; and it *was* so pretty! After she had pushed off in her canoe, you know, Braybridge—he'd followed her down to the shore of the lake—found her handkerchief in a bush where it had caught, and he held it up, and called out to her. She looked round and saw it, and called back: 'Never mind. I can't return for it, now.' Then Braybridge plucked up his courage, and asked if he might keep it, and she said 'Yes,' over her shoulder, and then she stopped paddling, and said: 'No, no, you mustn't, you mustn't! You can send it to me.' He asked where, and she said, 'In New York—in the fall—at the Walholland.' Braybridge never knew how he dared, but he shouted after her—she was paddling on again—'May I *bring* it?' and she called over her shoulder again, without fully facing him, but her profile was enough, 'If you can't get any one to bring it for you.' The words barely reached him, but he'd have caught them if they'd been whispered; and he watched her across the lake, and into the bushes, and then broke for his train. He was just in time."

Halsen beamed for pleasure upon us, and even Minver said, "Yes, that's rather nice." After a moment he added, "Rulledge thinks she put it there."

"You're too bad, Minver," Halsen protested. "The charm of the whole thing was her perfect innocence. She isn't capable of the slightest finesse. I've known her from a child, and I know what I say."

"That innocence of girlhood," Wanhope said, "is very interesting. It's astonishing how much experience it sur-



vives. Some women carry it into old age with them. It's never been scientifically studied—"

"Yes," Minver allowed. "There would be a fortune for the novelist who could work a type of innocence for all it was worth. Here's Acton always dealing with the most rancid flirtatiousness, and missing the sweetness and beauty of a girlhood which does the cheekiest things without knowing what it's about, and fetches down its game whenever it shuts its eyes and fires at nothing. But I don't see how all this touches the point that Rulledge makes, or decides which finally made the offer."

"Well, hadn't the offer already been made?"

"But how?"

"Oh, in the usual way."

"What is the usual way?"

"I thought everybody knew *that*. Of course, it was *from* Braybridge finally, but I suppose it's always six of one and half a dozen of the other in these cases, isn't it? I dare say he couldn't get any one to take her the handkerchief. My dinner?" Halson looked up at the silent waiter who had stolen upon us and was bowing toward him.

"Look here, Halson," Minver detained him, "how is it none of the rest of us have heard all those details?"

"I don't know where you've been, Minver. Everybody knows the main facts," Halson said, escaping.

Wanhope observed musingly: "I suppose he's quite right about the reciprocity of the offer, as we call it. There's probably, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a perfect understanding before there's an explanation. In many cases the offer and the acceptance must really be tacit."

"Yes," I ventured, "and I don't know why we're so severe with women when they seem to take the initiative. It's merely, after all, the call of the maiden bird, and there's nothing lovelier or more endearing in nature than that."

"Maiden bird is good, Acton," Minver approved. "Why don't you institute a

class of fiction, where the love-making is all done by the maiden birds, as you call them—or the widow birds? It would be tremendously popular with both sexes. It would lift a tremendous responsibility off the birds who've been expected to shoulder it heretofore if it could be introduced into real life."

Rulledge fetched a long, simple-hearted sigh. "Well, it's a charming story. How well he told it!"

The waiter came again, and this time signalled to Minver.

"Yes," he said, as he rose. "What a pity you can't believe a word Halson says."

"Do you mean—" we began simultaneously.

"That he built the whole thing from the ground up, with the start that we had given him. Why, you poor things! Who could have told him how it all happened? Braybridge? Or the girl? As Wanhope began by saying, people don't speak of their love-making, even when they distinctly remember it."

"Yes, but see here, Minver!" Rulledge said with a dazed look. "If it's all a fake of his, how came *you*, to have heard of Braybridge paddling the canoe back for her?"

"That was the fake that tested the fake. When he adopted it, I *knew* he was lying, because I was lying myself. And then the cheapness of the whole thing! I wonder that didn't strike you. It's the stuff that a thousand summer-girl stories have been spun out of. Acton might have thought he was writing it!"

He went away, leaving us to a blank silence, till Wanhope managed to say: "That inventive habit of mind is very curious. It would be interesting to know just how far it imposes on the inventor himself—how much he believes of his own fiction."

"I don't see," Rulledge said gloomily, "why they're so long with my dinner." Then he burst out, "I believe every word Halson said. If there's any fake in the thing, it's the fake that Minver owned to."





ALL DAY LONG THEY LIE ABOUT THE DECK

## The Slave-Trade of To-day

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

### PART VI.—THE SLAVES AT SEA

WHEN I was up in the interior, I had always intended to wait a while on the coast, if ever I should reach it again, in order to watch the process of the conversion of slaves into "contracted laborers" according to law. So it was fortunate that, owing to the delays of fevers and carriers, I succeeded in just missing a steamer bound for San Thomé and home. Fortunate, because the temptation to go straight on board would have been very strong, since I was worn with sickness, and within two days of reaching Katumbella I learned that special dangers surrounded me, owing to the discovery of my purpose by the Portuguese traders. As a

matter of fact, I might have caught the ship by pushing my carriers on without a pause, but the promptings of conscience, supported by a prospect of the best crocodile-shooting that man can enjoy, induced me to run the risk of assassination and stay.

So I stayed on the coast for nearly three weeks, seeing what I could, hunting crocodiles, and devising schemes for getting my papers home even if I should never reach home myself. One of the first things I saw was a procession of slaves who had just been "redeemed" into "contracted laborers," and were being marched off in the early morning sunlight from Katumbella to Lobito Bay,





AS THE SLAVE-SHIP LEAVES FOR SAN THOME

there to be embarked for San Thomé on the ship which I had missed.\* It so happened that this ship put in at Lobito Bay, which lies only some eight miles north from Katumbella down a waterless spit of sand, as I have before described, and there can be no doubt that this practice will become more and more common as the railway from the new port progresses. Katumbella, united with the bay, will become the main depot for the exportation of slaves and other merchandise,

\* I find that the latest published Consular Report on San Thomé and Príncipe (1902) actually repeats the hypocritical fiction about the redemption of slaves. After speaking of the "enormous mortality" on the two islands, the Report continues: "So large a death-rate calls for constant fresh supplies of laborers from Angola, the principal ports from which they are obtained being Benguela, Novo Redondo, and Loanda, where they are ransomed from the black traders who bring them from the far interior." Mr. Consul Nightingale, who wrote the Report, was, of course, perfectly aware of the truth, and no doubt he wrote in irony. But English people do not understand irony—least of all in an official document.

while Benguela, having no natural harbor, will gradually fall to ruin. At present, I suppose, the government Agent for slaves at Benguela, together with the Curador, whose act converts them into contract laborers, comes over for the occasion whenever the slaves are to be shipped from Lobito Bay, just as in England a bishop travels from place to place for Confirmations, as required.

Bemused with a parting dole of rum, bedecked in brilliantly striped jerseys, grotesque caps, and flashy loin-cloths to give them a moment's pleasure, the unhappy throng were escorted to their doom, the tin tickets with their numbers and the tin cylinders with their form of contract glittering round their necks or at their sides. Men and women were about equal in number, and some of the women carried babes lashed to their backs; but there were no older children. The causes which had brought these men and women to their fate were probably as different as the lands from which they came. Some had broken native customs or Portuguese laws, some had been



charged with witchcraft by the medicine-man because a relative died, some could not pay a fine, some were wiping out an ancestral debt, some had been sold by uncles in poverty, some were the indemnity for village wars; some had been raided on the frontier, others had been exchanged for a gun; some had been trapped by Portuguese, others by Bihéan thieves; some were but changing masters, because they were "only good for San Thomé," just as we in London send an old cab-horse to Antwerp. I cannot give their history. I only know that about two hundred of them, muddled with rum and bedecked like clowns, passed along that May morning to a land of doom from which there was no return.

It was the 1st of June when, as I described in my last letter, I met that other procession of slaves on their way from Katumbella to Benguela, in readiness for embarkation in the next ship, which did not happen to stop at Lobito Bay. It was a smaller gang—only forty-three men and women—for it was the

result of only one Agent's activity, though, to be sure, he was the leading and most successful Agent in Angola. They marched under escort, but without loads and without chains, though the old custom of chaining them together along that piece of road is still commonly practised—I suppose because the fifteen miles of country through which the road leads, when once the small slave-plantations round Katumbella have been passed, is a thorny desert where a runaway might easily hide, hoping to escape by sea or find cover in the towns. I have myself seen the black soldiers or police searching the bush there for fugitives, and once I found a Portuguese dying of fever among the thorns, to which he had fled from what is roughly called justice.\*

\* There is a well-known carriers' song with the refrain, "She has crossed Ondumba ya Maria," that being the name of a dry brook on this road from Katumbella to Benguela. It means, "She has gone into slavery to be sold for San Thomé";—"Gone to the devil," or, "Gone to glory," as we say, almost indifferently.



SLAVES ON SHIP, WEARING TIN DISK AND CYLINDER



By the time I saw that second procession I was myself living in Benguela, and was able to follow the slave's progress almost point by point, in spite of the uncomfortable suspicion with which I was naturally regarded. Writing of the town before, I mentioned the large courtyards with which nearly every house is surrounded—memorials of the old days when this was the central depot for the slave-trade with Brazil. In most cases these courtyards are now used as resting-places for the free carriers who have brought products from the interior and are waiting till the loads of cloth and rum are ready for the return journey. But the trading-houses that go in for business in *serviçaes* still put the courtyards to their old purpose, and confine the slaves there till it is time to get them on board.

A day or two before the steamer is due to depart a kind of ripple seems to pass over the stagnant town. Officials stir, clerks begin to crawl about with pens, the long low building called the

Tribunal opens a door or two, a window or two, and looks quite busy. Then, early one morning, the Curador arrives and takes his seat in the long low room as representing the beneficent government of Portugal. Into his presence the slaves are herded in gangs by the official Agent. They are ranged up, and in accordance with the Decree of January 29, 1903, they are asked whether they go willingly as laborers to San Thomé. No attention of any kind is paid to their answer. In most cases no answer is given. Not the slightest notice would be taken of a refusal. The legal contract for five years' labor on the island of San Thomé or Príncipe is then drawn out, and, also in accordance with the Decree, each slave receives a tin disk with his number, the initials of the Agent who secured him, and in some cases, though not usually at Benguela, the name of the island to which he is destined. He also receives in a tin cylinder a copy of his register, containing the year of contract, his num-



THERE IS NOTHING TO DO, AND HARDLY ANY ONE SPEAKS





THE WOMEN HARDLY STIRRED AS WE APPROACHED SAN THOME

ber and name, his birthplace, his chief's name, the Agent's name, and "observations," of which last I have never seen any. Exactly the same ritual is observed for the women as for the men. The disks are hung round their necks, the cylinders are slung at their sides, and the natives, believing them to be some kind of fetish or "white man's Ju-ju," are rather pleased. All are then ranged up and marched out again, either to the compounds, where they are shut in, or straight to the pier where the lighters, which are to take them to the ship, lie tossing upon the waves.

The climax of the farce has now been reached. The deed of pitiless hypocrisy has been consummated. The requirements of legalized slavery have been satisfied. The government has "redeemed" the slaves which its own Agents have so diligently and so profitably collected. They went into the Tribunal as slaves, they have come out as "contracted laborers." No one in heaven or on earth can see the smallest difference, but by the change

of name Portugal stifles the enfeebled protests of nations like the English, and by the excuse of law she smooths her conscience and whitens over one of the blackest crimes which even Africa can show.

Before I follow the slaves on board, I must raise one uncertain point about the Agents. I am not quite sure on what principle they are paid. According to the Decree of 1903, they are appointed by the local committee in San Thomé, consisting of four officials and three planters, chosen by the central government Committee of Emigration in Lisbon. The local committee has to fix the payment due to each Agent, and of course the payment is ultimately made by the planters, who requisition the local committee for as many slaves as they require, and pay in proportion to the number they receive. Now a planter in San Thomé gives from £26 to £30 for a slave delivered on his plantation in good condition. The Agent at Benguela will give £16 for any healthy man or woman brought to him, but he rarely goes up



to £20. From this considerable profit balance of £10 to £14 per head there are, it is true, certain deductions to be made. By the Decree, each Agent has to pay the government £100 deposit before he sets up in the slave-dealing business, and most probably he recoups himself out of the profits. For his license he has to pay the government two shillings a slave (with a minimum payment of £10 a year). Also to the government he pays £1 per slave in stamp duty, and six shillings on the completion of each contract. He has further to pay a tax of six shillings per slave to the port of landing, and from the balance of profit we must also deduct the slave's fare on the steamer from Benguela to San Thomé. This, I believe, is £2—a sum which goes to enrich the happy shareholders in the "Empreza Nacional," who last year (1904) received 22 per cent. on their money as profit from the slave-ships. Then the captain of the steamer gets four shillings and the doctor two shillings for every slave landed alive, and, as an average, only four slaves per hundred die on the voyage, which takes about eight days. There are probably other deductions to be made. The Curador will get something for his important functions. There are stories that the commandants of certain forts still demand blackmail from the processions of slaves as they go by. I was definitely told that the commandant of a fort very near to Benguela always receives ten shillings a head, but I cannot say if that is true.

In any case, at the very lowest, there is £4 to be deducted for fare, taxes, etc., from the apparent balance of £10 to £14 per slave. But even then the profit on each man or woman sold is considerable, and the point that I am uncertain about is whether the Agent at Benguela and his deputies in Novo Redondo and Bihé pocket all the profit they can possibly make, or are paid a fixed proportion of the average profits by the local committee at San Thomé. The latter would be in accordance with the Decree; the other way more in accordance with Portuguese methods.

Unhappily I was not able to witness the embarkation of the slaves myself, as I had been poisoned the night before and

was suffering all day from violent pain and frequent collapse, accompanied by extreme cold in the limbs.\* So that when, late in the evening, I crawled on board at last, I found the slaves already in their place on the ship. We were taking only 150 of them from Benguela, but we gathered up other batches as we went along, so that finally we reached a lucrative cargo of 272 (not counting babies), and as only two of them died in the week, we landed 270 safely on the islands. This was perhaps rather a larger number than usual, for the steamers, which play the part of mail-boats and slave-ships both, go twice a month, and the number of slaves exported by them yearly has lately averaged a little under 4000, though the numbers are increasing, as I showed in my last letter.

The slaves are, of course, kept in the fore part of the ship. All day long they lie about the lower deck, among the horses, mules, cattle, sheep, monkeys, and other live stock; or they climb up to the fo'c's'le deck in hopes of getting a little breeze, and it is there that the mothers chiefly lie beside their tiny babies. There is nothing to do. Hardly any one speaks, and over the faces of nearly all broods the look of dumb bewilderment that one sees in cattle crowded into trucks for the slaughter-market. Twice a day rations of mealy pap or brown beans are issued in big pots. Each pot is supplied with ten wooden spoons and holds the food for ten slaves, who have to get as much of it as each can manage. The first-class passengers, leaning against the rail of the upper deck, look down upon the scene with interest and amusement. To them those slaves represent the secret of Portugal's greatness—such greatness as Portugal has.

At sunset they are herded into a hold, the majority going down the hatchway stairs on their hands and knees. There they spread their sleeping-mats, and the hatch is shut down upon them till the following morning. By the virtuous Decree of 1903, which regulates the transport, "the emigrants [*i. e.*, the slaves] shall be separated according to sex into completely isolated compartments, and may not sleep on deck, nor resume conjugal relations

\* See note on page 246.





LINED UP ON THE PIER AT SAN THOME

before leaving the ship." Certainly the slaves do not sleep on deck, but as to the other clauses I have seen no attempt to carry out the regulations, except such measures as the slaves take themselves by dividing the hold between men and women. It may seem strange, but all my observation has shown me that, in spite of nakedness and the absence of shame in most natural affairs of existence, the natives are far more particular about the really important matters of sex than civilized people are; just as most animals are far more particular, and for the same reasons. I mean that for them the difference of sex is mainly a matter of livelihood and child-getting, not of casual debauchery.

Even a coast trader said to me one evening, as we were looking down into the hold where the slaves were arranging their mats, "What a different thing if they were white people!"

The day after leaving Benguela we stopped off Novo Redondo to take on

more cargo. The slaves came off in two batches—fifty in the morning and thirty more towards sunset. There was a bit of a sea on that day, and the tossing of the lighter had made most of the slaves very sick. Things became worse when the lighter lay rising and falling with the waves at the foot of the gangway, and the slaves had to be dragged up to the platform one by one like sacks, and set to climb the ladder as best they could. I remember especially one poor woman who held in her arms a baby only two or three days old. Quickly as native women recover from childbirth, she had hardly recovered, and was very seasick besides. In trying to reach the platform, she kept on missing the rise of the wave, and was flung violently back again into the lighter. At last the men managed to haul her up and set her on the foot of the ladder, striking her sharply to make her mount. Tightening the cloth that held the baby to her back, and gathering up her dripping blanket over



one arm, she began the ascent on all fours. Almost at once her knees caught in the blanket and she fell flat against the sloping stairs. In that position she

ficers mustered them in a row, and the ship's doctor went down the line to perform the medical examination, in accordance with Chapter VI. of the Decree,

enacting that no diseased or infectious person shall be accepted. It is entirely to the doctor's interest to foster the health of the slaves, for, as I have already mentioned, every death loses him two shillings. As a rule, as I have said, he loses four per cent. of his cargo, or two dollars out of every possible fifty. On this particular voyage, however, he was more fortunate, for only two slaves out of the whole number died during the week, and were thrown overboard during



SLAVES ENTERING THE CURADOR'S OFFICE AT SAN THOME

wriggled up them like a snake, clutching at each stair with her arms above her head. At last she reached the top, bruised and bleeding, soaked with water, her blanket lost, most of her gaudy clothing torn off or hanging in strips. On her back the little baby, still crumpled and almost pink, squeaked feebly like a blind kitten. But swinging it round to her breast, the woman walked modestly and without complaint to her place in the row with the others.

I have heard many terrible sounds, but never anything so hellish as the outbursts of laughter with which the ladies and gentlemen of the first class watched that slave woman's struggle up to the deck.

When all the slaves were on board at last, a steward or one of the ship's of-

ficers mustered them in a row, and the ship's doctor went down the line to perform the medical examination, in accordance with Chapter VI. of the Decree,

enacting that no diseased or infectious person shall be accepted. It is entirely to the doctor's interest to foster the health of the slaves, for, as I have already mentioned, every death loses him two shillings. As a rule, as I have said, he loses four per cent. of his cargo, or two dollars out of every possible fifty. On this particular voyage, however, he was more fortunate, for only two slaves out of the whole number died during the week, and were thrown overboard during the first-class breakfast-hour, so that the feelings of the passengers might not be harrowed.

Next day after leaving Novo Redondo we reached Loanda and increased our cargo by forty-two men and women, all tricked out in the most amazing tartan plaids—the tartans of Israel in the Highlands. This made up our total number of 272, not reckoning babies, which, unhappily, I did not count. Probably there were about fifty. I think neither the captain nor the doctor receives any percentage for landing babies alive, but, of course, if they live to grow up on the plantations, which is very seldom, they become even more valuable than the imported adults, and the planter gets them gratis.

Early next morning, when we were



anchored off Ambriz, a commotion suddenly arose on board, and the rumor ran that one of the slaves had jumped into the sea from the bow. Soon we could see his black head as he swam clear of the ship and struck out southwards, apparently trusting to the current to bear him towards the coast. For he was a native of a village near Ambriz and knew what he was about. It was yearning at the sight of his own land that made him run the risk. The sea was full of sharks, and I could only hope that they might devour him before man could seize him again. Already a boat had been hastily dropped into the water and was in pursuit, manned by two black men and a white. They rowed fast over the oily water, and the swimmer struggled on in vain. The chase lasted barely ten minutes and they were upon him. Leaning over the side of the boat, they battered him with oars and sticks till he was quiet. Then they dragged him into the boat, laid him along the bottom, and stretched a piece of old sail over his nakedness, that the ladies might not be shocked. He was brought to the gangway and dragged, dripping and trembling, up the stairs. The doctor and the government Agent, who accompanies each ship-load of slaves, took him down into the hold, and there he was chained up to a post or staple so that he might cause no trouble again. "Flog him! Flog him! A good flogging!" cried the passengers. "Boa chicote!" I have not the slightest doubt he was flogged without mercy, but if so, it was kept secret—an unnecessary waste of pleasure, for the passengers would thoroughly have enjoyed both the sight and sound of the lashing. The comfortable and educated classes in all nations appear not to have altered in the least since the days when the comfortable and educated classes of Paris used to arrange promenades to see the Communards shot in batches against a wall. They may whine and blubber over imaginary sufferings in novels and plays, but touch their comfort, touch their property—they are rattlesnakes then!

We stopped at Cabinda in the Portuguese territory north of the Congo, and at one or two other trading-places on the coast, and then we put out north-

west for the islands. On the eighth day after leaving Benguela we came in sight of San Thomé. Over it the sky was a broken gray of drifting rain-clouds. Only now and again we could see the high peaks of the mountains, which run up to 7000 feet. The valleys at their base were shrouded in the pale and drizzling mists which hang about them almost continually. Here and there a rounded hill, indigo with forest, rose from the mists and showed us the white house of some plantation and the little cluster of outbuildings and huts where the slaves were to find their new home. Then, as on an enchanted island, the ghostly fog stole over it again, and in another quarter some fresh hill, indigo with forest, stood revealed.

The whole place smoked and steamed like a gigantic hothouse. In fact, it is a gigantic hothouse. As nearly as possible, it stands upon the equator, the actual line passing through the volcanic rocks of its southern extremity. And even in the dry season from April to October it is perpetually soaked with moisture. The wet mist hardly ceases to hang among the hills and forest trees. The thick growth of the tropics covers the mountains almost to their summits, and every leaf of verdure drips with warm dew.

The slaves on deck regarded the scene with almost complete apathy. Some of the men leaned against the bulwark and silently watched the points of the island as we passed. The women hardly stirred from their places. They were occupied with their babies as usual, or lay about in the unbroken wretchedness of despair. Two girls of about fifteen or sixteen, evidently sisters, whom I had before noticed for a certain pathetic beauty, now sat huddled together hand in hand, quietly crying. They were just the kind of girls that the planters select for their concubines, and I have little doubt they are the concubines of planters now. But they cried because they feared they would be separated when they came to land.

In the confusion of casting anchor I stood by them unobserved, and in a low voice asked them a few questions in Umbundu, which I had crammed up for the purpose. The answers



were brief, in sobbing whispers; sometimes by gestures only. The conversation ran like this:

- "Why are you here?"  
 "We were sold to the white men."  
 "Did you come of your own free will?"  
 "Of course not."  
 "Where did you come from?"  
 "From Bihé."  
 "Are you slaves or not?"  
 "Of course we are slaves!"  
 "Would you like to go back?"

The delicate little brown hands were stretched out, palm downwards, and the crying began afresh.

That night the slaves were left on board, but next morning (June 17) when I went down to the pier about nine o'clock I found them being landed in two great lighters. One by one the men and women were dragged up on to the pier by their arms and loin-cloths and dumped down like bales of goods. There they

NOTE.—I have no direct evidence that the poison was given me intentionally, but the "cumulative" evidence is rather strong. While still in the interior I had been warned that the big slave-dealers had somehow got to know of my purpose and were plotting against me. On the coast the warnings increased, till my life became almost as ludicrous as a melodrama, and I was obliged to "live each day as 'twere my last"—an unpleasant and unprofitable mode of living. One man would drop hints, another would give instances of Portuguese treachery. I was often told the fate of a poor Portuguese trader, named De Silva, who objected to slavery and was going to Lisbon to expose the system, but after his first meal on board was found dead in his cabin. People in the street whispered of my fate. A restaurant-keeper at Benguela told an English fellow passenger on my ship that he had better not be seen with me, for I was in great danger. My boy, who had followed me right through from the Gold Coast with the fidelity of a homeless dog, kept bringing me rumors of murder that he heard among the natives. Two nights before the ship sailed I was at a dinner given by the engineers of the new railway, and into my overcoat pocket some one, whom I wish publicly to thank, tucked a scrap of paper with the words, "You are in great peril," written in French. If there was a plot to set upon me in the empty streets that night, it was prevented by an Englishman who volunteered to go back with me, though I had not told him of any danger.

sat in four lines till all were ready, and then, carrying their mats and babies, they were marched off in file to the Curador's house in the town beside the bay. Here they were driven through large iron gates into a courtyard and divided up into gangs according to the names of the planters who had requisitioned for them. When the parties were complete, they were put under the charge of gangers belonging to various plantations, and so they set out on foot upon the last stage of their journey. When they reached their plantation (which would usually be on the same day or the next, for the island is only thirty-five miles long by fifteen broad), they would be given a day or two for rest, and then the daily round of labor would begin. For them there are no more journeyings, till that last short passage when their dead bodies are lashed to poles and carried out to be flung away in the forest.

Next night I was poisoned. Owing to the frequent warnings, I was ready with antidotes, but I think I should not have reached the ship alive next day without the courageous and devoted help of a South-African prospector who had been shut up with me in Ladysmith. The Dutch trader with whom I was staying was himself far above suspicion, but I shall not forget his indignant excitement when he saw what had happened. Evidently it was what he had feared, though I only told him I must have eaten something unwholesome. The tiresome sense of apprehension lasted during my voyage to the islands, and I was obliged to keep a dyspeptic watch upon the food. But I do not wish to make much of these little personal matters. To American and English people in their security they naturally seem absurd, and as a proof how common the art of poisoning still is in Portuguese possessions I will only mention that I have met a Portuguese trader in San Thomé who carries about in his waistcoat a little packet of pounded glass which he detected one evening in his soup, and that on the Portuguese ship which finally took me from San Thomé to Lisbon a Portuguese official died the day we started, from an illness due to his belief that he was being poisoned, and that during the voyage a poor Belgian from the interior gradually faded away under the same belief, and was carried out at Lisbon in a dying condition. Of course both may have been mad, but even madness does not take that form without something to suggest it.

H. W. N.



# The Telling of a Dream

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

## I

THE other night I had a dream most clear  
And comforting, complete  
In every line, a crystal sphere,  
And full of intimate and secret cheer.  
Therefore I will repeat  
That vision, dearest heart, to you  
As of a thing not feigned, but very true,  
Yes, true as ever in my life befell;  
And you, perhaps, can tell  
Whether my dream was really sad or sweet.

## II

The shadows flecked the elm-embowered street  
I knew so well, long, long ago;  
And on the pillared porch where Marguérite  
Had sat with me, the moonlight lay like snow.  
But she, my comrade and my friend of youth,  
Most gaily wise,  
Most innocently loved,  
She of the blue-gray eyes  
That ever smiled and ever spoke the truth,  
From that familiar dwelling, where she moved  
Like mirth incarnate in the years before,  
Had gone into the hidden house of Death.  
I thought the garden wore  
White mourning for her blessed innocence,  
And the syringa's breath  
Came from the corner by the fence,  
Where she had made her rustic seat,  
With fragrance passionate, intense,  
As if it breathed a sigh for Marguérite.  
My heart was heavy with a sense  
Of something good forever gone. I sought  
Vainly for some consoling thought,  
Some comfortable word that I could say  
To the sad father, whom I visited again  
For the first time since she had gone away.



The bell rang shrill and lonely,—then  
The door was opened, and I sent my name  
To him,—but ah! 'twas Marguérite who came!

There in the dear old dusky room she stood  
Beneath the lamp, just as she used to stand,  
In tender mocking mood.  
“You did not ask for me,” she said,  
“And so I will not let you take my hand;  
“But I must hear what secret talk you planned  
“With father. Come, my friend, be good,  
“And tell me your affairs of state:  
“Why you have stayed away and made me wait  
“So long. Sit down beside me here,—  
“And, do you know, it seems a year  
“Since we have talked together,—why so late?”

Amazed, incredulous, confused with joy  
I hardly dared to show,  
And stammering like a boy,  
I took the place she showed me at her side;  
And then the talk flowed on with brimming tide  
Through the still night,  
While she with influence light  
Controlled it, as the moon the flood.  
She knew where I had been, what I had done,  
What work was planned for, what begun;  
My troubles, failures, fears she understood,  
And touched them with a heart so kind,  
That every care was melted from my mind,  
And every hope grew bright,  
And life seemed moving on to happy ends.  
(Ah, what self-beggared fool was he  
That said a woman cannot be  
The very best of friends?)  
Then there were memories of old times,  
Recalled with many a gentle jest;  
At last she brought the book of rhymes  
We made together, trying to translate  
The Songs of Heine (hers were always best).  
“Now come,” she said,  
“To-night we will collaborate  
“Again; I’ll put you to the test.  
“Here’s one I never found the way to do,—  
“The simplest are the hardest ones you know:



"I give this song to you."

And then she read:

*Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder,*

*Zwei Kinder, jung und froh.*

But all the while one silent question stirred  
Within me, though I dared not speak the word:

"Is it herself, and is she truly here,

"And was I dreaming when I heard

"That she was dead last year?

"Or was it true, and is she but a shade

"Who brings a fleeting joy to eye and ear,

"Cold though so kind, and will she gently fade

"When her sweet ghostly part is played

"And the curtain falls at dawn of day?"

But while my heart was troubled by this fear

So deeply that I would not speak it out

Lest all my happiness should disappear,

I thought me of a cunning way

To hide the question and dissolve the doubt.

"Will you not give me now your hand,

"Dear Marguérite," I asked, "to touch and hold;

"That by this token I may understand

"You are the same true friend you were of old?"

She answered with a smile so bright and calm

It seemed as if I saw new stars arise

In the deep heaven of her eyes;

And smiling so, she laid her palm

In mine. Dear God, it was not cold

But warm with vital heat,—

"You live!" I cried, "you live, dear Marguérite!"

Then I awoke; but strangely comforted,

Although I knew again that she was dead.

### III

Yes, there's the dream! And was it sweet or sad?

Dear mistress of my waking and my sleep,

Present reward of all my heart's desire,

Watching with me beside the winter fire,

Interpret now this vision that I had.

But while you read the meaning, let me keep

The touch of you: for the Old Year with storm

Is passing through the midnight, and doth shake

The corners of the house,—and oh! my heart would break

Unless both dreaming and awake,

My hand could feel your hand was warm, warm, warm!



# De Profundis

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

AT ten o'clock that particular evening Marcus Floyd entered the operating-room of the Cape Cod station of the International Wireless Company. Gray, whom he was to relieve, came forward to meet him.

"It's thickening up outside," remarked young Floyd, as he divested himself of his top-coat, upon which the condensed moisture from the sea fog lay in glistening globules. Gray, never a talkative man, grunted and went out, closing the door noisily behind him. Mark threw his cap into a corner, glanced at the Marconi communication-chart hanging on the wall, and tightened up a wobbly binding-nut on the automatic receiver. Then he filled his pipe and drew a chair close to the stove. His trick would last until six o'clock in the morning, and it is not pleasant to sit around in damp boots. Yet, come to think of it, why should he be exercised over so trifling a matter as wet feet? This was Saturday, the 10th of September, and it was just four weeks ago that Lorna Gaydon had gone out of his life forever; it seemed incredible that he should be thinking now of anything less important. "I must be getting over it," he concluded, grimly.

It had been a foolish misunderstanding, so utterly trivial in its nature that for the life of him Mark could not remember its initial point of departure. Yet neither would yield, and the gap had quickly widened; four days later Miss Gaydon had sailed for Europe, and a steamer letter brought him back the ring and a cold word of farewell. Two weeks later he noted the names of her party among the arrivals at a London hotel, and that was all.

In the briefest possible words: Marcus Floyd, bachelor, aged four-and-twenty, and a two-year-old graduate in electrical engineering. Upon the completion of his course, Mr. James Coldwell, maternal uncle and president of the International

Wireless, had offered young Floyd a place in the operating department of the company.

"It's one thing to graduate at the head of a college class," remarked Mr. Coldwell, thoughtfully, "and they tell me down at Princeton that you're clever. But this is business; will you begin again at the bottom?"

"Try me," Mark had answered, confidently. Now, at the end of his two years' apprenticeship he had gained sufficient practical experience to qualify as an operator, and this was his first month of really responsible duty. Uncle James, keeping a watchful eye on his nephew's progress, was well pleased, but took care not to say so openly.

"He is clever, right enough," decided this Spartan relative, "and I think that he has the stuff in him. If he has, it'll show for itself; we'll wait and see." A very businesslike man was Marcus Floyd's Uncle James.

But there are some things outside of business and even beyond it—for instance, Miss Lorna Gaydon. A man must have always some object to work for, and in the youthful imagination the ideal is almost invariably personified. Success is a beautiful flower, and the young man desires ardently to gather it. But not for himself; it is only the stage hero who may actually venture to wear garlands. The real man seeks his bays in order that he may lay them at the feet of some divinity whose loveliness they shall fittingly adorn. This is the normal and healthy incentive to masculine effort, and Mark Floyd had drawn his inspiration from the approved fount. It had been Lorna, always and eternally Lorna. And now the goddess had deserted his shrine; what did anything matter after that? To work along without an object, the *one* object—the proposition was virtually unthinkable.

The clock struck eleven, and almost





WITH THE FINAL EFFORT, HE PULLED HIMSELF INTO HIS CHAIR







simultaneously the young man's trained ear told him that the instruments were at work; some one was trying to communicate with his station. He glanced at the tape, but the signals were too faint and irregular for reproduction by the automatic apparatus. "Long distance," said Mark to himself, and picked up the telephone receiver. He listened intently to the slight clicking of the diaphragm and recognized the distress call of the universal code; several times it was repeated, and then a message began; by dint of guesswork he managed to get the gist of the communication. Written out, it read as follows:

"S. S. *Sirius*—four days out—Liverpool to New York. Port engine wrecked—explosion low-pressure cylinder and ship's hull badly damaged. Water gaining—heavy sea running—small boats—impossible—May keep afloat—day-break—" Here the message terminated abruptly.

Mark reached for the maritime register and looked up the call letters of the *Sirius*, Black Ball liner. They were E S S. He began sending with the coil, and a vicious spark leaped crackling across the gap as he pressed the key. E S S again and yet again; at last he got the response.

"This is Cape Cod," rapped out Mark. "Where are you?"

"Mid-Atlantic. Unable to get sights for two days, but probably to south of west-bound lane. Water close to fire-boxes. Heavy sea running and pitch dark. It has just struck three bells."

Mark wiped his damp brow and considered. "She must be close to longitude 41°," he decided, "and possibly as low in latitude as 39° 50'." He picked up the entry sheet, turned over to him by Gray, and studied it attentively. Three ships had been spoken during the early part of the night—the United States cruiser *Springfield*, the Bennett liner *Navajo*, and the *King Harold*, Lord Esmond's yacht, coming over for the *America's* cup races. Of course the *King Harold* was the only boat within possible striking distance of the *Sirius*.

Floyd sent out the *King Harold's* code signal several times without getting any response; then he picked up the *Sirius* and told her operator what he was trying

to do. "You might call *King Harold* yourself," he said. "Her signal in the international code is A E A."

There was silence for perhaps ten minutes, and then Floyd's receiver spoke again.

"Can't get *King Harold*," reported the *Sirius* man. "Captain Ward desires to send this message to his agents. Will you take it?"

A brief official statement of the accident to the *Sirius* followed, and Mark transcribed it with painstaking care. It was like taking down the last words of a dying man, and his hand trembled as it raced over the writing-pad. "Anything more?" he asked, and in reply the *Sirius* operator announced that he had a batch of private messages to forward.

"If I can only keep my nerve," went on the man; suddenly his sending had become weak and shaky as of one suddenly stricken with a great fear.

"Steady, old chap," returned Floyd. "You're still to the good, and I may pick up *King Harold* any time. She can't be more than fifty miles east or west of you—probably nearer. But just one moment—"

Mark pushed back his chair and went to the door; the atmosphere in the little room had become close and choky and he must have air. He flung the door wide open and looked out; the fog jumped at him as though it had been some gray, misshapen monster waiting for its prey; misty tentacles of vapor crept across the threshold and coiled themselves about his feet. But he breathed again, and the thumping at his temples had sensibly lessened.

For perhaps half a minute Mark Floyd stood gazing steadfastly into the night. Somewhere behind that thick curtain of darkness a dead ship lay rolling upon the lampless waste of sea, and men and women were awaiting the moment of their last agony. Out of that infinite vastness one feeble voice had called and his ear had heard. Yes, and had understood; beyond that there was nothing save the consciousness of his own helplessness; the need was bitter and he had only words, words to offer. How slender was the thread uniting these doomed men with the living world; yet a little while and it must snap, and then there would



be silence again—a silence that would remain unbroken. In an hour perhaps or even sooner; the sting of the thought sent him back quickly to the operating-table. “*Sirius*,” he called, and sat shaking in his chair while he awaited the reply; then it came.

“Are you ready?” asked the steamer’s operator, and Floyd answered, yes.

There were perhaps a couple of dozen messages, and all were brief and characterized by a remarkable restraint of feeling; most of them had to do with purely business interests, and Mark found himself setting down the words as unemotionally as though they were nothing more than the commonplaces of the daily routine. A great despair mercifully numbs, and Mark felt his own spirit sinking in mysterious sympathy to that lower key. “*Morituri te salutamus*,” he murmured, under his breath. When he had finished he looked at the clock and saw that it was on the stroke of four. “Is there any change?” he asked.

“Day is breaking,” came the answer, “but the sea is still high, and there is nothing in sight. The small boats have all disappeared, and the ship seems to be settling steadily. With the putting out of the fires the dynamos will stop, of course, and communication must cease. Go on talking as long as possible—if you don’t mind.”

“In a moment—after I have tried for *King Harold* again,” returned Mark. He began sending out the latter’s signal—A E A—in monotonous iteration, and as he did so he picked up his entry-pad to run over the messages that he had taken down. Incredible as it may seem, it was only then that he realized that one of them bore his own name and address; he read the half-dozen words it contained:

“I was coming back to you.” The signature was “L. G.”

Mark bent down and felt of the soles of his boots. They were quite dry again, and the assurance brought with it a distinct sense of relief. Long afterwards when he recalled this trivial incident its apparent irrationality puzzled him mightily, until he reflected that Nature always seeks the nearest and handiest safety-valve at a moment of emotional overcharge. He had been bothering about the discomfort of wet feet, and the slight

reaction was sufficient to balance the immediate effect of the greater shock; he straightened up to find himself in full and cool possession of every faculty. “*Sirius*,” he called, and, “Here,” came the answer.

“I want to speak to Miss Gaydon, one of your first-cabin passengers. The message she sent was addressed to me, Mark Floyd.” He spelled the name out carefully. “Have you got that? Please repeat.”

“F-l-o-y-d. Right. I remember meeting you once at the International New York office. My name is Wood. I have sent for Miss Gaydon to come to the operating-room.”

While he was waiting Mark tried again for the *King Harold*—A E A, A E A, A E A. Presently Wood broke in.

“Miss Gaydon is here,” he announced. “What am I to tell her?”

Mark stopped for an instant to consider; what one word should he choose of the myriad that crowded to his lips. “She knows who it is?” he began.

“Yes, she knows, and—” here the message broke off abruptly.

Mark sounded the *Sirius* call once, twice, thrice; then he realized that communication had ceased entirely. There was but one explanation: the water must have reached the fires, and the dynamos supplying electric power to the Marconi instruments had stopped working. But there was still the *King Harold*.

A E A, A E A—mechanically he kept pounding out the call on the sending-key; an unreasoning fear that his own electrical power might fail obsessed him. The minutes dragged on, and presently he noted that it was half past four o’clock. His fingers had stiffened with the constant repetition of the dots and dashes making up the code letters of the *King Harold*, and he stopped for a few moments to restore the retarded circulation; going to the tap, he held his hand under the cold stream and rubbed it vigorously with a coarse towel. Then a sense of the immense futility of all his efforts overcame him. “What is the use?” he said, aloud. “Science cannot work miracles, and what I want is beyond the law—beyond the law.”

As he turned again to his instruments his toe caught in a hole of the shabby





MISS GAYDON STOOD LOOKING DOWN AT THE PATIENT







strip of carpet covering the floor; he plunged heavily forward and his head came in contact with the corner of the operating-table. With the final effort of consciousness he pulled himself into his chair and found the key; A E A were the letters, and he must keep on sending them—keep on—

The ship's cabin, as Floyd saw it, was tolerably well filled with people. For the most part they sat about quietly, and there was but little conversation, and that only in undertone. Of confusion or distress there was not a trace. At a side table sat two men, and they were drinking champagne with a certain curiously measured deliberation. One of them happened to let his glass clink against the bottle and looked up hastily, an evident apology upon his lips. But to his relief no one had seemed to notice.

Presently a steward came to them with fresh glasses and a plate of biscuit. The dark-haired man pulled a piece of money from his pocket and held it out; by some accident the coin slipped through his fingers and rolled away across the floor.

"Thank you, sir," said the steward, softly, and went back to his dark passageway. The coin—a bright, new-minted sovereign—lay where it had finally fallen, and a little boy, of perhaps four years, escaped from his mother's lap and ran to pick it up. As he did so a roll of the ship sent him tumbling against a stanchion. Instantly his mother had him in her arms, hushing the childish sobs and bidding him to be quiet.

"And remember that mother will not let anything hurt you," she added, in a whisper. Floyd turned quickly away.

A tall, gray-haired man—he looked as though he might be some hopeless invalid going home to die—paced monotonously up and down, and Mark fancied that the roses in the carpet were worn and faded where his restless feet had passed and repassed; probably he had been walking in just that fashion for hours past. A young chap, hardly over four-and-twenty, with a fresh, bright face, sat under the main lightway poring over a pocket account-book and jotting down rows of figures with methodical precision. Presently he finished his comparisons, shut the book with a snap, and smiled

complacently. He drew a cigar from his waistcoat pocket and half rose as though to go on deck; then he sank back in his chair and buried his face in his hands.

A priest began reading in a low tone from a little black book as he moved about from one group to another; a dark-haired girl sat rigid in a secluded corner, staring straight before her as though fearing to lose a single word. But although listening she heard nothing—of that Mark felt quite sure. And then he saw that she was looking at the clock.

It was very quiet now in the cabin, and the motion of the ship had ceased almost entirely. One might have fancied her safely moored at her dock were it not for the sinister and steadily increasing slope of the floor. The port-holes to starboard were already under the water-line, and it was but a pale and greenish light that filtered through them. The door of stateroom No. 207 stood wide open, and Floyd saw that the apartment was empty. Then he remembered that his message had summoned her to the wireless operating-room. That was on the upper deck, of course; he would go up at once.

Under the gray light of a stormy morning the ship wallowed heavily in a creaming seaway. The decks were encumbered with a raffle of broken spars and tangled running-gear; at the life-boat davits the empty falls swung idly, and on the dark and broken line of the horizon to leeward the hull of a capsized cutter showed for an instant wet and glistening, like a whale's back. There was no one to be seen either on forecastle or bridge, but through the window of his cabin Mark caught a glimpse of the commander of the *Sirius*, sitting at his desk—a silent and motionless figure. A chart of the North Atlantic had been spread open before him, but it had twisted away, like some living thing, from under his hand and had fallen to the floor, where it lay with its stiff, crackling edges slowly curling together. Directly abaft the bridge the door of the wireless operating-room stood ajar; Floyd went forward quickly. As he entered he noticed that the clock-dial keeping New York time indicated twenty-five minutes to five. The electrics were burning brightly. How could this be, since the dynamos had stopped working?



There were three people in the room—a young chap who wore the uniform of a company surgeon, the unconscious man on the lounge, and the woman who stood with her back to the door, looking down at the patient. The doctor completed his examination and straightened up. •

"It's only syncope," he said, abruptly. "A fainting fit, you know, induced by overexcitement and all-night work with his instruments. Pull out of it? Why, of course; he'll be as good as ever in an hour or two. Though I'm not so sure that he isn't better off as he is," he added, under his breath; his eyes travelled outward to the gray and broken sea-line.

The sick man had raised himself to a sitting posture. "I saw her," he said, excitedly. "The *King Harold*—straight over the starboard bow and just below the horizon—A E A, that's her call—get me to the table—" His voice thickened and trailed away into unintelligible mutterings; he fell back on the couch.

The man and the woman looked at each other.

"If I only knew something about the business," the little doctor said, quietly. "But I don't—not the first thing." He took the hypodermic syringe from his pocket and turned to his patient.

The girl's breath came hard and quick. "If only some one knew," she whispered to herself.

To get to the operating-table Mark had to pass directly in front of Miss Gaydon; he could have put out his hand and touched her, but the deeper instinct restrained him. Yet she seemed to understand what it was he wanted her to do; she sat down at the instrument without any hesitation and pressed the key; the current was still on in full force, and a detonating spark followed. A E A was the signal, and it was sent out twice in rapid succession. Then came a response.

Mark opened his eyes slowly. The surroundings were unfamiliar; the clean, white walls, the green-shaded windows, the table covered with vials at his bedside—all these things confused and puzzled him.

An attendant stepped up. "Good!" he

said, heartily. "You'll be coming right along now—drink this."

Mark obeyed and slept again. When he awoke later in the day the confusion in his mind was gone. "Hospital?" he said, inquiringly, to the man in the white duck uniform.

"You had a nasty knock on the head," answered the nurse, "and just the barest touch of fever to supervene. Want to sit up? Why not—no, to-day is Wednesday, the 14th."

Outside in the street a stentorian voice was calling: "Extra! Extra!" Then came a jumble of undistinguishable words, out of which two rang significant and unmistakable—*King Harold* and *Sirius*.

Later on it was decided that he might see a copy of the *Evening Messenger*, and one was brought in. The headlines told the story—the rescue of the passengers and crew of the S.S. *Sirius* by the *King Harold*, Lord Esmond's yacht. A column of description followed, and then several interviews, notably one with the *King Harold's* sailing-master.

"We carry a wireless operator," said Captain Law, "but he is not on duty at night—not considered necessary. Early in the morning of Sunday, the 11th, Mr. James, the operator, was awakened out of a sound sleep by hearing the international signal call of the yacht—A E A—twice repeated. It was then about twenty minutes to five, New York time. He answered, and received the following message: 'S.S. *Sirius* foundering—steer S.W.' Of course we obeyed, and that is all I know about the affair."

"All?" repeated Mark to himself, and lay there wondering.

"Now you mustn't read any more," put in the nurse, authoritatively. "However, I don't mind telling you that a lady called to see you just now. I told her that she could come again in the morning—any time after ten o'clock. She gave me her card—what did I do with it?"

"Never mind," said Mark. "Just get some water for the violets, and put them where I can look at them."



# Indian Music of South America

BY CHARLES JOHNSON POST

IN the remains of the vast Indian nation shattered by Pizarro, the Empire of the Incas, every man and boy, almost from the age when he can walk, is an adept on their simple reed flutes and Pandean pipes. They are a musical race; there are songs and airs for each season, for the planting, for the harvest, for the valorous deeds of the vanished caciques, for their gods of old to whom a new significance has been imposed by a pious Church, and the long-drawn chants by means of which, at their yearly gatherings, they pass down the history of their race. As there is no written language, there is no written music; it is handed down from generation to generation by the ear alone.

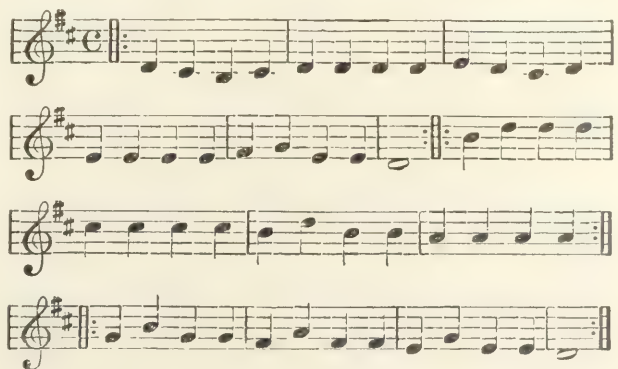
Their national instruments are but three in number: the flute—a reed about eighteen inches in length, with six holes, and a square slit at the end for a mouthpiece, played after the manner of a clarionet; the Pandean pipes—a series of seven reed tubes that, in the large ones, are four feet in length, and in the smaller ones scarcely as many inches; and the drum. The last is the universal instrument of all peoples; there are few races so low in the scale of human society as not to possess it. The Pandean pipes are in a double row, and, at the time of preparation for the Indiads, or the intertribal wars, the outer series is filled with cañas-sa, the native liquor, and the player receives the benefit of the intoxicating fumes without the delay incidental to drinking from the bottle. Only the men play, the women and girls never; their part is in the chanting and in the hand-clapping that measures the weird rhythm, although before marriage the girls are allowed to join in the dances and the drinking that goes with them.

In the cities and in the villages there are the constant beating of the drums and the sound of the flutes. Every community or group has its special festival days.

Now it is a wedding or a christening with the hosts of “compadres”—godfathers,—or the Church day of some obscure saint celebrated by the mission padre, then a village fiesta or house-raising, and from day to day the sounds of the barbaric strains stretch in an endless chain throughout the year. In riding over the high plains in the Indian country one is seldom beyond the sound of the thin flutes. Every llama and sheep herder passes the monotonous hours with his playing. In the still air it carries for miles and softens in the long distances with a weird pleasing effect. The strain is short, but one bar, and for hours it is repeated with unvarying exactness:



Even in the bitter cold and snow of the trails of the high passes the presence of the Indians is announced long before their appearance by the echoing flutes. They plod along in single file, muffled in their ponchos, driving the llamas or burros before them; one of them supplies the music, but as the air is thin in these high altitudes and breath is precious, they relieve each other at frequent intervals. There is no marked cadence to the music; it is a weary minor air unlike the sturdy measures we associate with marching-music, but it undoubtedly stimulates its audience in some mysterious way with an inspiring effect.





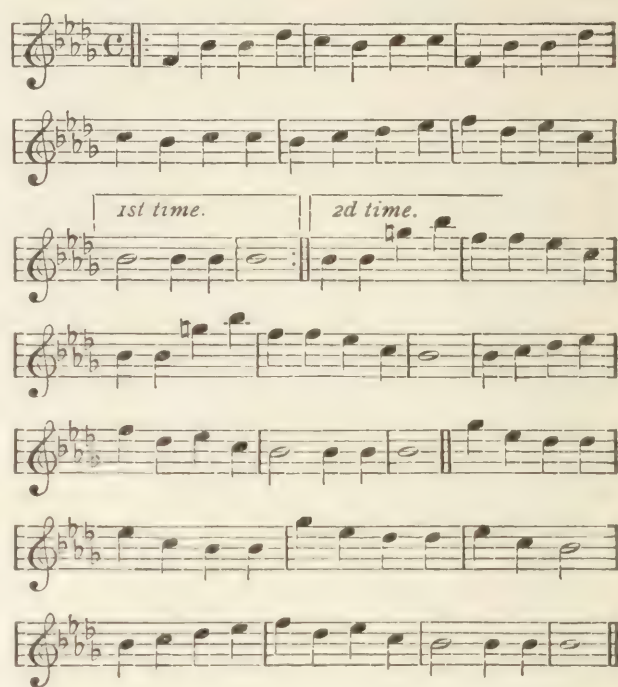
But it is in the great fiestas that one has the best opportunity of hearing the Indian music. I was waiting in the Indian town of Achicachi for the arrival of my mule to carry me over the pass to the village of Sorata. It is one of the old mud-walled cities on the southern shores of Lake Titicaca. The fiesta was for the birthday of the town and in honor of the ancient gods of the place; at day-break the Indians had gathered within its walls from miles.

With the light of dawn the streets began filling with dancing bands of Indians in their gaudy festival attire. They were there in thousands. The plaza was a weaving mass of brilliant ponchos and feathers; Indians with contorted masks, and jaguar-skins trailing from their shoulders, performed dances in the cramped spaces cleared for their benefit; silver and gold bullion decorations glinted in the clear atmosphere along with cheap tinsel and tin mirrors; and above all rose the sound of the Pandean pipes, the flutes, and the drums, filling the air with a confused discordant roar.

Often several groups of Indians would band together and in single file follow the pipes and drums in a little jerky dancing step. Sometimes they went through simple evolutions, figures eight and circles, or divided and came together in the pattern of the "grand march" of the East Side balls. The players would dance as well, and occasionally some inspired individual would halt the line while he whirled dizzily around in one spot to his own music. The others would watch these performances with approval, chanting in a high wailing key and clapping their hands in accompaniment.

With the darkness of the night the dancing and playing in the plaza became less and less. The groups withdrew to their 'dobe huts and squatted on the mud floors. A tallow dip or a smoky wick floating in a dish of grease furnished what light there was. The wind from Lake Titicaca blew fresh and keen, but in the lurid gloom of their squalid huts the air was foul with the crowded Aymaras. The chanting took the place of the dance, and the flutes and pipes led in the air; the drums were silent. With the finish of each

verse or section the note ended in a prolonged maudlin wail that continued until it became the opening note of the succeeding stanza.



This song is also popular with the cholos—the half-breeds. They hate the whites, and sing it with either Spanish or Aymara words of foul denunciation. In Sorata one time they marched past below my window, singing it for my benefit. Between verses they cursed the "gringos" in vulgar Spanish.

It was in this same village of Sorata that I was present at its greatest Indian fiesta. It is the fiesta of the harvest, and generally lasts for an entire week. The mission padre pronounces it the feast of Todos Santos, but to the Indians that is a matter of indifference. The maize and the "choque" (potatoes) have been gathered, and the "chalonga" (frozen mutton) prepared for the ensuing season; the year has ended; it is the fiesta of the harvest. They go to confession on the morning of the first day, but the remainder of the time is spent in their own customs.

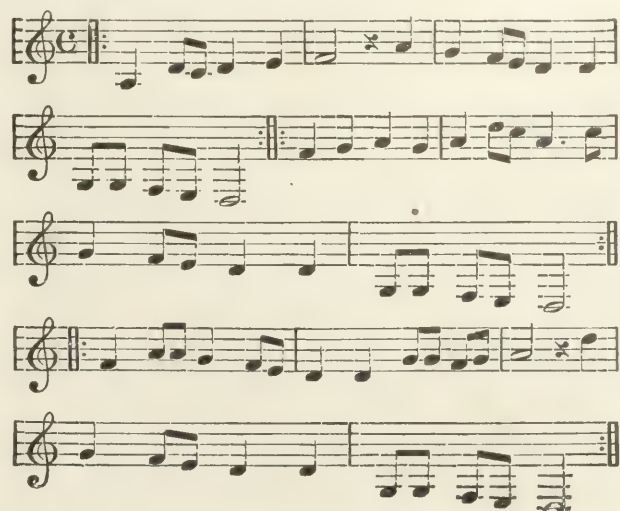
Upon this occasion there is much honor for the Indian who will act as a host. For this purpose he will save the whole year and lavish it on the one fiesta. He invites his friends, provides them with the new gaudy ponchos and feather decorations. There must be plenty of cañassa and a banquet each night. The fee of one hundred bolivianos, or forty



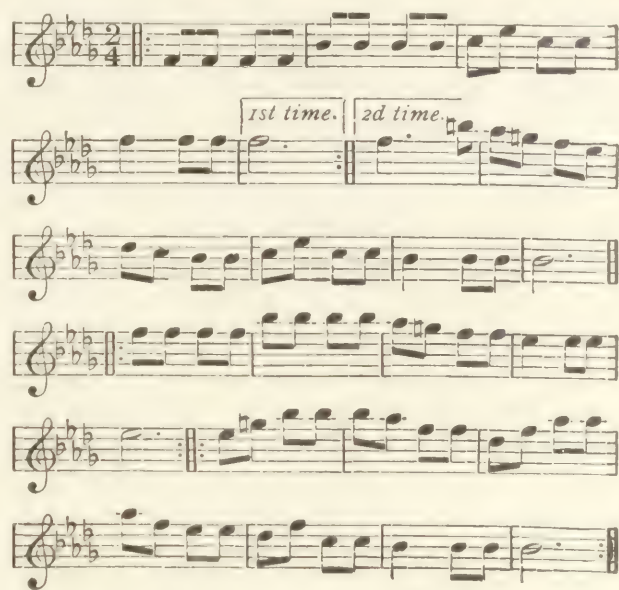
dollars, gold, that the local government exacts for the privilege of parading the streets of the village and dancing in the plaza, he must also pay. Upon the degree of these preparations does his social standing among the Aymaras depend. Sometimes at this fiesta are presented rude pantomimic dramas drawn from the legends of their past.

The little parties organized themselves after the early-morning visit to the 'dobe church and paraded with their odd trotting dance-steps through the lanes of the town. There was the usual collection of thin drums and shrill flutes, with here and there the mellower tone of a Pandean pipe. One band stood out conspicuously in the crowding throngs. This band had been carefully trained by its host, who did not play himself, but with a proud dignity directed its evolutions. A huge Aymara headed the party; he played Pandean pipes with tubes four feet in length. A great drum swung by a rawhide thong from his shoulders. Its shell was from a log, the core of which had been burned out. Following him was the line of Indians in a reducing scale, each with a smaller set of pipes and a smaller drum.

Each Indian contributed but a few notes to the air; the range of the pipe was limited. The drums never rested; they marked the sonorous rhythm of the measures. The training was perfect; there was never a break in the succession of notes; the effect was much like that of a calliope, but more mellowed and pleasing. They played but two airs, and these seemed to be reserved for that peculiar form of orchestra.



This they would play for hours before changing to the other, as follows:



White squares of cloth hung from the shoulders of the players like the capes of the old Crusaders, and with their brilliant new ponchos and the bright green of the parrot-feather decorations they made a most picturesque effect. The weird and barbaric music was rather attractive at first as it rose from the distance and swelled in volume while the procession came nearer, but after eight or ten hours it palled, and the prospect of a week more of it was not cheerful. But an outbreak in the Indian town of Illabaya, ten miles off over the mountains, brought it to a close much earlier.

To Mrs. Arthur T. Jackson, of Boston, the wife of a prominent rubber-dealer in Bolivia, who was in Sorata at the time, the only white woman within hundreds of miles, I am indebted for the transcript of the Indian music. An accomplished musician, she was much interested in the subject, and at different times during her months on the Indian frontiers she had gathered and noted the airs as she heard them in the fiestas.

These airs comprise practically the whole of the popular Aymara repertoire. There are, of course, many others, but they are heard more rarely, and often only in the remote villages. Those given above are the ones that echo in endless reiteration throughout the land of the high plains. It is the music of the Incas, unchanged from the days of Pizarro and the Conquest.



# Legends of the City of Mexico

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

VERY often folk-legends simply are historical traditions gone wrong—the germ of truth that is in them being so intermixed with fancy, and their sequence of events being stated so inconsequently and with such contradictoriness, that they become wholly incredible and are thrown offhand out of court. Another point of legendary departure is some curious matter that appeals for a popular explanation—and gets it from various imaginative people: whose varying explanations finally crystallize into a story that, while usually at odds with itself on essential points, after a fashion does give the explanation that is required. On one or the other of these two lines almost all folk-legends have been developed: leaving only a very small residuum which, starting out boldly by perverting some entirely commonplace occurrence into a marvel, are cut from the whole cloth.

The legends here collected relating to the City of Mexico—a few of the many that I have picked up in the course of my mousings during the past twenty years—fall into all three of these classes. The legend of Don Juan Manuel relates to a real historical personage: who lived stately in a great house, still standing, in the street that in his time was called the Calle Nueva and that since his time has been called the Calle de Don Juan Manuel; who pretty certainly did murder one man, and probably two men, at eleven o'clock at night; and who certainly was found hanging on the gallows one morning, probably in October, 1641, without any explanation ever being forthcoming as to how he got there. The heroine of the pretty legend of the Green Cross also was a real person, as is proved by the recorded inscription on a tombstone (in either the church of San Miguel or the church of San Pablo) that read: "Doña María de Aldarafuente Lara y Segura de Manrique. Agosto 11 de 1573." And below

this inscription was carved "a great Latin cross." The legends of the Mulata de Córdoba, of the Callejón del Armado, of the Puente del Clérigo, of the Calle de los Parados, of the Calle del Padre Lecuona, and of the Calle de la Joya, presumably have been built up from some odd and mysterious happening in which were alluringly vivid touches of romance. The legends of the Mujer herrada (the Iron-shod Woman) and of the Obedient Dead Nun, fall into the category of minor remainders. In the first, conceivably, a highly moral story has been raised on the foundation of some old-time scandal; in the second, presumably, the single scrap of truth is that the tall nun's coffin was too short. As for the legend of La Llorona, I am disposed to class it as an aboriginal survival: so entirely is it in keeping with the folk-growths of barbarous and semibarbarous races, and so universally among the common people—in whom the Indian strain is dominant—is it known and relishingly told.

These stories, and many more of the same sort, are the common property of all the people of the City of Mexico. When I was searching for the house popularly believed to be that in which Padre Lecuona confessed the man long dead, I fell in with a kindly old boy of sixty or thereabouts—who at once pointed out the house to me, and who started at score and told me a version of the legend that differed essentially from any that I had heard. He was not an exceptional person. In varying forms—often widely varying—the legends are known to everybody. They have been, and they continue to be, told and retold. Most of them have been collected by serious antiquarians: who have searched and sifted them, and who have set forth—when they could discover it—their underlying germ of truth. The poets have used them freely. Several of them have been taken by the playwrights as the bases for popular plays.



They are stock material for the filling in of odd corners in the queer publications which in Mexico are called newspapers.

The retelling of the legends among the common people, by heightening always their note of the marvellous, has tended to improve them; but the bandying about in print to which they have been subjected has worked a change in their essence that distinctly is for the worse. In their written form they have acquired a literary flavor that is foreign to their natural simplicity; and that especially has weakened the qualities—abruptness, reiteration, inconsequence, contradictoriness—which give to a genuine folk-story its peculiar quality and its peculiar charm.

Therefore the best of the current versions (the versions which I have tried to reproduce here in phrase and in spirit) are those which the common people still preserve: beginning sharply, abounding in repetitions, lacking structural continuity, defiant of all logic—being the versions which have passed from lip to heart and from heart to lip again through the centuries, and so have retained the subtle pith that distinguishes a genuine folk-growth from a story made at one melting by a single mind.

I must add, to make clear the geography of the legends, that in the City of Mexico what is called a street (*calle*) rarely is a continuous thoroughfare. Usually, it is a single block bearing a distinct name. A little street, or alleyway, is called a *callejón*.

### *The Legend of Don Juan Manuel*

This Don Juan Manuel, Señor, was a rich and worthy gentleman who had the bad vice of killing people. Every night at eleven o'clock, when the Palace clock was striking, he went out from his magnificent house—as you know, Señor, it still is standing in the street that has been named after him—all muffled in his cloak, and under it his dagger in his hand.

Then he would meet one, in the dark street, and would ask him politely: "What is the hour of the night?" And that person, having heard the striking of the clock, would answer: "It is eleven hours of the night." And Don Juan Manuel would say to him: "Señor, you are fortunate above all men, because you

know precisely the hour at which you die!" Then he would thrust with his dagger—and then, leaving the dead gentleman lying in the street, he would come back again into his own home. And this bad vice of Don Juan Manuel's of killing people went on, Señor, for a great many years.

Living with Don Juan Manuel was a nephew whom he dearly loved. Every night they supped together. Later, the nephew would go forth to see one or another of his friends; and, still later, Don Juan Manuel would go forth to kill some man. One night the nephew did not come home. Don Juan Manuel was uneasy because of his not coming, fearing for him. In the early morning the city watch knocked at Don Juan Manuel's door, bringing there the dead body of the nephew—with a wound in the heart of him that had killed him. And when they told where his body had been found, Don Juan Manuel knew that he himself—not knowing him in the darkness—had killed his own nephew whom he so loved.

Then Don Juan Manuel saw that he had been leading a bad life: and he went to the Father to whom he confessed and confessed all the killings that he had done. Then the Father put a penance upon him: That at midnight he should go alone through the streets until he was come to the chapel of the *Espiración* (it faces upon the *Plazuela de Santo Domingo*, Señor; and, in those days, before it was a gallows); and that he should kneel in front of that chapel, beneath the gallows; and that, so kneeling, he should tell his rosary through. And Don Juan Manuel was pleased because so light a penance had been put upon him, and thought soon to have peace again in his soul.

But that night, at midnight, when he set forth to do his penance, no sooner was he come out from his own door than voices sounded in his ears, and near him was the terrible ringing of a little bell. And he knew that the voices which troubled him were those of the ones whom he had killed. And the voices sounded in his ears so wofully, and the ringing of the little bell was so terrible, that he could not keep onward. Having gone a little way, his stomach was tormented by the fear that was upon him and he came back again to his own home.



Then, the next day, he told the Father what had happened, and that he could not do that penance, and asked that another be put upon him. But the Father denied him any other penance; and bade him do that which was set for him—or die in his sin and go forever to hell! Then Don Juan Manuel again tried to do his penance, and that time got a half of the way to the chapel of the Espiración; and then again turned backward to his home, because of those woful voices and the terrible ringing of that little bell. And so again he asked that he be given another penance; and again it was denied to him; and again—getting that night three-quarters of the way to the chapel—he tried to do what he was bidden to do. But he could not do it, because of the woful voices and the terrible ringing of the little bell.

Then went he for the last time to the Father to beg for another penance; and for the last time it was denied to him; and for the last time he set forth from his house at midnight to go to the chapel of the Espiración, and in front of it, kneeling beneath the gallows, to tell his rosary through. And that night, Señor, was the very worst night of all! The voices were so loud and so very woful that he was in weak dread of them, and he shook with fear and his stomach was tormented because of the terrible ringing of the little bell. But he pressed on—you see, Señor, it was the only way to save his soul from blistering in hell through all eternity—until he was come to the Plazuela de Santo Domingo; and there, in front of the chapel of the Espiración, beneath the gallows, he knelt down upon his knees and told his rosary through.

And in the morning, Señor, all the city was astonished, and everybody—from the Viceroy down to the cargadores—went running to the Plazuela de Santo Domingo: where was a sight to see! And the sight was Don Juan Manuel hanging dead on the gallows—where the angels themselves had hung him, Señor, because of his sins!

### *The Legend of the Puente del Clérigo*

This priest who was murdered and thrown over the bridge, Señor, was a very good man, and there was very little

excuse for murdering him. Moreover, he belonged to a most respectable family, and so did the gentleman who murdered him, and so did the young lady; and because of all that, and because at the best of times the killing of a priest is sacrilege, the scandal of that murder made a stir in the whole town.

At that time—it was some hundreds of years ago, Señor—there lived in the street that now is called, because of it all, the street of the Puente del Clérigo, a very beautiful young lady who was named Doña Margarita Jáuregui. And she, being an orphan, dwelt with her uncle, this priest: who was named Don Juan de Nava and was a person of rank, being a caballero of the orders of Santiago and Calatrava. In those days there were few houses upon that street, which was the causeway between the city and the Indian town of Tlaltelolco; and for the greater safety of the Spaniards dwelling in the city there was a wide ditch, that this bridge crossed, between them and the Indian town. Long ago, Señor, Tlaltelolco became part of the city; and the ditch, and the bridge over it, are gone.

Now it happened that at the court of the Viceroy was a noble young Portuguese gentleman, who had great riches and two titles, named Don Duarte de Sarraza; and the Viceroy, who was the Conde de Salvatierra, very much esteemed him because he was of a loyal nature and of good heart. Therefore this noble young gentleman fell in love with Doña Margarita, and she with him; but her uncle, the Padre Don Juan, knowing that Don Duarte was a vicious young man—a gambler, and in other ways what he should not have been—forbade his niece to have anything to do with him. So things rested for a while on those terms, and Don Duarte did not like it at all.

Well, it happened on a night, Señor, that Don Duarte was at the window of Doña Margarita, telling his love for her through the grating; and while he was so engaged he saw Padre Don Juan coming home along the causeway by the light of the stars. Then that wicked young man went to where the bridge was; and when the Padre was come to the bridge he sprang upon him and drove his dagger deep into his skull. The dagger was nailed so fast there, Señor, that he





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## EL PVENTE DEL CLÉRIGO



could not drag it loose again; and so he bundled the dead priest over the wall of the bridge and into the water with the dagger still sticking in the skull of him; and then he went his way to his home.

Not wishing to have it thought that he had committed that murder, Don Duarte did not go near Doña Margarita for almost a whole year. And then—because his love for her would not suffer him to wait away from her longer—he went in the night-time to meet her once more at her window; and he had in his heart the wicked purpose to make her come out to him, and then to carry her off.

That did not happen—and what did happen is a terrible mystery. All that is known about it is this: Very early in the morning the neighbors living thereabout found Don Duarte dead on the Bridge of the Cleric; and holding him fast, a bony knee on his breast and two bony hands at his throat strangling him, was a skeleton. And the skeleton, Señor, was dressed in a black cassock, such as only clerics wear, and in the skull of it a rusty dagger was nailed fast. Therefore it became generally known that Don Duarte had murdered the Padre Don Juan; and that the skeleton of the Padre Don Juan had killed Don Duarte in just revenge.

### *The Legend of the Obedient Dead Nun*

It was after she was dead, Señor, that this nun did what she was told to do by the Mother Superior, and that is why it was a miracle. Also, it proved her goodness and her holiness—though, to be sure, there was no need for her to take the trouble to prove those matters, because everybody knew about them before she died.

My grandmother told me that this wonder happened in the convent of Santa Brígida when her mother was a little girl; therefore you will perceive, Señor, that it did not occur yesterday. In those times the convent of Santa Brígida was most flourishing—being big, and full of nuns, and with more money than was needed for the keeping of it and for the great giving of charity that there was at its doors. And now, as you know, Señor, there is no convent at all and only the church remains. However, it

was in the church that the miracle happened, and it is in the choir that Sor Teresa's bones lie buried in the coffin that was too short for her—and so it is clear that the story is true.

The way of it all, Señor, was this: The Señorita Teresa Ysabel de Villavicencio—so she was called in the world, and in religion she still kept her christened name—was the daughter of a very rich hacendado of Vera Cruz. She was very tall—it was her tallness that made the whole trouble—and she also was very beautiful; and she went to Santa Brígida and took the vows there because of an undeceiving in love. The young gentleman whom she came to know was unworthy of her was the Señor Carraza, and he was the Librarian to the Doctors in the Royal and Pontifical University—which should have made him a good man. What he did that was not good, Señor, I do not know. But it was something that sent Sor Teresa in a hurry into the convent: and when she got there she was so devout and so well-behaved that the Mother Superior held her up to all the other nuns for a pattern—and especially for her humility and her obedience. Whatever she was told to do, she did; and that without one single word.

Well, Señor, it happened that the convent was making ready, on a day, for the great festival of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe; and in the midst of all the whirling and buzzing Sor Teresa said suddenly—and everybody was amazed and wonder-struck when she said it—that though she was helping to make ready for that festival she would not live to take part in it, because the very last of her hours on earth was almost come. And a little later—lying on her hard wooden bed and wearing beneath her habit the wired shirt of a penitent, with all the community sorrowing around her—Sor Teresa died just as she said she would die: without there being anything the matter with her at all!

Because of the festival that was coming, it was necessary that she should be buried that very night. Therefore they made ready a comfortable grave for her; and they sent to the carpenter for a coffin for her, and the coffin came. And it was then, Señor, that the trouble began. Perhaps, because she was so very tall a lady,



the carpenter thought that the measure had not been taken properly. Perhaps, being all so flurried, they really had got the measure wrong. Anyhow, whatever may have set the matter crooked, Sor Teresa would not go into her coffin: and as night was near, and there was no time to make another one, they all of them were at their very wits' end to know what to do. So there they all stood, looking at Sor Teresa; and there Sor Teresa lay, with her holy feet sticking straight out far beyond the end of the coffin; and night was coming in a hurry; and next day would be the festival—and nobody could see how the matter was going to end!

Then a wise old nun came to the Mother Superior and whispered to her: telling her that as in life Sor Teresa had been above all else perfect in obedience, so, probably, would she be perfect in obedience even in death; and advising that a command should be put upon her to fit into the coffin then and there. And the old nun said, what was quite true and reasonable, that even if Sor Teresa did not do what she was told to do, no harm could come of it—as but little time would be lost in making trial with her, and the case would be the same after their failure as it was before. Therefore the Mother Superior agreed to try what that wise old nun advised. And so, Señor—all the community standing round about, and the candle of *Nuestro Amo* being lighted—the Mother Superior said in a grave voice slowly: "Daughter, as in life thou gavest us always an example of humility and obedience, now I order and command thee, by thy vow of obedience, to retire decorously within thy coffin: that so we may bury thee, and that thou mayest rest in peace!"

And then, Señor, before the eyes of all of them, Sor Teresa slowly began to shrink shorter—to the very letter of the Mother Superior's order and command! Slowly her holy feet drew in from beyond the end of the coffin; and then they drew to the very edge of it; and then they drew over the edge of it; and then they fell down briskly upon the bottom of it with a sanctified and most pious little bang. And so there she was, shrunk just as short as she had been ordered to shrink, fitting into her coffin as cozily as you please! Then they buried her, as I have

told you, Señor, in the comfortable grave in the choir that was waiting for her—and there her blessed shrunken bones are lying now.

### *The Legend of the Callejon del Armado*

This Alleyway of the Armed One, Señor, got its name because long ago—before it had any name at all—there lived in it an old man who went always clad in armor, wearing also his sword and his dagger at his side; and all that was known about him was that his name was Don Lope de Armijo y Lara, and that—for all that he lived so meanly in so mean a street in so mean a quarter of the city—he was a rich merchant, and that he came from Spain.

Into his poor little house no one ever got so much as the tip of his nose, and he lived alone there in great mystery. In spite of his riches, he had not even one servant; and he himself bought his own victuals and cooked them with his own hands. Always he was seen armed to the teeth [*armado hasta los dientes*] when he went abroad. Under his mean robe was a full suit of armor, and in his belt was a long dagger and a broad and very long sword; also, when at night he went out on strange errands, he carried a great pike. Therefore, presently, people spoke of him not as Don Lope but as *El Armado*—and so he was called.

That he was a wicked person was known generally. He was very charitable to the poor. Every morning he went to pray in the church of San Francisco; and he remained praying there for hours at a time, kneeling upon his knees. Also, at the proper seasons, he partook of the Sacrament. Some said that through the shut windows of his house, in the night-time, they had heard the sound of scourgings as he made penance for his sins.

In the darkness of the darkest of nights—when there was no moon, and especially when a dismal drizzling rain was falling—he would be seen to come out from his house in all his armor and go stealing away in the direction of the *Plazuela de Mixcalco*. He would disappear into the shadows, and not come back again until midnight had passed. Then he would be heard, in his shut house, counting his money. For a long while



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EL CALLEJÓN DEL ARMADO



that would go on—counting, counting, counting—there was no end to the clinking of silver coin. Then, when all his money was counted, would be heard the sound of scourging together with most lamentable and complaining groanings. And, at the end of all, would come a heavy clanking—as of a great iron cover falling heavily upon a chest of iron. After that there would be no sign of life about the house until the morning—when the Armed One would come forth from it and go to San Francisco to pray.

The life of that man was a bad mystery, Señor, that many wished to uncover by denouncing him to justice; but the un-

covering came of its own accord, and was a greater mystery still! On a morning, all the neighbors saw the Armed One hanging dead—hanging dead from his own balcony by a cord! No one knew what to think; but most thought that he had hung himself there in fear that denouncement of his crimes would be made and that justice would have its hold upon him. When the Alcalde came, and made search in his house, a very great sum of money was found; and, also, were found many skulls of men who certainly must have perished at his hands.

It is a most curious matter, Señor. I cannot see my way through it. But the house is gone.

## Broceliande

BY ERNEST RHYS

WITHIN the wood of Broceliande,  
 Enwrapt in smoke and thinnest air,—  
 Fine as the fume that quivers where  
 The sun-motes dance on the molten sand,—  
 Slept Merlin fast in Nimuë's hand.  
 But Merlin's dream she never knew:  
 There time drew back, while the white-owl flew  
 Unheard in the leaves of Broceliande,—  
 Broceliande!

Could we, though late in time, come there!

The children still bid Barenton  
 To laugh,—still look for Merlin's stair,  
 Where he stept down thro' the water there:  
 They call him back; but he sails far on  
 In his ship of glass to Avalon:  
 There, not a cry of earth comes through;  
 But every tear is a drop of dew,  
 Clear as the water of Barenton:  
 Oh Barenton,  
 Could we but sail with Merlin there!

Your leaves are green, Broceliande:  
 And Barenton, your well is clear  
 For all to drink; and for all that dare,  
 Another world lies below your sand,—  
 Another sea and another strand,—  
 Another sky; a White Isle too,  
 Where is no death, and dreams come true,  
 Past Barenton and Broceliande,—  
 Broceliande!  
 Could we but dream with Merlin there!



# The Road to Europe

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

THEY sat against their high-backed chairs and gazed at each other across the maps and guide-books with which the fine old mahogany was littered—if it were possible to conceive of litter in connection with anything belonging to Miss Isabel and Miss Luella.

The light of the perfectly tended lamp (they considered gas vulgar and electricity “crude”) shone on polished surfaces of teak-wood and mahogany, on the brasses of tall andirons and candelabra, and was reflected from the long mirror before it was given back again to the beautifully waxed wood floor. As if unconsciously, Miss Luella took out her pocket-handkerchief and softly wiped the table where a speck of dust had fallen.

“We must hope for the best,” she faltered.

“We must,” assented Miss Isabel, in a tone which implied the worst.

“Dorothy is very well-meaning,” said Miss Luella, still more uncertainly; “I—I am sure she will take every pains.”

“She is very well-meaning,” assented Miss Isabel, once more. She added slowly, “But she is young,—and the things are not *her* family things,”—as one grudgingly admitting two detracting circumstances.

“But they are Paul’s,” suggested Miss Luella, brightening.

“Paul is a man,” replied Miss Isabel, with a finality of statement which Miss Luella accepted. She sighed heavily, and then added hastily, with genuine accent of regret,

“Our poor uncle!”

“Yes,—our poor uncle,” echoed Miss Isabel. Their eyes met with a certain contrition, as if conscious of something belated in the mourning.

Both ladies wore that tempered black which speaks of bereavement, happily chastened by time or occult removes of relationship until it has the gravity without the gloom of loss. Miss Isabel wore

her grayer hair with greater severity above her mild George Washington features, while Miss Luella betrayed her character of younger sister in her mathematically crimped hair and the mild abandonment to superfluous folds of *crêpe*, bespeaking a more frivolous temperament. The distinct aristocracy of New England looked out of both faces, made itself visible in the movements of their slender hands and bodies, and audible in their pleasant, neatly cut voices. College professors, judges, and governors had gone to the making of these cameo-finished ladies; “family” proclaimed itself as softly clear in them as from every article in the room about them.

The door opened and a sudden atmospheric change took place. It admitted a young man and a young woman, out of whose eyes looked many kinds of radiances, including that of youth. Each bestowed a kiss upon the thin cheek of either lady, and while the young woman drew another high-backed chair into the lamplight circle, the young man threw gayly down upon the table two little green-covered, many-leaved booklets.

“Well,” he exclaimed, joyously, “I’ve got them; here they are!”

The two elder ladies bent forward, tingling with excitement.

“Dear me,” said Miss Luella, fluttering, “are those really tickets?”

“They really are. Look here,”—he rippled the leaves,—“Naples,—Rome,—Genoa,—Florence,—Milan,—Lucerne,—Como! Doesn’t it stir your blood to hear the very names, Aunt Luella? Think of it,—blue skies, snow mountains, the Alps, Italy, the lakes, glaciers, cathedrals. Oh my!” He drew a long sigh.

“My dear Paul,” deprecated Miss Isabel—but she smiled, with a reflected glow in her own cheeks,—“does it really take us to all those places?” she added, and her head and Miss Luella’s drew together.



Over them their nephew shot a tender, humorous glance at the smiling eyes beyond.

"The Rhine, Isabel!" exclaimed Miss Luella, in an awed whisper. "We must stop off at Cologne,—you remember Professor Grace's description of the Cathedral?"

"Lucerne, Luella," responded Miss Isabel. "We must ascend the Rigi. Dr. Mackintosh spoke of that as memorable. You are sure our tickets allow us to stop off, Paul?"

"Anywhere between New York and London,—on land, that is. You'd better do it all."

"We certainly ought to improve the opportunity to the utmost," said Miss Isabel, firmly.

"I only wish we were better prepared to do so." Miss Luella sighed a little, softly.

"Why, what else have you been doing but preparing for the last six months? Aunt Isabel and you have bodily assimilated the entire Athenæum and the Tabard Inn to boot."

"Six months is a very short time in which to master whole civilizations and histories," replied Miss Isabel. "I hope we have been in a manner preparing all our lives."

"We have read all the standard works," said Miss Luella, eagerly, "and the list Professor Grace and Dr. Mackintosh were so kind as to prepare for us,—and Mommsen (who, I must confess, is somewhat abstruse).—and Hare's *Walks*, and studied our Baedekers very faithfully, but there is still so much in which we are deficient."

"It has made the winter most interesting," conceded Miss Isabel, graciously, "for we have made a point of attending all the lectures in any way bearing upon our trip. It has been like a course in Chautauqua."

They turned again to the little books with kindling faces.

"Chamounix,—think of Chamounix, sister! 'Hast thou a charm—'" breathed Miss Luella, softly.

"Mont Blanc, Luella! Jura, Monte Rosa!" admonished Miss Isabel.

"Yes,—oh dear me, yes! Switzerland,—Geneva!" the fine hands fluttered tremulously and the mild eyes brightened

above the delicately flushed cheeks. Youth in a moment seemed to have returned to both.

"After all," exclaimed Miss Isabel, sitting back in her chair and taking off her glasses, "I wonder if we should not have done better to choose the other route?"

Their nephew's eyes twinkled.

"Too late,—the die is cast!" he said, with an irrepressible note of exultation, revealing much past history.

"Yes," said Miss Isabel, her eye and Miss Luella's encountering in furtive avoidance.

"Yes,—there is nothing left but to pack you two blessed souls off as fast as possible. Dorothy and I are ready to move in at the word of command."

"We have a week yet," said Miss Isabel, hastily, and then added with even hastier compunction: "No doubt it is all right, and we fully appreciate all your kindness, my dear Paul,—and that of our uncle. We were, indeed, just saying when you came in how truly thoughtful and kind it was in your great-uncle to leave us this money to carry out our long-deferred desire."

"Yes, indeed,—we have always wished to go," chimed in Miss Luella, wistfully.

"I can't imagine why you didn't—years ago."

"There never was a time—" began Miss Isabel.

"No," repeated Miss Luella, "there never was a time—"

"While our parents lived, we should have felt it unfilial to leave them in their declining years,—and since their death we have never felt we could rightly afford it."

"You might have rented the house,—I could have found you any number of professors' families."

Miss Isabel drew herself up with an entirely unconscious stateliness.

"We have never contemplated that," she said, quietly.

"Oh no,—never," murmured Miss Luella, with gentle reproach.

"That makes it all the kinder," said Dorothy, laying a warm young hand on Miss Luella's, and darting a warning glance at her husband, "to trust it to me. I am so glad you feel you can."

"Oh, my dear," said Miss Luella,



pressing the hand, "you are quite one of the family, of course." She said it with guilty warmth and avoided looking at Miss Isabel.

"Well,—I shall do my best," said Dorothy, cheerfully.

"And I promise not to smoke indoors," added Paul, gayly.

"My dear Paul!—nobody has ever smoked here," Miss Isabel answered, with gentle finality.

Her nephew laughed. He had risen and was standing beside his wife, looking at the others with amused eyes, but stroking, as if unconsciously, his wife's rounded chin. Presently he slipped one hand beneath it, and remained thus, holding her face in the hollow of his caressing hand while he talked. Dorothy merely smiled. It was one of those little unconscious revelations which always stirred Miss Luella's pulses and brought the color softly to her faded cheeks,—suggesting the sweetness of an intimacy which set her maidenly heart to beating,—opening a vista on worlds more foreign than Europe. She wondered always at Paul's boldness, and whether Dorothy *quite* liked it. And she always decided that she did.

"Well, remember," said Paul,—"*the Prinzessin Irene* sails in just ten days."

"You will come over, Dorothy, daily," said Miss Isabel, anxiously. "There are so many things I can explain to you better on the spot."

"I have been wondering," she said, abruptly, when Miss Luella, returned from seeing the young people out of the door, found her standing before the sideboard, "whether— Do you think Dorothy would mind if I put this away?" She held up a cut-glass bowl, green as a beryl. "General Washington was served with punch from it, you know," she added, hastily.

Miss Luella caught her breath. "Do you think it would be quite—*nice*, Isabel?"

"Perhaps not." Miss Isabel put the dish back abruptly. "After all—she is not an Adams, you know."

"No," admitted Miss Luella. She added hopefully, "But she is a Windus."

"But *not* an Adams," Miss Isabel underlined, with emphasis.

"I am so glad I am not an Adams,"

Dorothy was exclaiming at that very moment in the safe seclusion of the studio where Paul and she had found sanctuary since their marriage. "Poor dear things! I believe if the truth were known they look upon us as two ramping dragons whom they are turning loose in their sacred precincts,—and they are *so* polite."

"Oh, it will do them good," said Paul, with masculine brutality. "They'll come back with all that nonsense knocked out of them."

"I can't imagine it," Dorothy replied. "I thank Heaven I didn't have any ancestry to speak of. You should have seen Aunt Isabel blush when she apologized for covering the parlor furniture; she said she knew men were sometimes unthoughtful (fancy her knowing *anything* about man, poor dear!), and it would save me responsibility. And when I found Aunt Luella polishing up the old Blue with a special cloth, she mentioned timidly, *casually*, that no servant had ever been allowed to touch it,—their mother always used to wipe it with her own hands, and Isabel and she had always done the same. And then she begged my pardon for mentioning it."

Paul threw back his head and laughed heartily, checking himself suddenly.

"Well, you know," he said, with unconscious complacency, "*it is* a pretty nice old place,—and when it comes to mahogany and china—and glass,—well, it beats New England."

Dorothy eyed him critically. "If you hadn't happened to be an artist, you would have been exactly like them. I can see it in your eyes and your way of fingering things. *That* saved you;—in you the personal has become the artistic; but if I thought you were *going* to be like that when you inherit them—"

"I'm not,—don't worry," said her husband, so hastily that Dorothy laughed.

"But, oh, Paul!" she exclaimed the next moment, with a sharply tragic note. "In a world so full of *other* things—than *things*—! Oh, were they ever young!"

She asked herself the question often in the succeeding days, as she followed the aunts about the house, asking directions and watching their minute previsions. They belonged to that class of





"WE MUST HOPE FOR THE BEST," MISS LUELLA FALTERED



gentlewomen whose clothes travel stuffed with tissue-paper and neatly stitched in every plait,—but at present their clothes were as nothing to them. Graver anxieties preoccupied them.

"On the 1st of April," said Miss Isabel, "we are accustomed to have the storm-door taken down and the storm-windows. Do you think Paul will remember?"

"And on the first *Monday* the man comes to clean the vines and set the bulbs and rake the beds," said Miss Luella.

"Every Saturday the rugs are taken out for the extra cleaning," continued Miss Isabel. "Mary is very good; she has been with us twelve years, but all servants need following up."

"These are the silver-cloths, and these the glass, and these are the coarse dusters, and these the fine; we have always been in the habit of dusting the dining-room ourselves—"

"On account of the Old Blue," put in Miss Luella.

"And the mahogany is *rubbed* every day,—not dusted merely, but *rubbed*," said Miss Isabel.

"And waxed weekly," added Miss Luella.

"Father's study and mother's sewing-room up-stairs we have never let any strange hand touch," Miss Isabel remarked, wistfully. "I suppose it seems foolish,—but Luella and I have had a feeling—"

"Yes, we have had a—feeling," murmured Miss Luella.

"You must try not to think of mine as a strange hand," said Dorothy, sweetly. The twofold look she received was her reward.

"It is so sweet of you to make it all so"—Miss Isabel's New England conscience hesitated at the word "easy" and compromised with—"possible. But for you we could not consider going at all. I am afraid it will take a great deal of your time."

"I have plenty of time," said Dorothy, "now that—" She turned abruptly aside and examined the construction of the refrigerator.

"Yes,—yes," Miss Luella covertly pressed her hand; "it will be an occupation for you;—it—it will help to distract your mind."

"The butter"—Miss Isabel resumed

her instructions—"is always kept on the second right-hand shelf of the built-in refrigerator; nothing *but* the butter and milk on these two shelves. Even Mary is apt to be careless about that; you will have to keep an oversight."

"It is lucky they go soon," said Dorothy, wearily, that night. "My mind is one chaos of things to do and not to do, and dates on which to do and not to do them."

"What is going to happen if you mix them up?" inquired Paul, with interest.

"That is what I am wildly impelled to know. I suppose it is just that they are wearing themselves out," she added, thoughtfully, "but it seems to me Aunt Isabel has lost ten pounds, and Aunt Luella looks fairly transparent. They don't eat; I wonder if they sleep."

"Oh, it's the excitement," said her husband. "Think of a trip to Europe at their age! Why—*nothing* has ever happened to them before. When they get on the boat they can lie still for ten days and rest up."

In fact, the two sisters stole about the house like shadows. They had fallen to speaking in lowered voices, as if there were a death in it, and to this the shrouded furniture and darkened rooms lent a verisimilitude. Miss Isabel spent much time filling sheets of foolscap with closely written direction in her fine sloping hand, and a series of "Memoranda of Most Important Things" for Dorothy. Miss Luella went noiselessly about, sewing things up and putting them away in camphor and tears.

"If anything should happen to us, Isabel," she explained, tremulously, one day when caught in the act.

"What *should* happen, Luella?" Miss Isabel cut her short, rebukingly. "And in any case we leave all our affairs in order."

It was true; they had made their wills and taken every precaution usually preceding suicide or a duel. Nevertheless, Miss Isabel's face, too, looked stricken as she turned away.

Paul himself was moved by their peaked expression on the last night of all. The young people had come to see if all was ready. The ship was to sail on a Saturday; the aunts were going to New York on Thursday; the chances of



a quicker connection would have seemed to them a tempting of Providence. Dorothy was to arrive in the morning and receive the keys and the last charges, Paul escorting the aunts even to the final drawing of the gangplank. He had hinted at Dorothy's companionship, excursions counting as blue roses to the young pair; and then he had not left Dorothy since the baby— But with one glance at the faces of the elder ladies Dorothy had promptly rebuffed the scheme.

"I should not think of leaving the house," she said.

There was something touching in the expression of the aunts' faces.

"We do not mean to be selfish," said Miss Isabel, "but—in fact, we should go off more happily knowing that the house was *not* left."

"We never *have* left it," explained Miss Luella, wistfully apologetic, "just with the servants. When we have gone to the White Mountains we have always had Cousin Clara—or some one—to stay here."

"I sha'n't leave it, either," said Dorothy, manfully.

Her husband pressed her arm tenderly on the way home.

"Cheer up," he said, encouragingly. "It 'll only be for three months, and think what Europe means for them! Oh, Dorothy, think what it would mean to us!" he exclaimed, with involuntary wistfulness.

For reply, Dorothy patted his arm softly.

Meanwhile that enviable pair, the aunts, were fulfilling their nightly office of "closing the house." It had all the sacredness of a traditionary rite and was performed with a ritual deliberateness and precision.

For "the last time"—giving the words their heavy significance—they performed the rite now, in silence, with a slow reluctance. One by one Miss Isabel tried every window and door and put up the door-chain. Miss Luella, following in her track, slipped the brass hair-pins over every turned key. Proceeding to the kitchen, Miss Isabel made a brief housewifely inspection, seeking for maculacy in the immaculate, and turned out the gas, while Miss Luella possessed herself

of the silver-basket, neatly arranged in counted rows within by Ellen.

The library was invariably left to the last, and on its threshold both sisters paused, looking about with dim eyes.

"It is the last time, Isabel," faltered Miss Luella.

Miss Isabel said nothing. She adjusted with the touch of love and reverence the inkstand, and moved fractionally the book which had lain in one particular spot for fourteen years. To both sisters the room was full of a presence stately and benignant. The man of letters, the distinguished college professor, the man not without honor anywhere in his country, but who had attained its climax in his own household, had never been dead to them.

"I hope," said Miss Luella, with a little gulp, "he approves what we are doing."

"Luella," replied Miss Isabel, sternly, "you *know* he would approve. He always held it a duty to improve ourselves."

"I know, sister—" Miss Luella struggled with her emotions. "But he always thought so much of his—his study; and when I think that all these"—she swept a tremulous hand vaguely about—"will be only chairs—and tables—and—and books to others, and that we are the only ones who know—who really care,—it seems like forsaking a trust."

Miss Isabel did not immediately answer. She moved across the room to a little round, polished table, worn beautiful in the manner of fine old things with use. Presently she took out her pocket-handkerchief and rubbed something away.

"There was a spot," she said, hastily.

"A spot," repeated Miss Luella; "why, how could that be!" She drew near and peered closely, putting her finger on the damp smooch, then she looked up with a sudden apprehension of dismay; but Miss Isabel's eye held her with a stern defiance. Miss Luella looked down again in confusion.

"Somehow,—I don't know why it is, but I can't help remembering everything to-night," she said, softly, with another little gulp. "All the games we used to play around this table when we were children,—and all the whist games with our parents. Our mother always sat here—I can tell by the little scratch (you remember, Isabel, it would never polish



away),—it was the diamond ring on her left hand that did it. And our father—always sat *there* by you— Oh dear,” Miss Luella turned away with a gasp, “I—I am very childish, I’m afraid.”

“You are,” said Miss Isabel, sternly. “You would better take some hot cocoa and go to bed; I told Mary to leave some.”

They halted once more in the hall before the tall clock.

“I explained to Dorothy that it has always been wound at eight o’clock precisely every Sunday morning,” said Miss Luella, “just as when our father was alive;—but who knows if she will remember?” There was silence.

“He—he was always very particular about it,” faltered Miss Luella again.

Miss Isabel said nothing. She waited at the foot of the stair, a hand on the gas-burner, till Miss Luella, obedient to the stony hint, had safely mounted with her burden of silver. At the head of the stairs the sisters parted without a word, each retiring to her own room and bed.

To bed—but not to sleep. Miss Luella, turning on hers in an agony of feverish distresses, counted the hours as the tall clock, which had seen so many generations of Adamsons in and out, struck them, always with a preliminary whirr of announcement; and in between she listened to the tick-tock of its stately pendulum. How would it be when she would lie awake in strange cities, trying to hear that ticking and realizing that between it and her stretched inexorable days and nights of land and sea? The homesickness which came upon her left her gasping on her pillow.

“It will kill me!” she said, aloud. “I shall die over there!”

And a still deeper horror smote her with the vision of that foreign death, away from all that had ever surrounded the dying Adamsons, bereft of every dear sight, of every familiar, homely object the dim eye would choose to close upon, and in that awful, alien stillness where no clock-tick could ever reach. An insanity of loneliness came upon her; she sprang from her bed, and putting on her gray bedgown and slippers, stole across the hall to Miss Isabel’s room. She stepped cautiously to the bedside and stretched a furtive hand, then recoiled with dismay:—*Isabel was not there.*

“She is dead!” thought Miss Luella, in the grasp of her nightmare. “This is the end of everything,—and Isabel is dead! It has killed her;—I knew it!”

She struck a match with shaking hands and lighted the candle. Isabel had *not been to bed at all*. Her clothes, neatly folded in accordance with lifelong practice, in readiness for the hypothetical “man” whom chances of fire, burglary, or sudden death might introduce unforeseen into a maidenly chamber, lay on the chair; the bedclothes were turned back with the precision of years, but there was not a line on the smooth surface of the bed, and the pillow was undented. Miss Luella, seizing the candle, fled through successive rooms—bath-room, spare room, their mother’s room, she found the doors of all open,—but no Isabel. Then she staggered down the stairs.

“I never had Isabel’s strength of character,” she thought. “She has been shutting everything up in herself,—but it has been killing her!”

She wasted no time on the hall or parlor; instinct told her where to look now; and there in the library a candle burned low in the socket, guttering in a manner in which no candle had ever guttered in Miss Isabel’s presence before, and in the depths of their father’s chair sat a gray figure, in bedgown and slippers the twin of Miss Luella’s, its hands folded on its knees. It turned two age-sleepless eyes upon Miss Luella, but said not a word; and as if no word were necessary, Miss Luella set her candle down beside the other, and flinging herself beside Miss Isabel, buried her head on her knees.

Half an hour later, in the gray dawn, as Mary came down the back stairs two thin figures stole with guilty noiselessness up the front ones, carrying with them their extinguished candles.

“This,” said Paul, some hours later still, “is the limit!”

Dorothy and he had come to a halt on the threshold of the breakfast-room. The two ladies at table therein turned serenely smiling faces towards them. They were a trifle dark under the eyes, and Miss Luella’s hands fluttered more than usual, but nothing in their immaculate





OUT ON THE GRAVEL WALK THEY CAME TO A STANDSTILL



array indicated the haste of travellers, nor was there hurry or confusion anywhere about them. Oatmeal was being served in the blue Nankin, over which they seemed to be lingering with an epicurean fineness of delay. The table wore its finest damask, and through the unshuttered windows the sun streamed on the uncovered old mahogany, and Mary stole about with no more than her usual well-trained, noiseless briskness. Dorothy all but rubbed her eyes.

"I have heard," remarked Paul, "of the repose of Vere de Vere, but that of the Adamses 'lays over.' Have you forgotten you are going to Europe to-day?"

"We are so glad you have come, my dear Paul," replied Miss Isabel, suavely. "Pray sit down,—there is something we wish to say to you and Dorothy."

Something in the air rather than in the words caused the young people to sink meekly into the designated chairs, exchanging one quick glance.

"Your aunt Luella and I," began Miss Isabel,—and her nephew could admire the even tones, even while marvelling at her rising flush and Miss Luella's hands fluttering more and more,—*"have been thinking it all over, and we have decided that we feel unequal to such a trip,—that we—do not really wish to go. In fact,"* she wound up with sudden energy, *"we have quite decided not to go."*

Dorothy and Paul exchanged stupefied glances.

"It has gone to their heads!" said Dorothy's.

"They are stark, staring mad!" said Paul's.

"We fully appreciate your great-uncle's intention," continued Miss Isabel. "We are not ungrateful;—but we feel he could not wish us to go if he knew how we feel about it, and that the spirit of his legacy will be carried out just as completely if *you* go."

Paul gasped. His eye began to glow; he turned it—an almost pathetic question in its light—upon Dorothy, and was met by an indignant shake of the head. He drew a long breath.

"You dear, self-abnegating souls! What kind of brutes do you take us for? As if we would—! Why, we'd *far* rather have you go than even go ourselves."

"And we would *far* rather have *you*

go," replied Miss Isabel, with unsuspected emphasis. She stopped and looked at Miss Luella.

Miss Luella's hands were working wildly; she was very pale, and now she half rose suddenly from her chair.

"Sister—we cannot allow them to think it is a sacrifice!" She turned to the young people. "It would be a sacrifice to go. There are—things you could not understand. We—are no longer young. And we feel," she added, hastily, catching Paul's eye, "that we have in great measure obtained the benefit of the trip in the course of our reading and preparation."

"But you haven't," replied her nephew, harshly. "You know nothing about it,—you've seen nothing, you've been nowhere,—you haven't the faintest notion what you are giving up, and if you don't go now you never *will* have." His voice rang with exasperation and indignation. "But *I* know, and I tell you—it is your *duty* to go."

"Dear Paul,—you see it from your point of view," replied Miss Luella. "To *you* such a trip would have real value, I dare say." She spoke with a gentle condescension, at which her nephew stared again.

"I dare say it would," he answered, dryly; then his exasperation redoubled. "Aunt Isabel—" he turned with desperation to that lady.

"My dear Paul"—she met him with decision,—"*we* are not going; that is final. The only question, then, to discuss is—can you and Dorothy go? It seems a pity to waste the tickets. On the other hand—can you get ready in twelve hours?"

Paul exchanged a third glance with his wife.

"In one," he said.

"In two," said Dorothy.

"Then," said Miss Isabel, rising, "that is settled."

"Not quite." It was Dorothy who spoke. She leaned forward on the table, fronting with her young gravity each of the flushed faces in turn. Under her direct gaze the elder ladies winced slightly. "It is not settled," said Dorothy, quietly, "until Paul and I know why you are really giving up such a beautiful, helpful thing,—until we know



what you really have in your hearts and that you are never going to regret it. Aunt Isabel—Aunt Luella,—what is it that is really keeping you?"

The two pairs of eyelids fluttered helplessly and fell. Miss Luella's hands went nervously to her throat. Dorothy continued to gaze at them remorselessly.

"Is it the house?" she asked, clear but low; and as she saw the color deepen in both faces, her own flushed suddenly with a kind of indignant shame. "It is the house," she exclaimed.

Miss Isabel looked up. In the faces bent almost sternly opposite she read youth's whole arraignment; there was something august on those young foreheads and in their kindling eyes. She felt pathetically ashamed, and her eyes wandered uncertainly about the room for a justification.

"There are—there are *ties*," she murmured,—“there are things you could not understand.”

"*Things!*" echoed her nephew, with indignant scorn. "Yes, that is just it,—there are *things*. Aunt Isabel, you and Aunt Luella are joined to your idols."

"Perhaps we are," faltered Miss Isabel, with unexpected meekness. Then she added, with equally unexpected mingling of religion and blasphemy, "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Paul merely gasped. It was Dorothy—no Adams, but a mere Windus—who seemed struck chiefly by the remark. She remained a moment considering Miss Isabel with a new expression; then rising, moved suddenly towards where she stood, gray-haired and defiant, behind her chair. Slipping one hand over the fine, wrinkled one lying like carved ivory along the lustrous mahogany, she sank forever the last racial inferiority in one straight glance of a yet deeper kinship. Older than family is sex and the understanding of sex.

"We will go, Aunt Isabel!"

"Thank you, my dear."

There was a moment of embarrassment, broken by Miss Isabel's ringing the bell for Mary.

"You will have a great deal to do," she said, quite in her usual manner. "Come back and dine with us to-night; Ellen can telephone for a carriage to take you to the station. Your aunt Luella and I have a great many things to attend to—" Through a momentary hesitation a rising note of liberation began to find its way. "We have decided"—and now the note rang out irrepressible—"that it will be wise to take advantage of the condition of the house and give it a thorough spring cleaning *now*."

"Yes, dear Paul,—dear Dorothy," echoed Miss Luella, pressing their hands, "we shall see you to-night," and in her eyes, too, there was a light of emancipation, before which the young people, rendered dumb again, beat a quick retreat.

Out on the gravel walk in front of the house they came to a dazed standstill. Paul mechanically held his hat in his hand, and Dorothy's eyes blinked unseeing. The sunlight, the spring grass, and the early crocuses were full of promises. The little gravelled path led straight to Europe, yet they stood fast-rooted. Presently Mary, her head bound in a handkerchief, flung wide the parlor windows and began vehemently pounding cushions. Up-stairs, the shapes of Miss Isabel and Miss Luella flitted actively back and forth, bearing strange burdens. From the rear of the kitchen came a noise of beaten carpets. Out of its body of a living death the house had arisen and clothed itself with new vitality.

Mechanically Paul put on his hat; the eyes of the young people met—solemnly.

"But when they *have* to die—?" said Dorothy.

Her husband shivered slightly in the sunlight, and moving together with a common impulse, they started away—down the little path that led to Europe.



# The Net-making Caddis-Worm

BY HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

ACCURATE accounts of insect architecture, especially if written with vivacity, are and always have been interesting. Not only students of entomology, but the general public have taken rare pleasure in noting the structures reared by the more gifted and better-known representatives of the insect world. Doubtless this interest and this pleasure result largely from the contrast between the insignificant size and limited powers of these creatures and their comparatively vast and ingenious creations.

The architecture of such social insects as ants, bees, and wasps is wrought by the adult, or imago. The immature individuals are helpless charges upon the community, and upon them centre its chief concern, labor, and skill. In this respect they resemble human infants; and the question arises whether to this fact may not be due the development of those striking suggestions of human communal methods which many observers note in their behavior? Not until they have passed their pupal state and gained maturity do they enter upon an active career and begin to contribute to the general achievements of their race. The architectural instinct awakens with that sense of communal responsibility which comes with the adult stage.

There are, however, many families of insects with whom this quality is reversed. The architectural instinct is inborn with the larvæ and is wanting or quiescent in adults. While the former give some rare examples of skill in sheltering and caring for themselves, the latter live uninteresting lives; except in the maternal act of perpetuating their species, which for a brief period excites the female to interesting activity ere the spark of life expires. As the larvæ of these insects are solitary, and nature thrusts upon them responsibility for their own nurture and preservation, the possession of an adequate instinct is essential. It is the

purpose of this article to give a record, with illustrations, of that instinct as shown in the life of a single example of one of these species—the Net-making Caddis-worm.

There are few familiars of American and English fresh-water streams who do not know something of the case-making caddis-worm. It has the curious habit of covering the silken case in which it encloses its soft body with minute pebbles, or grains of sand and tiny shells, or bits of grass and leaves, and walking about with it on the bottom of running brooks and creeks, until ready to pass from the larval stage. Then it fixes its case to a convenient rock or pebble and shuts itself in to pupate. A score or more of such cases may be found upon a stone as big as one's fist. To the oddity of its appearance is due its wide popularity; and certainly it is a curious object as it slowly plods along beneath its mosaic-work armor of tiny stones, ever and anon thrusting its head and the upper part of its body out of its artificial shell.

But one rarely hears of the net-weaving caddis. The writer confesses that until recently he knew it only from the books. While collecting a few specimens of the familiar armor-plated species from Brookcamp Run, a stream that passes through an open wood on his country place, he drew from the water many of the peculiar domiciles of a net-making species, probably *Macronema rebratum* Hagen. His interest in them grew, and led to prolonged studies, some of which he hopes the reader will be glad to share with him.

Let us remove from this short stretch of riffle some of the stones that line the bottom. Our tray contains not only the compact pellet-covered tubular cases of the familiar caddis-fly just mentioned, but many others of a quite different structure. They are little piles of peb-





LARVAL CAIRNS OR DOMICILES OF NET-MAKING CADDIS-WORM

bles held loosely together by silken threads; yet they adhere to one another and to their stone "host" firmly enough to resist the action of the current and the strain of removal. A number of specimens gathered three months ago show the little cairns unbroken.

They are made up of pebbles from the bigness of a pea to that of a peanut. Some lie upon the bottom in separate masses; most are attached to small stones of various sizes. Some of the pebbles are flat, and cover the others like a roof; indeed, one or more pieces of goodly size, leaned up one against the other, may usually be found in every group. All are so arranged as to form a rude sort of den or hut. In fact, they are the larval homes of the net-making caddis-worm—an insect which belongs to the same order as the case-making caddis (Trichoptera), but to a different family (Hydropsychidæ).

Let us pull apart one of these stone domiciles. Here within the den, and commonly within a small tube, or a cavity, sometimes sparsely, sometimes thickly silk-lined, is the inhabitant. It is an active larva about three-fourths of an inch long, and one finds others of various shorter lengths, but few larger. The old name of "worm" clings to it, for in the

early usage of the English tongue the scientific difference between a true worm and an insect larva was not regarded, and the habit persists. The larva is not stout or "chunky," but is rather elongated and narrow, and not uncomely in appearance, at least to the nature-lover's eye. Some specimens (collected in April) are tawny yellow, the head and two succeeding joints being dark brown. Others and younger specimens (taken July 27) have the middle and terminal joints pale green. The head is flat and snakelike in appearance, the eyes small but prominent.

To the end of the body are attached two anal appendages, which terminate in bunches of flaring bristles. Just beneath each appendage is a tiny hook, by which the larva anchors itself to some point within its nest, or to any other object, and can thus swing free beyond its tube and cairn without being carried away by the current. When from any cause it is set adrift, or ventures out of its bounds, these anchor-hooks must be of great use in aiding it to control its course and destination. When it wishes to stop, it has simply to "cast anchor" and hold on with its grapnels. When it wants to move on, it "hoists anchor" and drifts away. When forced out of its domicile,



it can move about with much freedom; but in its native waters it probably keeps close to its own castle.

Net-making caddis-worms are numerous in Brookcamp Run, as they doubtless are in most American streams. Nearly every stone within the riffles, or parts where the brook runs rapidly—which are the favorite sites for caddis settlements,—has one or more caddis-cairns upon it. As one looks down into the water he sees that many of the rocks, pebbles, sunken twigs, and other objects are covered with threadlike streamers, one end of which is free and floats downward with the current. Most of these are hydropsychid threads, and are covered with fine sediment. When taken from the water they collapse into a mass of slime. Other objects, as the trailing leaves of water-grasses, are similarly covered.

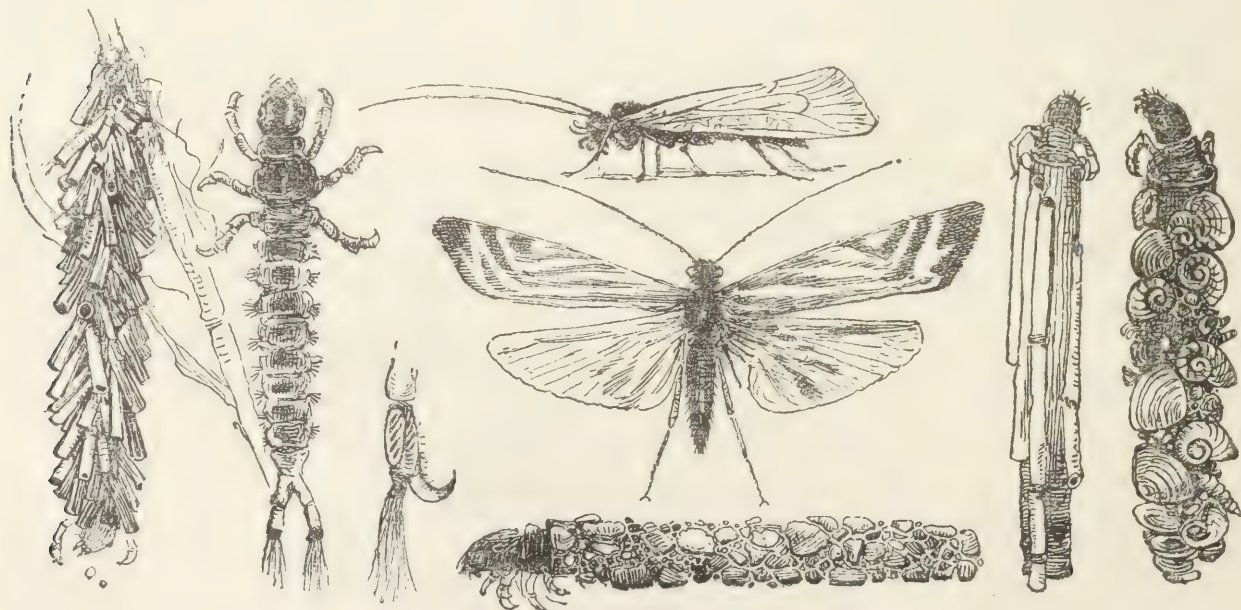
It is interesting to think how this habit of the caddis to fasten its threads upon rocks, and the habit of the threads to pick up sediment, may have contributed to affect the course of nature. Surfaces thus clogged by this and by other means gradually accumulate refuse of soil, of leaves, of chippage and decaying matter. Germs of water-plants lodge therein; a rock-garden is formed; more and bulkier matter is assembled. The bed of the stream, the foot of the bank, and even the channel are affected. Little islets appear, and these slowly increase. Thus the changes go on, those

minute and ceaseless changes by which, in the slow movement of ages, the face of nature is varied and renewed. One always must count upon the value of seemingly trifling forces and phenomena in the processes of world-building.

As one looks at these rude dens, he naturally asks, how were the pebbles that compose them assembled? Does the little cairn-builder collect, select, and arrange them? Are they chance accumulations? It may be that many of the pieces drift before the current when detached from the bed of the brook by the action of the stream, or by the movements of the multitude of water denizens, such as small fish, frogs, water-snakes, crabs, and sundry insect larvæ, and become entangled in the sticky threads which caddises fasten to their lodging-rock. Thus their great variety of form may be partly due to the chance action of the riffle.

But the builders certainly have control over the position of the several pieces. This appears from the general design of the structures, which, with all their irregularity, are plainly intended for dwelling-places, and admirably serve their end. The pebbles are so adjusted that the silken tubes, above referred to as occupying the cavities formed within the heaps, have sufficient room, with free points of entrance and exit.

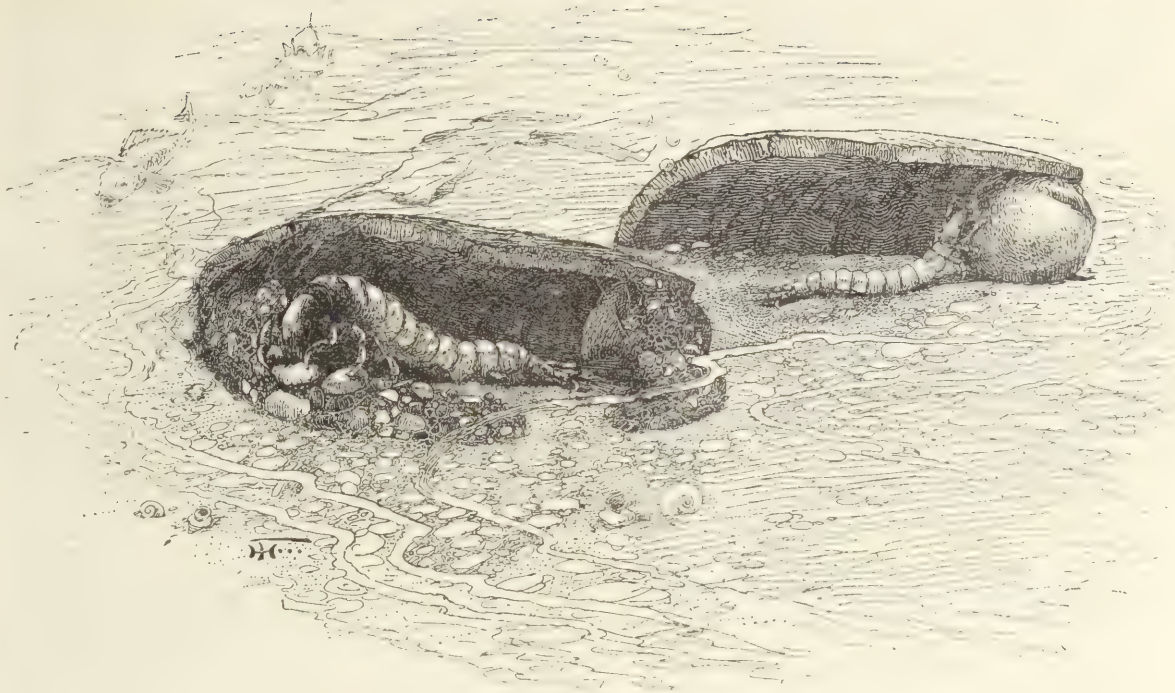
However, one likes to bring personal observation to determine such a point. To lie or crouch for hours upon the



NET-MAKING CADDIS-FLY, IMAGO, LARVA, AND HOOK

Also case-making caddis-worms





#### NET-MAKING CADDIS-WORM BUILDING ITS UNDER-WATER CAIRN

The upper figure shows an earlier stage, the lower the pebble wall further advanced

sloping bank of a brook and watch the movements of water-larvæ is not just now possible to the writer, although he has spent many pleasant hours in such studies in earlier years. Let us see what can be done by creating for our net-making caddis an artificial environment that may tempt it to show its methods. A long shallow pan filled with water was transformed for the nonce into a miniature brook, and in it were placed several stones with hydropsychid cairns built upon them. The collection was taken to the house and put under observation. Soon the larvæ, who easily knew that something out of the way had befallen them, crawled from their dens. Then the stones were removed, and over the bottom of the pan, which had been covered with sand, were strewn pebbles like those of which the cairns are composed, and the long watch for building operations began.

Let us follow the behavior of one nearly full-grown larva, as typical of all others. It had found refuge, after much wandering, against one side of a water-logged bit of wood, one end of which rested against a pebble as big as a filbert. The chip was so shaped that it sloped upward from the bottom, forming a projection like the eaves of a roof.

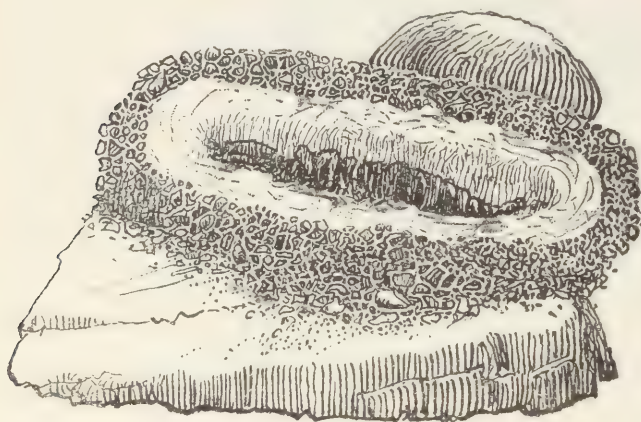
A number of sand pellets as large as rice grains, and some as big as a pea, lay beside it.

The larva began work by clearing away the sand in the angle formed by the chip where it rested against the pebble and made a snug corner that promised to be the nucleus of a den. It bored into the underlying sand until a small cavity was formed, almost large enough to contain its body. Then it turned to the pellets in front. It moved its jaws—the under part of its head—many times over them, smearing them with a viscid secretion from its silk-glands. The pieces were thus glued together in a loose bunch, and ere one could make out exactly the process, were lifted and “butted” up against the pebble buttress. There they dangled, in the fashion of a bead necklace, and formed the beginning of a wall that was planned to enclose the angle made by the upward slant of the chip. When the wall was formed (by the same method) a circular space was cleared away near its union with the pebble, apparently the beginning of a tubular case of which this would be the door. The chief instruments in these acts were the head and fore paws; but undulatory movements of the body, kept up with almost rhythmic regularity, seemed to be



effective in shaping the interior space and the general line of the wall.

While thus engaged the little architect would now and then be lost to sight. But the agitation of the sand and the



PUPAL CASE OF A NET-MAKING CADDIS-WORM,  
OPENED TO SHOW DEAD PUPA WITHIN

palpitation of the chip showed that it was at work underneath. At times it would reappear, to add to, or strengthen its outer wall. Often it would thrust out the fore part of the body alone, and move it about, weaving threads to tie or cement together the sand grains with which it was building. Meanwhile it seemed to be anchored by its anal hooks to some point within.

Having thus been permitted to uncover the secrets of its craft, I was loath to disturb the little mason and destroy its work. But hardening my heart "in the interest of science," I lifted up the brown water-logged chip which had been the background of the larva's operations. Down fell the wee protecting wall of threaded sand pellets; the builder wriggled its protest and fled; and, as expected, there appeared a tubular space which had been cleared away by pushing and packing the sand to either side. This was meant to be the refuge and home den, and in due time would have been hung and carpeted with silken tapestry, and so have become the tubular pupal case of a net-making caddis-fly. Later in the season the mode of building here described was confirmed by observations fortunately made upon a half-grown larva working in natural site within the run itself.

Curiosity having been satisfied, the ingenious builder was replaced in favor-

able conditions, and left to restore its fallen house or erect a new one. The pan was covered with netting in the hope that the larva would pupate, and by and by emerge as an imago or perfect hydropsychid fly, and thus be captured and identified. This hope was disappointed; but within the pan was found, beneath a small cairn, a tough silken tubular case which held the dead body of a pupa. This marked the failure of some larva to attain its perfect life. It was the remains of our little builder, or mayhap of one of its fellows.

Another characteristic of hydropsychid cairns, and the most striking of all, is now to be told: they are fishing-lodges! This cairn-making caddis is a fisher-worm, and earns its title of "net-making" or "net-building" by taking its prey in a woven net which is spread against some part of its cairn, or annex thereto, usually near the circular door of the tube. As the cairns are placed on the edge or facing the course of the current, such small-fry larvæ as it feeds upon drift into and are stopped by or entangled within the net, and thus are captured.

While noting the structure and arrangement of several of these nets grouped upon a plate, my thoughts, by that strange power of association which puzzles philosophers, were carried back through half a century to boyhood fishing-days in eastern Ohio. I seemed to see a dam of loosely placed boulders, built across a clear running stream at the point where the riffle is most marked. A square wooden frame, wedged tightly into an open space in the dam, holds the wide mouth of a funnel-shaped fishing-net which is stretched backward against the current, and is fastened to a stake at the tapering point. Midway, the net narrows to a small circular opening that leads into the meshed pouch at the net's end which forms the trap. The fish, swimming up against the stream, as is their wont, enter the large square frame, and pass through the small inner circular door, and so are bagged. The farmer lads, who mostly practised this sort of fishing in those days, called the contrivance a "set-net."



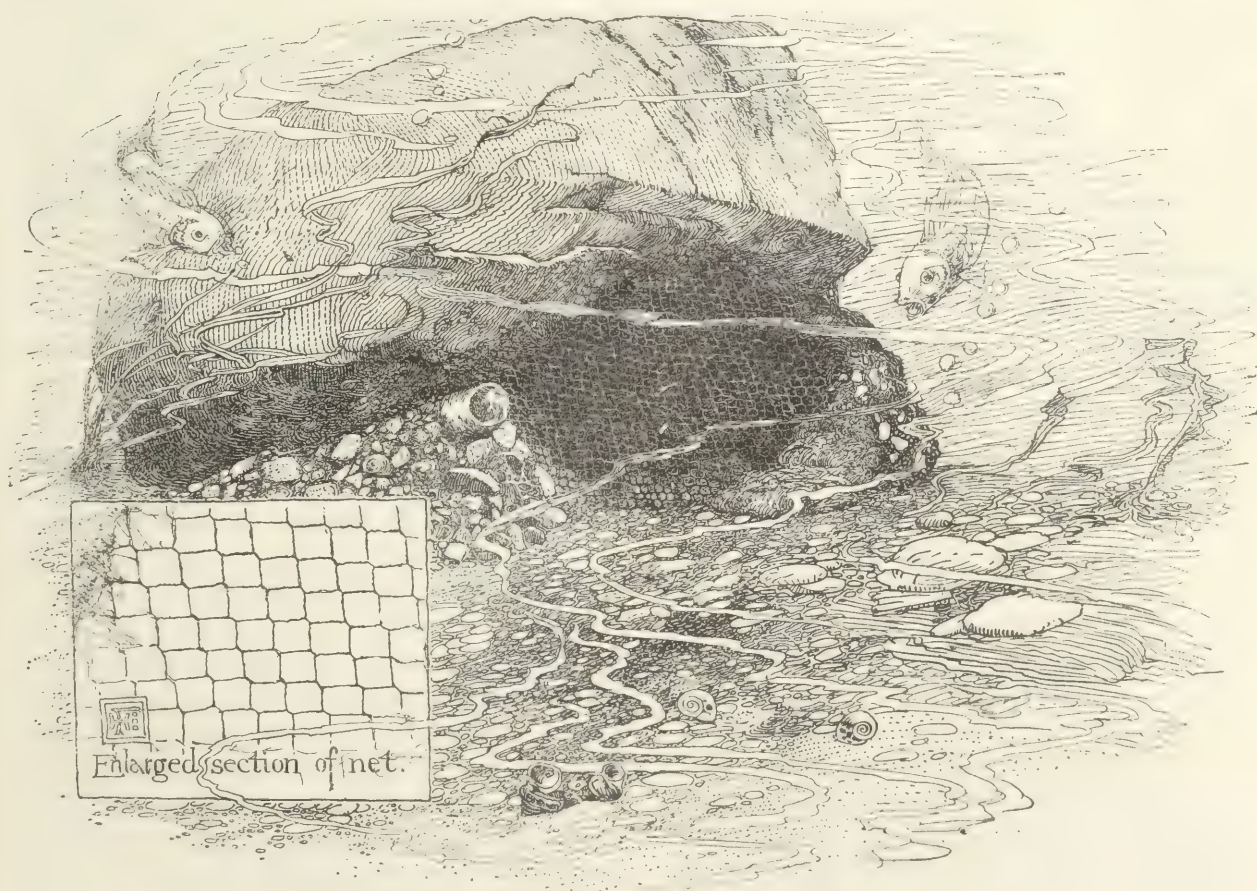
How like the method of our Hydropsychid larva!—only, it reverses the position of the net, and traps its prey as they move with the current, not against it. Is it strange that these structures should have suggested the set-net fishing of boyhood experience? Here is one before me, placed at the end of a conical basketlike frame whose bowed ribs are tiny sprays of grass bent and lashed together by silken ropelets. It is rarely human in its style!—as though it might have been the work of veritable fairies.

The nets are irregular in shape, the average of several measured being one-fourth to three-eighths of an inch long and wide. The minute meshes are as regularly shaped as those of our own hand-knitted fishing-nets, and are of the same form. One net numbered about 800 within the above space. Perhaps one may appreciate the delicacy of touch and the machinelike accuracy shown in weaving this dainty lacelike work if he will mark off a block a quarter of an inch square and draw within it twenty-six vertical lines crossed by thirty parallel ones, keeping the interspaces of

equal size. He will thus have well-nigh copied the caddis-worm's product.

It is interesting to note that the same peculiarity marks the meshes of the inner section of an orb-weaving spider's snare, and doubtless is produced in the same way. When a thread is spun across the series of radiating lines, the cross-line adheres to the radius; and when it is passed to the next radius the pull upon the one just left draws it a little out of line. This gives the meshes the form of rectangles some of whose corners have been slightly trimmed off. The whole effect is that of a highly artificial and man-made implement. Doubtless the form of the meshes in our caddis-worm's set-net is produced in the same way.

It is suggestive of the unity of thought pervading nature that a contrivance of Man the Manufacturer and head of animate creation to capture water food and an implement wrought for the same purpose by a caddis-larva which holds so low a grade in the scale of being should be wrought upon the same general plan and in nearly the same form. And further, that a spider, another animal



CAIRN OF NET-MAKING CADDIS-WORM, SHOWING ITS NET AND SILKEN TUBE





A MINIATURE FISHING-LODGE

A basketlike frame to the net of a Hydropsychid Caddis-worm. Net one-fourth inch square

of low grade, should use to capture its insect food a tool of much the same style; as man also uses his nets for snaring birds and small land beasts.

The hydropsychid larva not only holds its cairn as a domicile, fishing-lodge, and fortress, but makes it the scene of its pupation and transformation. It seals itself within its silken case and awaits the great change, while the brook ripples above it. Sometimes its case proves to be its sarcophagus; but if it survive the ordeal, in due time it awakens, and with the nature-given consciousness that a new life in a new element awaits it, cuts its way through the self-woven swathements, mounts to the surface of the water, and finding rest upon some water-plant or projecting rock, casts its pupal skin.

This and the succeeding history have not yet been written, and are facts of reasonable inference. Perhaps it may break from the pupal skin at the surface itself—a delicate and instantaneous act which one would think needs the deftest doing. For the water runs briskly, and the least untoward movement might lead to the wrecking of the dainty craft, or the wetting of the expanding wings, which would

hinder escape from the turbulent element it is forsaking. This instantaneous expansion of the wings and upspringing in flight from the fragile boatlet tossing upon the riffle is a scene that may well give play to poet's fancy and romancer's imagination. One readily sees how men and women who have lived close to nature have caught from such scenes the inspiration which has peopled meadow and brookside and grove with fairy folk, and woven about them the spell of fairy lore.

Once launched upon the air, the brief imago life begins. The perfect flies are often seen about the margins of streams. They love shady places. They are night-flying insects, and may be assembled by a bright light. Still forming our natural history from analogy of her near kindred, we may see the female hydropsychid ovipositing upon the foliage of some plant growing within or upon the margin of the stream. She may even crawl down a stem into the water to place her eggs. From these in due time come the larvæ whose form and industrial manner this paper aims to tell; and thence the cycle of life recommences and runs endlessly on.



# A Doll

BY ALICE MACGOWAN

EVERY time the wagon went to Antelope from Three Sorrows ranch the little girl had been promised a doll. The promise was freshly made when came the journey to the larger and more distant town of Amarillo—a business trip, but father would find time to look up the biggest doll there and bring it to her. And again the childish hope was disappointed; again the careless, irresponsible, doting father, who would not for the world have struck his motherless child or allowed any pain to come near her which he could himself prevent, unconsciously pierced her to the heart.

But now the long-talked-of pilgrimage to Fort Worth was at hand. And now father was actually off; and now the beautiful doll was certain to come home with him!

The evening of Van Brunt's departure—and every evening after that till the momentous one which brought the traveller back—Hilda crept up into the lap of old Hank Pearsall, the ranch boss, to tell him over and over how long the doll was to be, how blue its eyes, how golden its hair, and what pretty tan shoes and white kid hands it should have, what dainty garments it should wear. The old cattleman had taken the forlorn pair—the small child and the father, a New York club-man, almost as helpless as she—into his big, fond, empty heart. Of Hilda he had made an especial pet, teaching her a new name for himself, and adopting the title of Petty as his own designation for her. “So long, Uncle Hank—oh, every bit this long! See? And blue eyes—like yours, Uncle Hank; not black, like mine and papa’s,” she would urge.

And Uncle Hank's admired blue eyes would dwell upon her a little anxiously. His last words to the young employer as he handed up his valise at the train (he had driven Van Brunt sixty miles

to Antelope himself) were, “And, Charley, whatever you do, for the love o' goodness don't forget Petty's doll.” Now, shrinking in mind from the thought of that possibility, but absolutely incapable of communicating his dread to the child, he would say:

“Um—Petty—w'y, Fort Worth, ye know—Fort Worth ain't New York. Hit ain't gwine to be no stavin' big doll; no such doll as you had before you come out to Texas. I don't reckon hit 'll be—”

Hastily she would interrupt him, declaring, vehemently, “Oh, Uncle Hank, it's goin' to be very beautiful!” And once more the eager, excited, childish tones would catalogue the list of the coming doll's charms.

When Charley Van Brunt got to Fort Worth, it was the history of his New York life over again—that life from which the young wife had thought to save him when she fled with him to the big Texas Panhandle ranch. And now there was the added pressure upon his weakness of a bereaved and forlorn condition—for his life since her death at Denver, on the way out, had been a thing unsupported; moreover, there went with him the depressing knowledge that he was making failure after failure at the ranch. He was to have been gone four days; it was ten, and he had not returned. There had been an address left, that of the hotel where he should stop. The ranch boss wrote again and again; even Hilda, with Uncle Hank guiding her little brown fingers, struggled through a small, soiled sheet of hieroglyphics. And when there was no answer, the old man sent Shorty, one of the cowboys, to Antelope with a telegram prepared, entreating an immediate reply. But none came. No message of any kind came back from Fort Worth. Old Hank, smiling and cheerful, carried a very anxious heart.

At the end of two weeks Van Brunt



came home. A gentleman—oh, most certainly a gentleman, always; never less than that; but looking strangely shabby and out of countenance. He was much thinner than when he went away, and much less sunburnt, and he had forgotten most of the matters which had taken him to Fort Worth.

The child, who for days back had scouted continually the long box-elder avenue leading up from the main trail to the low stone ranch-house, met the buckboard far down below the big gate. The father stopped the galloping ponies with an arm thrown out across the driver's hands, caught up the little figure and hugged her warmly to his heart, covering her small face with kisses.

"Did she think daddy had just run away and left them all? Well, daddy was very busy; he—he had such a lot of tiresome business." And reaching down into his vest pocket, Van Brunt brought out and gave to the child a five-dollar gold piece.

In silence and in some apprehension Hilda looked at the coin lying in her little brown palm—as unavailable to her, as valueless in her eyes, as a yellow button. He had given it as though it were a precious thing; and Hilda just glimpsed the terrible thought that it might be meant to supersede the doll. No, no—that could not be—that was intolerable! She pushed the idea away from her as she sat (so quiet-seeming to the careless eye, but in truth in such a tumult of choking emotion) upon her father's knee.

Shyly and unobserved, she examined the contents of the buckboard. There was nothing whatever but her father's valise; not a big valise, either, and her hopes and expectations shrank. It would be a small doll; she saw that she must bring her desires down to that, and she did so. But she asserted passionately to herself that it was there—it was in the valise. No doll at all!—oh, it was impossible—it was not conceivable! She shrank in panic from the suggestion. Heaven would not permit such a cruel thing as that.

Poor little girl! The Providence of neglected children had found it necessary to deal unto Hilda's lot many things which the unthinking would readily call

cruel; yet it was characteristic of her trusting, hopeful nature that she believed unfalteringly in the goodness of Heaven, the potency of her star.

Headquarters reached, old Hank came, and Shorty and Buster—all the masculine household; there was a good deal of hesitating, embarrassed conversation; questions, with answers eagerly hasty and voluble, or hesitant and awkward; long pauses, covered by an uneasy laugh or some irrelevant statement or inquiry.

While this was going forward, the child stood about, in one obscure corner and another, watching, longing for the moment when that wonderful valise should be opened; amazed that all this delay, this waste of time and talk, should be indulged in, when The Important Things of Life were waiting in that mysterious casket. During one of these uncomfortable pauses her father's troubled eye caught sight of the little figure lingering at the door. He reached for her and lifted her high in his strong arms, saying, laughingly:

"What is it now, my small daughter? Did you want to ask daddy something? Is there something Hilda wants to know of father?"

This was a strange, an ominous sort of inquiry; and Hilda could barely choke out the two words, "The doll," in such a little, whispering, flatted voice as failed to make its way across the short distance from her trembling lips to her father's ear, and he had to ask her over more than once.

His face fell, almost comically. A look of pain and shame flashed over it. It was plain (at least to everybody there except poor Hildegard, who still clutched tightly a tiny shred of hope) that he had never thought of the matter since the moment of uttering his careless promise.

"Why, dear," he faltered, painfully, setting her gently down, "I completely forgot—"

Old Hank Pearsall's eyes were watching her in deep concern. This was what he had dreaded. Now he shook his head warningly at his employer, over the little girl's, and interrupted in a curiously significant tone:

"W'y, ye see, honey, hit 'll be a-comin' along with the freight stuff when—"





Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

HILDA CREPT UP INTO THE LAP OF OLD HANK



"No, Hank," broke in young Van Brunt, in fresh distress, not perceiving the innocent fiction, but supposing that the old man was expecting those articles which Charley was to have purchased and shipped to the ranch—"no, Hank, there aren't any things coming by freight. I—forgot it completely. I'll get—"

It was too late. Hank could cover nothing now; the bitter truth was evident, even to poor Hilda's incredulity, that there was no doll. Her father drew her to him, saying:

"There, there, dear, don't cry! Oh, Hildegard, love, don't cry! I can't—" His face was very white, and he looked near to tears himself.

"No, papa—no, papa," she whispered,—"no, papa, I won't cry;" then crept away like a timid, gentle, self-respecting child, to have her agony alone. And hidden in her own private nook, in an unused room up-stairs, the spare little body was shaken by paroxysms of sobs, until there finally fell upon her the kind sleep of exhaustion. The affairs of the house went on; supper was served and passed, the father inquiring anxiously of the child's whereabouts, and being diplomatically diverted by Uncle Hank.

Hilda suddenly opened her eyes upon the darkness. It was night. She was lying dressed upon the lounge in the sitting-room; somebody had taken off her shoes and tucked some covering over her. She had the strange feeling which people have when they go to sleep irregularly, at some unusual time and place, not dressed for bed.

For a moment she was dazed and remembered nothing; then her sorrow came rushing back upon her in a flood. But the aftermath of grief was tearless; poor baby! she had wept the fountain dry.

Now, as she lay, inert and spent by a woe quite as real and ravaging as the more sophisticated sorrow of the older soul, she heard a murmur of voices; they were men's voices. Rising, strangely stiff and weary, she crawled to the door and peered silently through. The room into which she looked was the business office of the Three Sorrows; and the scene which met her wondering eyes was a strange one. Into the office had been carried that sewing-machine which the child's mother had purchased

and prepared to take with her household supplies to the Texas ranch. Sitting before it, and beneath the strong light of the hanging lamp, was old Hank Pearsall, in full cow-puncher regalia, just as he had come in off the range that evening. The broad brim of his sombrero was swept directly up off his face, to be out of the way; the grizzled curls lay on the collar of his rough blue flannel shirt; and his trousers were tucked into the tops of cowboy boots, whose high heels clicked upon the treadles, armed with long-shanked spurs. His sinewy brown hands were twisting a thread to induce it to go through the eye of the needle. Bending anxiously over him was her father, and about the feet of both a tremendous litter of articles very foreign to that environment.

There were yards of white muslin and sheets of newspaper, cut into singular shapes; on the floor a bed-comforter—the pink silk one off the big front-room bed—rent open and with its snowy cotton bulging out; beside it an Angora goat-skin with exceptionally long fleece. As the child crouched silently at the door, the men were talking in low, guarded tones. Her father spoke first:

"Can you make it, Hank? I don't know what I did that was wrong, but it ran crooked and puckered, even before it broke the thread."

"Uh-huh!" returned the old man, genially. "She's liable to buck a little at fust; but ef ye don't spur her in the shoulder nor fight her in the face, she'll soon travel your gait. See?" For the machine had settled down to a steady purr. "Gimme somepin' to sew—anything, to try it on."

The child saw her father duck his sleek black head to pick up a scrap from the floor. Then she heard his laughing voice:

"Pearsall, I believe those long-shanked spurs of yours are what tamed down this bucking sewing-machine. I didn't have mine on."

"Sho!" whispered the old man, bending to unbuckle. "That beats my time! I plumb forgot them spurs. Don't blame ye a mite for laughin'. That's an old cow-puncher every time. Hit's a wonder I didn't try to ride in here on a cuttin' pony, with my guns on, and what you call a 'lariat' swingin'! Sho!"



He removed the big hat, dropped the jingling spurs into its crown, and laid it back on the desk, then straightened up, a benignant figure, strangely incongruous, subduing his great bulk and strength to this little feminine employment.

While the small, anxious watcher at the door looked, in a maze of astonishment, almost doubting if she were really awake, Uncle Hank's soft voice spoke again, evidently in continuation of something that had gone before:

"H'm—promises! You promised her the time you went to Amarillo 'at you'd bring her sech a doll as ye could git there. Ye forgot it then. Ye forgot it this time. Ye see, Charley, to her ye're jest the feller that promises to bring dolls—and forgits."

Poor Charley Van Brunt! This accusation struck home to his remorseful heart much harder than the kindly speaker had meant it should. He had been all his life promising to bring his friends dolls—and forgetting. Dolls of repentance, of reformation and amendment, clad in shining garments of achievement, he promised; but the valise came ever home empty.

He spoke now: "If we fail, out and out, at this doll-factory business, you—of course she won't believe me, Hank; you're right about that—but *you* tell her, you promise her that—"

"Ain't gwine to promise her nothin', Charley. Ef you leave it to me, w'y, I say either dance up with the doll for her birthday, or don't insult the pore baby with any more promises—"

"Her birthday!" It was her father's voice that spoke, and in it there was a note of blank amaze. "Well, Pearsall! Do you know I'd forgotten absolutely that it was the child's birthday?"

Uncle Hank's blue eyes glanced up for an instant at the young father, with a look that was incomprehensible to the child.

Van Brunt, however, did not catch this glance; his attention was given elsewhere. And now he spoke in a depressed voice: "Well, this thing isn't going to do—not near. We'll have to make a long improvement over this;" and he picked up an atomy—a thing in human form—of a livid blue-white, like a leper, and of ghastly outline, warped

where the ill-guided machine had wavered. The being had a small, narrow, conical head, a neck like a pipe-stem, and limbs long, attenuated, and lumpy where they had been stuffed hard with cotton rammed home by the help of pen-handles, in an attempt to round out the starved proportions.

The child looked at this spectre in dismay. Truly, it did fall short of grace—even of decent seemliness. She was glad her father thought so. She did not want them to give her that creature, whose looks she could not help loathing, however good their intentions might be. She felt sure that she could never produce a grateful countenance, or bring forth any satisfactory thanks, for such a travesty of dollhood as that.

But there seemed to be no danger of such an exigency.

"She'll have a doll for her birthday," repeated old Hank.

"I don't know," deprecated her father. "You see, Hank, we haven't any of the things—"

"*Haven't* we? W'y, Charley, here's a sewin'-machine, an' cotton, an' domestic, an' all the needcessary materials. As for a pattern, w'y, you've got me to go by, an' I've got you, in sech matters as the mere number an' placin' on of arms an' legs an' sech."

He glanced at the object in young Van Brunt's hands. "I reckon ye went mostly by me—in the—the—geography o' that critter. Gosh! Charley, hit's a plumb straddle-bug, an' whopper-jawed at that! Now—here—I have went more by you." (The sentences came out in sections and irregular fragments, through many pins and needles and other small implements which Hank held in his mouth.) "We've got to cut 'em tol'able fat, or they stuff too slim; I see that. This"—he chuckled softly—"this is a purty fa'r Van Brunt, if that'n is a Pearsall—an' a Pearsall I don't want to acknowledge. She's ready for clo'es now."

"I'll bring some of my things," Van Brunt suggested.

Hank looked dubious. "Hit's lady fixin's, flubdubs, we want. I don't s'pose a man's riggin's would—"

"A man's riggin's!" echoed Van Brunt, laughingly. "You just wait a minute!" and he was gone.



The child hung miserably watching; her already overburdened heart sank at the thought of the morrow. That she should fail to offer some sort of gratitude for these well-meant efforts on her behalf never occurred to her. That awful gulf which yawns between the child's point of view and that of the adult gaped black at her feet; yet she was loyally resolved to bridge it, when the time came, with such show of enthusiasm as she could muster.

Uncle Hank pursed up his lips, looked very fiercely at the needle which he held at considerable distance from his face, laid his head aslant, and finally threaded the needle's eye. Then he evidently propped the product which he had styled "a fa'r Van Brunt"—or so much of it as was completed—against the sliding top of the big desk, and shaking a finger at her, began to sew upon small white objects, glancing occasionally over his spectacles toward the doll, murmuring to her:

"Now ye sèt thar, Miss—well, what is your blessed name?—Miss Bon Ton—Miss High Stepper—Miss Tip Top—and mind how ye shoot off yer mouth to-morrow. Ye want to be mighty cl'ar on one p'int, and that is that ye came from Fort Worth. Pa was jest savin' a little surprise when he failed to mention ye to Petty to-day. You was right thar in that grip o' his'n all the time; so don't let me hear no remarks about white domestic, nor Charley's paint-box, nor Uncle Hank's 40 thread. Mind what I'm tellin' ye, Miss Tip Top; we don't want a word of and concernin' the spar'-room bed-comforter. Fort Worth's whar you come from—Fort Worth—a-bringin' the latest fashions in young-lady dolls—and Petty's not to be told things."

Such fond and foolish reckoning on her delight in the birthday doll! It was a relief to Hilda when, a moment later, her father came back, his own face that of a delighted child, his hands full of rich spoils. Old Hank put up his glasses, and together the men examined, commented, planned.

"Look, Pearsall—here are the petticoats and such like," spreading out handkerchiefs of exquisite linen cambric. "And these"—unfurling two brocaded white satin mufflers a yard or more

square—"these two are exactly alike; there's enough stuff in 'em to make her a frock. And"—he put down several four-in-hand ties—"there are two of these blue ones alike, enough of a kind to make the dolly a sash."

"Yes, that's right, Charley; I'll make her a surcingle of these blue ones—the Fort Worth doll was to have had a blue surcingle."

Suddenly a look of perplexity, almost of consternation, spread over old Hank's face. "Great Scott! Charley. D'ye know that that there doll was a-goin' to have white kid hands and tan shoes on its feet—tan shoes! Now where in all Texas—"

With a whispered "Hold on!" Van Brunt was out of the room once more, and soon back with a pair of handsome heavy tan driving-gloves in one hand, in the other a pair of white ones. Uncle Hank's eyes were fastened upon them with a pleased look; but he hesitated, glancing at their owner deprecatingly.

"Them's mighty good gloves, Charley, to—"

"I hope to Heaven they are! The Lord grant they are worthy to make good a man's broken promise—a fellow's discredited word."

Uncle Hank did not gainsay this, and the two wrought for a time silently, the small watcher at the door drawing her breath softly lest it betray her presence.

Suddenly the elder man began to speak: "Ye see, Charley, I was a widder's boy—the oldest; an' the mother she used to make doll-babies for the young ones. I have sot up o' nights before now to work this hyer sort o' racket. But mammy an' me we couldn't paint—nair one of us—not a bit. A lead-pencil or pen an' ink; eyes and nose and mouth—laid out mighty flat an' square, I'm bound to say—'twas all the face them dolls of our'n ever got. The ha'r was ginerally ink, too. The best we could do in that line would be some unravelled tow rope. This here Miss High Stepper's face an' ha'r are simply the finest ever."

"Yes, she's all right," agreed Charley, thankfully.

"You bet she is!" repeated the other. As he spoke the old man moved aside a little, and Hilda caught her breath in a





THE CHILD'S HEART SANK AT THE THOUGHT OF THE MORROW



gasp of incredulous rapture. What radiant creature was this Uncle Hank held forth, turning his head to look at it aslant, half questioning, half pleased?

Muslin had furnished the ground tone for its delicate complexion. Charles Van Brunt's color-box and brushes, guided by his clever brain and fingers, had placed thereon not the inane countenance of the store doll, but the laughing, roguish face of a gay soubrette. Heavily black-fringed blue eyes looked out at you with delightful significance. The lips smiled saucily. The long-fleeced Angora goat-pelt had yielded a head of streaming crinkled tresses, which (after an interview with the color-box) showed a lovely gamboge tint. Head and body were fairly proportioned and well-shapen; any slight inaccuracies were more than compensated for by her *beauté du diable*.

"Why, what's the matter with that?" cried the young father, boyishly. "Say, she's a corker, Hank!"

The child's fascinated eyes were dragged resolutely from the beautiful, smiling water-color face. Uncle Hank wished her to know nothing of the doll, to be surprised; and with a last doting glance which caressed its perfections she moved noiselessly back across the big dark sitting-room, shivering but ecstatic. Oh, how different a creature from the bereaved little soul that had crossed that room, leaden-footed, sore-hearted, but a few moments back! She drew her slim legs up deliciously under the warm covers that seemed to close about her like the very arms of love themselves, and with a deep sigh of perfect peace relaxed her comforted spirit to sleep.

The long hours of darkness wore away thus; Hildegard lying in a sleep profound and dreamless; in the other room the two men, both so very masculine in their different ways, working the night through at this woman's employment—this childish task of making and dressing a doll-baby. For the most part they wrought at their strange occupation in deep silence. Occasionally upon the stillness one or the other of the big musical bass voices would rumble out some observation or some question; a tiny garment or bit of tentative anatomy

would be held up with an inquiring look, regarded with anxious solicitude, and approved or condemned. Once there was a sudden laugh, as abruptly smothered.

So the night passed. The pallor of dawn was upon the open plain without when the enterprise was brought to a triumphant conclusion, both workers pretty well tired out, but happy. All traces of their nocturnal activities were carefully removed.

When, presently, the sun rose out of the straight line of eastern horizon and sent long level rays to inquire in at the windows of Three Sorrows ranch-house, it discovered the Fort Worth doll to be a fact—a thing consummate and unique. And when, some hours later, Hilda awakened—this time on her own bed in her own room, whither she had been carried and undressed in that sound sleep—she found this radiant creature sitting upon a table beside her pillow.

Save for the presence of the doll herself, the child could never have believed but that the vision of last night was a dream. When subsequently Uncle Hank explained to her, with her father's assistance, that the beautiful Fort Worth doll had been a surprise withheld from her the day before because it was to grace her birthday, she accepted the explanation with a look and manner singular even for Hilda. There was a something exultant in her bearing and in her thought. Uncle Hank was not telling her the truth. It was not so, that father had brought the doll. But her imaginative soul seized instantly upon the spirit of the thing. All statements—and they were voluminous—concerning the importation and handling of Miss High Stepper she understood to be figurative. This was not fact to which she was listening; it was poetry—parable, and she answered in parable of her own.

She kissed them both passionately, and hugged the pretty doll to her with tears and with laughter, dwelling ardently upon each personal beauty and each separate elegance of attire; the arch, lovely eyes, the dainty tan shoes—all from Fort Worth; that is to say, all found and purchased in, and brought to Hilda out of, the Country of Love and Good Faith.



# Sea Voyagers of the Northern Ocean

BY AGNES C. LAUT

“SEA Voyagers of the Northern Ocean,” they styled themselves, the Cossack banditti — robber knights, pirates, plunderers,—who pursued the little sable across Europe and Asia eastward, just as the French *coueurs des bois* followed the beaver across America westward. And these two great tides of adventurers—the French voyageur, threading the labyrinthine waterways of American wilds westward; the Russian voyager exchanging his reindeer sled and desert caravans for crazy rafts of green timbers to cruise across the Pacific eastward—were directed both to the same region, animated by the same impulse: the capture of the Pacific coast of America.

The tide of adventure set eastward across Siberia at the very time (1579) Francis Drake, the English freebooter, was sacking the ports of New Spain on his way to California. Yermac, robber knight and leader of a thousand Cossack banditti, had long levied tribute of loot on the caravans bound from Russia to Persia. Then came the avenging army of the Czar. Yermac fled to Siberia, wrested the country from the Tartars, and obtained forgiveness from the Czar by laying a new realm at his feet. But these Cossack plunderers did not stop with Siberia. Northward were the ivory tusks of the frozen tundras. Eastward were precious furs of the snow-padded forests and mountains towards Kamchatka. For both ivory and furs the smugglers of the Chinese border-lands would pay a price. On pretence of collecting one-tenth tribute for the Czar, forward pressed the Cossacks: now on horseback—wild brutes got in trade from Tartars; now behind reindeer teams through snowy forests where the spreading hoofs carried over drifts; now on rude-planked rafts hewn from green firs on the banks of Siberian rivers—on and on pushed the

plunderers till the Arctic rolled before them on the north and the Pacific on the east. Nor did the seas of these strange shores bar the Cossacks. Long before Peter the Great had sent Vitus Bering to America, in 1741, Russian voyagers had launched out east and north with a daredevil recklessness that would have done honor to prehistoric man. That part of their adventures is a record that exceeds the wildest darings of fiction. Their boats were called *kotches*. They were some sixty feet long, flat-bottomed, planked with green timber. Not a nail was used. Where were nails to come from six thousand miles across the frozen tundras? Indeed, iron was so scarce that at a later day, when ships with nails ventured on these seas, natives were detected diving below to pull the nails from the timbers with their teeth. Instead of nails, the Cossacks used reindeer thongs to bind the planking together. Instead of tar, moss and clay and the tallow of sea animals calked the seams. Needless to say, there was neither canvas nor rope. Reindeer thongs supplied the cordage, reindeer hides the sails. On such rickety craft, “*with the help of God and a little powder*,” the Russian voyagers hoisted sail and put to sea. On just such vessels did Deshneff and Staduchin attempt to round Asia from the Arctic into Bering Sea (1647-50).

To be sure, the first bang of the ice-floes against the prow of these rickety boats knocked them into kindling-wood. Two-thirds of the Cossack voyagers were lost every year; and often all news that came of the crew was a mast-pole washed in by the tide with a dead man lashed to the crosstrees. Small store of fresh water could be carried. Pine-needles were the only antidote for scurvy; and many a time the boat came tumbling back to the home port; not a man well enough to stand before the mast.



Always it is what lies just beyond that lures. It is the unknown that beckons like the arms of the old sea sirens. Groping through the mists, that hang like a shroud over these northern seas, hoar frosts clinging to masts and decks till the boat might have been some ghost ship in a fog world, the Cossack plunderers sometimes caught glimpses far ahead—twenty, thirty, forty miles eastward—of a black line along the sea. Was it land or fog, ice or deep water? And when the wind blew from the east, strange land birds alighted on the yard-arms. Dead whales with the harpoons of strange hunters washed past the ship; and driftwood of a kind that did not grow in Asia tossed up on the tide wrack. It was the word brought back by these free-lances of the sea that induced Peter the Great to send Vitus Bering on a voyage of discovery to the west coast of America; and when the castaways of Bering's wreck returned with a new fur that was neither beaver nor otter, but larger than either and of a finer sheen than sable, selling the pelts to Chinese merchants for what would be from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars each in modern money, the effect was the same as the discovery of a gold-mine. The new fur was the sea-otter, as peculiar to the Pacific as the seal, and destined to lead the Cossacks on a century's wild hunt from Alaska to California. Cossacks, Siberian merchants, exiled criminals, banded together in as wild a stampede to the west coast of America as ever a gold-mine caused among civilized men of a later day.

The little *kotches* that used to cruise out from Siberian rivers no longer served. Siberian merchants advanced the capital for the building of large sloops. Cargo of trinkets for trade with American Indians was supplied in the same way. What would be fifty thousand dollars in modern money it took to build and equip one of these sloops; but a cargo of sea-otter was to be had for the taking—barring storms that yearly engulfed two-thirds of the hunters, and hostile Indians that twice wiped Russian settlements from the coast of America,—and if these pelts sold for one hundred and fifty dollars each, the returns were ample to compensate risk and outlay. Pro-

visions, cordage, iron, ammunition, firearms—all had to be brought from St. Petersburg, seven thousand miles to the Pacific coast. From St. Petersburg to Moscow, Kasan, the Tartar desert, and Siberia, pack-horses were used. It was a common thing for caravans of four or even five thousand pack-horses employed by the Russian fur-traders of America to file into Irkutsk of a night. At the head waters of the Lena, rafts and flat-boats, similar to the old Mackinaw boats of American fur-traders on the Missouri, were built and the cargo floated down to Yakutsk, the great rendezvous of Siberian fur-traders. Here exiles acting as packers and Cossacks as overseers usually went on a wild ten days' spree. From Yakutsk, pack-horses, dog trains, and reindeer teams were employed for the remaining thousand miles to the Pacific; and this was the hardest part of the journey. Mountains higher than the Rockies had to be traversed. Mountain torrents tempestuous with the spring thaw had to be forded—ice-cold and to the armpits of the drivers; and in winter-time the packs of timber-wolves following on the heels of the cavalcade could only be driven off by the hounds kept to course down grouse and hare for the evening meal. If an exile forced to act as transport-packer fell behind, that was the last of him. The Russian fur-traders of America never paused in their plans for a life more or less. Ordinarily it took three years for goods sent from St. Petersburg to reach the Pacific; and this was only a beginning of the hardships. The Pacific had to be crossed, and a coast lined with reefs like a ploughed field traversed for two thousand miles among Indians notorious for their treachery.

The vessels were usually crammed with traps and firearms and trinkets to the water-line. The crews of forty, or seventy, or one hundred were relegated to vermin-infected hammocks above-decks, with short rations of rye bread and salt fish, and such scant supply of fresh water that scurvy invariably ravaged the ship whenever foul weather lengthened the passage. Having equipped the vessel, the Siberian merchants passed over the management to the Cossacks, whose pretence of conquering new realms and collecting





Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

COSSACK VOYAGERS SIGHTING LAND FAR AHEAD







tribute for the Czar was only another excuse for the same plunder in gathering sea-otter as their predecessors had practised in hunting the sable. Landsmen among Siberian exiles were enlisted as crew of their own free will at first; but afterwards, when the horrors of wreck and scurvy and massacre became known, both exiles and Indians were impressed by force as fur-hunters for the Cossacks. If the voyage were successful, half the proceeds went to the outfitter, the remaining half to Cossacks and crew.

The boats usually sailed in the fall, and wintered on Bering Island. Here stores of salted meat, sea-lion and sea-cow, were laid up; and the following spring the boat steered for the Aleutians, or the main coast of Alaska, or the archipelago round the modern Sitka. Sloops were anchored offshore, fully armed, for refuge in case of attack. Huts were then constructed of driftwood on land. Towards the east and south, where the Indians were treacherous, and made doubly so by the rum and firearms of rival traders, palisades were thrown up around the fort, a sort of balcony being erected inside with brass cannon mounted, where a sentry paraded day and night, ringing a bell every hour in proof that he was not asleep. Westward towards the Aleutians, where driftwood was scarce, the Russians built their forts in one of two places: either a sandy spit where the sea protected them on three sides, as at Captains Harbor, Oonalaska, and St. Paul, Kadiak; or on a high, rocky eminence only approachable by a zigzag path, at the top of which stood cannon and sentry, as at Cook Inlet. Chapel and barracks for the hunters might be outside the palisade, but the main house was inside; if a single story with thatch roof, a door was at one end, a rough table at the other. Sleeping-berths with fur bedding were on the side walls; and every other available piece of wall space bristled with daggers and firearms ready for use. If a double-decker, as Baranoff Castle at Sitka, powder was stored in the cellar. Counting-rooms, mess-room, and fur stores occupied the first floor. Sleeping-quarters were up-stairs, and, above all, a powerful light hung in a cupola to guide ships into port at night.

But these arrangements concerned only

the Cossack officers of the early era, or the governors, like Baranoff, of a later day. The rank and file of the crews were off on the hunting-grounds with the Indians; and the hunting-grounds of the sea-otter were the storm-beaten kelp-beds of the rockiest coast in the world. Going out in parties of five or six, the *promyshleniki*, as the hunters were called, promised implicit obedience to their foreman. Store of venison would be taken in a preliminary hunt. Indian women and children would be left at the Russian fort as hostages of good conduct; and at the head of as many as five hundred, even a thousand Aleut Indian hunters who had been bludgeoned, impressed, bribed by the promise of firearms to hunt for the Cossacks, the six Russians would set out to coast a tempestuous sea for a thousand miles in frail boats made of parchment stretched on whalebone. Sometimes a counter-tide would sweep a whole flotilla out to sea, when never a man of the hunting crew would be heard of more. Sometimes, when the hunters were daring a gale, riding in on the back of a storm to catch the sea-otter driven ashore to the kelp-beds for rest, the back-wash of a billow, or a sudden hurricane of wind raising mountain seas, would crash down on the brigade. When the spray cleared, the few panic-stricken survivors were washing ashore, too exhausted to be conscious that half their comrades had gone under. Absurd as it seems to us that these plunderers of the deep always held prayers before going off on a hunt, is it any wonder they prayed? It was in such brigades that the Russian hunters cruised the west coast of America from Bering Sea to the Gulf of California, and the whole northwest coast of America is punctuated with saints' names from the Russian calendar; for, like Drake's freebooters, they had need to pray.

Fur companies the world over have run the same course. No sooner has game become scarce on the hunting-grounds than rivals begin the merry game of slitting one another's throat, or instigating savages to do the butchering for them. That was the record of the Hudson Bay Company and Nor'westers in Canada, and the Rocky Mountain men and American Company on the Missouri.



Four years after Bering's crew had brought back word of the sea-otter in 1742, there were seventy-seven different private Russian concerns hunting sea-otter off the islands of Alaska. Fifty years later, after Cook, the English navigator, had spread the authentic news of the wealth in furs to be had on the west coast of America, there were sixty different fur companies on the Pacific coast, carrying almost as many different flags. John Jacob Astor's ships had come round the Horn from New York, and sailing right into the Russian hunting-grounds, were endeavoring to make arrangements to furnish supplies to the Russians in exchange for cargoes of the fur-seals, whose rookeries had been discovered about the time sea-otter began to be scarce. Kendrick, Gray, Ingraham, Coolidge, a dozen Boston men, were threading the shadowy, forested waterways between New Spain and Alaska. Ships from Spain, from France, from London, from Canton, from Bengal, from Austria, were on the west coast of America. The effect was twofold: sea-otter were becoming scarce from being slaughtered indiscriminately, male and female, young and old; the fur trade was becoming bedevilled from rival traders using rum among the savages. The life of a fur-trader on the Pacific coast was not worth a pin's purchase fifty yards away from the cannon-mouths pointed through the netting fastened round the deck-rails to keep savages off ships. Just as Lord Selkirk indirectly brought about the consolidation of the Hudson Bay fur-traders with the Nor'westers, and John Jacob Astor attempted the same ends between the St. Louis and New York companies, so a master mind arose among the Russians, grasping the situation and ready to cope with its difficulties.

This was Gregory Ivanovich Shelikoff, a fur-trader of Siberia, accompanied to America and seconded by his wife Natalie, who succeeded in carrying out many of his plans after his death. Shelikoff owned shares in two of the principal Russian companies. When he came to America with his wife, Baranoff another trader, and two hundred men, in 1784, the Russian headquarters were still at Oonalaska in the Aleutians. Only desultory expeditions had gone eastward. For-

eign ships had already come among the Russian hunting-grounds of the north. These Shelikoff at once checkmated by moving Russian headquarters east to Three Saints, Kadiak. Savages warned him from the island, threatening death to the Aleut Indian hunters he had brought. Shelikoff's answer was a load of presents to the hostile messenger. That failing, he took advantage of an eclipse of the sun as a sign to the superstitious Indians that the coming of the Russians was blessed of Heaven.

The unconvinced Kadiak savages responded by ambushing the first Russians to leave camp and showering arrows on the Russian boats. Shelikoff gathered up his men, sallied forth, whipped the Indians off their feet, took four hundred prisoners, treated them well, and so won the friendship of the islanders. From the new quarters hunters were despatched eastward under Baranoff and others as far as what is now Sitka. These yearly came back with cargoes of sea-otter worth two hundred thousand dollars. Shelikoff at once saw that if the Russian traders were to hold their own against the foreign adventurers of all nations flocking to the Pacific, headquarters must be moved still farther eastward and the prestige of the Russian government invoked to exclude foreigners. There were, in fact, no limits to the far-sighted ambitions of the man. Ships were to be despatched to California setting up signs of Russian possession. Forts in Hawaii could be used as a mid-Pacific arsenal and half-way house for the Russian fleet that was to dominate the North Pacific. A second Siberia on the west coast of America, with limits eastward as vague as the Hudson Bay Company's claims westward, was to be added to the domains of the Czar. Whether the idea of declaring the North Pacific a *closed sea*, as Spain had declared the South Pacific a *closed sea* till Francis Drake opened it, originated in the brain of Shelikoff or his successors is immaterial. It was the aggrandizement of the Russian-American Fur Company as planned by Shelikoff from 1784 to 1795 that led to the Russian government trying to exclude foreign traders from the North Pacific twenty-five years later, and which in turn



led to the declaration of the famous Monroe doctrine by the United States in 1823—that the New World was no longer to be the happy hunting-ground of Old-World nations bent on conquest and colonization.

Like many who dream greatly, Shelikoff did not live to see his plans carried out. He died in Irkutsk in 1795; but in St. Petersburg, when pressing upon the government the necessity of uniting the independent traders in one all-powerful company to be given exclusive monopoly on the west coast of America, he had met and allied himself with a young courtier, Nikolai Rezanoff. When Shelikoff died, Rezanoff it was who obtained from the Czar in 1799 a charter for the Russian-American Fur Company, giving it exclusive monopoly for hunting, trading, and exploring north of 55° in the Pacific. Other companies were compelled either to withdraw or join. Royalty took shares in the venture. Shareholders of St. Petersburg were to direct affairs, and Baranoff, the governor, resident in America, to have power of life and death, despotic as a Czar. By 1800 the capital of Russian America had been moved down to the modern Sitka, called Archangel Michael, in the trust of the Lord's anointed protecting these plunderers of the sea. Shelikoff's dreams were coming true. Russia was check-mating the advance of England and the United States and New Spain. Schemes were in the air with Baranoff for the impressment of Siberian exiles as peasant farmers among the icebergs of Prince William Sound, for the remission of one-tenth tribute in furs from the Aleuts on condition of free service as hunters with the company, and for the employment of Astor's ships as purveyors of provisions to Sitka, when there fell a bolt from the blue that well-nigh wiped Russian possession from the face of America.

It was a sleepy summer afternoon towards the end of June in 1802. Baranoff had left a guard of twenty or thirty Russians at Sitka, and, confident that all was well, had gone north to Kadiak. Aleut Indians, impressed as hunters, were about the fort; for the fiery Kolosh or Sitkans of this region would not bow the neck to Russian tyranny. Safe in

the mountain fastnesses behind the fort, they refused to act as slaves. How they regarded this invasion of their hunting-ground by alien Indians—Indians acting as slaves—may be guessed. Whether rival traders—deserters from an American ship, living with the Sitkan Indians—instigated the conspiracy cannot be known. I have before me letters written by the fur-trader of a rival company at that time, declaring if a certain trader did not cease *his* methods that "*pills would be bought at Montreal with as good poison as pills from London*"; and the sentiment of the writer gives a true idea of the code that prevailed among American fur-traders.

The fort at that time occupied a narrow strip between a dense forest and the rocky water-front a few miles north of the present site. Whether the renegade American sailors living in the forests with the Kolosh betrayed all the inner plans of the fort, or the squaws daily passing in and out with berries kept their countrymen informed of Russian movements, the blow was struck when the whites were off guard. It was a holiday. Half the Russians were outside the palisades, unarmed, fishing. The remaining fifteen men seem to have been upstairs about midday in the rooms of the commander, Medvednikoff. Suddenly the sleepy sentry parading the balcony noticed Michael, chief of the Kolosh, standing on the shore, shouting at sixty canoes to land quickly. Simultaneously the patter of moccasined feet came from the dense forest to the rear—a thousand Kolosh warriors, every Indian armed and wearing the death-mask of battle. Before the astounded sentry could sound an alarm such a hideous uproar of shouts arose as might have come from bedlam let loose. The Indian always imitates the cries of the wild beast when he fights—imitates or sets free the wild beast in his own nature. For a moment the Russians were too dumfounded to collect their senses. Then women and children dashed for refuge up-stairs in the main building, huddling over the trap-door in a frenzy of fright. Russians outside the palisades ran for the woods, some to fall lanced through the back as they raced, others to reach shelter of the dense forest, where they lay for eight days



under hiding of bark and moss before rescue came. Medvednikoff, the commander, and a dozen others seem to have hurled themselves down-stairs at the first alarm; but already the outer doors had been rammed. The panels of the inner door were slashed out. A flare of musketry met the Russians full in the face. The defenders dropped to a man, fearless in death as in life, though one wounded fellow seems to have dragged himself to the balcony, where he succeeded in firing off the cannon before he was thrown over the palisades, to be received on the hostiles' upturned spears. Meanwhile wads of burning birch bark and moss had been tossed into the fort, on the powder-magazines. A high wind fanned the flames. A terrific explosion shook the fort. The trap-door where the women huddled upstairs gave way. Half the refugees fell through, where they were either butchered or perished in the flames. The others plunged from the burning building through the windows. A few escaped to the woods. The rest—Aleut women, wives of the Russians—were taken captive by the Kolosh. Ships, houses, fortress—all were in flames. By nightfall nothing remained of Sitka but the brass and iron of the melted cannon. The hostiles had saved loot of some two thousand sea-otter skins.

All that night and for eight days and nights the refugees of the forest hid under bark and moss. Under cover of darkness, one—a herdsman—ventured down to the charred ruins of Sitka. The mangled, headless bodies of the Russians lay in the ashes. At noon of the eighth day the mountains suddenly rocked to the echo of two cannon-shots from the bay. A ship had come. Three times one Russian ventured to the shore, and three times was chased back to the woods; but he had seen enough. The ship was an English trader under Captain Barber, who finally heard the shouts of the pursued man, put off a small boat and rescued him. Three other Russians were saved from the woods in the same way, but had been only a few days on the ship when Michael, the Kolosh chief, emboldened by success, rowed out with a young warrior and asked the English captain to give up the Russians. Barber affected not to understand, lured both Indians on board,

seized them, put them in irons, and tied them across a cannon mouth, when he demanded the restoration of all captives and loot; but the Sitkan chief probably had his own account of who suggested the massacre. Also it was to the English captain's interests to remain on good terms with the Indians. Anyway, the twenty captives were not restored till two other ships had entered port and sent some Kolosh canoes to bottom with grape-shot. The savages were then set free, and hastening up to Kadiak, Barber levelled his cannon at the Russian fort and demanded thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars salvage for the rescue of the captives and loot. Baranoff haggled the Englishman tired, and compromised for one-fifth the demand.

Two years passed, and the fur company was powerless to strike the avenging blow. Wherever the Russians led Aleuts into the Kolosh hunting-grounds, there had been ambush and massacre; but Baranoff bided his time. The Aleut Indian hunters, who had become panic-stricken, gradually regained sufficient courage again to follow the Russians eastward. By the spring of 1804, Baranoff's men had gathered up eight hundred Aleut Indians, one hundred and twenty Russian hunters, four small schooners, and two sloops. The Indians in their light boats of sealion skin on whalebone, the Russians in their sail-boats, Baranoff set out in April from St. Paul, Kadiak, with his thousand followers to wreak vengeance on the tribes of Sitka. Sea-otter were hunted on the way; so that it was well on in September before the brigades entered Sitka waters. Meanwhile aid from an unexpected quarter had come to the fur company. Lieutenant Krusenstern had prevailed on the Russian government to send supplies to the Russian-American Company by two vessels around the world instead of by caravans across Siberia. With Krusenstern went Rezanoff, who had helped the fur-traders to obtain their charter, and was now commissioned to open an embassy to Japan. The second vessel, under Captain Lisiansky, proceeded at once to Baranoff's aid at Sitka.

Baranoff was hunting when Lisiansky's man-of-war entered the gloomy wilds of Sitka Sound. The fur company's two





KOLOSHE PUTTING OUT AFTER A NIGHT IN HARBOR

Halftone plate engraved by E. A. Pettit







sloops lay at anchor, with lanterns swinging bow and stern to guide the hunters home. The eight hundred hostiles had fortified themselves behind the site of the modern Sitka. Palisades the depth of two spruce logs ran across the front of the rough barricade, loopholed for musketry, and protected by a sort of *cheval-de-frise* of brushwood and spines. At the rear of the enemy's fort ran sally-ports leading to the ambush of the woods; and inside were huts enough to house a small town. By the 28th of September, Baranoff's Aleut Indian hunters had come in and camped alongshore under protection of cannon sent close inland on a small boat. It was a weird scene that the Russian officers witnessed—the enemy's fort, unlighted and silent as death; the Aleut hunters alongshore dancing themselves into a frenzy of bravado; the spruce torches of the coast against the impenetrable forest like fireflies in a thicket; an occasional fugitive canoe from the enemy attempting to steal through the darkness out of the harbor, only to be blown to bits by a cannon-shot.

The ships began to line up and land field-pieces for action, when a Sitkan came out with overtures of peace. Baranoff gave him a gay coat, told him the fort must be surrendered and chiefs sent to the Russians as hostages of good conduct. Thirty warriors came the next day, but the whites insisted on chiefs as hostages, and the braves retired. On October 1 a white flag was run up on the ship of war. No signal answered from the barricade. The Russian ships let blaze all the cannon simultaneously, only to find that the double logs of the barricade could not be penetrated. No return fire came from the Sitkans. Two small boats were then landed to destroy the enemy's stores. Still not a sign from the barricade. Raging with impatience, Baranoff went ashore, supported by one hundred and fifty men, and with a wild halloo led the way to rush the fort. The hostile Sitkans husbanded their strength with a coolness equal to the famous thin red line of British fame. Not a signal, not a sound, not the faintest betrayal of their strength or weakness, till in the dusk Baranoff was within gun-shot of the logs,

when his men were met by a solid wall of fire. The Aleuts stopped, turned, stampeded. Out sallied the Sitkans, pursuing Russians and Aleuts to the water's edge, where the body of one dead Russian was brandished on spear-ends. In the sortie fourteen of the Russian forces were killed, twenty-six wounded, among whom was Baranoff, shot through the shoulder. The guns of the war-ship were all that saved the retreat from a panic.

Lisiansky then undertook the campaign, letting drive such a brisk fire the next day that the Sitkans came suing for peace by the afternoon. Three days the cunning savages stayed the Russian attack by pretence of arranging hostages. Hailing the fort on the morning of the 6th and securing no answer, Lisiansky again played his cannon on the barricade. That night a curious sound, that was neither chant nor war-cry, came from the thick woods. At daylight carrion-crows were seen circling above the barricade. Three hundred Russians landed. Approaching cautiously in case of ambush, they clambered over the palisades and looked. The fort was deserted. Naught of the Sitkans remained but thirty dead warriors, and all their children murdered during the night to prevent cries betraying the retreat.

New Archangel, as it was called, was built on the site of the present Sitka. Sixteen short and forty-two long cannon mounted the walls. As many as seven hundred officers and men were sometimes on garrison duty. Twelve officers frequently dined at the governor's table; and here, in spite of bishops and priests and deacons, who later came on the ground, the revellers of the Russian fur-hunters held high carnival. Thirty-six forts and twelve vessels the Russian-American fur-hunters owned twenty years after the loss of Sitka. New Archangel became more important to the Pacific than San Francisco. Nor was it a mistake to move the capital so far south. Within a few years Russian traders and their Indians were north as far as the Yukon, south hunting sea-otter as far as Santa Barbara. To enumerate but a few of the American vessels that yearly hunted sea-otter for the Russians southward of Oregon and California, taking



in pay skins of the seal islands, would fill a coasting-list. Rezanoff, who had failed to open the embassy to Japan and so came across to America, spent two months in Monterey and San Francisco, trying to arrange with the Spaniards to supply the Russians with provisions. He was received coldly by the Spanish governor, till a love-affair sprang up with the daughter of the don so ardent that the Russian must depart post-haste across Siberia for the Czar's sanction to the marriage. Worn out by the mid-winter journey, he died on his way across Siberia.

Later, in 1812, when the Russian coasters were refused watering privileges at San Francisco, the Russian-American Company bought land at Bodega and settled their famous Ross or California colony, with cannon, barracks, arsenal, church, workshops, and sometimes a population of eight hun-

dred Kadiak Indians. Here provisions were gathered for Sitka and hunters despatched for sea-otter of the south. The massacres on the Yukon and the clashes with the Hudson Bay traders are a story by themselves. The other doings of these "Sea Voyagers" became matters of international history when they tried to exclude American and British traders from the Pacific. The fur-hunters in the main were only carrying out the far-reaching ambitions of Shelikoff, who planned the charter for the company; but even Shelikoff could hardly foresee that the country which the Russian government was willing to sell to the United States in 1867 for seven million dollars would produce more than twice that in gold during a single year. To-day all that remains to Russia of these Sea Voyagers' plundering are two small islands—Copper and Bering in Bering Sea.

## Egypt Land

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD

ALL day, my master Life, I threshed your corn,  
Yet I am hungered, now that night is nigh;  
I prest your grapes, made wine for days unborn,  
And lo, here in the dusk, athirst am I.

Have I not watched your flocks? Tended your sheep?—  
Now, when the sun is set, I stand alone;  
I pray you, bid this wage be mine,—to sleep  
Awhile where yonder meadow-flowers are sown.

Down that dim valley, shadowed all so sweet,  
No grinding stone, and no taskmaster's rod  
May find me, nor urge on my lagging feet,  
Only a star above and somewhere,—God.

I pray you, master Life, where winds yon stream,  
Methinks there blooms the balm that now I lack;  
Pay me this wage,—though nevermore I dream,—  
That thither I shall fare, and turn not back.



# His Claim

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

"I COULDN'T let any one know. After Mr. Hungerford's business came up, there was only time to come, and be delighted at the chance. You were so near I sent you word at once. I thought you might tell me the best way out to Natalie Palmer's. Of course I supposed you saw her occasionally. It's lovely of you to be taking me."

"Not at all. I shall enjoy seeing her. The idea of my not knowing she lived in B——"

"And she's been here ever since her marriage. How many years? Twenty, fully. Dear me, yes,—she has eight children."

"Eight? The ethereal Natalie Palmer!"

"I asked her once if she thought it was wise. We've kept up occasional letters. She said she certainly would not venture to doubt its wisdom, though it wasn't a question of her judgment: it was all in the dear Lord's hands."

"Some people shirk a good deal on the dear Lord," Mrs. Talcott reflected. "They might as logically eat green apples for hunger and send the bills to Him."

"Well, for Natalie it wouldn't seem exactly an easy way of shirking."

"Dear no; if it had been, she would have thought something harder her duty. The most conscientious girl I ever knew. And the daintiest. And eight!"

"When she wrote me of her engagement to Dan Maddox, she said she had been slow coming to it; she had been afraid she was not worthy of nor equal to a tie which, once formed, was as indissoluble as that between God and His creature, or parent and child; but at last she was sure she could give Mr. Maddox the obedience and indestructible love that were the wifely duty."

Mrs. Talcott laughed. "Can't you just see Natalie Palmer saying that!"

"That's the charm of her letters; they are so like her. She still uses that fine round script that we were taught, my dear, as regular and carefully spaced to the line as print. You can fairly hear Natalie's voice rippling across the pages, soft and sprightly. Natalie was always such a *lady*. You know, I adored her. We had the most soulful of intimacies. We wouldn't have dreamed of discussing clothes or lovers. Our confidences were all of duty, influence, aspiration. For a while after we left school we both kept diaries and wrote out our innermost yearnings to each other. My youngsters soon got me into a different atmosphere, but Natalie has never changed the fashion of her hair nor her sentiments. As we both grew busy, we settled down to a couple of letters a year. And I have never destroyed one of hers: they are the most delightful serial story I ever read,—the unconscious portrayal of an exquisite nature, utterly happy in a perfect home life."

"Slow there, slow now!" Mrs. Talcott checked her. "You will exhaust the superlatives."

Mrs. Hungerford's smile was absent politeness. "But it has been ideal."

"Fortunate for her convictions."

"Now my life has been about as satisfactory as most people's. Mr. Hungerford's a dear, if he does make it a point of the simple life and democratic independence not to wear a dinner coat. And our children are as good and clever as *our* children could well be in this age without miracles. And I'm sure we all enjoy our home as much as is possible, considering the servant problem. But Natalie doesn't seem to have married a character, only a half-human, half-divine relationship; nor to have borne little heirs to whooping-cough and tempers; and, judging from her obliviousness to such



details, she must have a tribe of fairies to do her housework. I asked her not long ago if anything disagreeable had ever happened to her; certainly nothing commonplace ever has. Her pictures of their life remind you of a Fra Angelico—everything is so smooth, delicate, clear, buoyant; a troop of rapturous little angels ‘piping to the spirit ditties of no tone.’ When they took this house at 3420 M Street—Dear me, isn’t it far! It will be noon before we get there. I hope the conductor hasn’t forgotten where we want to go.”

“I hope not. It’s a part of the city entirely strange to me.”

“It’s well out, I fancy. They have these electrics now, but then it was almost country. When they took the place she wrote that they did not expect to make their permanent home of it; but they have never moved. She said, as they waited, the world came to them, and meanwhile ‘their little home came to seem a sort of inseparable body of their life.’ She always calls it ‘our little home’—there never was the least pretentiousness about Natalie. She wrote once that Mr. Maddox would never corner a market, she knew; *that* wasn’t his claim on love. She always refers to him with that note of modest affection and pride. Just what his claim is she doesn’t mention: Natalie Palmer would no more discuss her husband than an illness. ‘And then, of course,’ she added, ‘we have had to break up our investments into a good many *small ventures*’—six of them there were at that time; and unflinching humor and poetry for every addition to the clan. She writes entirely without stress; evidently there’s neither lack nor luxury. Can’t you just tell how Natalie Palmer would live—simple, dainty? Do you remember how beautiful her hands were? And how little her head was for her height and large frame? The way she fluffed her yellow hair made the head look bigger, but the face smaller still.”

“And she’s as romantically pious as ever?” Mrs. Talcott remembered.

“More so. It has grown on her, and rather surprisingly, to me. Natalie always was the most literal Gospel Christian I ever knew. You know what I mean. My husband is a Pauline Chris-

tian, and my father-in-law is an Old Testament Christian, and I’m a modern adjustment of one. But Natalie incarnates the Beatitudes. At the same time she has a great deal of human passion and ideality. And religion doesn’t, as a rule, become a mania with people whose lives are so happy as hers. Positively her religion at times has the ecstasy of the nun or martyr. The mystical doctrine of the Fatherhood and Brotherhood of God is to her as literal and personal a relation as it ever was to the most primitive mind. And unconsciously, in her polytheistic monotheism, the idea of the personality of the Son of Man has taken precedence of the other conceptions of God, so that *The Christ* has become her particular patron deity. She writes of *Him* in the intimate, tender way other women speak of their husbands, and with none of the reserves about the spiritual relation that a woman like her has about the earthly. I used to be confused by some of her references to *Him*. But Mr. Maddox, it seems, is always respectfully and admiringly *Mr. Maddox*. It is her God who is in perfection all the relations the most perfect human being could be only partially, defectively,—*Lover, Friend, Master*. . . . With her temperament she was bound, I suppose, to be a little disappointed even in the best, and equally bound to love and adore something. So, in spite of a happy marriage, she has gotten up—how shall I express it?—a love-affair with God. And as He is simply the ideal man, her ideal and pattern, and as she considers love the highest human attribute, He is personified love, and her whole aim is to be all pity, self-sacrifice, forgiveness.—How I run on! I have been so interested in it.—The conductor is motioning us.—Is this where we get off?—It is suburbs.”

The two women were left on a corner, looking up an unshaded and unpaved street, with two irregular rows of vacant lots and cottages—working-men’s cottages—facing each other across it. The street looked like a child’s mouth before the first set of teeth is completely deposed or the second installed.

“I declare, he has put us down at the wrong place!” Mrs. Hungerford was disgusted.

But Mrs. Talcott looked at the lamp-



post. "M Street." The first few houses were not numbered. "3410. 3418." A vacant lot, and next a cottage older than the rest, of the country style, and blotched with gray and peeling whitewash.

"It can't be—!" Mrs. Hungerford stopped short.

Half the palings were off the dingy fence. The board walk was loose and treacherous. The broken gate stood open. And in a yard greened in spots by clumps of weeds a cherub and a puppy wrestled over a tin can.

"Young man, who lives here?" Mrs. Talcott called.

The boy was absorbed, but her voice brought to the cottage door a girl of eighteen or so—a tall, slight girl, with a small head and a little face in a mist of fair hair.

"Natalie!" The girl's look was acknowledgment and interrogation. "Natalie Palmer!"

"Oh no," she began; then: "Oh, are you looking for my mother, Mrs. Maddox? Oh, come in. Muddie, here are two old friends of yours who took me for you!" Her voice was a crescendo of laughter.

The door let directly into the front room, and Mrs. Hungerford, following, stupid with bewilderment, caught her patent-leather toe in a snag in a strip of rag carpet across the sill. Natalie's steadying hand was quick, but her laughter ended abruptly in a sharp staccato.

For a moment there was no sound in the room except the purr of Mrs. Talcott's silk skirts as she stepped in.

From an old horse-hair armchair, one of whose legs was a stick of kindling-wood, rose a long thin figure in a purple print wrapper, from which the print was mostly obliterated. The little face was too little, shrunken; the light hair scant and faded; the body under the full dress seemed loose and bony. But there was distinction in the mere movement with which she rose and turned. Then she saw them. "Why, Nellie Hungerford!" She swept across to her motionless caller and caught her up. "Nellie! You darling!" Laughter and tears were in the voice. She gave a more ceremonious but no less gracious hand to Anne Talcott. "When did you two come to B—? Why didn't you let me know?

How did you find me? Come, sit down and talk. Take that rocker, Nellie. *Careful!*" Warning and amusement. "It has a trick of tilting back too far," which Mrs. Hungerford had discovered. "It's a mischievous tease, but all what my boys would call a 'bluff,'—or is it a 'muff'?" I can't learn this modern slang. Natalie, bring your bed-pillow for Mrs. Talcott. This soap-box isn't comfortable without." Natalie came, with downcast eyes and inexpressive face.

Mrs. Maddox herself resumed the armchair cautiously. And therein is the reason why she resumed the apparently best seat. But she would no more have thought of explaining that than of publicly reproving the children. Now she looked at her guests, with pleasure welling over her face. "You dear girls! This is sweet of you. Did you have trouble finding me? *We* feel in the very heart of the city now. When we moved here there wasn't another house in sight, and nothing could have been prettier than these prairielike commons early on a spring morning, when the mist and sunlight and tender green gave an effect like the down on a plum. There's always a bloom on the world if one looks. In summer the prettiest time used to be following an afternoon thunder-storm, when the sun was low and the light came level through the wet grass." She drooped in her chair; her body seemed to collapse. She sat gazing through the window on the barrenness of nature and the crudeness of man with eyes from which looked that unfailing wonder which is the secret of immortal youth. The two strangers looked at her and her surroundings with different expressions. "Then in the fall there's a red-brown grass; a pest to the farmers, they say; and the cattle won't touch it; but it's a pretty impressionistic bit for us. And in winter our snow was white and smooth much longer than in town. But of course"—she recalled herself—"now we have the human interest to watch."

"There were no trees even when you first came?" Mrs. Talcott exclaimed.

"No; we always had a full sweep of God's fields and sky."

"And sun and wind," Mrs. Talcott added, mentally.

Mrs. Maddox pulled her body together



and up. "You won't mind my going on with my knitting? A cotton wash-rag!" She held it up gayly. "A dealer in the city gives me fifty cents a dozen for them. And I am so glad to do what I can to help in my spare time." Mrs. Hungerford was still looking out of the window, at which the shade was rent half across, and which framed the small Olympian wrestler in the yard, through whose torn and buttonless shirt-waist showed patches of browned skin and whiter recesses. Mrs. Maddox followed her glance and laughed softly. "You're right. I never have had much spare time. But now that I'm obliged to keep still—" She hesitated with a sort of maidenliness, at once embarrassed and reticent. "I will never be able to be very active again," she explained, and passed on in unchallengeable privacy. "So it's fortunate I can add my little grain of sand so easily. It's very sweet to me to be able to help. Mr. Maddox"—she spoke the name "as if it meant not much, indeed, but something"—"Mr. Maddox has a harder infirmity than mine to bear, inherited and increasing. And besides, it is not always so simple as it sounds for a man to get the work he will—can—do." She ran on happily, like a child talking to herself. "I don't know any more beautiful mission for a woman than to fulfil the original destiny that the Master assigned her—being a helpmeet. Wash-rags seem rather trifling, I admit," she smiled. "But nothing is trifling." And she kept on, smiling absently at the work in her hands; long hands, thin now to boniness, hardened and drawn, but unpervertibly shapely and psychic.

A clattering of the board walk announced otherwise noiseless footsteps, and a barefoot boy of twelve or thirteen swung into the doorway, and stopped short, checking so a small avalanche of cherub and puppy following. "Boys!" cautioned the mother—the gentlest reproach, with laughter in it. Off came both hats. "Down, Rex, down! We are considering rechristening the dog," she told her guests. "He's at the destructive age, and, as Natalie said the other day, there are too many wrecks in the house." Did she know she was skimming dangerous ice over deep water?

Was she unconscious of double meaning? or so conscious she chose this way of italicizing the meaning she preferred? "Speak to mother's friends, boys." They came across, embarrassed but sturdy. The cherub was an animated Raphael Bambino; the elder, too, still kept the endearing chubbiness of babyhood. "This is Mrs. Hungerford, and Mrs. Talcott. And this is Dan—" She drew the newcomer toward her, but he twisted in her arm so that her lips found only an ear-tip, and slipped free. "Dan, who is at once too old and too young for kisses." She smiled, but looked at him keenly. And Mrs. Talcott reflected that she would not have needed to prostitute the forms of affection to detect the cigarettes. "And this is Harry, my baby. Harry is past four and my baby. Natalie was over seventeen before I had a baby older than two! It makes one's arms feel empty." Harry did not evade the arm. He leaned against her, rubbing her cheek with his in answer to the lingering wistfulness of her touch on his curls. "There's nothing in life so sweet as a baby, is there?"

But this one had something on his mind. He squirmed around and put his mouth to her ear for a stage whisper. "Muddie, I'm hungry."

"Bless his heart! Of course he is. It must be luncheon-time. Natalie?—No, Nellie, you and Anne are not going to get off now. We don't make a bit of difference for guests. And they are always welcome to what we have. You came too far and got here too late to go right away. We haven't talked at all! Run along with Natalie, son, and set the table for her. And, Harry, ring the bell out front for the girls; they are all somewhere in the neighborhood. Mr. Maddox," she explained, with that dignity with which she always spoke his name, "is seldom home to luncheon. And my seventeen-year-old, Will, and Dave, who comes next to him, are in business and take their sandwiches with them. Natalie's in an office, too, you know—"

"I remember you wrote several times about her taking a business course," Mrs. Hungerford murmured, "because you thought every girl should be equipped for self-help."

"Oh, I think so, indeed. And it's one-





Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

MRS. HUNGERFORD TOOK EACH SHY, COURTEOUS LITTLE HAND



of the most glorious gains of the nineteenth century that women *can*. In our day there was nothing for us but to be teachers or companions or dependents, or"—her face rippled with the mere shimmer of humor that was so frequent in it—"or, in an emergency, to knit wash-rags. My three little daughters are in the Manual Training School.—Natalie's having her vacation"—she remembered the thread of her story,—“and like the dear girl she is, she has spent it here with me, giving me a vacation, and house-cleaning.”

“I thought I smelled kerosene,” Mrs. Talcott said.

Mrs. Hungerford looked at her warningly, but Mrs. Maddox acknowledged it pleasantly.

“Yes,—hasn't house-cleaning a nice fresh odor?—How slow Natalie is! I have let her spend her holiday so because I know the best rest is simply change of occupation; and I never did think either business or college should be allowed to interfere with domestic training. After all, home-making is the woman's chief work, and I want my daughters to have every opportunity to develop the talent. Oh, ready? Just come through, girls. This is my room, and this the boys'.” She led with the flowing grace of her faded purple, and indicated the rooms like the custodian of a palace. “We eat in the kitchen. It saves steps where one has to take and count all one's own. And here are Julie, and Madge, and Bess, whom you haven't seen.”

Mrs. Hungerford took each shy, courteous little hand, and stood looking around the circle of faces. “Natalie,” she said, “where did you get these children? You never were pretty, and I've seen Mr. Maddox's picture.”

Mrs. Maddox turned on her such a look as Moses might have brought from the Mount. “Isn't it a marvel? When I was first married I didn't dare hope for even one child; I couldn't believe myself good enough to be trusted so by the Children's Friend.” Mrs. Talcott reflected how and where the great mass of humanity comes into the world. “Do you know, I like to fancy that sometimes the Redeemer gives the angels a chance to be incarnated, and, by living

the human life, to know the enrichment of temptation and sorrow, the rapture of salvation.”

Mrs. Hungerford found herself still holding Harry's warm little fist.

“Do you think I'm a syrup, too?” he asked, suddenly, in his babbling baby voice.

“A what, dear?”

“A syrup.”

Mrs. Hungerford looked to the mother, who looked to the child.

“A lady said I was, the other day; she said we all were; she said we were *just too sweet!*”

“Evidently a new celestial order,” Mrs. Talcott commented, “a hybrid, a cross between a seraph and a cherub. Your angels are very slightly disguised, Natalie.”

It was a kitchen table covered with brown oilcloth blotched with stains and heat-rings. “Oh, we *do* make some difference for guests, it seems!” Mrs. Maddox smiled festively over the board. In the centre was a tumbler of field-daisies. “Did Harry pick them while we waited? Thank you, son. Posies on the table and posies all around. Will you ask the blessing, Nellie?—Anne?” Neither ventured, so the sweet voice of the hostess invited the Dearest of All Friends to be their Guest as always, and to supply their spirits as their bodies.

Then Natalie, with a pot from the stove, went from plate to plate, scooping out for each with a long-handled iron spoon a mound of mushy gray rice. The butter was rancid, the cistern-water lukewarm and slightly acrid, the bread like dried mortar. “Dan's bread,” his mother said, proudly. “I congratulate you, son.” And Dan looked as if he wished she wouldn't. “Dan does all he can to help mother, especially when Natalie is not here. He has made it only a few times, and it isn't so light as it will be when he gets his hand in thoroughly; but isn't it splendid for an amateur? He has never had a bit of instruction; is just learning from a newspaper recipe. It's an accomplishment I never could boast; but every house ought to make its own bread,—then you know what you're getting.”

There was nothing more on the table except a yellow crock of stewed dried apples. Oh yes, one thing more. “Tea for luncheon?” Mrs. Maddox smiled in-



dulgently. "The housekeeper is generous to-day, isn't she, children?" The children dimpled, but Natalie drew her brows together and shook her head at her mother. "This is a real tea-party!—We live very simply"—she mentioned it as a casual bit of information,—“and I understand that rice is the most nutritious as well as inexpensive food for the little folks.”

At the head of the table she sat overlooking the company, delicately aglow with hospitality and satisfaction. "I don't know when anything has given me more pleasure. If only Mr. Maddox and the boys were here. I would so love you all to know each other." She did the honors with all the air of apples of gold and pitchers of silver. When Harry called for "more," Natalie started to get up, but her mother, sitting with her back to the stove, turned and reached for the pot, evidently according to custom, and reheaped the outheld plate. "I have learned to use all the labor-saving devices." It was merely a matter of remark, not of apology. "I've never been very strong, you know, and I had, of course, first of all to do the work cut out for me. The Head always gives us strength for everything He requires of us, only He expects us to have common sense enough to know that He doesn't require of us what He hasn't given us strength to do. So the children came first as His direct assignment—and favor." She never looked at them that an exquisite tenderness did not touch eyes and lips. "Mr. Maddox"—that tone as usual that made him, in your thought, august—"had almost as close a claim, as the choice into which He led, or which He at least allowed. Then the house—" She looked around in tranquil amusement. "It looks as if it had come last, doesn't it? Each day I do all I can; I can't do more. I used to make a great deal of fuss about perfection in material things, but that was when I had a mother and sister to fuss at and let do the rest. I care just as much now, but when it all fell on me, and I realized my limitations, I had to choose the most important things,—and they are not the material. And I had to learn not to let what went undone jar me, nor be discouraged. It's all part of the Plan."

How much method was there in her simplicity, Mrs. Talcott wondered. She rippled on, as limpid as a shallow stream, with both lights and shadows subdued. Her guests rose to the occasion. They talked of old friends and old times—Mrs. Maddox with unaffected gayety, Mrs. Talcott with laughter it was hard to keep in bounds, Mrs. Hungerford with smiles it was hard to keep from tears.

Mrs. Hungerford noticed that her old chum ate nothing, hardly even made pretence. Once she caught Natalie's eyes on her mother from the other end of the table, solicitous and inquiring. This time it was the mother who shook her head, and she smiled. But again when the table was particularly lively Mrs. Hungerford saw the hands clench in the lap until the knuckles whitened.

"Natalie, you're in pain!" she cried.

Instantly the loose bony body straightened to its height. "Oh, a trifle. I have it now and then." An involuntary twinge contracted the fingers again.

"Do you know what the trouble is? Are you having proper attention? Are—" Then, at something in her hostess's look, suddenly Mrs. Hungerford feared to tread.

But Mrs. Talcott rushed in. "Surely, with so many busy bees in the hive—"

Was it only a sense of futility that checked her on the threshold, or was it a glimpse that arrested her with wonder?

"You must remember," Mrs. Maddox replied, patiently, since she *must* speak of the distasteful subject, "that a growing family means growing needs. The typewriter and the weaver"—the wonted flicker across her face—"can cast in their last farthing. But a man has inevitable expenses to keep his place among men, and the boys have their friends and must do their share with them. I wouldn't rob them of their youth." Mrs. Talcott looked at Natalie's straightened lips and wondered about *her* friends and *her* youth. "Now don't grudge me my little aches! It's the generations of them that have spared us women the temptations of hot blood, that have—made—a Natalie possible." She smiled gratitude and petition at her daughter, and Natalie gave her one tremulous, retreating glimpse of wet eyes that invalidated the rebel mouth. "As for my lacks,—they





Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"YOU'VE DONE YOUR SHARE, MOTHER," SAID NATALIE



are opportunities from a loving Teacher to grow in His likeness. Do you remember Clara Hughes's invalid mother—?"

The table grew lively again. Now and then the children chirped in. Rex was greedy and intrusive; so much so, in fact, that at last Mrs. Maddox gave judgment. "You'll have to put him out, Harry dear." The child's face clouded; there was one look of appeal; then obedience: his lip trembled, but there was no pouting. And Rex seemed equally mystified and subdued by such unusual suppression. The children were fearless without being forward, obedient without constraint. They seemed to run by a long tether, light as a strand of cobweb, but live as an electric wire,—vibrant to the gentlest signal of look, gesture, intonation.

They grew restless at the prolonged reminiscences of their elders and fell to fidgeting and whispering.

"To be sure," Mrs. Maddox remembered, "we can finish our talk outside. Let's set the young people free." At the word, five pairs of bare feet slipped to the floor and stood. The guests rose, following their hostess, and, as they looked inquiringly, all the voices joined in a trailing attempt at a tuneful grace. Then bare feet scampered to the sink, where napkinless mouths and fingers were washed. And they pelted out-of-doors.

"What lovely children!" Mrs. Hungerford breathed. The mother looked after them with visionary eyes. "Are they always like that?"

"We make no difference for guests," she reminded her.

"And all of them?"

Modesty hesitated. "Oh, the Giver of all Good Things has been very generous in both quantity and quality." She turned in going through the door, to see Dan's hand in the match-box. "Son," she said, in a low tone, "remember in trying to imitate father and brother that there is a difference between the mannerisms and the man."

"Do you know, Natalie," Mrs. Hungerford was saying, "that they seem more like the children of your spirit than of your body. And you— No don'ts, no nagging, no argument, no 'control'; simply response. How do you accomplish so much without letting the machinery show?"

"Oh, it's love that makes the wheels go round, and that oils them, too." Mrs. Maddox smiled, then sobered. "Love rules the world." She fell to musing. "Only by love can we succeed or conquer, cure or save. He is love—love so strong that He gave His whole life for the sinner; condemning the sin, but loving the sinner."

A shambling step sounded on the plank walk. Did a shadow "darken her face with white"? "It's Mr. Maddox!" she said, brightly, and crossed to a big man leaning in the doorway with one hand on the jamb. "Dan dear, here are two old school friends of mine; Mrs—"

He shoved her aside and lurched through the room, so close to Mrs. Talcott that his foot dragged her skirt. An unmistakable stale, sourish odor drifted after him.

Natalie had sprung to her feet; she stood rigid, bent forward, listening, ready, even after the door of the next room slammed behind him.

The two strangers shrank and froze. For a moment the Gorgon head turned them all to stone.

Then Mrs. Maddox crossed to her seat with her regal deliberation. "I am sure you will not be offended," she said, gently. "Mr. Maddox's infirmity makes him strange at times. Poor Dan!" Then her face was suddenly transfigured with sweetness and light. "*Dear Dan!*"

Abruptly in the next room rose sounds of demolition. And instantly the tense bow of Natalie shot her like an arrow to the door.

"Yes, dear, go. He must be dizzy again. See if you can help him."

Two pairs of big eyes appeared in the outer doorway, or, rather, three pairs and one drooping tail. "What is it, boys? You don't think it's supper-time already, do you? Go play till then."

Dan turned off with a bit of swagger, and, as Rex leaped on him, he pushed him aside, lurched a step or two, then, with a whoop, turned to romp. But Harry ran across to his mother and flung a passionate arm around her. "Nobody shall hurt my muddie!"

For the second time the hands clutched each other till they whitened. She caught him up. "Muddie's knight!" Then she laughed. "What a brave man!" Then



gravely: "No one *can* hurt muddie, dear. He is here."

The callers exchanged glances.

But at sight of it Mrs. Maddox expanded again in that way peculiar to her. "You were telling me about Lillie Weatherford," she reminded them, ignoring the next room. "Did you say she was happy in her marriage?"

In Mrs. Hungerford the essence of friendship answered to meet that call with whatever compliance or evasion would gratify it most. She signalled *no* to Mrs. Talcott. But when it came to speech, she stammered, "I have—always—thought so." This was no day for assurance.

"She was a girl of whom I would have expected it. Happiness is an art, you know, and a happy marriage a life-work." She took up her knitting, and voice and hands ran on smoothly. "In spite of this advantage or that misfortune, married or unmarried, happiness is an accomplishment, and depends on the individual. You hear people talk of this or that ruining their dispositions. Why, that's the test of a disposition, its proof of any value. Something is as wrong with the person himself as with circumstances if they *can* annoy and antagonize. One must learn to let evil slide off, and unfailingly to radiate love." Her work dropped absently. "'Go rather unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.' When effort and argument only make the offender more set,"—her curious mixture of simplicity and secretiveness again; the obsession, the oblivious brava-do of the child playing with fire,—"*there is nothing more but to go on loving and waiting, as He does. Let the past go; trust the future—*"

"And yield to the present?" Mrs. Talcott challenged her.

But Natalie was coming from the next room. The noise had quieted. She came out straight and stern. Her mother looked at her with an affectionate smile, reaching out a hand toward which the girl swerved. "He's resting? Poor father! There, dear, don't fret. He'll be better in the morning. All things work together for good."

But the girl halted. "Don't you sup-

pose we are expected to help along?" she demanded.

"Oh, we must help, surely; never give up, never lose patience, and never worry."

"Somebody has to do the worrying, mother!" Then she ran across to her with little sounds of repentance and protection. "But not you, muddie. You've done your share, goodness knows. If you had fretted besides, where would our sweetness have come from?"

And now Mrs. Talcott would go.

Their hostess swept her royal rags to the gate with them, full of blithe appreciation of the day and warm invitation for future ones. She stood smiling after them even through their wait on the corner. She waved the symbolic wash-rag as they boarded the car. Then—she went in and shut the door.

It was some time before the travellers spoke. At last Mrs. Talcott shrugged her shoulders uncomfortably:

"Well, I don't know but that she'd drive me to drink, too.—The exquisite Natalie Palmer!—'Mr. Maddox will never corner a market, I know; that isn't his claim on love.' 'Just what his claim is—'"

"I know now." Mrs. Hungerford was crying behind her veil.

"What? The claim of a cancer that you can't get away from, and so conceal and ignore, or draw high moral conclusions from?"

"It goes even deeper than that. Don't, don't be satirical. How can you? Don't you understand?"

Mrs. Talcott laughed and groaned. "Oh yes, I understand perfectly. 'A tie as indissoluble as that between Creator and creature.' 'Go rather unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.' It's her idea of the attitude of God, her model."

"Well," Mrs. Hungerford sighed, "there's one comfort in it,—it shows what religion can do for one, make of one."

"*Do for one, yes,*" Mrs. Talcott agreed; "*but make of one?* It seems to me the individual makes his religion more than the religion makes the individual. Nevertheless"—her hand dropped kindly to her old friend's. "'Nevertheless do not pity (her) too much.'"



## Editor's Easy Chair.

**I**N his very entertaining autobiography Dr. Moncure D. Conway from time to time recurs to the question whether it would not have been better if the Civil War of 1861-1865 had never been fought. With him indeed it is no question, for he remains, what he was in 1861, a firm believer in the policy of acquiescing in the secession of the Slave States, and allowing them to found a confederacy of their own, secure that in a few years their confederacy would have fallen apart, and its members would have severally asked to be taken back into our Union, without slavery, and without the spirit which had made them impossible in it. His belief was that of a far greater number of patriotic men before the war began than the present generation can realize. It is the nature of wars to sweep with them at last those who opposed their course at first; and in the Civil War there were very large minorities, if they were minorities at all, both at the North and at the South, strongly adverse to it. At the South, these delayed secession, at the North they delayed coercion, until the first shot being fired by the more violent partisans of disunion, they disappeared on either side under the wave of hostile feeling which swept the sections together in battle.

The answer to their contention, from the conscientious and devoted men whose opinion prevailed in the North, was that if "the erring sisters" were bidden "go in peace," as it was then sentimentally phrased, they would not stay in peace, and would not come back at all, but would absorb the Northern States in a great slaveholding oligarchy. After well-nigh fifty years Dr. Conway maintains that nothing of the kind would have happened; that the abolition of slavery would have been the consequence of peaceable secession, not perhaps so prompt as in the historic event, but without the rancor toward the North which the war left in the South. This belief is that of a Virginian who as a very young man had thought himself out of sympathy with the peculiar institution of the South. He left his early home, for

which his love never ceased, and became one of the most fervent of those abolitionists at the North who classed war and slavery together. Most of these, when war seemed to threaten slavery, no longer classed it with slavery, but Dr. Conway is still eager to record himself as of a faith unchanged by the course of events.

We confess that interested as we have been by the expression of an opinion which many once held and few or none hold now, we have been more taken with a notion suggested by Dr. Conway's avowal of his position. If he could, he would imaginably read backwards the annals of those four years of blood, and would arrive at that period of suspense when it was still doubtful whether the South would secede and the North would coerce. There is a kind of charm in this sort of thing which we think the reader will perhaps feel more if the facts form no part of his autobiography, and it is to the impersonal, almost to the irrelevant, phase of the affair which we should preferably invite him to summon his fancy. If all history were reversible, possibly we should not like it; we should have conditions to rearrange, we should have characters to reconstruct, we should have motives to difference, we should have actions to annul, and a thousand details to adjust in the order of events, for a fresh reading, and we should no doubt find the task burdensome and at last tedious. But once in a way, with a shy at the facts here and there, and with a wholly irresponsible relation to results, we do not see how the mind could more harmlessly amuse itself. The eternal *If* which stands challengingly before us in the history which we are still to make would lose all its terror in the history we should unmake, and would be merely the sign to which we should recur again and again in the fascinating game.

The memory of the many who laid down their lives for a righteous cause, as they believed, on both sides, in the Civil War, still survives so tenderly in the reverence of their kindred, that one must not venture to recast the fact in



any idle or curious wise; but one can hardly forbear to inquire what sort of eventuation there would have been for such a character as Lincoln's, for instance, if there had been no war. His high fate is now so much a part of what is most precious to us in our national consciousness that we are scarcely willing to ask what he would have been if he had not suffered through those four years of black care, of corroding anxiety, all penetrated with flashes of very tragical mirth, and all ending in his most meaningless murder. We know, from the annals of the few bright days which followed those years, that he had in him the wisdom of the peacemaker, and the forbearance that was too much forgotten afterwards in the dramatic endeavors of reconstruction; so that if there had been no coercion of secession, but only the tacit acquiescence which Dr. Conway still imagines best, Lincoln would have known how to deal with the situation as statesmanly, as Christianly, as with the situation to which the war left him. We call everything that happens the order of Providence, and perhaps there are not only no accidents, but no perversities, no traverses of the divine intention, and we may confirm ourselves in the pious custom because of the good which comes out of evil. It is of course venturesome to say that even if we had not had the Civil War we might have had Lincoln, but if that is too venturesome then we may still ask if we might not have had, in the reconciliation of the peacefully parted North and South, types of character and facts of statesmanship as great as those developed in the period of reconstruction following the forcible reunion of the sections.

One wonders whether, if we had fought no war of aggression and dismemberment with the Republic of Mexico, we might not have acquired California by some act of amicable cession, and whether we might not profitably read backward that disgraceful chapter of our history to the opening sentences where we were yet unstained by its bloodshed. The last war with Great Britain was fought upon issues which were entirely ignored in the terms of the peace concluding it, and if we could correct the

episode to the beginning, we should not have the heritage of mutual injury which fell to both sides from it. The kind of statesmanship which that inconclusive passage developed in its greatest hero, Andrew Jackson, gave us primarily the doctrine that to the victor belong the spoils in party politics, and ultimately the aggressive temper in which we made war on Mexico for the extension of slavery.

But the civic potentialities of retroacted history can never be so interesting as its personal implications, in which passion and character are more immediately appreciable. If we imagine Benedict Arnold, with all his great qualities, unvexed to treason by the injustices of the Continental Congress, or if we imagine him successful in his treasonable attempt, what a series of tremendous situations present themselves! In the one case, the bravest and best of our generals, after Washington, goes on from victory to victory, and shortens by years the struggle for independence, while giving his country a hero whom she must cherish in honorable remembrance forever. André is not hanged, but survives, a generous enemy, like Burgoyne, to go home and plead our righteous cause in Parliament, having married Honora Sneyd, and settled down in civil life. In the other case, the revolution is a failure; Washington, with all his forces, falls into the hands of the British, is sent for trial to England, and is condemned for treason and put to death. The mind revolts from such a possibility, but it is what may very easily happen, if we reverse the course of history in this instance.

Suppose we turn back the pages of a later chapter, and come to the hour at Waterloo when the balance of victory trembled toward Napoleon: a little prompter action on his part gives the field to the French, and immediately we have a Europe-wide empire enduring to this day under the rule of the Corsican and his line. Or suppose Aaron Burr to have carried into effect his designs against the Spanish domination in Mexico, and to have founded a vast empire in our West and Southwest, with himself on the throne: we should not then have been celebrating, last year, the cession of



Louisiana to this Republic, but should have been rejoicing with the subjects of Aaron III. or Aaron IV. in the extension of their territory from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and from the Red River of the North to the Isthmus of Darien, as it would still have been called; or we might have been an acquiescent witness of their ceremonies in opening the Panama Canal. It is not impossible but the mighty state, militarized as Burr would have known how to militarize the warlike populations of our border, would have carried its arms eastward and we be now forming part of a continental empire under the rule perhaps of an Empress Theodosia. Hamilton should not have earlier fallen in a duel with her implacable ancestor, but should be living still; or that at least is the implication to the fancy of all the reversals of the lamentable past to the point where events might have taken a different course. But it is not really so. The dead who wrongfully suffered in the past must in any event be dead, and our grief for them would not have been enriched by the memory of their heroism or martyrdom, if they had died peaceably and justly.

How often, with those whose loss has stricken us to the heart, do we go back to a point where if we had done this or not done that, it seems that they might have lived! For a while the uttermost bitterness of death dwells in that vain fancy, but after another while that too passes, and the sorrow that dreams of being joy resigns itself to be sorrow on the terms of the final oblivion which awaits every human emotion. It is an intolerable thought from which the mind flies again to those lighter interests of states and peoples whose griefs are general, and have not the poignancy of personal anguish. One thinks, for instance, of the Spanish invasions of Mexico and Peru, and muses upon the possibilities of developed Aztec and Inca civilizations which seemed in their flower when Cortes and Pizarro struck them down. It is not too bold to imagine a socialistic state of the supreme type which has been the ideal of generous minds ever since Sir Thomas More invented Utopia developing from the communistic polity which the Peruvians had carried so far. All along the shores of the vast ocean

of accomplished fact lie the wrecks of thrones, principalities, and powers, which we might similarly reconstitute for a happier destiny. Everywhere those coasts are strewn with broken and dismantled ships of state in which the fancy laboriously repairs and sets sail for the tranquil haven of their departure, there to trim and provision them for a new and prosperous venture into the future which has so long been the past.

The question which constantly oppresses the panting breath is whether what has happened was really inevitable. At the moments when we seemed to choose, when we hesitated and faltered, "dividing the swift mind," now this way and now that, was there really no choice at all? Were we still the helpless slaves of a blind determinism, and never the children of a loving Father, who held us too tenderly in his heart to cross us in an erring will; who respected our freedom, even when we used it for our undoing, rather than force us to a right decision? Must we accept some such soulless creed, and bid conscience sleep in peace, since to-morrow we die, whether we fast or whether we feast? Or must we reject it, and go back to the old beginning, whither science herself now seems to be leading the way, and hope for better effects from the righteous causes than have hitherto flowed from them? Whatever we say, or whatever we think, there is an eternal ache in us for the irretrievable, an undying remorse for the thing that, if we had been better advised or better willed, we might or might not have done. The sick man recasts the years or days before his mortal malady began, and suffers a keener despair in the phantom shape in which he haunts the happier time; the victim of his own mischoice, or of a mischoice not his own, antedates in imagination the present misery and dwells in a vain past where the error is yet a potentiality.

Probably in any attempt to resolve results into their origins and start from these on a different course, we should always be deceived by the light of our own knowledge. Probably it is still better for the world to grope in darkness towards the future than to push confidently forward in a direction opposite from that of experience. What evils may



not lie that way! At the moment Cæsar felt those killing thrusts of the republican caucus he must have keenly regretted the passage of the Rubicon; and yet if he had not crossed that fated stream, would there have been no Roman empire? Or would there have been some Cæsar of another name, who would have had the imperial bee in his helmet, and would have led on the course of like events from like causes? It comes back to the old question whether the accomplished facts were inevitable. Must we believe that all the evil and sorrow in the world were ordained to happen, that error is as strictly an implication of life as death is? If Gladstone had been at the head of affairs when Kruger threatened a resistance to English aggression that would "stagger humanity," would there now be a Transvaal Republic? But this supposition would imply that all the lives flung away in the struggle which actually ensued from Kruger's menace, would now have been recovered from the viewless winds, and set again to serve and use the world. From this implication the boldest fancy recoils, just as the mind shrinks from providing in another state for the innumerable spirits of men momentarily dying into eternity.

One of the themes with which romance is fond of playing is a life which has no earthly close, and Hawthorne, in *Sep-timius Felton*, that most perfect of his incompleated schemes, delicately toys with the notion, only to perceive not so much its physical as its moral impossibility. Men must not live here forever, because through their vaster experience and deeper wisdom they would make advance impossible for the emulative generations to come, and with the egotism bred of innumerable years of self-preservation would tread their weaker fellows underfoot. He does not quite touch upon a point which we hope may interest the youthful reader rather more than the general drift of our discourse, and it remains for some future inquirer to employ his invention with the case of a lover, young on the terrestrial terms, meeting in rivalry a lover immortally young. We should hope that the romancer who took up this theme would not fail to discover in the course of his

study that the greatest charm of love lies in the lovers' ignorance of each other's nature. The youth thinks that the simple young girl toward whom his melting heart flows is a being mysteriously gifted, whose

—lightest thought is worth  
The experience of the wise.

To this girl the youth whom his parents and friends are accustomed to look upon as a promising boy, rather lazy if clever, and rather stupid if good, appears a mature and accomplished being who has only to make a sign of his willingness in order to have the sceptre of the globe laid at his feet. Very likely neither is either, but that is no reason why they should not live together in a fair degree of happiness. Their danger lies not so much in the possession of a common present, as in the want of a common past. Each has a past which separates them in ideal when they attempt to read their lives back into it. They are never each other's first loves; and in their progress toward their beginnings, each encounters a nature which renews the broken promise of a perfect felicity.

We fear indeed that the world must remain what we have made it, both on the general and on the personal scale. The book of life is not printed for us like a Japanese volume to be read from the last page to the first, but it is told once for all from the beginning to the ending, and its sense remains forever unchanged. The event, whatever it is, is so irretrievable, that after a little play with it, the mind, which was at first amused, shrinks baffled and almost appalled from the effort to recast it. In this world at least we have no second choice, and there is a great probability that we shall have none hereafter. It seems hard, but it seems the condition. The lesson is that we had better choose wisely once, or as wisely as we know, and let the reasons have as much, and the passions as little, to do with our choice as possible. Our experience must be for the future, not the past, and we shall have abundant use for it, since we not only are continually offered some choice, but have no choice but to choose.



## Editor's Study.

WHATEVER we may have been saying about unnecessary foregrounds in literary construction, there can be no question of the necessity and importance of backgrounds. The painter can have no foreground other than the action itself; if he were to attempt such an excrescence, the absurdity would be at once apparent to the eye, which, within its own field, has, even without special training, an unerring sense of perspective, as it has of harmony. The reader's eye is that of his mind, which without cultivation is easily hoodwinked or confused; and often its complex culture makes it tolerant of another kind of confusion, elaborately and deliberately contrived for its oversubtle appreciation, but which would only bewilder any simple intelligence.

A background in a piece of art is so much of it as directly or indirectly enhances the interest of its theme. In a painting, the point upon which the beholder's interest is meant to be concentrated may, in position, be removed to any distance by an interval occupied by elements—atmosphere, etc.—which are not only harmonious with, but by way of approach distinctly lend something to, the central effect. This interval is logically part of the background. The preparation for a like purpose in fiction equally belongs to the background; but the writer lacks the advantage which the painter has, of the whole effect conveyed in a single view, gathered within one continuous sense-impression, and he must make up for this lack, in so far as he can, by the mastery of his art. Obviously he should not exaggerate his disadvantage by the introduction of impertinent details. Whatever is essential to the atmosphere of his story—to those effects which have as much to do with determining its quality as his style has, and which are hardly indicated in the word "atmosphere"—he patiently elaborates, with due regard also to the reader's patience. So long as he delights us, making it a pleasure for us to halt with him as he lingers with detail and analysis, we do not complain—we willingly submit ourselves to a master.

Some of the finest stories are nearly all background, the scanty events often only serving for accentuation and sharper definition. It is a distinctively modern accomplishment in the art of fiction—this making of a background, the artistic effect of which is secured also in history and in the essay. The fact that masters in this field narrow their audience through neglect of dramatic effect does not lessen the delight they give to their limited circle of readers.

There is always the danger of excessive elaboration. Fancy, whose exploits are sometimes pushed to the verge of weariness, takes the place of imagination which never tires. Too often a speculation as relentless as it is unconvincing occupies undue space, as, for example, that concerning heredity, the writer being falsely persuaded that the record of his hero's or heroine's ancestors must reinforce and illuminate the waiting drama. We may forgive this diversion in a powerful novel like Mrs. Thurston's *The Gambler*, but in the short story it is difficult, upon a restricted canvas, to restore due proportion after the fateful disorder has run its course.

Then, too, the writer should bear in mind that far the larger part of his background is already existing in the mind of his readers.

Impressionism has its place in literature as in painting. It is that advanced stage of modern subjectivism, in which the contours, relations, and logical meanings of things, whether of the world or of the mind, seem to disappear in the interests of pure æstheticism, which lays stress upon tone, color, atmosphere, mood, and all those aspects which immediately—that is, without the intervention of any mental consideration—appeal to a specially refined sensibility. It has its values—those of a formless world—marvellous disclosures of the hues of objects and of their very shadows, also of unsuspected possibilities in our temperaments and sensibilities, and it has seemed to bring us to the verge of a mystic region, wherein we were promised com-



munion with the souls of things. This stage of development reached its natural limit in painting a few years ago, when, if we could not tell whether a picture was right side up, or it made no difference which side up it was, that picture was, on the face of it, a supreme example of impressionistic art. That was the time of the prose pastel.

In this extreme impressionism the picture was all background. These dissipations in shadow-land, where one was nourished on flavors, lived intensively, and perhaps

Died of a rose, in aromatic pain,

could be of only brief duration. Human sensibility could not bear the strain. The mists of this alien world were swept away, but the real values of impressionism survived for all they were worth to art and literature, consistently with the recognition and resumption of form, substance, and meaning, and with the reserve indispensable to sane operation.

The quest for the "souls of things" came to have a new meaning, looking beyond quintessential emanations to intimate truths. The emphasis upon the background remains, for intellectual even more than for merely æsthetic satisfaction. As an excellent illustration of the story which is all background, we have in this number one by Mr. Howells, with the interlocutory device which gives it the dramatic interest and entertainment of a play. But the background—how far away it is from that of the impressionist scheme! Finely spun as the web is, with the delicacy of gossamer, elusive as is the haunting question which is its main *motif*, shifting in form at every turn, but remaining to the end piquant and of doubtful determination, yet every line of the texture is firm; every situation, however feigned, is clearly depicted; every one of the *dramatis personæ* is a living character, challenging our interest in the particular film he contributes to this glinting fabric. But it is in the theme—the attitude of the modern girl in courtship—that the reader's predominant interest lies, though this theme is nowhere pressed upon the reader, latent behind the whole representation but, at every point, the persistent implication, and, after all, left

undetermined. It ends as it begins, a question—of such interest in the reader's mind that it matters nothing to him whether all that lies between beginning and end is actuality or pure invention, since it has served its purpose in heightening the interest of the speculation, while it has all along its charming course served also for his entertainment.

Such a story is justified in its trickiness, which is so germane to its theme and to all the flitting fancies associated with it. Trickiness of this sort, and delighting the reader after this fashion, is something quite distinct from an outright trick perpetrated upon the reader—as in the case of the story that turns out in the end to have been only a dream, and the reader is simply befooled, or of that other kind of story, equally hoodwinking, gulling the reader by the easily contrived device of mistaken identity or condition. The *dénouement* may prove a pleasant surprise, though it is not art so much as artifice, and is not so despicable as the contrived shock, whether comic or tragic, which upon the victim has the effect of a practical joke.

The story which depends upon its soul rather than upon its body, and whose raiment is spiritual rather than material, did not grow out of impressionism, though it may be said in a way to have grown up with it and, perhaps, to have been helped by the association. The effects of tone, color, and mood belong to the very temperament of genius. But this story we have been considering has something beyond these; though like the products of impressionism it eludes plot and the hard and fast features of actuality, it has a focussed meaning—and it is especially for that reason that we have adduced it.

The meaning in this kind of story does not reach to anything beyond itself, has no ulterior intention as to an effect upon the mind or morals of the reader, and while it takes the form of a question, it involves no casuistry, and is not a problem capable of mental solution. The question is concerned with life and, therefore, has no logical term or determination; it is a continuous question with no limit to the variation of its ever-changing facets, and it is continuously answered, suggestively, in the light



radiant at each successive turn, but never definitely or finally answered—wherein it is like all the questions which life puts to us. Such stories we cannot expect to convey absolute conviction; they are convincing only as life itself is convincing. Life does not offer problems taking the shape of mathematical or logical propositions; it presents mysteries, which, according to our vision, are partially illuminated in its own terms, yet forever hiding in elusive implications.

So remote are these stories from those which depend for their interest upon contrivance or invention, and which, after the exhaustion of the writer's ingenuity, become suddenly obvious and explicable, through their exclusion of every essentially vital element,—so remote, too, from what we know as the "problem" story, which deals with the entanglements and complications of institutional life,—that they seem to retire into a region quite apart from physical contact and even from merely mental apprehension, and to naturally demand an insubstantial fabric as flexible as our spiritual moods and humors and our poetic fancies—wherein they are allied to impressionistic work; and they demand a fine quality of imagination for the achievement of effects which are at once entertaining and accordant to their high questioning.

Mastery in this kind of fiction is not accorded to virile strength as in stories which have, as we say, a grip on the reader—the bold seizure and pressure paralyze the delicate fancy essential to this fine speculation; mysticism tends too much toward vague symbolism; pure æstheticism lacks the necessary quickness and piquancy and too readily inclines to languor. It is here that Prospero, with all his magic, needs the service of his Ariel.

In our last Study we had something to say about stories which resolved themselves into interrogations, and mentioned Mr. Arthur McEwen's "One Artist or Two?" in which, as our readers remember, the novelist Warburton relentlessly insists upon the hypocrisy of John Bromley, the preacher, whom in earlier days he had known as a man wholly selfish and devoid of moral sense, and afterward

had rescued from jail on the condition that he should assume the rôle of an evangelist. At a later stage, Bromley, from a conscious and confessed hypocrite, becomes, in the esteem of others and in his own conviction, a sincere believer in what he publicly professes; but his friend the novelist, while admitting the possibility of self-deception on Bromley's part, maintains that this is only the final stage consummating his hypocrisy. At the end, the question which has all along haunted the reader's mind suddenly changes its shape, without any determination on the writer's part, and, no longer confined to the case presented, transcending indeed all casuistry, embraces in its challenge the whole conduct of life. Is it all a masquerade? Is all the world a stage, and all the men and women merely players, in some deeper sense than in Jaques's portrayal? The whole story is a background, with this immense speculation occupying a central but hidden position, and finally occupying the reader's mind and soul to the exclusion of the story itself, which has served its fine purpose. A mystery of life has eclipsed one of its particular problems.

What interests us most in this kind of short story is that it is of so recent emergence in the evolution of fiction, though it is but one of a number of distinctly new variations, all independent of outworn devices, and all disclosing fresh fields of imaginative activity—also novel features of human interest in intimate truths of life, not hitherto so frankly met and so hospitably entreated, made the most of through close acquaintance which breaks up many of our old feuds with them due to our shyness and timidity. Not only has the art of fiction thus gained a larger scope, but, with the correspondingly wider culture of sensibility and sympathy, a new species of humor has been generated, due precisely to that expansion, allied, as humor always is, to generous tolerance and charity.

Our hopes and our fears have made friends with each other—the hopes tempered through the surrender of vain illusions, the more readily yielded because no longer needed, since the fears, more



nearly entertained, have been transformed into safer and more helpful friends than the hopes ever seemed to be: the kind of disillusionment that happened to the gods of Asgard when on friendly terms they visited the lower-world giants.

It was the old custom in drama and fiction to represent what was called good and what was called evil as embodied in separate hosts, or separate individual champions, meeting in hostile conflict, completely visored and disguised. Thus was given an opportunity for Virtue to triumph with immunity. Now the barriers are down, and whatever disguises there may be are for the most part transparent; good and evil lie side by side in the same soul, or in every rising of one the other also is entanglingly present; in a conflict an absolute victory, if that were possible, would involve peril, so that we are wisely enjoined to suffer the tares with the wheat; and our passive sufferance, through deeper comprehension, becomes a positive tolerance. It is no small part of our wisdom that we have a judicious mistrust and dread of immaculateness. If the waters of life could by some special distillation attain absolute purity, we should, for lack of reaction, come into an anæmic estate, such an one as we would have been born to in a world made after what some would deem a wiser fashion than that of the Creator—a world aseptic and atoxic and without interchange of light with darkness.

The story of to-day is remarkable not for its exclusion of evil traits, but for its truer perspective of human failures and excellences, its wiser mingling of these. This new temperament of fiction began as a notable feature with George Eliot, and has been steadily developed, until now the polite reader has no relish for the unmixed type of saint or sinner. If there is any bright cherub sitting up aloft that takes care of the poor editor, it is one who restrains his hand when he would accept a story in which pure malice has any part or one in which pharisaism wins any favor.

We have in our new literature, as in our new life, come upon gospel ground at the same time that we have established

a true democracy in the world of letters. Puritanism began with a crude iconoclasm which, but only after the abatement of its fanaticism and fierce intolerance, is seen to have been beneficent, since we have gained by it for the English-speaking race what has not yet been fully realized for any other—the triumph of individualism. A man of no other race stands so wholly for himself and not for a class, pledged to no form of communal idolatry or specious symbolism. It does not follow that in literature he excels writers of other races in art, but that, in so far as the gospel and democracy have done their best for him, certain qualities should distinguish his work. For one thing, it should have greater psychical meaning; for another thing, it should illustrate the emancipation of the human spirit—not merely in a negative way as having divested itself of the outward trappings and insignia with which the literature of the past has been associated and from which it has gained an imposing distinction, but positively, as clothed in the garments of living truth. If our contemporary fiction, as represented in the work of the best masters, does not show these qualities, then it is a failure, unworthy of its time and opportunity.

We do not ask of these masters that they shall have the striking eminence of the greatest writers of the past. The conditions of that kind of eminence do not exist in the present. It is enough, in this more level world we live in, that the servant should be as the master, on the gospel and democratic principle that mastery is service.

Our writers are making a new literature, especially a new prose literature, which, if not more eminent than that of the past, yet is in advance of it in the line of evolutionary tendencies. It has widened and deepened the currents of human sympathy and enlarged the scope of a rational appreciation of the truths of life, and it has done this without any dependence upon the devices, whether contrived or ready at hand, which helped an older literature to a more imposing grandeur. In the simplest way, without gloss or pretence, it meets the demands of a deeply cultivated sensibility. In a word, it serves.



## EDITOR'S DRAWER

### Where there's a Will there's a Way

BY GEORGE T. WESTON

I THOUGHT so when the Peapack courthouse bell struck eight, and when it brazenly clanged the hour of nine I mentioned it.

"What's the matter with the bell?" I asked the Chief of Police.

"What!" cried the Chief. "Haven't you heard how Lem's rich uncle turned up, and how we simultaneously lost the Judge, married the Widow, and cracked the bell?"

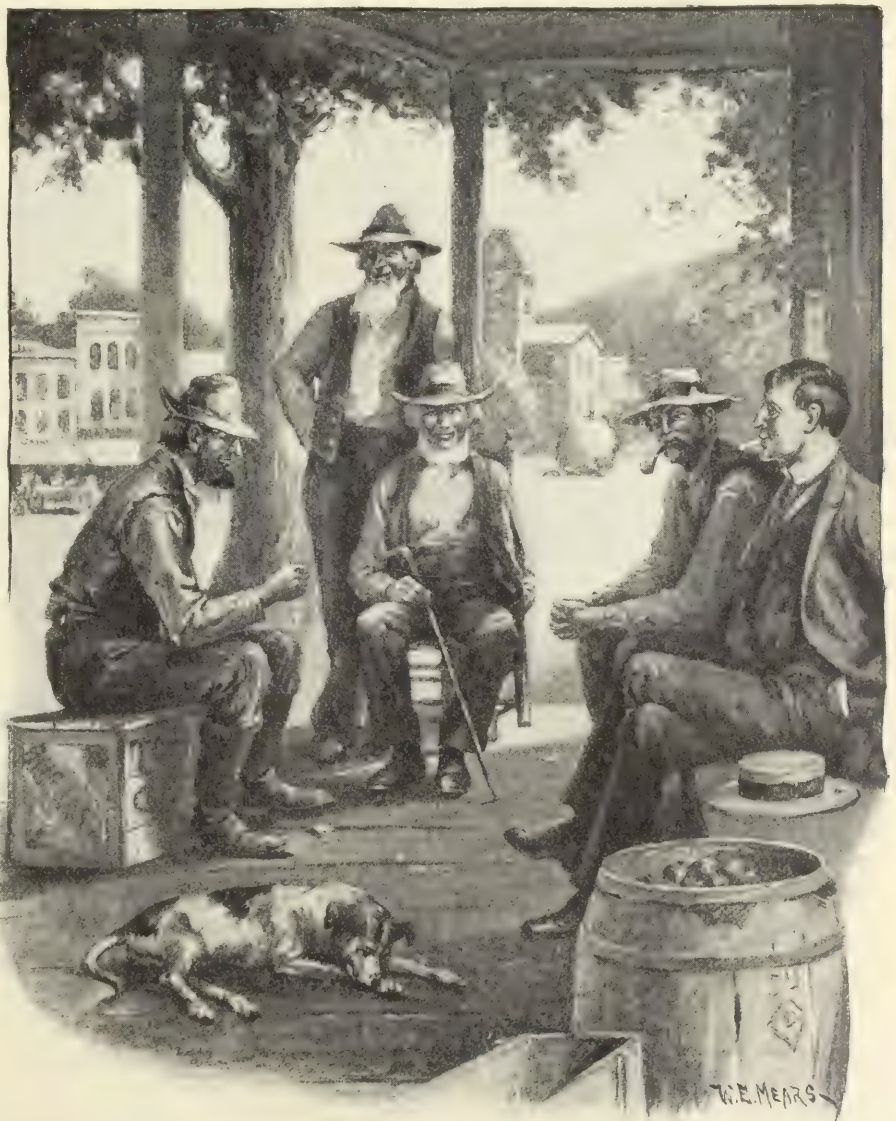
Whereupon he smacked his lips, and cried in a loud voice as one who is telling history:

"Lemuel Waller struck this town three years ago, dreamy-eyed and softly smiling. He said he liked the sylvan beauty of the place and its chances of becoming the metropolis of all the region hereabouts. But particularly he remarked about the Youth and Beauty of the female population that so adorned and graced our rustic habitations. Strange to say, the Youth and Beauty got to hear about it, and Lem was made more of in a week than most strangers would be in a year.

"It leaked out that Lem was the favorite nephew of old Joshua Waller, who owned the Lucky Strike mine out in Deadwood. Jim Mullins, the popular groceryman, sitting one day full of curiosity among his butter-tubs and cheeses, spoke up and asked Lemuel if rumor had it right. Lem admitted it under protest, and included a statement that the ladies of these here

regions were Venuses in looks and Circes in all the adorable arts of the sex. The Widow Perkins set her cap for Lem the very next night, at an ice-cream and strawberry festival for the benefit of the chapel down in Jockey Hollow, and when Lem gracefully responded, all this vicinity, except the Judge, just sat back and smiled encouragement at them.

"And why was the Judge forlorn? And why didn't he smile in happy harmony? Because he had his eye on the Widow him-



"HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?" SAID THE CHIEF



self. The Judge was our leading citizen at that time—owned the bank and nominated the Mayor—but his popularity was waxing pale on account of his foreclosing tricks. He had a mortgage on the Widow's farm that was overdue, and he was foreclosing the mortgage and courting the Widow at the same time—an able man. One night when he called Lem was there, and the Judge flung down the gauntlet of war, while Lemuel sternly picked it up, with Beauty sitting there a-looking on, and the crickets chirping, and the gold and purple clouds banking up over the river in the west.

"Once upon a time," said Lem, dreamy-eyed and softly smiling as he advanced towards the Judge, who had been making ribald references to folks that lived off their rich relations—"Once upon a time, out West where I was raised, there was a lawyer who foreclosed a mortgage on a widow. Next night the boys they up and hung him."

"And as Lem had almost reached the Judge at the same time that he reached the climax of his stirring chapter of Western history, the Judge saw fit to make his bow and so departed. After that he only called on the Widow when he knew for sure that Lem had duties that called him elsewhere.

"Meanwhile Lem talked about starting in business, but he didn't. Lem's business opportunities kept us merry and at our ease. His schemes for amassing wealth pleased us. He generally started talking a month before his remittance was due, but he always changed the subject just as soon as he signed for his registered letter. His last idea was a window-ventilator which he told us he could make for fifty cents and sell for five dollars. He had circulars printed and formed a stock company, fifty thousand dollars capital, but his remittance came the following week, and he gave all the stock to Jim Mullins, who had advanced the printing and incorporating expenses. Jim took the stock around to the bank to see if he could borrow anything on it, but the Judge didn't see it that way at all.

"Right at this point Gene Carrell, who keeps the United States Hotel, was almost paralyzed by a carriage driving up to his place with a very old invalid and a doctor in it. The doctor and the driver carried the invalid up-stairs, where his moanings sounded through the whole house, and when the doctor came down and paid for the whole second floor a week in advance and registered, 'Joshua Waller and physician, Deadwood,' Gene's paralysis was complete and nearly turned chronic.

"Who's the leading citizen around here?" asked the doctor.

"Judge Pierson," said Gene, still dazed and numb, and the doctor had written a note to the Judge and sent it off by the driver, and the Judge had appeared and gone up-stairs quite some time, before Gene came out of his trance. So then he did the next best thing. He went up-stairs, too, and

gently let himself into the next room and gummed his eye to the transom that was opened a crack. After listening a minute Gene perceived that the Judge was writing the old man's will, and also that the old gentleman was feeling anything but kindly towards Lem—a feeling which the Judge was helping along.

"After providing for my debts," the old man was saying, "I want— Is that wuthless nephew of mine still engaged in that ventilator business he wrote me about?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes," laughed the Judge in his nasty way, "as much as he was ever engaged in anything."

"I'll teach him," groaned the old gentleman. "Put it down that I give and bequeath all the rest of my personal property to the charitable institutions throughout the country, amounting in all to six hundred and ten thousand dollars, according to schedule annexed, providing that each such institution shall only receive enough to equip its windows with ventilators, and that these ventilators must be bought from the Waller Ventilator Company, of New Jersey. That'll make the wuthless scamp work for a living!"

"Such was the scene that Gene looked down upon: The patient tossing on the pillows, the doctor occasionally raising him to give him a stimulant, the Judge solemnly scratching on the paper, the light dim like a church, and the sounds of this teeming township sounding faint and hushed through the shuttered windows.

"At this interesting point Gene heard some one fumbling at the lock of the door of the room he was in, and he only just jumped down in time when the two hired girls came tiptoeing in. One had already climbed up to the crack before the other caught sight of Gene behind the bureau. Gene was sitting at his desk down-stairs half an hour later, feeling full of virtue because of the lecture he had given the help, when the doctor and the Judge came down, looking pale and upset. The doctor told Gene he must keep the house very quiet, because the invalid had relapsed and would never recover consciousness again. 'And put this in the safe,' said the doctor. 'It's his will. He just signed it before he went off.' Gene said afterwards that he couldn't for the life of him guess what made his help so high and lofty, the following week till he found that they had been the witnesses.

"The next morning, as Jim Mullins was sitting in his grocery contemplating life among his butter-tubs and cheeses, in walked the Judge and said that the weather was improving. From that the talk turned to fresh air, and then to ventilation, until at last the Judge broke out with that nasty laugh of his.

"Jim," said he, "I understand that you still own the stock of that wuthless ventilator company."

"Wuthless!" sniffed Jim. "Ho! Here I've got a hundred dollars of wuthless



orders this morning, and I've just refused a wuthless offer of ten thousand dollars for the stock. I always said that Lem would bring me luck at last.'

"Refused ten thousand?" asked the Judge. 'Who offered it?'

"That man across the street," said Jim, 'there behind that tree. And from the way he's looking, I think he's coming back as soon as you're gone. Not that I want to hurry you, Judge.'

"But the Judge was over the street before Lem had fairly finished, because he had seen that the man was the doctor. The doctor walked away as fast as he could when he saw the Judge approaching. Peapack lost sight of them going up the steps of the hotel, and from there on Gene Carrell took up the chase and followed them up-stairs as soon as he could, and glued his ear to the transom crack again.

"All right," the doctor was whispering; 'I've got ten thousand dollars. I'll give you my check, and if you can raise the other forty thousand, I think he'll sell the stock. And I'll—I'll keep the patient from recover—'

"Sh!" said the Judge. 'Come outside.'

"And out they went."

Here the Chief paused and sorrowfully shook his head as he looked over the dark, mysterious valley, to the jet-black hills beyond.

"Next morning," he continued, "Jim Mullins had fifty thousand dollars, and the two conspirators had the stock. And then—"

Once more the Chief paused, this time turning to me, putting his hand on my knee and lowering his voice till he spoke in a tone that dripped with the essence of tragedy.

"And then—Uncle Joshua got better. All at once he got entirely better. Arose from his couch like a giant refreshed. That night there was a select party of four in his rooms—himself, Lemuel, Jim Mullins, and the doctor. There was some talk of taking Gene's license away, it was such a powerful party, but everybody who came around to complain was invited up-stairs and joined the party. That *was* a party. I nearly arrested a man that night. Before they got through the only strictly sober man in these here regions was the Judge,



"LEM CAME OUT WITH THE WIDOW ON HIS ARM"

who dropped around while the festivities were at their height. Eyes like hat-pegs. Foaming at the mouth.

"What's all this?" he asked the doctor, after he had beckoned him out into the hall, Gene keeping his ear in.

"Most surprising thing!" cried the doctor. 'Patient has recovered! Most interesting case! Astonishing!'

"Dods!" snarled the Judge, 'and I thought you were the man who was going to keep him from recovering!'

"Didn't I try?" cried the doctor, speaking with a professional dignity. 'Laudanum. Two bottles. And a box of Paris green. It seemed to revive him!'

"Sh!" said the Judge; 'do you want to tell the whole neighborhood?'

"And after he had been revived by the Paris green," cried the doctor, 'I went out and got a telephone-pole and broke it over his head. And, Judge, he looked up in my face and smiled like a child. Like a child. Most touching thing. So out I went to get an axe—'

"But the Judge didn't wait to hear any more. From all accounts he saw a great white light at last and out he went, waving



his hands most despairingly, and making gurgling little noises to the stars.

"This progressive community was aroused to throes of the most titillating excitement when the story came out, and while everybody was discussing how the Judge had lost his forty thousand, and how Lem's rich uncle wasn't his uncle at all (which they only guessed at), and when it seemed as if excitement couldn't go any higher, we were all aroused to fresher and mightier throes by Lemuel up and marrying the Widow. That's the night the boys broke into jail and sneaked off with the court-house bell to serenade Lem and his proud and happy bride. I was up there on the lawn, and I remonstrated with Gene for his conduct, Gene being the ringleader, ringing the bell till it cracked.

"'Gene,' said I, 'I'm surprised at you. You're under a cloud anyhow, you are, from your own story. For why is it that you didn't warn the authorities that afternoon when you heard this diabolical plot a-hatching through the crack? We might have ar-

rested the Judge. Hasn't the Police Department got any functions?'

"'Chief,' said he, 'I'll tell you. I was just getting down from the crack to do my duty as a citizen and a friend of Lem's when the doctor came back into the room, and if you'd seen the way that unconscious invalid le'pt out of bed and how he and the doctor cake-walked about the room and punched each other with sly and roguish punches till they had to stuff my pillows in their mouths to refrain from rousing the house with their uproarious merriment—if you'd seen all that,' said he, 'you'd know right well why I didn't warn this law-abiding community of the diabolical plot I heard a-hatching through the crack.'

"And just then Lem came out on the front piazza, dreamy-eyed and softly smiling, with the Widow on his arm, and he burned the Judge's mortgage that had been paid off with the Judge's own good money. Then he kissed the bride, and they *all* went *plumb* crazy, and *that* was when they cracked the bell."

## A Strenuous Experience

From the Adventures of a Bookworm

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"EGAD!" the Bookworm cried, as he emerged  
From out a bold romance whose hero  
splurged  
About right carelessly with sword and  
lance—  
A tale it was of former days in France—  
"I'm mighty glad that by some hook or  
crook  
I have escaped from that most awful book!  
Three times I've stumbled into pools of  
gore  
That nearly drowned me ere I could with-  
draw.  
Five times the doughty hero's rapier hissed  
So close unto my neck it barely missed,  
And by the villain flying, short of breath,  
Four times was I nigh trampled unto  
death;  
And once, on page six hundred forty-three,  
Where Gaston grapples with the Comte de  
Brie,  
And flings him down the yawning oubliette,  
I bored right through into the dank and  
wet,  
And as the dying Comte let forth his shriek  
I nearly set the horrid thing aleak.  
A millionth of an inch along that way  
And there'd have been the very deuce to  
pay.

A page or two beyond I sprained my teeth  
Upon a dungeon wall, the moat beneath,  
And when I thus this barrier did note,  
I bored a trifle higher in the moat;  
And, on my honor, I was just about  
Six weary mortal weeks in getting out.  
Thrice was I lost in trackless forests dense;  
Twice was I locked in some château im-  
mense:

And once I bored into a cabaret  
Just where the flowing bowl of punch was  
set—

And oh the stuff that gurgled down my  
throat—

The ooze was better drinking in the moat!  
And finally when Chapter Last came by  
I vow I thought that then and there I'd  
die—

The hero and the Princess with her blush  
Filled page on page with such confounded  
mush.

Hereafter I intend to show more care  
In the selection of my bill of fare.  
On cyclopædias and things like that,  
On hymn-books, sermons, joke-books stale  
and flat,  
On ledgers and account-books e'en I'll dine:  
No more historical romance for mine."





## A Love Match

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

'Twas at the races that they met; the Jungle A. A. U.  
 Had opened an athletic field upon the upper Nile.  
 Beneath her frank, admiring gaze he strove the best he knew,  
 And won a two-mile handicap against the crocodile.  
 It was a contest fine to see!—the crowd grew boisterous  
 And madly shouted Hip, hip hip, hip, Hipp—opotamus!

Though Miss Rhinoceros's beaux referred to him with scorn,  
 'Twas plain she'd eyes for no one else. "That brow! Those manly feet!"  
 "I'm glad he won!" she cried again, and tooted on her horn,—  
 And so her friend Miss Lioness contrived to have them meet.  
 "Such graceful *embonpoint*!" he sighed, his hand upon his heart;  
 'Twas clear to all who stood about he loved her from the start.

The Jungle felt no great surprise when soon their cards were out;  
 The wedding was a fine affair, the sourest critics grant.  
 Though Dean Giraffe is higher Church, there's very little doubt  
 That all were better satisfied with Bishop L. E. Phant.

And now, if Heaven send them twins, 'twill save a lot of fuss  
 To name them Hipporoceros and Rhinopotamus.



## His Florist

PUBLIC-SCHOOL teachers in Little Italy are constant recipients of presents of various kinds from admiring scholars. The presents vary all the way from ripe tomatoes to five-dollar bills. When the intrinsic value of an offering is beyond a certain limit the teacher usually institutes an inquiry as to its original source. One boy made frequent gifts of flowers. As long as they were somewhat faded the teacher accepted them unquestioningly, but when Tony appeared on a certain morning with a large bunch of expensive white roses she felt constrained to ask the boy where he got them. Heaven and earth and the Madonna were called upon to witness that the flowers had been purchased, later that they had been a gift, and finally that Tony's mother had sent them as a token of her regard. The teacher grew more stern in her demand for particulars in regard to Tony's getting the flowers. There was a flower-stand on the Bowery, two blocks west, which she feared might have been looted.

"Tony," she persisted, "tell me the truth. Did you steal those roses? Then where did you get them?"

"Teacher, gracious lady," wept Tony, at the end of his inventive powers, "I gotta from da church on Brooma Street. Da man, he no care—he dead."

## Too Literal

AUNT MAHALY, an old negress with a worthless husband, was relating her troubles to her minister. The usual condolences were offered by the latter and remedies suggested, but at each one Aunt Mahaly shook a doubting head—she had tried them all without avail.

The minister sighed and pondered, and at last had an inspiration. He leaned to Aunt Mahaly, who brightened visibly.

"Sis' Mahaly," he said, "hab you eber tried heapin' coals er fire on his haid?"

The gleam of hope faded from Aunt Mahaly's face.

"No, Bre'r Jackson, I ain't never done dat, but I's tried po'in' hot water ovuh him."

## The Reason

HELEN was playing one day, when a little girl with a dirty face stopped to look on. Helen, being of an analytical turn of mind, thought she would ascertain the cause of this facial defect, and asked:

"Do you wash your face with your dirty hands, or do you wash your hands first and then wash your face in the dirty water?"

"Don't do neither," came the reply. "I ain't no idiot."



An Ocean Liner

## Where Needles Came High

BEFORE the locomotive had penetrated into our great Western Territories the supply of troops at the advance posts was exceedingly expensive.

One day the post trader's new stock had arrived, and Mrs. B—— was invited to the opening. A display of common prints at seventy-five cents a yard, and other goods at similar values, did not tempt her to buy. However, as she was about to leave the store, she remembered that she needed some needles. Asking for a paper, a clerk handed them to her. Inquiry about the price brought the reply, "One dollar." For a moment she was rendered speechless, but recovering herself, she simply repeated, "One dollar!" By this time the trader himself, who had noticed the transaction, had approached and came to the rescue of the clerk: "Yes, madam, one dollar; it may appear high to you, but you must remember the freight!"



### An Impressionist

NOT long ago the son of a well-known college professor was trotting across the campus, when he was hailed by one of the students, who walked along with him and entered into friendly chat.

"Well, John, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"I am goin' to be a painter," declared the youngster.

"Oh, are you? What are you going to paint—pictures?"

"No," scornfully. "I am goin' to paint the inside of houses and the outside of houses."

"I see. And what color are you going to have your houses?"

John reflected a moment. This was a point to which he had given no previous consideration. Then he announced: "I am goin' to have them the color of the paint."



Close to Nature

### Costly Discipline

A POPULAR Eastern doctor tells this story of a bright boy, another doctor's son, who had reached the mature age of ten after an early career marked by many wild and mischievous pranks.

His restless nature has made him something of a torment to his teacher at times, and one afternoon not long ago she kept him after the others were dismissed and had a serious talk with him. Perhaps she was a little afraid that her admonitions were falling on stony ground. Anyway, she finally said, "I certainly will have to ask your father to come and see me."

"Don't do it," said the boy.

The teacher thought she had made an impression.

"Yes," she repeated, "I must send for your father."

"You better not," said the boy.

"Why not?" inquired the teacher.

"'Cause he charges two dollars a visit," said the scamp.

### New Logic

AUNT CHLOE CARTER and Verbena Washington, two colored women, met on the street on their way home from work.

A FROWSY old maid went adrift in the tropics,  
To scatter some tractlets on various topics.  
But so it transpired, while she walked in the jungle,  
A boa-constrictor, too practised to bungle,  
Embraced her slim waist, and quite ardently squeezed her;  
And would you believe it?—it actually pleased her!

The compliments of the day were exchanged, and on separating each importuned the other to come to see her. So insistent, indeed, was Verbena in her hospitality that Aunt Chloe was moved to say:

"I'll tell you de trufe, Verbena Washington, ef I didn't live no furdur from you den you does from me, I'd come to see you ev'y day."

### A Nice Distinction

AUNT RHODY was very proud of the achievements of her daughter, who attended the public school, and one day confided to her mistress that Rosanna had learned to write, and had actually written a letter to Vicksburg. The lady was so interested that, about a month later, she inquired again concerning Rosanna's progress. Aunt Rhody beamed.

"Lawsee, Mis' Polly! Rosanna is 'way erhaid er what she was las' mont'. She kin write er letter ter New York now."





A Fancy-dressed Ball

Correct

THE captain of an Ohio steamer ordered two iron chairs from a German dealer named Schmidt. When the chairs were delivered it was found that only one filled the captain's requirements and the other was returned. When the German presented his bill, however, it read thus, much to the amazement of the captain, who supposed Schmidt to be an honest and capable man:

Cincinnati April the 16 1860  
Capt J S Neal  
to Fred Schmidt  
To 2 Iron Chairs—7 .....\$14 00  
1 Wooden Do ..... 7 00  
1 Wood Do ..... 7 00  
balance due.....\$7 00

The captain sent for the German, who arrived in due course. "You remember," said he to Schmidt, "that I told you to bring aboard two chairs, and you did so?"

"Yaw," said Schmidt.  
"Well, afterwards I told you that one wouldn't do and one would do, and I kept but one."

"Dat shust so," said Schmidt, "and shust as te pill say"—whereupon he pointed to the last items, "'1 wooden do' and '1 wood do.' You owes seven tollars." And the captain acknowledged that the bill was correct.

Treasure-Trove

IF you should find a squirrel's hoard,  
One winter day, what would you do?  
Ransack the nook discreetly stored,  
And search his little treasures through?  
Or would you leave it safe and sound,  
That frugal garner underground?

If I should find a squirrel's hoard  
I know quite well what I would do:  
I would not rob his scanty board,  
But add some trifles more thereto,  
Brown Barcelonas and Brazils,  
Or chestnuts from the Spanish hills.

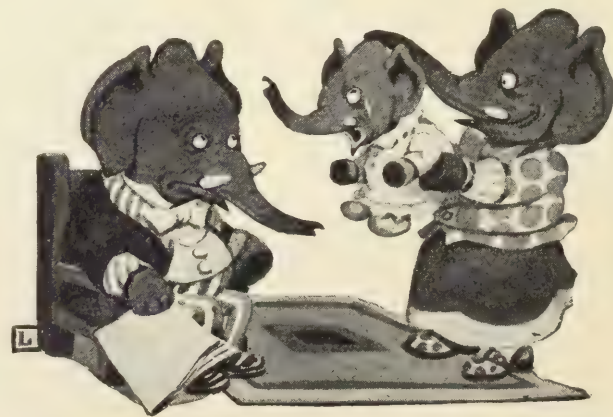
Then when his winter doze is done,  
When warm winds wake the humblebees,  
When clouds play peep-bo round the sun,  
And Spring comes laughing through the  
trees,  
And daisies peer demure and prim,  
Then I shall have the laugh of him.

When impudent and gay he goes  
In flying leaps from tree to tree,  
With flirited tail and tilted nose,  
So far too proud to play with me—  
"Observe my light fantastic toe!  
You who must trudge it down below."

Then I shall call to him and say:  
"I also know a thing or two—  
Although I may not look so gay  
Or climb as far and fast as you—  
I saw your store, O sleepyhead,  
When you were sound asleep in bed.

"These scornful airs are quite absurd,  
That haughty tail is flashed in vain,  
Your secret hangs upon a word,  
A word of mine, dear Lord Disdain.  
I found your *cache*, and, what is more,  
I most distinctly heard you snore!"

ROSAMOND MARRIOTT WATSON.



"Hooray! Little Elly's cut a tusk."









Illustration for "The Second Best"

See page 371

CHRISTINE



# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## The Slave-Trade of To-day

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

### CONCLUSION—THE ISLANDS OF DOOM

THEY stand in the Gulf of Guinea—those two islands of San Thomé and Principe where the slaves die,—about 150 miles from the nearest coast at the Gaboon River in French Congo. San Thomé lies just above the equator, Principe some eighty miles north and a little east of San Thomé, and a hundred and twenty miles southwest of Fernando Po. San Thomé is about eight times as large as Principe, and the population, which may now be reckoned considerably over 40,000, is also about eight times as large. It is difficult to say what proportion of these populations are slaves. The official returns of 1900 put the population of San Thomé at 37,776, including 19,211 *serviçaes*, or slaves, with an import of 4572 *serviçaes* in 1901. And the population of Principe was given as 4327, including 3175 *serviçaes*. But the prosperity of the islands is increasing with such rapidity that these numbers have now been probably far surpassed.\*

It is cocoa that has created the prosperity. In old days the islands were famous for their coffee, and it is still perhaps the best in Africa. But the trade in coffee sank to less than a half in the ten years 1891 to 1901, while in that time the cocoa trade increased fourfold—from 3597 tons to 14,914,—and

\* An English resident at San Thomé estimates the *serviçaes* alone at 40,000.

since 1901 the increase has been still more rapid. The islands possess exactly the kind of climate that kills men and makes the cocoa-tree flourish. It is, as I have described, a hothouse climate—burning heat and torrents of rain in the wet season, from October to April; stifling heat and clouds of dripping mist in the season that is called dry. In such an air and upon the fine volcanic soil the cocoa-plant thrives wherever it is set, and continues to produce all the year round. Nearly one-third of the islands is now under cultivation, and the wild forest is constantly being cleared away. In consequence, the value of land has gone up beyond the dreams of a land-grabber's avarice. Little plots that could be had for the asking ten years ago now fetch their hundreds. There is a story, perhaps mythical, that one of the greatest owners—once a clerk or carrier in San Thomé—has lately refused two million sterling for his plantations there. In 1901 the export trade from San Thomé alone was valued at £764,830, having more than doubled in five years, and by this time it is certainly over £1,000,000. There are probably about 230 plantations or "*roças*" on San Thomé now, some employing as many as 1000 slaves. And on Principe there are over fifty *roças*, with from 300 to 500 slaves working upon the largest. All these evidences of increasing prosperity must be very satis-



factory to the private proprietors and to the shareholders in the companies which own a large proportion of the land. For the most part they live in Lisbon, enjoying themselves upon the product

the electric light, the beautiful wood-work in the manager's house, the clean and roomy hospital with its copious supply of drugs and anatomical curiosities in bottles, the isolated house for infectious

cases. To an outward seeming, the Decree of 1903 for the regulation of the slave labor had been carried out in every possible respect. All looked as perfect and legal as an English industrial school. Then we sat down to an exquisite Parisian déjeuner under the bower of a drooping tree, and while I was meditating on the hardships of African travel, a saying of another of the guests kept coming back to my mind: "The



MODEL SLAVE-QUARTERS IN SAN THOME

of the cocoa-tree and the lives of men and women.

One early morning at San Thomé I went out to visit a plantation which is rightly regarded as a kind of model—a show-place for the intelligent foreigner or for the Portuguese shareholder who feels qualms as he banks his dividends. There were four hundred slaves on the estate, not counting children, and I was shown their neat brick huts in rows, quite recently finished. I saw them clearing the forest for further plantation, clearing the ground under the cocoa-trees, gathering the great yellow pods, sorting the brown kernels, which already smelt like a chocolate-box, heaping them up to ferment, raking them out in vast pans to dry, working in the carpenters' sheds, superintending the new machines, and gathering in groups for the midday meal. I was shown the turbine engine,

Portuguese are certainly doing a marvelous work for Angola and these islands. Call it slavery if you like. Names and systems don't matter. The sum of human happiness is being infinitely increased."

The doctor had come up to pay his official visit to the plantation that day. "The death-rate on this roça," he remarked, casually, during the meal, "is twelve or fourteen per cent. a year among the servicaes." "And what is the chief cause?" I asked. "Anæmia," he said. "That is a vague sort of thing," I answered; "what brings on anæmia?" "Unhappiness [tristeza]," he said, frankly.

He went on to explain that if they could keep a slave alive for three or four years from the date of landing, he generally lived some time longer, but it was very difficult to induce them to live through the misery and homesickness of the first few years.



This cause, however, does not account for the high mortality among the children. On one of the largest and best-managed plantations of San Thomé the superintendent admits a children's death-rate of 25 per cent., or one-quarter of all the children, every year. Our latest consular reports do not give a complete return of the death-rate for San Thomé, but on Principe 867 slaves died during 1901 (491 males and 376 females), which gives a total death-rate of 20.67 per cent. per annum. In other words, you may calculate that among the slaves on Principe one in every five will be dead by the end of the year.\*

No wonder that the price of slaves is high, and that it is almost impossible for the supply from Angola to keep pace with the demand, though the government calls on its agents to drive the trade as hard as they can, and the agents do their very utmost to encourage the natives to raid, kidnap, accuse of witchcraft, press for debts, soak in rum, and sell. A manager in Principe, who employs 150 slaves on his roça, told me that it is impossible for him fully to develop the land without 200 more, but he simply cannot afford the £6000 needed for the purchase of that number.

The common saying that if you have seen one plantation you have seen all, is not exactly true. I found the plantations differed a good deal according to the

\* London's death-rate in 1903 was 15.7 per 1000 against Principe's 206.7 per 1000. Liverpool had the highest death-rate of English cities. It was 20.5 per 1000, or almost exactly one-tenth of the death-rate among the servicaes in Principe. The total death-rate for England and Wales in 1902 was 16.2 per 1000.

wealth of the proprietor and the superintendent's disposition. Still there is a general similarity in external things from which one can easily build up a type. Let us take, for instance, a roça which I visited one Sunday after driving some six or seven miles into the interior from the port of San Thomé. The road led through groves of the cocoa-tree, the gigantic "cotton-tree," breadfruit, palms, and many hard and useful woods which I did not know. For a great part of the distance the wild and untouched forest stood thick on both sides, and as we climbed into the mountains we looked down into unpenetrated glades, where parrots, monkeys, and civet-cats are the chief inhabitants. The sides of the road were thickly covered with moss and fern, and the high rocks and tree-tops were from time to time concealed by the soaking white mist which the people for some strange reason call "flying-fish milk." High up in the hills we came to a filthy village, where a few slaves were drearily lying about, full of the deadly rum that hardly even cheers. A few hundred yards farther up was the roça which owns the village and runs the rum-shop there for the benefit of the slaves and its own pocket. The buildings are arranged in a great quadrangle, with high walls all



A MODEL SLAVE-HOSPITAL IN SAN THOME





SLAVES WAITING FOR RATIONS ON SUNDAY

round and big gates that are locked at night. On one side stands the planter's house, and attached to it are the dwellings of the overseers, or gangers, together with the quarters of such slaves as are employed for domestic purposes, whether as concubines or servants. On the other side stand the quarters of the ordinary slaves who labor on the plantation. They are built in long sheds, and in a few cases these are two stories high, but in most plantations only one. Some of the sheds are arranged like the dormitories in our barracks; sometimes the homes are almost or entirely isolated; sometimes, as in this roça, they are divided by partitions, like the stalls in a stable. At one end of the quadrangle, besides the magazines for the working and storage of the cocoa, there is a huge barn, which the slaves use as a kitchen, each family making its own little fire on the ground and cooking its rations separately, as the unconquerable habit of all natives is. At the other end of the quadrangle, sunk below the level of the fall of the hill, stands the hospital, with its male and female wards duly divided according to law.

The centre of the quadrangle is occupied by great flat pans, paved with cement or stones, for the drying of the cocoa beans. Within the largest of these enclosures the slaves are gathered two or three times a week to receive their rations of meal and dried fish. At six o'clock on the afternoon of my visit they all assembled to the clanging of the bell, the grown-up slaves bringing large bundles of grass, which they had gathered as part of their daily task, for the mules and cattle. They stood round the edges of the square in perfect silence. In the centre of the square at regular intervals stood the whity-brown gangers, leaning on their long sticks or flicking their boots with whips. Beside them lay the large and savage dogs which prowl round the buildings at night to prevent the slaves escaping in the darkness. As it was Sunday afternoon, the slaves were called upon to enjoy the Sunday treat. First came the children one by one, and to each of them was given a little sup of wine from a pitcher. Then the square began slowly to move round in single file. Slabs of dried fish were given out as rations, and for the special Sun-





SLAVES BRINGING IN FODDER FOR CATTLE

day treat each man or woman received two leaves of raw tobacco from one of the superintendent's mistresses, or, if they preferred it, one leaf of tobacco and a sup of wine in a mug. Nearly all chose the two leaves of tobacco as the more lasting joy. When they had received their dole, they passed round the square again in single file, till all had made the circuit. From first to last not a single word was spoken. It was more like a military execution than a festival.

About once a month the slaves receive their wages in a similar manner. By the Decree of 1903, the minimum wage for a man is fixed at 2500 reis (something under ten shillings) a month, and for a woman at 1800 reis. But, as a matter of fact, the planters tell me that the average wage is 1200 reis a month, or about one and twopence a week. In some cases the wages are higher, and one or two slaves were pointed out to me whose wages came to fifteen shillings a month. I am told that in the islands, unlike the custom on the mainland, these wages are really paid in cash and not by tokens, but the planters always add that as the money can only be spent in

the plantation store, nearly all of it comes back to them in the form of profit on rum or cloth or food.

According to the law, only two-fifths of the wages are to be paid every month, the remaining three-fifths going to a "Repatriation Fund" in San Thomé. In the case of the slaves from Angola this is never done, and it is much to the credit of the Portuguese that, as there is no repatriation, they have dropped the institution of a Repatriation Fund. They might easily have pocketed three-fifths of the slaves' wages under that excuse, but this advantage they have renounced. They never send the slaves home, and they do not deduct the money for doing it. Neither do they deduct a proportion of the wages which, according to the law, might be sent to the mainland for the support of a man's family till the termination of his contract. They know a contract terminates only at death, and from this easy method of swindling they also abstain. It is, as I said, to their credit, the more because it is so unlike their custom.

For some reason which I do not quite understand—perhaps because they come



under French government — the Cape Verde servicaes receive a higher wage (3000 reis for a man and 2500 for a woman); about a third is deducted every month for repatriation, and in many cases, at all events, the people are actually sent back. So the planters told me, though I have not seen them on a returning ship myself.

According to the law, the wages of all slaves must be raised 10 per cent. if they agree to renew their contract for a second term of five years. With the best will in the world, it would be almost impossible to carry out this provision, for no slave ever does agree to renew his contract. His wishes in the matter are no more consulted than a blind horse's in a coal-pit. The owner or agent of the plantation waits till the five years of about fifty of his slaves have expired. Then he sends for the Curador from San Thomé, and lines up the fifty in front of him. In the presence of two witnesses and his secretary the Curador solemnly announces to the slaves that the term of their contract is up and the contract is renewed for five years more. The slaves are then dismissed and another scene in the cruel farce of contracted labor is over. One of the planters told me that he thought some of his slaves counted the years for the first five, but never afterward.

Some planters do not even go through the form of bringing the Curador and the time-expired slaves face to face. They simply send down the papers for signature, and do not mention the matter to the slaves at all. At the end of June, 1905, a planter told me he had sent down the papers in April and had not yet received them back. He was getting a little anxious. "Of course," he said, "it makes no difference whatever to the slaves. They know nothing about it. But I like to comply with the law."

In one respect, however, that well-intentioned citizen did not comply with the law at all. The law lays it down that every owner of fifty slaves must set up a hospital with separate wards for the sexes. This man employed nearly 200 slaves, and had no hospital at all. The official doctor came up and visited the sick in their crowded huts twice a month.

The law lays it down that a crèche

shall be kept on each plantation for children under seven, and certainly I have seen the little black infants herding about in the dust together among the empty huts while their parents were at work. Children are not allowed to be driven to work before they are eleven, and up to fourteen they may be compelled to do only certain kinds of labor. From fourteen to sixteen two kinds of labor are excluded—cutting timber and trenching the coffee. After sixteen they become full-grown slaves, and may be forced to do any kind of work. These provisions are only legal, but, as I noticed before, the children born on a plantation, if only they can be kept alive to maturity, ought to make the most valuable kind of slaves. Their keep has cost very little, and otherwise they come to the planter for nothing, like all good gifts of God. This is what makes me doubt the truth of a story one often hears about San Thomé, that a woman who is found to be with child after landing is flogged to death in the presence of the others. It is not the cruelty that makes me question it. Give a lonely white man absolute authority over blacks, and there is no length to which his cruelty may not go. But the loss in cash would be too considerable. At landing, a woman has cost the planter as much as two cows, and no good business man would flog a cow to death because she was in calf.

The same considerations tend, of course, to prevent all violent acts of cruelty such as might bring death. The cost of slaves is so large, the demand is so much greater than the supply, and the death-rate is so terrible in any case that a good planter's first thought is to do all he can to keep his stock of slaves alive. It is true that in most men passion easily overcomes interest. For an outsider it is impossible to judge of such things. When a stranger is coming, the word goes round that everything must be made to look as smooth and pleasant as possible. No one can realize the inner truth of the slave's life unless he has lived many years on the plantations. But I am inclined to think that for business reasons the violent forms of cruelty are unlikely and uncommon. Flogging, however, is common if not universal, and so are certain forms of vice. The



prettiest girls are chosen by the agents and gangers as their concubines—that is natural. But it was worse when a planter pointed me out a little boy and girl of about seven or eight, and boasted that like most of the children they were already instructed in acts of bestiality, the contemplation of which seemed to give him a pleasing amusement amid the brutalizing tedium of a planter's life.

In spite of all precautions and the boasted comfort of their lot, some of the slaves succeed in escaping. On San Thomé they generally take to highway robbery, and white men always go arm-

ed in consequence. The law decrees that a recaptured runaway is to be restored to his owner, and after the customary flogging he is then set to work again. Sometimes the runaways are hunted and shot down. On one of the mountains of San Thomé, I am told, you may still see a heap of bones where a party of runaway slaves were shot, but I have not seen them myself. For some reason, perhaps because of the greater wildness of the island, there are many more runaways on Principe, small as it is. The place is like a magic land, the dream of some wild painter. Points of cliff run sheer up from the sea, and between them lie secret little bays where a boat may be pushed off quietly over the sand. In one such bay, where the dense forest comes right down to the beach, a long canoe was gradually scooped out in January (1905) and filled with provisions for a voyage. When all was ready, eighteen

escaped slaves launched it by night and paddled away into the darkness of the sea. For many days and nights they toiled, ignorant of all direction. They only knew that somewhere across the sea was their



A PLANTER'S HOUSE AND BELL-TOWER

home. But before their provisions were quite spent, the current and the powers of evil that watch over slaves bore them to the coast of Fernando Po. Thinking they had reached freedom at last, they crept out of the boat on to the welcome shore, and there the authorities seized upon them, and, to the endless shame of Spain, packed them all on a steamer and sent them back in a single day to the place from which they came.

That is one of the things that make us anarchists. Probably there was hardly any one on Fernando Po, though it is a slave island itself, who would not willingly have saved those men if he had been left to his own instincts. But directly the state authority came in, their cause was hopeless. So it is that wherever you touch government you seem to touch the devil.

The eighteen were taken back to Principe, flogged almost to death in the



jail, returned to their owners, and any of them who survive are still at work on the plantations, with but the memory of that brief happiness and overwhelming defeat to think upon.

When escaping slaves have reached the Kameruns, the Germans resolutely refuse to give them back, and by that refusal they have done much to cover the errors and harshness of their own colonial system. What would happen now to slaves who reached Nigeria or the Gold Coast, one hardly dares to think. There was a time when we used to hear fine stories of slaves falling on the beach when they touched British territory and kissing the soil of freedom. But that was long ago, and since then England has grown rich and fallen from her high estate. Her hands are no longer clean, and when people think of Johannesburg and Queensland and western Australia, all she may say of freedom becomes an empty sound, impressing no one.

Last April (1905) another of the planters discovered a party of eight of his own slaves just launching a canoe in hopes of escaping with better success. They had crammed the canoe with provisions—slaughtered pigs, meal, and water-casks—so many things that the planter told me it would certainly have sunk and drowned them all. To prevent this lamentable catastrophe he took them to the jail, had them flogged almost to death by the jailer there, and brought them back to the huts which they had so rashly attempted to leave in spite of their legal contract and their supposed willingness to work on the plantations.

In the interior, the island of Principe rises into great peaks, not so high as the mountains of San Thomé, but very much more precipitous. There is one peak especially where the rock falls so sheer that I think it would be inaccessible to the best climber on that side. I have not discovered the exact height of the mountains, but I should estimate them as something between 4000 feet and 5000 feet, and they, like the whole island, are covered with forest and tropical growth, except where the rock is too steep and smooth to give any hold for roots. But, as a rule, one sees the mountains only by glimpses, for when I have passed the island or landed there they

have always been wrapt in slowly moving mist, and I believe they are seldom clear of it. The mist falls in a soaking drizzle, and it seems to rain heavily, besides, almost every day, even in the dry season. Perhaps the moisture is almost too great, for I noticed more rot upon the cocoa pods here than at San Thomé.

Into these dripping forests and almost inaccessible mountains the slaves are constantly trying to escape. A planter told me that many of them do not realize what an island is. They hope to be able to make their way home on foot. When they discover that the terrible sea foams all round them, they turn into the forest and build little huts, from which they are continually moving away. Here and there they plant little patches of maize or other food with seed which they steal from the plantations or which is secretly conveyed to them by the other slaves. Some kind of communication is evidently kept up, for it is thought the plantation slaves always know where the run-aways are, and sometimes betray them. I saw one man who had been living with them in the forest himself and had come back with his hand cut off and his head split open, probably for treachery. We asked him the reason; we asked him to tell us something of the life out there; but at once he assumed the native's impenetrable look and would not speak another word.

Women as well as men escape from time to time and join these fine vindicators of freedom in the woods, but, chiefly owing to the deadly climate and the extreme hardship of their life, the people do not increase in numbers. About a thousand was the highest figure I heard given for them; about two hundred the lowest. The number most generally quoted was six hundred, but, in fact, it is quite impossible to count them at all, for they are always changing their camps and are rarely seen. The cotton cloths in which they escape go to pieces very soon, and they all live in entire nakedness, except when the women take the trouble to string together a few plantain leaves as aprons. Among them, however, they have some clever craftsmen. They make good bows and arrows for hunting the civet-cats and other animals that





SLAVE-QUARTERS ON A PLANTATION

form their chief food, and I have seen a two-handled saw made out of a common knife or machet—a very ingenious piece of work. It was found in the hands of one of them who had been shot.

For the most part they live a wandering and hard, but I hope not an entirely unhappy, existence in the dense forest around the base of that precipitous mountain of which I spoke. Every now and again the Portuguese organize man-hunts to recapture or kill them off. Forming a kind of cordon, they sweep over parts of the island, tying up or shooting all they may find. But the Portuguese are so cowardly and incapable in their undertakings that they are no match for alert natives filled with the recklessness of despair, and the massacre has never yet been complete. In fact, the hunting parties are often broken up by dissensions among rival strategists, and sometimes they appear to degenerate into convivial meetings, at which drink is the object and murder the excuse.

Recently, however, there was a very successful shoot. The sportsmen had been led by guides to a place where the escaped slaves were known to be rather thick in the forest. They came upon huts evidently just abandoned. Beside them, hidden in the grass, they found an old man. "We took him," said the planter who told me the story, with all a sportsman's relish, "and we forced him to tell us where the others were. At first we could not squeeze a word or sign out of him. After a long time, without saying anything, he lifted a hand towards the highest trees, and there we saw the slaves, men and women, clinging like bats to the under side of the branches. It was not long, I can tell you, before we brought them crashing down through the leaves on to the ground. My word, we had grand sport that day!"

I can imagine no more noble existence than has fallen to those poor and naked blacks, who have dared all for freedom, and scorning the stall-fed life of slavery,



have chosen rather to throw themselves upon such mercy as nature has, to wander together in nakedness and hunger from forest to forest and hut to hut, to live in daily apprehension of murder, to lurk

pole the slaves are carrying between them on their shoulders. Under the pole a body is lashed, tightly wrapped up in the cotton cloth that was its dress while it lived. The head is covered with an-

other piece of cloth which passes round the neck and is also fastened tightly to the pole. The feet and legs are sometimes covered, sometimes left to dangle naked. In silence the two slaves pass into some untrodden part of the forest, and the man or woman who started on life's journey in a far-off native village with the average hope and delight of childhood, travels over the last brief stage and is no more seen.

Laws and



A VIEW IN PRINCEPE

like apes under the high branches, and at last to fall to the bullets of the Christians, dead, but of no further service to the commercial gentlemen who bought them and lose thirty pounds by every death.

Even to the slaves who remain on the plantations, not having the courage or good fortune to escape and die like wild beasts, death, as a rule, is not much longer delayed in coming. Probably within the first two or three years the slave's strength begins to ebb away. With every day his work becomes feebler, so that at last even the ganger's whip or pointed stick cannot urge him on. Then he is taken to the hospital and laid upon the boarded floor till he dies. An hour or so afterwards you may meet two of his fellow slaves going into the forest. There is perhaps a sudden smell of carbolic or other disinfectant upon the air, and you take another look at the long

treaties do not count for much. A law is never of much effect unless the mind of a people has passed beyond the need of it, and treaties are binding only on those who wish to be bound. But still there are certain laws and treaties that we may for a moment recall: in 1830 England paid £300,000 to the Portuguese provided they forbade all slave-trade—which they did and pocketed the money; in 1842 England and the United States agreed under the Ashburton Treaty to maintain joint squadrons on the west coast of Africa for the suppression of the slave-trade; in 1858 Portugal enacted a law that every slave belonging to a Portuguese subject should be free in twenty years; in 1885, by the Berlin General Act, England, the United States, and thirteen other powers, including Portugal and Belgium, pledged themselves to suppress every kind of slave-trade, especially in



the Congo and the interior of Africa; in 1890, by the Brussels General Act, England, the United States, and fifteen other powers, including Portugal and Belgium, pledged themselves to suppress every kind of slave-trade, especially in the Congo and the interior of Africa, to erect cities of refuge for escaped slaves, to hold out protection to every fugitive slave, to stop all convoys of slaves on the march, and to exercise strict supervision at all ports so as to prevent the sale or shipment of slaves across the sea.

If any one wanted a theme for satire, what more deadly theme could he find?

To which of the powers can appeal now be made? Appeal to England is no longer possible. Since the rejection of Ireland's home-rule bill, the abandonment of the Armenians to massacre, and the extinction of the South-African republics, she can no longer be regarded as the champion of liberty or of justice among mankind. She has flung away her only noble heritage. She has closed her heart of compassion, and for ten years past the oppressed have called to her in vain. A single British cruiser, posted off the coast of Angola, with orders to arrest every mail-boat or other ship having *serviçaes* on board, would so paralyze the system that probably it would never recover. But one might as soon expect Russia or Germany to do it as England in her recent mood. She will make representations, perhaps; she will remind Portugal of "the old alliance" and the friendship between the royal families; but she will do no more. What she says can have no effect; her tongue, which was the tongue of men, has become like sounding brass; and if she spoke of freedom, the nations would listen with a polished smile.

From her we can turn only to America. There the sense of freedom still seems to linger, and the people are still capable of greater actions than can ever be prompted by commercial interests and the search for a market. America's record is still clean compared to England's, and her impulses to compassion and justice will not be checked by family affection for the royalties of one out of the two most degraded, materialized, and unintellectual little states of Europe. America

may still take the part that once was England's by right of inheritance. She may stand as the bulwark of freedom against tyranny, and of justice and mercy—those almost extinct qualities—against the restless greed and blood-thirsty pleasure-seeking of the world. Let America declare that her will is set against slavery, and at her voice the abominable trade in human beings between Angola and the islands will collapse as the slave-trade to Brazil collapsed at the voice of England in the days of her greatness.

I am aware that, as I said in my first letter, the whole question of slavery is still before us. It has reappeared under the more pleasing names of "indentured labor," "contract labor," or the "compulsory labor" which Mr. Chamberlain has advocated in obedience to the Johannesburg mine-owners. The whole thing will have to be faced anew, for the solutions of our great-grandfathers no longer satisfy. While slavery is lucrative, as it is on the islands of San Thomé and Príncipe, it will be defended by those who identify greatness with wealth, and if their own wealth is involved, their arguments will gain considerably in vigor. They will point to the necessity of developing rich islands where no one would work without compulsion. They will point to what they call the comfort and good treatment of the slaves. They will protect themselves behind legal terms. But they forget that legal terms make no difference to the truth of things. They forget that slavery is not a matter of discomfort or ill treatment, but of loss of liberty. They forget that it might be better for mankind that the islands should go back to wilderness than that a single slave should toil there. I know the contest is still before us. It is but part of the great contest with capitalism, and in Africa it will be as long and difficult as it was a hundred years ago in other regions of the world. I have but tried to reveal one small glimpse in a greater battle-field, and to utter the cause of a few thousands out of the millions of men and women whose silence is heard only by God. And perhaps if the crying of their silence is not heard even by God, it will yet be heard in the souls of the just and the compassionate.



# They Who Lose at Love

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

AND old Khalil Khayyat, simulating courage, went out, that the reconciliation of Yusef Khouri with the amazing marriage might surely be accomplished, . . . and returning in dread and bewildered haste, he came again to the pastry-shop of Nageeb Fiani, where young Salim Awad, the light of his eyes, still lay limp over the round table in the little back room, grieving that Haleema, Khouri's daughter, of the tresses of night, the star-eyed, his well-beloved, had of a sudden wed Jimmie Brady, the jolly truckman. The smoke hung dead and foul in the room; the coffee was turned cold in the cups, stagnant and greasy; the coal on the narghile was grown gray as death: the magic of great despair had in a twinkling worked the change of cheer to age and shabbiness and frigid gloom. But the laughter and soft voices in the outer room were all unchanged, still light, lifted indifferently above the rattle of dice and the aimless strumming of a canoun; and beyond was the familiar evening hum and clatter of New York's Washington Street, children's cries and the patter of feet, drifting in at the open door; and from far off, as before, came the low, receding roar of the Elevated train rounding the curve to South Ferry.

Khayyat smiled in compassion: being old, used to the healing of years, he smiled; and he laid a timid hand on the head of young Salim Awad.

"Salim, poet, the child of a poet," he whispered, "grieve no more!"

"My heart is a gray coal, O Khalil!" sighed Salim Awad. "For a moment it glowed in the breath of love. It is turned cold and gray; it lies forsaken in a vast night."

"For a moment," mused Khalil Khayyat, sighing, but yet smiling, "it glowed in the breath of love. Ah, Salim," said he, "there is yet the memory of that ecstasy!"

"My heart is a brown leaf: it flutters down the wind of despair; it is caught in the tempest of great woe."

"It has known the sunlight and the tender breeze."

Salim looked up; his face was wet and white; his black hair, fallen in disarray over his forehead, was damp with the sweat of grief; his eyes, soulful, glowing in deep shadows, he turned to some place high and distant. "My heart," he cried, passionately, clasping his hands, "is a thing that for a moment lived, but is forever dead. It is in a grave of night and heaviness, O Khalil, my friend!"

"It is like a seed sown," said Khalil Khayyat.

"To fail of harvest!"

"Nay; to bloom in compassionate deeds. The flower of sorrow is the joy of the world. In the broken heart is the hope of the hopeless; in the agony of poets is their sure help. Hear me, O Salim Awad!" the old man continued, rising, lifting his lean brown hand, his voice clear, vibrant, possessing the quality of prophecy. "The broken heart is a seed sown by the hand of the Beneficent and Wise. Into the soil of life He casts it that there may be a garden in the world. With a free, glad hand He sows, that the perfume and color of high compassion may glorify the harvest of ambitious strife; and progress is the fruit of strife, and love the flower of compassion. Yea, O Salim, poet, the child of a poet, taught of a poet, which am I, the broken heart is a seed sown gladly, to flower in this beauty. Blessed," Khalil Khayyat concluded, smiling, "oh, blessed be the Breaker of Hearts!"

"Blessed," asked Salim Awad, wondering, "be the Breaker of Hearts!"

"Yea, O Salim," answered Khalil Khayyat, speaking out of age and ancient pain; "even blessed be the Breaker of Hearts!"

Salim Awad turned again to the place





*Drawn by W. F. Aylward*

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

SALIM WENT NORTH TO CARRY A PACK FROM HARBOR TO HARBOR



that was high and distant—beyond the gaudy, dirty ceiling of the little back room—where, it may be, the form of Haleema, the star-eyed, of the slender, yielding shape of the tamarisk, floated in a radiant cloud, compassionate and glorious.

"What is my love?" he whispered. "Is it a consuming fire? Nay," he answered, his voice rising, warm, tremulous; "rather is it a little blaze, kindled brightly in the night, that it may comfort my beloved. What is my love, O Haleema, daughter of Khouri, the star-eyed? Is it an arrow, shot from my bow, that it may tear the heart of my beloved? Nay; rather is it a shield against the arrows of sorrow—my shield, the strength of my right arm: a refuge from the cruel shafts of life. What are my arms? Are they bars of iron to imprison my beloved? Nay," cried Salim Awad, striking his breast; "they are but a resting-place. A resting-place," he repeated, throwing wide his arms, "to which she will not come! Oh, Haleema!" he moaned, flinging himself upon the little round table. "Haleema! Jewel of all riches! Star of the night! Flower of the world! Haleema . . . Haleema . . ."

"Poet!" Khalil Khayyat gasped, clutching the little round table, his eyes flashing. "The child of a poet, taught of a poet, which am I!"

They were singing in the street—a riot of Irish lads, tenement born; tramping noisily past the door of Nageeb Fiani's pastry-shop to Battery Park. And Khalil Khayyat sat musing deeply, his ears closed to the alien song, while distance mellowed the voices, changed them to a vagrant harmony, made them one with the mutter of Washington Street; for there had come to him a great thought—a vision, high, glowing, such as only poets may know—concerning love and the infinite pain; and he sought to fashion the thought: which must be done with tender care in the classic language, lest it suffer in beauty or effect being uttered in haste or in the common speech of the people. Thus he sat: low in his chair, his head hanging loose, his eyes jumping, his brown, wrinkled face fearfully working, until every hair of his unshaven beard stood restlessly on end. And Salim Awad,

looking up, perceived these throes: and thereby knew that some prophetic word was immediately to be spoken.

"They who lose at love," Khayyat muttered, "must . . . They who lose at love . . ."

"Khalil!"

The Language Beautiful was for once perverse. The words would not come to Khalil Khayyat. He gasped, tapped the table with impatient fingers—and bent again to the task.

"They who lose at love . . ."

"Khalil!" Salim Awad's voice was plaintive. "What must they do, O Khalil," he implored, "who lose at love? Tell me, Khalil! *What must they do?*"

"They who lose at love . . . They who lose at love must . . . They who lose at love must . . . seek . . ."

"Speak, O Khalil, concerning those wretched ones! And they must seek?"

Khayyat laughed softly. He sat back in the chair—proudly squared his shoulders. "And now I know!" he cried, in triumph. He cleared his throat. "They who lose at love," he declaimed, "must seek . . ." He paused abruptly. There had been a warning in the young lover's eyes: after all, in exceptional cases, poetry might not wisely be practised.

"Come, Khalil!" Salim Awad purred. "They who lose at love? What is left for them to do?"

"Nay," answered Khalil Khayyat, looking away, much embarrassed. "I will not tell you."

Salim caught the old man's wrist. "What is the quest?" he cried, hoarsely, bending close.

"I may not tell."

Salim's fingers tightened; his teeth came together with a snap; his face flushed—a quick flood of red, hot blood.

"What is the quest?" he demanded.

"I dare not tell."

"The quest?"

"I *will* not tell!"

Nor would Khalil Khayyat tell Salim Awad what must be sought by such as lose at love; but he called to Nageeb Fiani, the greatest player in all the world, to bring the violin, that Salim might hear the music of love and be comforted. And in the little back room of the pastry-shop near the Battery, while the trucks rattled over the cobblestones and the



songs of the Irish troubled the soft spring night, Nageeb Fiani played the Song of Love to Lali, which the blind prince had made, long, long ago, before he died of love; and in the sigh and wail and passionate complaint of that dead woe the despair of Salim Awad found voice and spent itself; and he looked up, and gazing deep into the dull old eyes of Khalil Khayyat, new light in his own, he smiled.

"Yet, O Khalil," he whispered, "will I go upon that quest!"

Now, Salim Awad went north to the bitter coasts—to the shore of rock and gray sea—there to carry a pack from harbor to harbor of a barren land, ever seeking in trade to ease the sorrows of love. Neither sea nor land—neither naked headland nor the unfeeling white expanse—neither sunlit wind nor the sleety gale in the night—helped him to forgetfulness. But, as all the miserable know, the love of children is a vast delight: and the children of that place are blue-eyed and hungry; and it is permitted the stranger to love them. . . . On he went, from Lobster Tickle to Snook's Arm, from Dead Man's Cove to Righteous Harbor, trading laces and trinkets for salt fish; and on he went, sanguine, light of heart, blindly seeking that which the losers at love must seek; for Khalil Khayyat had told him that the mysterious Thing was to be found in that place.

With a jolly wind abeam—a snoring breeze from the southwest—the tight little *Bully Boy*, fore-and-after, thirty tons, Skipper Josiah Top, was footing it through the moonlight from Tutt's Tickle to the Labrador: bound down north for the first fishing of that year. She was tearing through the sea—eagerly nosing the slow, black waves; and they heartily slapped her bows, broke, ran hissing down the rail, lay boiling in the broad, white wake, stretching far into the luminous mist astern. Salim Awad, the peddler, picked up at Bread-and-Water Harbor, leaned upon the rail—staring into the mist: wherein, for him, were melancholy visions of the star-eyed maid of Washington Street. . . . At midnight the wind veered to the east—a

swift, ominous change,—and rose to the pitch of half a gale, blowing cold and capriciously. It brought fog from the distant open; the night turned clammy and thick; the *Bully Boy* found herself in a mess of dirty weather. Near dawn, being then close in-shore, off the Seven Dogs, which growled to leeward, she ran into the ice—the first of the spring floes: a field of pans, slowly drifting up the land. And when the air was gray she struck on the Devil's Finger, ripped her keel out, and filled like a sieve; and she sank in sixty seconds, as men say,—every strand and splinter of her. . . .

But first she spilled her crew upon the ice. . . .

The men had leaped to port and starboard, fore and aft, in unthinking terror, each desperately concerned with his own life; they were now distributed upon the four pans which had been within leaping distance when the *Bully Boy* settled: white rafts, floating on a black, slow-heaving sea; lying in a circle of murky fog; creeping shoreward with the wind. If the wind held—and it was a true, freshening wind,—they would be blown upon the coast rocks, within a measurable time, and might walk ashore; if it veered, the ice would drift to sea, where, ultimately, in the uttermost agony of cold and hunger, every man would yield his life. The plight was manifest, familiar to them, every one; but they were wise in weather lore: they had faith in the consistency of the wind that blew; and, in the reaction from bestial terror, they bandied primitive jokes from pan to pan—save the skipper, who had lost all that he had, and was helplessly downcast: caring not a whit whether he lived or died; for he had loved his schooner, the work of his hands, his heart's child, better than his life.

It chanced that Salim Awad, who loved the star-eyed daughter of Khouri, and in this land sought to ease the sorrow of his passion—it chanced that this Salim was alone with Tommy Hand, the cook's young son,—a tender lad, now upon his first voyage to the Labrador. And the boy began to whimper.

"Dad," he called to his father, dis-





*Drawn by W. J. Aykward*

**TOMMY LEAPED HIGH AND FAST**



consolate, "I wisht—I wisht—I was along o' you—on *your* pan."

The cook came to the edge of the ice. "Does you, lad?" he asked, softly. "Does you wisht you was along o' me, Tommy? Ah, but," he said, scratching his beard, bewildered, "you isn't."

The space of black water between was short, but infinitely capacious; it was sullen and cold—intent upon its own wretchedness: indifferent to the human pain on either side. The child stared at the water, nostrils lifting, hands clenched, body quivering: thus as if at bay in the presence of an implacable terror. He turned to the open sea, vast, gray, heartless: a bitter waste—might and immensity appalling. Wistfully then to the land, upon which the scattered pack was advancing, moving in disorder, gathering as it went: bold, black coast, naked, uninhabited—but yet sure refuge: being greater than the sea, which it held confined; solid ground, unmoved by the wind, which it flung contemptuously to the sky. And from the land to his father's large, kind face.

"No, b'y," the cook repeated, "you isn't. You sees, Tommy lad," he added, brightening, as with a new idea, "you *isn't* along o' me."

Tommy rubbed his eyes, which were now wet. "I wisht," he sobbed, his under lip writhing, "I was—along o' you!"

"I isn't able t' swim t' you, Tommy," said the cook; "an', ah, Tommy!" he went on, reproachfully, wagging his head, "you isn't able t' swim t' me. I tol' you, Tommy—when I went down the Labrador las' year—I *tol'* you t' l'arn t' swim. I tol' you, Tommy—don't you mind the time?—when you was goin' over the side o' th' ol' *Gabriel's Trumpet*, an' I had my head out o' the galley, an' 'twas a fair wind from the sou'east, an' they was weighin' anchor up for'ard—don't you mind the day, lad?—I tol' you, Tommy, you *must* l'arn t' swim afore another season. Now, see what's come t' you!" still reproachfully, but with deepening tenderness. "An' all along o' not mindin' your dad! 'Now,' says you, 'I wisht I'd been a good lad an' minded my dad.' Ah, Tommy—shame! I'm thinkin' you'll mind your dad after this."

Tommy began to bawl.

"Never you care, Tommy," said the

cook. "The wind's blowin' we ashore. You an' me 'll be saved."

"I wants t' be along o' you!" the boy sobbed.

"Ah, Tommy! *You* isn't alone. You got the Jew."

"But I wants *you*!"

"You'll take care o' Tommy, won't you, Joe?"

Salim Awad smiled. He softly patted Tommy Hand's broad young shoulder. "I weel have," said he, slowly, desperately struggling with the language, "look out for heem. I am not can," he added, with a little laugh, "do ver' well."

"Oh," said the cook, patronizingly, "you're able for it, Joe."

"I am can try eet," Salim answered, courteously bowing, much delighted. "Much 'bliged."

Meantime Tommy had, of quick impulse, stripped off his jacket and boots. He made a ball of the jacket and tossed it to his father.

"What you about, Tommy?" the cook demanded. "Is you goin' t' swim?"

Tommy answered with the boots; whereupon he ran up and down the edge of the pan, and, at last, slipped like a reluctant dog into the water, where he made a frothy, ineffectual commotion; after which he sank. When he came to the surface, Salim Awad hauled him inboard.

"You isn't goin' t' try again, is you, Tommy?" the cook asked.

"No, zur."

Salim Awad began to breathe again; his eyes, too, returned to their normal size, their usual place.

"No," the cook observed. "'Tis wise not to. You isn't able for it, lad. Now, you sees what comes o' not mindin' your dad."

The jacket and boots were tossed back. Tommy resumed the jacket.

"Tommy," said the cook, severely, "isn't you got no more sense 'n that?"

"Please, zur," Tommy whispered, "I forgot."

"Oh, *did* you! *Did* you forget? I'm thinkin', Tommy, I hasn't been bringin' of you up very well."

Tommy stripped himself to his rosy skin. He wrung the water out of his soggy garments and with difficulty got into them again.

"You better be jumpin' about a bit by



times," the cook advised, "or you'll be cotechin' cold. An' your mamma wouldn't like *that*," he concluded, "if she ever come t' hear on it."

"Ay, zur, please, zur," said the boy.

They waited in dull patience for the wind to blow the floe against the coast....

It began to snow—a thick fall, by and by: the flakes fine and dry as dust. A woolly curtain shut coast and far-off sea from view. The wind, rising still, was charged with stinging frost. It veered; but it blew sufficiently true to the favorable direction: the ice still made ponderously for the shore, reeling in the swell. . . . The great pan bearing Salim Awad and Tommy Hand lagged; it was soon left behind: to leeward the figures of the skipper, the cook, the first hand, and the crew turned to shadows—dissolved in the cloud of snow. The cook's young son and the lovelorn peddler from Washington Street alone peopled a world of ice and water, all black and white: heaving, confined. They huddled, cowering from the wind, waiting—helpless, patient: themselves detached from the world of ice and water, which clamored round about, unrecognized. The spirit of each returned: the one to the Cedars of Lebanon, the other to Lobster Cove; and in each place there was a mother. In plights like this the hearts of men and children turn to distant mothers; for in all the world there is no rest serene—no rest remembered—like the first rest the spirits of men know. . . .

When dusk began to dye the circumambient cloud, the pan of ice was close inshore; the shape of the cliffs—a looming shadow—was vague in the snow beyond. There was no longer any roar of surf; the first of the floe, now against the coast, had smothered the breakers. A voice, coming faintly into the wind, apprised Tommy Hand that his father was ashore. . . . But the pan still moved sluggishly.

Tommy Hand shivered.

"Ah, Tom-ee!" Salim Awad said, anxiously. "Run! Jump! You weel have—what say?—cotech seek. Ay—cotech thee seek. Eh? R-r-run, Tom-ee!"

"Ay, ay," Tommy Hand answered. "I'll be jumpin' about a bit, I'm think-

in', t' keep warm—as me father bid me do."

"Queek!" cried Salim, laughing.

"Ay," Tommy muttered; "as me father bid me do."

"Jump, Tom-ee!" Salim clapped his hands. "Hi, hi! Dance, Tom-ee!"

In the beginning Tommy was deliberate and ponderous; but as his limbs were suppld—and when his blood ran warm again—the dance quickened; for Salim Awad clapped strangely inspiring encouragement, and with droning "la, la!" and sharp "hi, hi!" excited the boy to mad leaps—and madder still. "La, la!" and "Hi, hi!" There was a mystery in it. Tommy leaped high and fast. "La, la!" and "Hi, hi!" In response to the strange Eastern song the fisher-boy's grotesque dance went on. . . . Came then the appalling catastrophe: the pan of rotten, brittle salt-water ice cracked under the lad; and it fell in two parts, which, in the heave of the sea, at once drifted wide of each other. The one part was heavy, commodious; the other a mere unstable fragment of what the whole had been: and it was upon the fragment that Salim Awad and Tommy Hand were left. Instinctively they sprawled on the ice, which was now overweighted—unbalanced. Their faces were close; and as they lay rigid—while the ice wavered and the water covered it—they looked into each other's eyes. . . . There was not room for both.

"Tom-ee," Salim Awad gasped, his breath indrawn, quivering, "I am—mus'—go!"

The boy stretched out his hand—an instinctive movement, the impulse of a brave and generous heart—to stop the sacrifice.

"Hush!" Salim Awad whispered, hurriedly, lifting a finger to command peace. "I am—for one queek time—have theenk. Hush, Tom-ee!"

Tommy Hand was silent. . . .

And Salim Awad heard again the clatter and evening mutter of Washington Street, children's cries and the patter of feet, drifting in from the soft spring night,—heard again the rattle of dice in the outer room, and the aimless strumming of the canoun,—heard again the voice of Khalil Khayyat, lifted concern-



ing such as lose at love. And Salim Awad, staring into a place that was high and distant, beyond the gaudy, dirty ceiling of the little back room of Nageeb Fiani's pastry-shop near the Battery, saw again the form of Haleema, Khouri's star-eyed daughter, floating in a cloud, compassionate and glorious. "'The sun as it sets,'" he thought, in the high words of Antar, spoken of Abla, his beloved, the daughter of Malik, when his heart was sore, "'turns toward her and says, 'Darkness obscures the land, do thou arise in my absence.'" The brilliant moon calls out to her, "Come forth, for thy face is like me, when I am in all my glory." The tamarisk-trees complain of her in the morn and in the eve, and say, "Away, thou waning beauty, thou form of the laurel!" She turns away abashed, and throws aside her veil, and the roses are scattered from her soft, fresh cheeks. Graceful is every limb; slender her waist; love-beaming are her glances; waving is her form. The lustre of day sparkles from her forehead, and by the dark shades of her curling ringlets night itself is driven away!" . . . They who lose at love? Upon what quest must the wretched ones go? And Khalil Khayyat had said that the Thing was to be found in this place. . . . Salim Awad's lips trembled: because of the loneliness of this death—and because of the desert, gloomy and infinite, lying beyond. . . .

"Tom-ee," Salim Awad repeated, smiling now, "I am—mus'—go. Goo'-by, Tom-ee!"

"No, no!"

In this hoarse, gasping protest Salim Awad perceived rare sweetness. He smiled again—delight, approval. "Ver' much 'bliged," he said, politely. Then he rolled off into the water.

One night in winter the wind, driving up from the Battery, whipped a gray, soggy snow past the door of Nageeb Fiani's pastry-shop in Washington Street. The shop was a cozy shelter from the weather; and in the outer room, now crowded with early idlers, they were preaching revolution and the shedding of blood—boastful voices, raised to the falsetto of shallow passion. Khalil Khay-

yat, knowing well that the throne of Abdul-Hamid would not tremble to the talk of Washington Street, sat unheeding in the little back room; and the coal on the narghile was glowing red, and the coffee was steaming on the round table, and a cloud of fragrant smoke was in the air, . . . and in the big, black book, lying open before the poet, were to be found, as always, the thoughts of Abo Elola Elmoarri.

Tanous, the newsboy—the son of Yusef, the father of Samara, by many called Abosamara—threw *Kawkab Elhorriah* on the cook's counter.

"News of death!" cried he, as he hurried importantly on. "*Kawkab!* News of death!"

The words caught the ear of Khalil Khayyat. "News of death?" mused he. "It is a massacre in Armenia." He turned again, with a hopeless sigh, to the big black book.

"News of death!" cried Nageeb Fiani, in the outer room. "What is this?"

The death of Salim Awad: being communicated, as the editor made known, by one who knew, and had so informed an important person at St. Johns, who had despatched the news south from that far place to Washington Street. . . . And when Nageeb Fiani had learned the manner of the death of Salim Awad, he made haste to Khalil Khayyat, holding *Kawkab Elhorriah* open in his hand.

"There is news of death, O Khalil!" said he.

"Ah," Khayyat answered, with his long finger marking the place in the big black book, "there has been a massacre in Armenia. God will yet punish the Murderer."

"No, Khalil."

Khayyat looked up in alarm. "The Turks have not shed blood in Beirut?"

"No, Khalil."

"Not so? Ah, then the mother of Shishim has been cast into prison because of the sedition uttered by her son in this place; and she has there died."

"No, Khalil."

"Nageeb," Khayyat demanded, quietly, "of whom is this sad news spoken?"

"The news is from the north."

Khayyat closed the book. He sipped his coffee, touched the coal on the narghile and puffed it to a glow, con-



templated the gaudy wall-paper, watched a spider pursue a patient course toward the ceiling; at last opened the big black book and began to turn the leaves with aimless, nervous fingers. Nageeb stood waiting for the poet to speak; and in the doorway, beyond, the people from the outer room had gathered, waiting also for words to fall from the lips of this man; for the moment was great, and the poet was great.

"Salim Awad," Khayyat muttered, "is dead."

"Salim is dead. He died that a little one might live."

"That a little one might live?"

"Even so, Khalil,—that a child might have life."

Khayyat smiled. "The quest is ended," he said. "It is well that Salim is dead."

It is well? The people marvelled that Khalil Khayyat should have spoken these cruel words. It is well? And Khalil Khayyat had said so?

"That Salim should die in the cold water?" Nageeb Fiani protested.

"That Salim should die—the death that he did. It is well."

The word was soon to be spoken; out of the mind and heart of Khalil Khayyat, the poet, great wisdom would appear. There was a crowding at the door: the people pressed closer that no shade of meaning might be lost; the dark faces turned yet more eager; the silence deepened, until the muffled rattle of trucks, lumbering through the snowy night, and the roar of the Elevated train were plain to be heard. What would the poet say? What word of eternal truth would he speak?

"It is well?" Nageeb Fiani whispered.

"It is well."

The time was not yet come. The people still crowded, still shuffled—still breathed. The poet waited, having the patience of poets.

"Tell us, O Khalil!" Nageeb Fiani implored.

"They who lose at love," said Khalil Khayyat, fingering the leaves of the big black book, "must patiently seek some high death."

Then the people knew, beyond peradventure, that Khalil Khayyat was indeed a great poet.

## The Masterpiece

BY GRACE NORTON

YEAR in, year out, he wrought,  
Arduous, of himself taught:  
From far and near, from deep and high,  
He learning got.

Each work in prayer he brought;  
"Lord, let my work lack nought!"  
Still lore and toil, desire and sigh  
Availèd not.

One day in play he wrought  
A little thing unthought.  
Lo, 'neath his hand did beauty lie!  
It came unsought.



# The Awakening

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

## CHAPTER V

"SO that's the youngster we're going to adopt, is it?" Mr. Pryor said; then he looked at Helena through his curling brown lashes with open amusement. Her eyes were full of tears.

"It has been—so long," she said faintly.

"I've been very busy," he explained.

She nodded and smiled. "Anyhow, you are here now! But, oh, Maggie has a sore throat. I don't know what we're going to have for dinner. Oh, how glad I am you are here!" Her face was glowing, but her chin trembled.

"Why, this is very flattering, I'm sure; I thought you were so taken up with your orphan that you wouldn't care whether I came or not."

"You know that isn't true," she said, gayly, brushing her cheek against his arm; "but isn't he a dear little fellow?—though I'm sorry his hair isn't curly." Then her face changed. "What did he mean about Alice being nineteen?"

"Oh, Alice? Why, he asked me in the stage if I had any children, and I put Alice's age as a sum in mental arithmetic for him. And he asked me if my name was Goliath."

But she had forgotten David. "Lloyd! To think you are here—"

"Yes; I'm here, and a hamper is here, too. I hope the stage will bring it up pretty soon. I don't believe I could stand an Old Chester bill of fare. It's queer about women; they don't care what they eat. I don't believe you've got anything but bread and jam and tea on hand?"

"I care a great deal!" she assured him laughing, and then looked worried. "Yes, I really have been living on bread and jam." She was hanging on his arm, and once she kissed his hand. "Will you go up-stairs? And I'll see what we can do about food. That dreadful Maggie! She's sick in bed."

Mr. Pryor looked annoyed. "Can't she get us something to eat? Ask her, Nelly; I don't believe it will hurt her. Here; give her that—" and he took a crumpled bill out of his waistcoat pocket.

She did not take the money, but her eyes shone. "You are the most generous being!" she said. Then, sobering, she thought of Maggie's throat—hesitated—and Maggie was lost. For when she opened the woman's door, and in her sweet appealing voice declared that Mr. Pryor had come unexpectedly, and was so hungry—what *should* they do!—Maggie, who adored her, insisted upon going down to the kitchen.

"Oh, Maggie, you oughtn't to! I oughtn't to let you. Maggie, look here: you will be careful, won't you?"

"Now, you go right along back to your brother," the woman commanded smiling. "I'm goin' to get into my clothes; 'twon't do me a bit of harm."

And Helena, protesting and joyous, fled to her room and to her mirror. She flung off her cambric morning dress, and ran to hunt in her wardrobe for something pretty. With girlish hurry, she pulled her hair down, braided it afresh and fastened the burnished plats around her head like a wreath; then she brushed the soft locks in the nape of her neck about her finger, and let them fall into loose curls. She dressed with breathless haste, and when she finished, stood for a minute, her lip between her teeth, staring at herself in the glass. And as she stared her face fell; for as the color and sparkle faded a little, care suddenly looked out of the leaf-brown eyes—care and something like fright. But instantly drawing in her breath, she flung her head up as one who prepares for battle. When she went down-stairs and found Mr. Pryor waiting for her in the parlor, the sparkle had all come back.



She had put on a striped silk dress, faint rose and green, made very full in the skirt; her flat lace collar was fastened by a little old pin—an oval of pearls holding a strand of hair like floss-silk.

"Why, Nelly," her visitor said, "you look younger every time I see you!"

She swept him a great courtesy, making her dress balloon out about her; then she clasped her hands at her throat, her chin resting on the fluff of her white undersleeves, and looked up at him with a delighted laugh. "We are not very old, either of us; I am thirty-three and you are only forty-six—I call that young! Oh, Lloyd, I was so low-spirited this morning; and now—you are here!" She pirouetted about the room in a burst of gayety.

As he watched her through half-shut eyes, the bored good humor in his face sharpened into something keener; he caught her hand as she whirled past, drawing her close to him with a murmured caress. She, pausing in her joy, looked at him with sudden intentness.

"Have you heard anything of—*Frederick*?"

At which he let her go again and answered curtly, "No; nothing. Perfectly well, the last I heard; in Paris, and enjoying himself in his own peculiar fashion."

She drew in her breath and turned her face away; they were both silent. Then she said dully, that she never heard any news. "Mr. Raynor sends me my accounts every three months, but he never says anything about—*Frederick*."

"I suppose there isn't anything to say. Look here, Nelly, hasn't that stage-driver brought the hamper yet? When are we going to have something to eat?"

"Oh, pretty soon," she said impatiently.

They were standing at one of the long windows in the parlor; through the tilted slats of the Venetian blinds the April sunshine fell in pale bars across her hair and dress, across the old Turkey carpet on the floor, across the high white wainscoting and half-way up the landscape-papered walls. The room was full of cheerful dignity; the heavy, old-fashioned furniture of the Stuffed Animal House was unchanged, even the pictures hanging rather near the ceiling had not been removed—steel-engravings of Landseer's dogs, and old and very good colored prints

of Audubon's birds. The mantelpiece of black marble veined with yellow was supported by fluted columns; on it were two blown-glass vases of decalcomanie decoration, then two gilt lustres with prisms, then two hand-screens of woolwork, and in the middle an ormolu clock—"Iphigenia in Aulis"—under a glass shade. In the recess at one side of the fireplace was a tall bookcase with closed doors, but a claw-foot sofa stood out from the wall at an angle that prevented any access to the books. "I can't read Stuffed Animal books," Helena had long ago confided to Lloyd Pryor. "The British Classics, if you please! and Baxter's *Saint's Rest*, and *The Lady of the Manor*." So Mr. Pryor made a point of providing her with light literature. He pulled a paper-covered volume out of his pocket now, and handed it to her.

"Not improving, Nelly, I assure you; and there is a box of candy in the hamper."

She thanked him, but put the book down. "Talk to me, Lloyd! Tell me—everything. How are you? How is Alice? Are you very busy with politics and things? Talk to me!"

"Well," he said, "where am I to begin? Yes; I'm very well. And very busy. And unusually poor. Isn't that interesting?"

"Oh, Lloyd! Are you in earnest? Lloyd, you know I have a lot of money, and of course, if you want it, it is yours!"

He smiled through his curling lashes. "It isn't as bad as that. It is only that I have shouldered the debts of the old Pryor-Barr Co., Limited—you know my grandfather organized it, and my father was president of it, and I served my apprenticeship to business in it."

"But I thought," she said puzzled, "you went out of it long ago, before—before—"

"The flood? Yes, my dear, I did. I've only been a silent partner for years—and that in a very small way. But I regret to say that the young asses who have been running it have got into trouble. And they propose going into bankruptcy, confound them! It is very annoying," Lloyd Pryor ended calmly.

"But I don't understand," she said; "what have you to do with it?"



"Well, I've got to turn to, and pay their damned debts."

"Pay their debts! But why? Does the law make you?"

"The law?" he said, looking at her with cold eyes. "I suppose you mean Statute Law? No, my dear, it doesn't."

"Then I can't understand it!" she declared laughing.

"It's nothing very abstruse. I can't have stockholders who trusted our old firm cheated by a couple of cousins of mine. I've assumed the liabilities; that's all."

"But you don't *have* to, by law?" she persisted, still bewildered.

"My dear Nelly, I don't do things because of the *law*," he said dryly. "But never mind; it is going to give me something to do. Tell me about yourself. How are you?"

"I'm—pretty lonely, Lloyd," she said.

And he answered sympathetically, that he had been afraid of that. "You are too much by yourself. Of course it's lonely for you. I am very much pleased with this idea of the little boy."

She shook her head. "I can't take him."

"Why not?" he protested, and broke off. "Nelly, look! You are going to have company."

He had caught sight of some one fumbling with the latch of the green gate in the hedge. Helena opened her lips in consternation.

"Lloyd! It's old Mr. Benjamin Wright. He lives in that big house with white columns, on the top of the hill. Do you suppose he has come to *call*?"

"Tell your woman to say you are out."

But she shook her head, annoyed and helpless. "Don't you see how tired he is?—poor old man! Of course he must come in. Go and help him, Lloyd." She put her hands on his arm. "Please!" she said.

"No, thank you; I have no desire to help old gentlemen." And as she left him and ran impetuously to open the door herself, he called after her, "Nelly, don't have dinner held back!"

Mr. Benjamin Wright stood, panting, at the foot of the porch steps; he could hardly lift his head to look up at the figure in the doorway. "You—Mrs. Richie?" he gasped.

"Yes, sir," she said. "May I help you? These steps are so steep."

"No," he snarled. "Do you think I'm so decrepit that I have to have a female help me up-stairs?" Then he began toiling up the steps. "My name is Wright. You know my grandson? Sam? Great fool! I've come to call on you." On the porch he drew a long breath, pulled off his mangy old beaver hat, and, with a very courtly bow, held out his hand. "Madam, permit me to pay my respects to you. I am your neighbor. In fact, your only neighbor; without me,

'Montium domina ut fores  
silvarumque virentium  
saltuumque reconditorum  
amnumque sonantum.'

Understand that? No? Good. I don't like learned females."

She took his hand in a bewildered way, glancing back over her shoulder at Mr. Pryor, uncertain what she ought to do. Mr. Wright decided for her.

"I know this house," he said, pushing past her into the dusky hall; "friend of mine used to live here. Ho! This is the parlor. Well; who's this?" He stood, chewing orange-skin and blinking up at Lloyd Pryor, who came forward reluctantly.

"My name is Pryor, sir. I—"

"Oh! Yes. I know. I know. The lady's brother. Here! Push that chair out for me."

And Mr. Lloyd Pryor found himself bringing a chair forward and taking the hat and stick from the trembling old hand. Helena had gone quickly into the dining-room, and came back with a decanter and glass on a little tray. She gave a distressed glance at her other guest as though to say, "I can't help it!"

Benjamin Wright's old head in its brown wig was still shaking with fatigue, but under the prickle of white on his shaven jowl the purplish color came back in mottled streaks. He sipped the sherry breathlessly, the glass trembling in his veined and shrunken hand. "Well," he demanded, "how do you two like this God-forsaken place?"

Mr. Pryor, looking over their visitor's head at Helena, shrugged his shoulders. "It is very nice," she said vaguely.



"Well," he said—"sit down; sit down, good people. I'll take some more sherry. My grandson," he went on, as Helena filled his glass, "is always talking about you, madam. He's a great jackass. I'm afraid he bothers you with his calls?"

"Oh, not at all," Helena said nervously. She sat down on the other side of the big rosewood centre-table, glancing with worried eyes at Lloyd Pryor.

"Move that lamp contraption," commanded Mr. Wright. "I like to see my hostess!"

And Helena pushed the astral lamp from the centre of the table so that his view was unobstructed.

"Is he a nuisance with his talk about his drama?" Mr. Wright said, looking across at her with a glimmer of eagerness in his melancholy eyes.

"Why, no indeed."

"Do you think it's so very bad, considering?"

"It is not bad at all," said Mrs. Richie.

His face lighted like a child's. "Young fool! As if he could write a drama! Well, madam, I came to ask you to do me the honor of taking supper with me to-morrow night, and then of listening to this wonderful production. Of course, sir, I include you. My nigger will provide you with a fairly good bottle. Then this grandson of mine will read his truck aloud. But we will fortify ourselves with supper first."

His childlike pride in planning this distressing festivity was so ludicrous that Lloyd Pryor's disgust changed into involuntary mirth. But Helena was plainly nervous. "Thank you; you are very kind; but I am afraid I must say no."

Lloyd Pryor was silently retreating towards the dining-room. As for the visitor, he only had eyes for the mistress of the house.

"Why should you say no?"

She tried to answer lightly. "Oh, I like to be quiet."

"Quiet?" cried Benjamin Wright, rapping the table with his wine-glass. At your age? Nonsense!" He paused, cleared his throat, and then sonorously:

"Can you endure the livery of a nun,  
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,  
To live a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruit-  
less moon?"

Give me some more sherry. Of course you must come. No use being shy—a pretty creatur' like you! And you said you liked the play," he added with child-like reproach.

Helena, glad to change the subject, made haste to reassure him. "I do, I do!" she said, and for a few minutes she kept the old face beaming with her praise of Sam and his work. Unlike his grandson, Mr. Wright was not critical of her criticism. Nothing she could say seemed to him excessive. He contradicted every statement, but he believed it implicitly. Then with a sigh of satisfaction, he returned to his invitation. Helena shook her head decidedly.

"No; thank you very much. Mr. Pryor couldn't possibly come. He is only here over Sunday, and—" She looked towards the dining-room for protection, but the door had been gently closed.

"Hey?" Benjamin Wright said blankly. "Well, I won't insist; I won't insist. We'll wait till he goes. Come Monday night."

"Oh," she said, her voice fluttering, "I am sorry but I really can't."

"Why can't you?" he insisted. "Come, tell the truth! The advantage of telling the truth, young lady, is that neither God nor the devil can contradict you!" He laughed, eying her with high good humor.

"Oh, it's merely—" she hesitated, and he looked affronted.

"What! Some female airs about coming to an unmarried man's house?" Her involuntary mirth disarmed him. "No? Well, I'm glad you've got some sense. Then you'll come?"

"If I went to your house, it would seem unfriendly not to go to other houses."

"Why shouldn't you go to other houses? Done anything you're ashamed of?" He laughed uproariously at his own wit. "Come now; don't be finikin and ladylike!"

"I don't make visits," she explained, the color rising angrily in her cheeks.

"Gad-a-mercy! Why not?" he interrupted. "Do you think you're too good for us here in Old Chester?"

"Oh, Mr. Wright!"

"Or perhaps Old Chester is too good for you?"





*Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. E. Pettit

HE PUT HIS FACE CLOSE TO HERS, AND STARED INTO HER EYES







His face had softened wonderfully; he was looking at her with the same quizzical delight with which he would look at one of his canaries when he caught it, and held it struggling in his hand. "Are we too good for you?" he jeered, "too—"

He stopped abruptly, his laugh breaking off in the middle. Then his mouth fell slowly open in blank amazement; he leaned forward in his chair and stared at her without a word.

"I don't care for society," she said in a frightened way, and rose as if to bring the visit to an end.

But Benjamin Wright sat still, slowly nodding his head. "You don't care for society? I wonder why?"

"Oh, because I am—a very quiet person," she stammered.

The dining-room door opened and Sarah came in, looked about, found the decanter, and withdrew.

"Where is—that gentleman?" the old man demanded.

"Mr. Pryor went in to dinner," she said faintly. "Please excuse him; he was tired."

The silence that fell between them was like a blow. . . . Mr. Wright pulled himself to his feet, and with one veined and trembling hand on the table felt his way around until he stood directly in front of her; he put his face close to hers and stared into her eyes, his lower lip opening and closing in silence. Then, without speaking, he began to feel about on the table for his hat and stick.

"I will bid you good day," he said.

Without another word he went shuffling into the dark hall. At the front door he turned and looked back at her; then, slowly, shook his head.

## CHAPTER VI

**P**OOOR Maggie paid for her good nature. On Sunday morning she was so decidedly worse that William King, to the disgust of his Martha, was summoned from his breakfast-table.

"Women who can't look after a simple sore throat without bothering their doctors, are pretty inefficient creatures," she said coldly.

William thought of women who were so efficient that they did not hesitate to

advise their doctors; but he only agreed with proper seriousness to Martha's declaration that it was too bad, for he would be late for church—"unless you hurry, William!" she called after him.

Perhaps he hurried when he was with Maggie, but certainly he displayed no haste when giving his directions to Mrs. Richie, nor even later when just as he was about to drive off, Mr. Pryor hailed him from the garden.

"How's your patient, doctor?"

"Pretty sick. She didn't obey your sister's orders and keep in bed yesterday. So, of course, she's worse to-day."

Mr. Pryor leaned a comfortable elbow on the green gate. "That's a nice prospect! What am I going to have to eat?" he said good-humoredly.

Yet behind the good humor there was annoyance. It came into William King's mind that this fellow would not spare his sister his irritation, and with a sudden impulse of concern for her, he said, "Well now, look here; why don't you and Mrs. Richie come in this evening and take tea with us? I don't know what you'll get, but come and take pot-luck?"

"Thank you," Lloyd Pryor said, "but—"

"Oh, come now," interrupted the doctor, gathering up his reins; "you good people are not neighborly enough. We'll expect you both at six."

"You are very kind, but I think—"

But William would not listen. He was in great spirits. "It will be pot-luck, and my wife will be delighted—" then, his voice dragged—"I hope you'll come," he said uncertainly.

Mr. Pryor began to protest, but ended with a laugh. "Well, we'll come! Thank you very much."

"That's good," the doctor said, a little less cordially. Indeed, as he drove away he looked distinctly less cordial, and once he sighed. . . . Now, how should he put it? "Oh, Martha, by the way, Mr. Pryor and his sister will drop in to tea to-night. I suggested it, and—" No, that would not do. . . . "Martha, it occurred to me it would be neighborly—" No. "Confound it," William King muttered to himself, "what did I do it for, anyhow? 'Martha, my dear, I know you like to do a kindness, so I asked Mrs. Richie and



her brother'—that was better. But William drew a long breath, and set his lips as a man may who is about to face the domestic cannon's mouth.

After he had driven on, screwing up his courage, it appeared that Mr. Pryor also had a cannon to face.

Helena Richie came out into the garden, and found him sitting on a bench built round a great silver poplar. Her face was worried. "I ought not to have made poor Maggie get up yesterday," she said; "but I was so distressed not to have a good dinner for you."

"Well, at least you need have no anxieties about supper; we've had an invitation."

"An invitation! From Dr. King? Well, that's very nice in him. But, of course—"

"I told him we would come."

"You told him we would come!"

"I couldn't help it, Nelly. People who invite you face to face are perfect nuisances. But, really, it's no great matter—for once. And I knew it would be a convenience for you. Besides, I wanted a good supper."

"Well, we must make some excuse."

"There isn't any excuse to make. I tried to find one and couldn't. We've got to go."

"I sha'n't go."

He looked at her from under his heavy eyelids; then blew two smoke wreaths slowly. "You're a queer creature."

She turned on him hotly. "Queer? Because I won't go out to supper with you? I'd be queer if I did! I'm entirely satisfied with myself, Lloyd; I consider that I have a perfect right to be happy in my own way. You know I don't care a copper for what you call morality! it's just cowardly conventionality. But I won't go out to supper with you."

"Please don't let us have a tirade," he said. "I thought it would be more convenient for you. That's always the way with your sex, Helena—you do a thing to help them out, and they burst into tears."

"I haven't burst into tears," she said sullenly, "but I won't go."

"Don't be a fool. I wouldn't make a practice of accepting their invitations; but for once, what does it matter?"

"Can't you understand?" she said passionately; "*they are kind to me!*"

She turned and ran back into the garden, leaving him to call after her. "Well, you've got to go to-night, because I've accepted."

"I won't go to-night!" she flung back, her voice breaking.

Lloyd Pryor shook his head. "And she wonders I don't come oftener," he said to himself.

So the sleepy Sunday morning passed. Mr. Pryor roamed about the garden, looking furtively over his shoulder now and then—but Helena had disappeared. "Sulking in her room, I suppose," he thought.

He had come at some inconvenience, to spend Sunday and talk over this project of the child; "for I'd like to see her happier," he told himself; and now, instead of sitting down, sensibly, to discuss things, she flared out over this invitation to supper. Her intensity fatigued him. "I must be getting old," he ruminated, "and Helena will always be the age she was ten years ago. Ten? It's thirteen! How time flies; she was twenty. How interested I was in Frederick's health in those days!"

He stretched himself out on the bench under the poplar, and lit another cigar. "If *I'm* willing to go, why is she so exercised? Women are all alike—except Alice." He smiled as he thought of his girl, and instantly the hardness in his face lifted, as a cloud shadow lifts and leaves sunshine behind it. Then some obscure sense of fitness made him pull himself together, and put his mind on affairs that had nothing in common with Helena; affairs in which he could include his girl without offending his taste.

After a while he got up and wandered about between the borders, where the clean bitter scent of daffodils mingled with the box. Once he stood still, looking down over the orchard on the hillside below him, at the bright sheen of the river edged with leafless maples; on its farther side were the meadows, and then the hills, smoky in their warm haze. Over all was the pale April sky, with skeins of gray cloud in the west. He wondered what Alice was doing at this moment, and looked at his watch. She must be just coming back from church. When he was at home Mr. Pryor went to church himself, and watch-



ed her saying her little prayers. This assumption of the Pryor-Barr liabilities would be a serious check to the fortune he was building up for her; he set his jaw angrily at the thought, but of course it couldn't be helped. Furthermore, Alice took great pride in the almost quixotic sense of honor that had prompted the step; a pride which gave him a secret satisfaction, quite fatuous and childlike and entirely out of keeping with certain other characteristics, also secret.

Thinking of his girl, and smiling to himself, he lounged aimlessly about the garden; then it occurred to him to go into the stable and look at Helena's pony. After that he strolled over to the carriage-house, where were stored a number of cases containing stuffed creatures—birds and chipmunks and small furry things. Some larger animals were slung up under the beams of the loft to get them out of the way; there was a bear in one corner, and a great crocodile, and a shark—possessions of the previous owner of the Stuffed Animal House, stored here by her executor, pending the final settlement of the estate.

Lloyd Pryor stood at the doorway looking in. Through a grimed and cobwebbed window at the farther end of the room the light filtered down among the still figures; there was the smell of dead fur and feathers, and of some acrid preservative. One box had been broken in moving it from the house, and a beaver had slipped from his carefully bitten branch, and lay on the dusty boards—a burst of cotton pushing through the splitting seam along his belly. Lloyd Pryor thrust it into its case with his stick and started as he did so. Something moved, back in the dusk.

"It's I, Lloyd," Helena Richie said.

"You? My dear Nelly! Why are you sitting in this gloomy place?"

She smiled faintly, but her face was weary with tears. "Oh, I just—came in here," she said vaguely.

She had said to herself when, angry and wounded, she left him in the garden, that if she went back to the house, he would find her. So she had come here to the dust and silence of the carriage-house, and sitting down on one of the cases had hidden her

face in her hands. Little by little anger ebbed. Just misery remained. But still she sat there, looking absently at these dead creatures about her, or at a thin line of sunshine falling through a heart-shaped opening in a shutter, and moving noiselessly across the floor. A mote dipped into this stream of light, zigzagged through it, then sank into the darkness. She followed it with dull eyes, thinking, if she thought at all, that she wished she did not have to sit opposite Lloyd at dinner. But, of course she would have to; the servants would think it strange if she did not come to table with him. Suddenly the finger of sunshine vanished, and all the motes were gone. Raising her head with a long sigh she saw him in the doorway, his tall figure black against the smiling spring landscape outside. Her heart came up into her throat with a rush of affection. He was looking for her!

He put his arm around her with careless friendliness, and helped her to her feet. "What a place this will be for your boy to play. He can be cast away on a desert island and surrounded by wild animals every day in the week." His voice was so kind that the anger of two hours ago seemed impossible—a mistake, a misunderstanding! She tried in a bewildered way to get back to it in her own mind; but he was so matter-of-fact about the stuffed animals and the little boy and the desert island, that she could only say vaguely, "Yes, it would be nice; but of course I'm not going to take him."

"Well now, that's just what I want to talk to you about," he said, watching her through his long, curling eyelashes. "That's why I came down to Old Chester—"

"Oh, is it?"

He checked an impatient exclamation, and then went on: "When I got your letter about this boy, I was really delighted.—Let's go out into the sunshine; the smell of this place is very disagreeable. I think you'd find the child company—I really hope you will take him." His voice was sincere and she softened.

"It's kind of you, Lloyd, to urge it. But no; it won't do."

"My dear, of course it will do! You'll give him a good home, and—"

"No, no, I can't; you know I can't."



"My dear Nelly! What possible harm could you do the child?"

She drew away from him sharply. "I do him any harm! I! Oh—you wouldn't have said such a thing, once!" She put the back of her hand against her lips, and Lloyd Pryor studiously looked in another direction.

"What have I said? That you wouldn't do him any harm! Is there anything unkind in that? Look here, Nell, you really mustn't be so unreasonable. There is nothing a man hates so much as a fool. I am merely urging something for your pleasure. He would be company for you; I thought him quite an attractive youngster."

"And you wouldn't have me so much on your mind? You wouldn't feel you had to come and see me so often!"

"Well, if you want to put it that way," he said coldly. "I'm a very busy man. I can't get off whenever I feel like it."

"And you can't leave your beloved Alice."

He shot a blue gleam at her from under his heavy eyelids. "No; I can't."

She quivered. But he went on quietly; "I know you're lonely, Helena, and as I can't come and see you quite so often as I used to, I want you to take this little fellow, simply to amuse you."

She walked beside him silently. When they reached the bench under the poplar, she sat looking into the April distance without speaking. She was saying to herself, miserably, that she didn't want the child; she didn't want to lessen any sense of obligation that brought him to her;—and yet, she did not want him to come from a sense of obligation!

"You would get great fun out of him, Nelly," he insisted.

And looking up, she saw the kindness of his face and yielded. "Well, perhaps I will; that is, if Dr. Lavendar will let me have him. I'm afraid of Dr. Lavendar somehow."

"Good!" he said heartily; "that's a real weight off my mind."

Her lip curled again, but she said nothing. Lloyd Pryor yawned; then he asked her whether she meant to buy the house?

"I don't know; sometimes I think there is less seclusion in the country than there is in town." She drew down

a twig, and began to pull at the buds with aimless fingers. "I might like to come to Philadelphia and live near you, you know," she said. The sudden malice in her eyes was answered by the shock in his; his voice was different when he spoke, though his words were commonplace.

"It's a pleasant enough house."

Then he looked at his watch, opening the case under the shelter of his hand—but she saw the photograph in the lid.

"Is that a good picture of Alice?" she said with an effort.

"Yes," he answered, hastily snapping the lid shut. "Helena, what are we going to have for dinner?"

"Oh, nothing very much, I'm afraid," she told him ruefully. Then rising, she held out her hand. "Come! We mustn't quarrel again. I don't know why we always squabble!"

"I'm sure I don't want to," he said. "Nelly, you are prettier every time I see you." He put a finger under one of the curls in the nape of her neck, and she looked up at him, her lip trembling.

"And you do love me?"

"Of course I do!" he declared, slipping his arm around her waist. And they walked thus between the box borders, back to the house.

## CHAPTER VII

**B**UT she would not go to the Kings' to tea.

"No," she said, her eyes crinkling with fun; "I'm not going; but you've got to; you promised! And remember, I have 'a very severe headache.'"

"Why did I say yes to that confounded doctor?" Lloyd Pryor grumbled. "I'd like to wring your cook's neck, Nelly!"

"You'll have a good supper," she consoled him, "and that's what you want. They say Mrs. King is a great house-keeper. And besides, if you stayed at home you would probably have to entertain Mr. Sam Wright."

"I'll be darned if I would," he assured her amiably, and started off.

He had the good supper, although when the doctor broke to his wife that company was coming, Mrs. King had protested that there was nothing in the house to eat.





Walter Appleton Clark

1905

*Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark*

SHE SAT LOOKING INTO THE APRIL DISTANCE







"Just give them what we were going to have ourselves."

"Now, William! I must say flatly and frankly, that considering—"

"There's the office bell," murmured the doctor, sidling away and hearing the reproachful voice lessening in the distance—"how hard I—nothing fit—"

The office door closed; the worst was over. There would be a good supper—William had no misgivings on that point. Mrs. Richie would talk to him, and he would tease her and make her laugh, and laugh himself. The doctor did not laugh very much in his own house; domestic virtue does not necessarily add to the gayety of life. During the afternoon Willy tried on three different neckties, and twice put cologne on his handkerchief. Then appeared Mr. Pryor to say that Mrs. Richie had one of her headaches! He was so sorry, but Mrs. King knew what a bad headache was?

"Indeed I do," Martha said, "only too well. But *I* can't give way to them. That's what it is to be a doctor's wife; the patients get all the prescriptions," Martha said, and William observed out of the corner of his eye, that she was smiling! Well, well; evidently Mrs. Richie's defection did not trouble her; the doctor was glad of that. "But I didn't bargain on entertaining the brother," he said to himself crossly; and after the manner of husbands, he left the entertaining to Martha.

Martha, however, did her duty. She thought Mr. Pryor a very agreeable gentleman; "far more agreeable than his sister," she told William afterwards. "I don't know why," said Martha, "but I sort of distrust that woman. But the brother is all right; you can see that—and a very intelligent man, too. We discussed a good many points, and I found we agreed perfectly."

Mr. Pryor also had an opinion on that supper-table talk. He said to himself grimly, that Nelly's bread and jam would have been better. But probably bread and jam, followed by young Sam Wright, would have seemed less desirable than Mrs. King's excellent supper.

It was about seven when the boy appeared at the Stuffed Animal House. Had Mr. Pryor been at home, Helena

would, no doubt, have found some way of dismissing him; as it was, she let him stay. He was bareheaded; he had seen a bird flapping painfully about in the road, and catching it in gentle hands had discovered that its wing was broken, so put it tenderly in his cap and brought it to Mrs. Richie's door.

"Poor little thing!" she cried, when he showed it to her. "I wish Mr. Pryor would come back; he would tell us what to do for it."

"Oh, is he here?" Sam asked blankly.

"Well, not at this moment. He has gone to take tea at Dr. King's."

Sam's face lightened with relief.

"You mustn't tell anybody you saw me this evening," she charged him gayly. "I didn't go to Mrs. King's because—I had such a very bad headache!"

"Is it better?" he asked, so anxiously that she blushed.

"Oh, yes, yes. But before tea I—didn't want to go."

"I'm glad you didn't," he said, and forgot her in caring for the bird. He ordered a box and some cotton batting—"and give me your handkerchief." As he spoke, he took it from her surprised hand and tore it into strips; then, lifting the broken wing with exquisite gentleness, he bound it into place. She looked at the bandages ruefully, but Sam was perfectly matter-of-course. "It would have been better without lace," he said; "but it will do. Will you look at him sometimes? Just your touch will cure him, I think."

Mrs. Richie laughed.

"Well, you can laugh, but it's true. When I am near you I have no pain and no worry; nothing but happiness." He sat down beside her on the old claw-footed sofa near the fire, for it was cool enough these spring evenings to have a little fire. He leaned forward, resting his chin on his fist, and staring into the blaze. Once he put his hand out and touched her dress softly, and smiled to himself. Then abruptly, he came out of his reverie, and faced her excitedly.

"Why! I forgot what I came to tell you about—something extraordinary has happened."

"Oh, what?" she demanded, with a sweet eagerness that was as young as his own.



"You could never guess," he assured her. "To-night, at supper, grandfather suddenly told me that he wanted me to go and travel for a while—go away from Old Chester. I was perfectly amazed. 'Go hunt up a publisher for your truck,' he said. He always calls the drama my 'truck,'" Sam said snickering; "but the main thing, evidently, was to have me get away from home. To improve my mind, I suppose. He said all gentlemen ought to travel. I told him I hadn't any money, and he said he'd give me some. He said, 'anything to get you away.' It wasn't very flattering, was it?"

Helena's face flashed into suspicion. "Why did he want you to go?" she asked coldly. There was an alarmed alertness in her voice that made the boy look at her.

"He said he wanted me to 'be able to know cakes and ale when I saw them,'" Sam quoted. "Isn't that just like grandfather!"

"Know cakes and ale!" she stammered, and then looked at him furtively. She took one of the little hand-screens from the mantel, and held it so that he could not see her face. For a minute the pleasant firelit silence fell between them.

"Oh, listen," Sam said in a whisper; "do you hear the sap singing in the log?" He bent forward with parted lips, intent upon the exquisite sound—a dream of summer leaves rustling and blowing in the wind. He turned his limpid brown eyes to hers to feel her pleasure.

"I think," Mrs. Richie said with an effort that made her voice hard, "that it would be an excellent thing for you to go away."

"And leave you?"

"Please don't talk that way. Your grandfather is quite right."

The boy smiled. "I suppose you really can't understand? It's part of your loveliness that you can't. If you could, you would know that I can't go away. I told him I was much obliged, but I couldn't leave Old Chester."

"Oh—please! you mustn't be foolish. I don't like you when you are foolish, Sam. Will you please remember how much older I am than you? Let's talk of something else. Let's talk about the little boy who is coming to visit me—his name is David."

"I would rather talk about you, and what you mean to me—beauty and poetry and good—"

"Don't!" she said sharply.

"Beauty and poetry and goodness—"

"I'm not beautiful, and I'm not—poetical."

"And so I worship you," the young man went on in a low happy voice.

"Do please be quiet! I won't be worshipped."

"I don't see how you are going to help it," he said calmly. "Mrs. Richie, I've got my skiff—it came yesterday. Will you go out on the river with me some afternoon?"

"Oh, I don't think I care about boating," she said.

"You don't!" he exclaimed blankly; "why, I only got it because I thought you would go out with me!"

"I don't like the water," she said firmly.

Sam was silent; then he sighed. "I wish I'd asked you before I bought it. Father is so unreasonable."

She looked puzzled, for the connection was not obvious.

"Father always wants things used," Sam explained. "Do you really dislike boating?"

"You absurd boy!" she said laughing; "of course you will use it; don't talk nonsense!"

Sam looked into the fire. "Do you ever have the feeling," he said in an empty voice, "that nothing is worth while? I mean, if you are disappointed in anything? A feeling as if you didn't care, at all, about anything? I have it often. A sort of loss of appetite in my mind. Do you know it?"

"Do I know it?" she said, and laughed so harshly that the boy drew back. "Yes, Sam; I know it."

Sam sighed; "I hate that skiff."

And at that she laughed again, but this time with pure gayety. "Oh, you foolish boy!" she said. Then she glanced at the clock. "Sam, I have some letters to write to-night—will you think I am very ungracious if I ask you to excuse me?"

Sam was instantly apologetic; "I've stayed too long! Grandfather told me I ought never to come and see you—"

"What!"



"He said I bothered you."

"You don't bother me," she protested; "I mean when—when you talk about your play you don't bother me. But to-night—"

"Of course," said Sam simply, and took himself off after one or two directions about the bird.

When the front door closed behind him, she went back to her seat by the lamp, and took up her novel; but her eyes did not see the printed page. Suddenly she threw the book down on the table. It was impossible to read; Sam's talk had disturbed her to the point of sharp discomfort. What did old Mr. Wright mean by "knowing cakes and ale"? And his leer yesterday had been an offence! Why had he looked at her like that? Did he—? Was it possible—! She wished she had spoken to Lloyd about it. But no! it couldn't be; it was only his queer way; he was half crazy, she believed. And it would do no good to speak to Lloyd. The one thing she must not do was to let any annoyance of hers annoy him. Yet below her discomfort at Sam's sentimentality and his grandfather's strange manner lay a deeper discomfort—a disturbance at the very centres of her life. . . . *She was afraid.*

She had been afraid for a long time. Even before she came to Old Chester she was a little afraid, but in Old Chester the fear was intensified by the consciousness of having made a mistake in coming. Old Chester was so far away. It had seemed desirable when she first thought of it; it was so near Mercer where business very often called him. Besides, New York, with its throngs of people, where she had lived for several years, had grown intolerable; in Old Chester she and Lloyd had agreed she would have so much more privacy. But how differently things had turned out! He did not have to come to Mercer nearly so often as he had expected. Those visions of hers—which he had not discouraged—of weekly or certainly fortnightly visits, had faded into lengthening periods of three weeks, four weeks—the last one was almost two months ago. "He can't leave his Alice!" she said angrily to herself; "I remember the time when he

did not mind leaving her." As for privacy, the great city, with its hurrying indifferent crowds, was more private than this village of insistent friendliness.

She leaned back in her chair and pressed her hands over her eyes; then sat up quickly—she must not cry! Lloyd hated red eyes. But oh, *she was afraid*—afraid of what? She had no answer; as yet her fear was without a name. She picked up her book again hurriedly; "I'll read," she said to herself; "I won't think!" For a long time she did not turn a page.

However, by the time Mr. Pryor came back from the tea-party, she was outwardly tranquil, and looked up from her novel to welcome him and laugh at his stories of his hostess. But he was instant to detect the troubled background of her thoughts.

"You are lonely," he said, lounging on the sofa beside her; "when that little boy comes, you'll have something to amuse you;" he put a caressing finger under her soft chin.

"I didn't have that little boy, but I had another," she said ruefully.

"Did your admirer call?"

She nodded.

"What!" he exclaimed, for her manner told him.

"He tried to be silly," she said. "Of course I snubbed him. But it makes me horribly uncomfortable somehow."

Lloyd Pryor got up and slowly scratched a match under the mantelpiece; he took a long time to light his cigar. Then he put his hands in his pockets, and standing with his back to the fire regarded his boots. Helena was staring straight ahead of her with melancholy eyes.—("Do you ever have the feeling," the boy had said, "that nothing is worth while?")

Lloyd Pryor looked at her furtively and coughed. "I suppose," he said—and knocked the ashes from his cigar with elaborate care—"I suppose your adorer is a good deal younger than you?"

She lifted her head sharply, "Well, yes—what of it?"

"Oh, nothing; nothing at all. In the first place, the health of our friend, Frederick, is excellent. But if this fellow were not—younger; and if apoplexy or judgment should—well; why, perhaps—"



"Perhaps what?"

"Of course, Helena, my great desire is for your happiness; but in my position I—I am not as free as I once was to follow my own inclinations. And if—"

"Oh, my *God!*" she said violently.

She fled out of the room with flying feet. As he followed her up the stairs he heard her door slam viciously and the bolt slip. He came down, his face flushed and angry. He stood a long while with his back to the fire, staring at the lamp or the darkness of the uncurtained window. By and by he shook his head and set his jaw in sullen determination; then he went up-stairs, and knocked softly at her door. There was no answer. Again, a little louder; silence.

"Nelly," he said; "Nelly, let me speak to you—just a minute?"

Silence.

"Nelly!"

Silence.

"Damn," said Lloyd Pryor; and went stealthily back to the parlor where the fire was out and the lamp flickering into smoky darkness.

A quarter of an hour later he went up-stairs again.

"How *could* you say it!"

"I didn't mean it, Nelly; it was only a joke."

"A joke! Oh, a cruel joke, a cruel joke!"

"You know I didn't mean it. Nelly, I didn't mean it."

"You do love me?"

"I love you. . . ."

## CHAPTER VIII

"**W**ELL, now," said Dr. Lavendar that Sunday evening when he and David came into the study after tea; "I suppose you'd like me to tell you a story before you go to bed?"

"A Bible story?"

"Why, yes," Dr. Lavendar admitted, a little taken aback.

"No, sir," said David.

"You don't want a Bible story!"

The little boy shook his head.

"David," said Dr. Lavendar chuckling, "I think I like you."

David made no response; his face was as blank as an Indian's. He sat down

on a stool by the fire, and once he sighed. Danny had sniffed him, slowly, and turned away with a bored look; it was then that he sighed. After a while he got up and wandered about the room, his hands gripped in front of him, his lips shut tight. Dr. Lavendar watched him out of the tail of his eye, but neither of them spoke. Suddenly David climbed up on the sofa, and looked fixedly at a picture that hung between the windows.

"A friend of mine gave me that picture," said Dr. Lavendar pleasantly. "She used to teach the school you are going to, David—Mrs. Spangler. She was a good teacher, but you'll like Miss Rose Knight. She's good, too. It is a Bible picture," Dr. Lavendar explained.

"Who," said David, "is the gentleman in the water?"

Dr. Lavendar blew his nose before answering. Then he said that that was meant to be our Saviour when He was being baptized. "Up in the sky," Dr. Lavendar added, "is His Heavenly Father."

There was silence until David asked gently, "Is it a good photograph of God?"

Dr. Lavendar puffed three times at his pipe; then he said, "If you think the picture looks like a kind Father, then it is. And David, I know some stories that are not Bible stories. Shall I tell you one?"

"If you want to, sir," David said. Dr. Lavendar began his tale rather doubtfully; but David fixed such interested eyes upon his face that he was flattered into enlarging upon his theme. The child listened breathlessly, his fascinated eyes travelling once or twice to the clock, then back to the kind old face.

"You were afraid bedtime would interrupt us?" said Dr. Lavendar, when the tale was done. "Well, well; you are a great boy for stories, aren't you?"

"You've talked seven minutes," said David thoughtfully, "and you've not moved your upper jaw once."

Dr. Lavendar gasped; then he said, meekly, "Did you like the story?"

David made no reply.

"I think," said Dr. Lavendar, "I'll have another pipe."

He gave up trying to make conversation; instead, he watched the clock. Mary



had said that David must go to bed at eight, and as the clock began to strike, Dr. Lavendar, with some eagerness, opened his lips to say good night—and closed them. "Guess he'd rather run his own rig," he thought. But to his relief, at the last stroke David got up.

"It's my bedtime, sir."

"So it is!" said Dr. Lavendar. "Well, it will be mine after a while. Good night, my boy!" Dr. Lavendar blinked nervously. Young persons were generally kissed. "I should not wish to be kissed," he said to himself, and the two shook hands gravely.

Left alone, he felt so fatigued he had to have that other pipe. Before he had finished it, his Senior Warden looked in at the study door.

"Come in, Samuel," said Dr. Lavendar. "Samuel, I feel as if I had been driven ten miles on a corduroy road!"

Mr. Wright looked blank; sometimes he found it hard to follow Dr. Lavendar.

"Sam, young persons are very exciting."

"Some of them are; I can vouch for that," his caller assured him, grimly.

"Come, come! They are good for us," said Dr. Lavendar. "I wish you'd take a pipe, Sam; it would cheer you up."

"I never smoke, sir," said Samuel, reprovingly.

"Well, you miss a lot of comfort in life. I tell you, I've seen a good many troubles go up in smoke."

Mr. Wright sat down heavily and sighed.

"Sam been giving you something to think about?" Dr. Lavendar asked cheerfully.

"He always gives me something to think about. Dr. Lavendar, my son is beyond my comprehension. I may say candidly, that I cannot understand him. What do you think he has done now?"

"Nothing wicked."

"I don't know how you look at it," Samuel said, "but from *my* point of view, buying prints with other people's money is dangerously near wickedness. This present matter, however, is just imbecility. I told him one day last week to write to a man in Troy, New York, about a bill of exchange. Well, he wrote. Oh, yes—he wrote. Back comes a letter from the man, enclosing my young gentleman's

epistle, with a line added"—Mr. Wright fumbled in his breast pocket to find the document—"here it is: '*Yours received. Accompanying remarks about ships not understood by our House.*' Will you look on the back of that, sir, for the 'accompanying remarks about ships'?"

Dr. Lavendar took the sheet stamped "Bank of Pennsylvania," and hunted for his spectacles. When he settled them on his nose, he turned the letter over, and read in young Sam's sprawling hand:

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

"What's this? I don't understand."

"Certainly you do not; no sensible person would. I showed it to my young gentleman, and requested an explanation. 'Oh,' he said, 'when you told me to write to Troy, it made me think of those lines.' He added that, not wishing to forget them, he wrote them down on a sheet of paper, and that probably he used the other side of the sheet for the Troy letter—'by mistake.' 'Mistake, sir!' I said, 'a sufficient number of *mistakes* will send me out of business.'"

"Samuel," said Dr. Lavendar thoughtfully, "do you recall whose face it was that 'launched the thousand ships' on Troy?"

Samuel shook his head.

"*Helen's*," said Dr. Lavendar.

The Senior Warden frowned, then suddenly understood. "Oh, yes, I know all about that. Another evidence of his folly!"

"I've no doubt you feel like spanking him," Dr. Lavendar said sympathetically, "but—" he stopped short. Sam Wright was crimson.

"I! *Spank* him? I?" He got up, opening and shutting his hands, his face very red. The old minister looked at him in consternation.

"Sam! what on earth is the matter with you? Can't a man have his joke?"

Mr. Wright sat down. He put his hand to his mouth as though to hide some trembling betrayal; his very ears were purple.

Dr. Lavendar apologized profusely. "I was only in fun. I'm sure you know that I meant no disrespect to the boy. I only wanted to cheer you up."



"I understand, sir; it is of no consequence. I—I had something else on my mind. It is of no consequence." The color faded, and his face fell into its usual bleak lines, but his mouth twitched. A minute afterwards he began to speak with ponderous dignity. "This love-making business is, of course, most mortifying to me; and also, no doubt, annoying to Mrs. Richie. To begin with, she is eleven years older than he—he told his mother so. He added, if you please! that he hoped to marry her."

"Well! Well!" said Dr. Lavendar.

"I told him," Mr. Wright continued, "that in my very humble opinion, it was contemptible for a man to marry and allow another man to support his wife."

Dr. Lavendar sat up in shocked dismay. "Samuel!"

"I, sir," the banker explained, "am his father, and I support him. If he marries, I shall have to support his wife. According to my poor theories of propriety, a man who lets another man support his wife had better not have one."

"But you ought not to have put it that way," Dr. Lavendar protested.

"I merely put the fact," said Samuel Wright. "Furthermore, unless he stops dangling at her apron-strings, I shall stop his allowance. I shall so inform him."

"You surely won't do such a foolish thing!"

"Would you have me sit still? Not put up a single barrier to keep him in bounds?"

"Samuel, do you know what barriers mean to a colt?"

Mr. Wright made no response.

"They mean something to jump over."

"Possibly," said Mr. Wright with dignity, "you are, to some extent, correct. But a man cannot permit his only son to run wild and founder."

"Sam won't founder. But he may get a bad strain. You'd better look out. He is his father's son."

"I do not know, sir, to what you refer."

"Oh, yes, you do," Dr. Lavendar assured him easily; "and you know that no man can experience unforgiving anger, and not be crippled. You didn't founder, Sam, but you gave yourself a mighty ugly wrench. Hey? Isn't that so?"

The Senior Warden looked perfectly deaf; then he took up the tale again.

"If he goes on in his folly he will only be unhappy, and deservedly so. She will have nothing to do with him. In stopping him, I shall only be keeping him from future unhappiness."

"Samuel," said Dr. Lavendar, "I never begrudge unhappiness to the young."

But Mr. Wright was too absorbed in his own troubles to get any comfort out of that.

"By the way," said Dr. Lavendar, "speaking of Mrs. Richie—do you think she'd be a good person to take this little David Allison?"

"I don't know why she shouldn't be, sir," Samuel said. "I have no fault to find with *her*. She pays her rent and goes to church. Yes; a very good person to take the boy off your hands."

"The rent is important," Dr. Lavendar agreed nodding; "but going to church doesn't prove anything."

"All good people go to church," the Senior Warden reproved him.

"But all people who go to church are not good," Dr. Lavendar said dryly.

"I am afraid she lets Sam talk poetry to her," Sam's father broke out. "Stuff! absolute stuff! His mother sometimes tells me of it. Why," he ended piteously, "half the time I can't understand what it's about; it's just bosh!"

"What you don't understand generally is bosh, isn't it, Sam?" said Dr. Lavendar thoughtfully.

"I am a man of plain common sense, sir; I don't pretend to anything but common sense."

"I know you don't, Samuel, I know you don't," Dr. Lavendar said sadly; and the banker, mollified, accepted the apology.

"On top of everything else, he's been writing a drama. He told his mother so. Writing a drama, instead of writing up his ledgers!"

"Of course, he ought not to neglect his work," Dr. Lavendar agreed; "but play-writing isn't one of the seven deadly sins."

"It is distasteful to me!" Sam Senior said hotly; "most distasteful." I told his mother to tell him so, but he goes on writing—so she says." He sighed, and got up to put on his coat. "Well;



I must go home. I suppose he has been inflicting himself upon Mrs. Richie this evening. If he stays late, I shall feel it my duty to speak plainly to him."

Dr. Lavendar gave him a hand with his coat. "Gently does it, Samuel, gently does it!"

His Senior Warden shook his head miserably. "He will go his own gait! I don't know where he gets his obstinacy

from. I asked his mother if any such case had been known in her family, and she assured me it had not. Certainly Eliza herself has no will of her own. I don't think a good woman ever has. And I never insisted upon my own way in my life—except, of course, in matters where I knew I was right."

"Of course," said Dr. Lavendar.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A Princely Gift

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE King of Persia used to say  
 'Twas no less royal to accept  
 Small boons, than 'twas to give away  
 Whole provinces his sword had swept.

Once, journeying through his realm he went,  
 Splendid with scimitars and glaives,  
 With flowing banner, scarlet tent,  
 And golden vases borne by slaves.

And princes with their tribute came,  
 With turquoise, webs of purple cloth,  
 And horses all but breathing flame,  
 Tossing bright manes, and flecked with froth.

Singers, flower-crowned, these brought, and those  
 Laid at his feet their diadems,  
 Armfuls of myrtle and of rose  
 These others who had never gems.

They halt beneath the burning sky,  
 Dismounting for the noon's repose,—  
 What chance if half the brook were dry?  
 They served him fruit in mountain snows.

Then a poor tribesman of the sands  
 Longing to give, and having naught,  
 Scooped up the water in his hands,  
 Cuplike, and running swift as thought.

The spearmen started from their place,  
 But the King, lingering on the bank,  
 Looked in the dark imploring face,—  
 And the King smiled, and stooped, and drank.



# Julius Cæsar

CRITICAL COMMENT BY HAROLD HODGE

PICTURES BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

TO write another word on Julius Cæsar, whether the man be the subject or Shakespeare's play, is almost to make oneself one of those who scratch their miserable names on antique statues, on the face of the rock, on "the lone and level sand." Calvary alone can surpass in awe the murder of Julius Cæsar, which is the tragedy of time, as the Crucifixion is the tragedy of eternity. So tremendous an event is too full of compelling human interest to need the finger-mark of the commentator. I certainly would not dare to shoot my rubbish-heap at the door of Shakespeare, as once Mr. Swinburne brilliantly described a certain editor's introduction to Dickens, were there not one commonplace, one convention, of the crowd of commentators that seems to me to be an injury to Shakespeare. It is not a desecration to try to wash off hand-prints obscuring the figure's true proportions.

We are accustomed to be told that the Marcus Brutus of Shakespeare's play is not only an honorable man, but an ideal hero, an unsullied patriot, a lofty character, struggling greatly and ultimately overborne by evil fortune. This reading, right or wrong, does not at any rate agree well with the conception of the play as the march of nemesis on crime. If Brutus was right, he committed no crime that nemesis should overtake. Poetic justice is irremediably violated by the climax of the play, which at one blow crushes Brutus and his whole cause, crushes him by the hands of the mere man of the world which the godlike reading of Brutus makes of Antony. The situation leaves the spectator unsatisfied: a deed which abstractly is a great crime has been committed; it has been followed surely, inevitably, by the vengeance that ought to attend on crime; yet the doer of the deed is a man that has no fault

in him, who sacrifices himself for his country, while the sacrifice brings about only his friend's murder, his own and in his view his country's ruin. This is a strange tangle; noble motives working nothing but disaster, a splendid sacrifice absolutely in vain, wrong everywhere triumphant. A tragedy indeed; a modern might think it exactly the tragedy of real life, but the modern view is not dramatic. The novelist may take life as "all a muddle," but the dramatic poet must find some meaning in the muddle, some end to which all moves. The novelist may look only on the surface; the poet must look beyond. Life is ordinarily quite undramatic, and therefore fails as a theme for drama; the dramatist has to read much into it, or, it may be, to see in it what is there but invisible to the common eye. One thing is certain: a passage in life or history capable of an intensely dramatic reading the poet will never represent as undramatic. And that, as it seems to me, the idealist reading of Marcus Brutus and of the murder of Cæsar makes Shakespeare do. Taken as the march of nemesis on crime, as the righteous punishment of a wicked deed, as the avenging of a noble life, the play of *Julius Cæsar* moves swiftly and consistently to its appointed end; but it excludes the conception of Brutus as a single-minded patriot. In order to get over this difficulty the idealizers of Brutus have suggested as the motive of the play not nemesis, its natural and obvious theme, but the failure of ideals in practical politics. That is a very modern, a very subjective, way of looking at life; still it is a possible dramatic theme, though the murder of Cæsar is very ill-suited for its setting. To make it fit, wrong has to be made right; murder abstractly is always wrong. That in itself is no small obstacle to get over, no small





Drawn by Edmund A. Abbey, R.A.

ACT III: SCENE I

CESAR. "The ides of March are come,"  
SOOTHSAYER. "Aye, Caesar; but not gone."

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hindrance to appreciating the intended motive. It is difficult, too, to conceive that a dramatist who turned to Roman history for the groundwork of this theme would have taken the murder of Julius Cæsar rather than the death of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus. The aims and end of the Gracchi illustrate the failure of ideals in public life without any of the difficulties raised by the career of the republican conspirators. No crime has to be explained away; the misdeeds of the Gracchi, if allowed to be misdeeds, are splendid mistakes: they are not against nature. If it is held that the Gracchi justly paid with their lives for aspirations dangerous to the state, still their dreams were noble; if they were true reformers murdered by those who feared the effect of these reforms upon themselves, still more powerfully does their career show forth the failure of ideals in practical politics. Either way the fate of the Gracchi would serve that theme: while the history of the murderers of Cæsar will fit only on a great assumption, with difficulty accepted.

That a dramatic genius should have tried to find such a motive in the murder of Cæsar, while it lay ready to hand, waiting for him, in the death of the Gracchi, is to me incredible. It is true, however, that the theme might be there in the play, whether Shakespeare meant it or not. Probably Shakespeare had no subjective aim, no thesis to illustrate at all: he merely wanted to dramatize an intensely impressive and obviously dramatic episode in history. Either way, what a writer means is usually small evidence as to what he has said; it could not be conclusive evidence even in the case of a genius such as Shakespeare. We must exclude Shakespeare's intention, which for one thing we cannot know, as an illegitimate argument. We must take the words as they are and see what is in them.

It is hard to believe that but for the character of Brutus any other than the nemesis interpretation would ever have been mooted. But Brutus of the play has imposed on Shakespeare's readers and on his actors as did Marcus Brutus of history on Cæsar and on the Roman public. They have taken him at his own description of himself. A great tribute this is to the truthfulness of Shake-

speare's portrait. Indeed, it is probably only too faithful, as not flattering, to those who have eyes to see. Brutus is very fond of bearing testimony to his own impeccability, the singleness of his eye, the loftiness of his motives:

Let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me as the idle wind.

No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble  
Roman,  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind.

These testimonies to his own nobility, so natural a habit of thought with him that they come out from time to time even to the end on the battle-field, fall on the ear first with a sound of persuasive rotundity; but thought over, they leave an unpleasant impression. There is rather too much protesting. It is perhaps hardly an impression of "swagger," but one does feel very strongly that this man was deeply impressed with his own goodness; he had become an ideal to himself: so much so that anything that jarred on this conception was simply put aside as incredible, a thing not to be considered. Evidently, too, this was the popular conception of Brutus. The man that has unbounded regard for himself, and expresses it often enough and loudly enough, will in the end get the vulgar mind to take him at his own measure. It was, as it were, a settled thing that Brutus was immaculate. That was the character he had to play to—and behind:

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;  
And that which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchymy,  
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

This pose of Marcus Brutus, by which I do not mean that he was an intentional deceiver—he really believed that he was supereminently good, and assiduously cherished himself in that capacity,—lets us into the secret of his whole character. It is a character we of this day should find it easy to appreciate; for we have had one or two striking examples of it. Profoundly convinced of his own rectitude, such a man finds a righteous motive for his every desire. What he does he





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ACT IV: SCENE III

BRUTUS. *"Well; then I shall see thee again?"*

GHOST. *"Ay, at Philippi."*

*[Ghost vanishes*







believes to be right, but he can always persuade himself that that is right which he wants to do. He tests his motives by his own character, and reasons infallibly that such a man cannot wish for anything that is wrong; therefore what he desires is right. Thus he never violates his own conscience, and his conscience in return never stands in his way. Nothing but a very cataclysm of soul can stir this man into seeing himself; hence a magnificent calmness about him. It may be urged that this analysis might dissolve the goodness of an archangel. Truly it might be applied fallaciously; mortals have no magic crucible: but the test of a man's deeds, of the influences that move him, of the impression he leaves on strong men who are his intimates, is a fairly good corrective.

Try Brutus by it. The record of Marcus Brutus is this: he accepts mercy at the hands of his conqueror Cæsar (his Roman soul is not too proud for that), receives from him special favors and marks of love, is willing to bask in Cæsar's sun: then when the opportunity comes, and he is offered the leadership of a conspiracy to assassinate his benefactor, he takes it; he takes part in a bloody and cowardly murder, some twenty armed men setting on one unarmed; and by this means becomes the first man in Rome. These are the unvarnished facts about Marcus Brutus: these are his spontaneous acts: to all that follow he is compelled, so they do not help in the understanding of his character.

What did other men think of him? The crowd took him at his word; Antony, the "plain blunt man," necessarily is imposed on, arch-enemy though he was. It would have been strange indeed had the careless soldier seen through such a character: so one is not at all surprised that Antony, with a generosity that does him credit, pronounces Brutus "the noblest Roman of them all," and thinks him entirely different from all the other conspirators. That is precisely the impression such a man as we are taking Brutus to be would leave on a man like Antony, who was so little of a judge of men that he could tell Cæsar there was nothing to fear in Cassius:

He's not dangerous:

He is a noble Roman and well given.

Not so Cassius himself; he knows his man: he knows Brutus well. Cassius in acumen is right all through the story. He was right about the danger of leaving Antony alive: he was right about Casca; Casca did not fail them: he was right in his counsel of war; Brutus was disastrously wrong: he was right in the quarrel; Brutus was extremely unfair to him: he was probably right about Pella; to be extreme to mark the taking of a present of money by a good friend was in such critical times absurd; Cassius saw that it was just part of Brutus' pose as the impeccable man, and felt the contemptuous impatience for it of the real man of action.

And how does Cassius, who was thus right all through, handle Brutus? He wants to get him over; the plan, the initiative, comes all from Cassius: he plays Brutus like a fish. He begins by praising Brutus to his face in language that hardly falls short of rank flattery:

It is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirror as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow.

In other words, "you are so good that no one else is good enough to give you an idea of yourself." All through Cassius has no fear of offending Brutus by praising him unblushingly to his face. Having thus put Brutus on good terms with himself, Cassius proceeds to appeal to jealousy: "Are not you and I as good as Cæsar? Is not he human like ourselves?" Then to envy: "And now he is a god and we are nobodies."

He doth bestride the narrow world,  
Like a Colossus.

Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that  
"Cæsar"?

Why should that name be minded more than  
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a  
name.

And a last dexterous appeal to ambition: just a suggestion that Brutus by removing Cæsar should emulate the glory of his ancestor Lucius Junius, who drove out Tarquin.

In the whole of this great piece of advocacy Cassius lays no crime to Cæsar's charge: attempts no case against him ex-





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ACT V: SCENE III

CASSIUS. "O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!"



cept that he is great: does not even suggest a single public ill beyond that Cæsar was above and they below. And that is the line of argument which the acute Cassius selects as best calculated to tell on Marcus Brutus. And he proves absolutely right. He wants Brutus to join their conspiracy: and Brutus does join it. His faith in appeals to Brutus' vanity is further shown in the device he selects to drive home what he has just been saying:

I will this night,  
In several hands, in all his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name; wherein  
obscurely  
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure.

Cassius knew his Brutus well. Alone after Brutus had left him, Cassius gives us his impressions of their talk.\*

"Well, Brutus, you have a great reputation for nobility; but I see now that with all your high character you can be perverted like other men: you should keep only with good men like yourself. You are not strong enough, after all, to stand up against men like me. I have a grudge against Cæsar: you have none. If I were in your place now, you should not turn me against Cæsar as I have turned you."

It has been pleaded that it is not Cassius' arguments that decide Brutus. But there stands the fact that certain arguments are used to produce a certain result, and that result is produced. In such circumstances denial of cause and effect requires very strict proof. Unfortunately Brutus himself later on admits that it was Cassius that moved him:

Since Cassius first did whet me against  
Cæsar,  
I have not slept.

Then we have Brutus' testimony to himself: a painfully eloquent testimony.

\* Act I., Scene II., lines 313-320. These lines may be interpreted differently, I am aware, but "I see" in line 313 must surely be an inference from Cassius' recent talk with Brutus, and cannot mean that he sees Brutus can be seduced by Cæsar. The conversation and its result pointed all the other way. But he does see that Brutus can be influenced by himself.

Alone in his own house he weighs the matter of Cæsar's murder. He was determined to do this thing. "It must be by his death" are his first words. Being by no means a conscienceless man, he has to satisfy his conscience, he has to square the assassination with his high moral character. He can find nothing against Cæsar personally, nor can he say that he ever knew Cæsar to allow passion to sway him against reason. There is no charge to be founded on his past; ah! but who knows what he *may* do? Crown him and he will leave all his goodness behind. We will prevent his coronation by killing him and so save him from himself. We shall be serving a high moral purpose.\*

Was ever man more easily self-persuaded? Conceive a really honest man justifying assassination solely on the plea of what the victim might do, his past admittedly giving no ground for evil foreboding? If he is crowned? Cæsar had just refused to be crowned; and it was purely conjectural that there was any intention even to offer him a crown again. The whole soliloquy is the sophistic device of a man squaring his moral character with his intention. The situation is clinched by the eagerness with which Brutus snatches at the papers thrown in through the window. "Brutus, thou sleep'st . . . speak, strike, redress." Then comes the melodramatic apostrophe, with himself as audience:

O Rome! I make thee promise:  
If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

What true man, unusually philosophic too in temper, could be influenced in a tremendous enterprise, to which public necessity drove him against his will, by an anonymous scrawl thrown in at the window? Cassius knew his man.

Where again was the reality in this splendid talk?

Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers.

But, alas!

Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds!

\* Act II., Scene I., lines 10-34.



Brutus is noble when it is a question of words before the deed, but when the time comes to act on them he and his "gentle friends" forget their gentle words and turn butchers, while their "vile daggers hack one another in the sides of Cæsar," and deal their three-and-thirty wounds.

The immaculate poser shows clearer with each successive step. The murder done, Cæsar's body not yet cold, Brutus takes up Casca's pleasantry that to cut short life is merely to abridge the fear of death, and argues solemnly that therefore they are Cæsar's friends, and have conferred on him a benefit because they have lessened his time of fearing death. Such callousness will hardly be found even in an enemy; how then in a patriot who had done an awful deed, had murdered a dear friend, impelled thereto solely by a sense of duty? The next moment Brutus bids his friends bathe their hands in Cæsar's blood up to the elbows. In him this is not mere vindictive savagery, as it seems, but just his incurable posing. At this supreme moment Brutus, and even Cassius, think first of making a solemn show, by producing a theatrical effect:

How many ages hence,  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over?

says Cassius.

How many times [answers Brutus] shall  
Cæsar bleed in sport  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along  
No worthier than the dust?

Brutus' first thought is of the figure he will cut in history; how will he look in groups representing Cæsar's murder?

Comparing this revelation of Brutus' mind with his previous protestations and fine sentiments, we are forced to the conclusion that Marcus Brutus was a sol-

emn humbug. A significant touch is added when Antony comes on the scene of the murder. While Brutus maunders on about their hearts being pitiful, and the general wrong of Rome and—truly a nauseating remark—his love for Cæsar when he struck him, and the brotherly love they would all bear Antony, Cassius cuts in with the straightforward practical proposition to Antony:

Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
In the disposing of new dignities.

The difference between Brutus and Cassius is that Cassius is frankly unscrupulous, Brutus most scrupulously so.

Instinctively one looks to the end of these men; and the end one feels is as it should be. The murder "most foul and most unnatural" is avenged. Brutus on the last great day, the day of account between him and Cæsar, is made at last to see something of his true self. Never quite happy in his inmost soul about the death of Cæsar, on the field of battle, when he sees things are going against him, Brutus cries out:

O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our  
swords  
In our own proper entrails.

Conscience at last is allowed to speak unprompted. And, dying, Brutus says:

Cæsar, now be still:  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

That is at once his confession and his absolution. By his own voluntary death he is expiating Cæsar's.

And Antony, Cæsar's avenger and representative, in his eulogy of Brutus pronounces the forgiveness which the unparalleled clemency of Cæsar would certainly have granted.





# The Second Best

BY MAY HARRIS

IT was a disappointment to popular expectation and caused besides a ripple of comment when Jack Woodbury's wife came to Madderley to visit his aunt without Jack.

Jack had spent, ever since he was old enough to remember, a portion of each year with his aunt. His father had always been too busy in his so distant and enslaving city to come himself, but he sent Jack—who, Miss Amanda's devotion had the reward of knowing, never needed sending. He was a most lovable boy, and his yearly visits—limited perforce as he grew older to shorter periods—grew to be the axes round which Miss Amanda's less fortunate days revolved.

Jack, on leaving college, went to Madderley and spent a year with his aunt. It was a very happy year for her. The world lay before Jack—she didn't read Browning, but she had the idea—for him to take and make into whatever he wished. He found it hard to decide what he wished—but Miss Amanda was sure it was because of the diversity of his talent. He read such quantities of books, she felt he might be a great writer; he had a beautiful tenor voice—though a career of that kind Miss Amanda with some prejudice excluded; and his mind was so finely analytic that the law would have been a primrose path.

Outside these gifts, Jack had his father's fortune—an income that precluded the necessity of choosing a profession. Miss Amanda and he discussed it—she took a vivid delight in considering by what approach he would conquer fame,—and by and by she became aware that the definite impetus would come from Christine Martin. The blow this could not help being to her was softened by her sweet nature, for Miss Amanda never rebelled or fought off her worries. She accepted them and trimmed off their thorns; sometimes in the process finding tiny buds she could encourage to

surprising bloom. Her little face with its funny short nose and sweet, serious blue eyes had little wrinkles of sympathy and laughter, but none of vexation.

But Christine Martin stood outside Miss Amanda's comprehension, for reasons that did not individually relate to the girl herself, though they had kept her—as far as Miss Amanda was concerned—an almost unknown quantity. She was a girl with a beautiful, gipsyish face, and she lived with her grandfather—a very old man with a curiously bad temper—in a very handsome old house a little way down the street from Miss Amanda's.

Christine's childhood was passed in a loneliness and withdrawal not usual to many children. She was never sent to school, and Madderley pitied her governess—with reason. Christine studied as she pleased, and when the long-suffering Miss Smith went away, she went on with her music, solitary, and quite willing to be solitary, in the big old-fashioned house.

Old Mr. Martin was irreligious, but Christine went to Sunday-school at St. Luke's, where she had as a child her first small and sullen contact in Miss Amanda's class with Jack.

Christine had a voice. When she was sixteen she began to sing in the choir at St. Luke's. She gave it up scornfully when her grandfather commanded—she was always scornful about the things he made her give up,—she would never let him have the satisfaction of seeing that he hurt her. When they were grown up, Jack Woodbury had found one of her strongest attractions in this indolent indifference.

He had been—the phrase was that of the people who watched the affair—"dreadfully" in love with her. Her grandfather had encouraged it, without diplomacy, by his opposition, and during the year Jack spent in Madderley



Miss Amanda made the unwelcome discovery that he and Christine were engaged. They quarrelled frequently—Jack wanted her to marry him, and she wanted to go abroad and study singing. It was during one of these temporary breaks in their engagement that Jack's bad news came. All his fortune was lost.

Jack went North immediately and wrote Miss Amanda the condition of affairs—worse, if anything, than he had imagined. The blow was as hard to Miss Amanda as it was to Jack.

It was one day during this time of anxiety and trouble that Christine Martin came to Miss Amanda with a letter in her hand. As she came up the walk from the gate to the house, Miss Amanda watched her with a sudden contraction of the heart; she said to herself it was because Jack loved her.

Though they lived so near each other, Christine had never been there before, and her manner expressed definitely the lack of a merely social intention. She followed Miss Amanda in a sort of leashed silence into the sitting-room, where the garnished stillness, the old-fashioned furniture, the smell of pot-pourri, and Jack's books, heaped just as he had left them, offered the girl an unfamiliar invitation. There were pictures of Jack, of course, in all stages of his life—the gem being an oil-painting of him at the interesting age of four.

Christine's dark eyes took in everything with a measured swiftness before she faced Miss Amanda.

"I've had a letter from Jack," she said, in her deep contralto.

"From Jack—" Miss Amanda faltered.

"He wrote to tell me he had lost his money."

"Yes—?"

"We had broken off everything. You know," she indifferently interpolated, "we were engaged? He wrote to tell me that under the circumstances he couldn't ever hope to make it up—as we'd so often done before."

"And you accept it?" Miss Amanda asked, quickly.

The girl's beautiful, mobile face hardened. "How you want me to say yes!" she cried. "Be happy! I will; but not for the reason you think. It's just be-

cause I care for him that I won't marry him now. Grandfather won't give me a penny, now or ever, if I marry Jack, so I won't hamper him, when he needs all he can do to make a beginning, with such a useless person as I am. I *am* useless—utterly useless," she went on, steadily. "I never swept a room, I never sewed a stitch,—I know nothing—nothing! If I leave him free, Jack will be able to make his life—as it ought to be—a success. So I am going to let him—be free."

"But"—Miss Amanda for once in her life was cruel, stung by a certainty of duplicity on the girl's part—"if you loved him, you wouldn't think of all these things."

"I am going to hurt him and myself—because I love him," Christine went on, with passionate emphasis, her dark eyes on Miss Amanda's face, and a solemn note in her voice that touched the older woman. "He won't mind, after a while." She went closer and put her hand on Miss Amanda's arm. "But don't think—don't *dare* to think I don't care for him," she commanded, almost with a sob, as she turned away.

That, so far as Miss Amanda had known, had been the end of everything between them. Jack never came back during the interval of eight years, and though Christine went North after her grandfather's death to study singing, she came back after a few months, with her voice definitely gone.

Her aloofness continued—even to the Probyns, who had leased from her half of the big, old-fashioned house she had inherited on her grandfather's death.

"We see almost as little of her as you do," Mrs. Probyn was in the habit of saying to various neighbors, "except if we look out-of-doors! She's out there generally, all the time. She's even built recently, as you see, a pavilion—a 'study' she calls it—for her books and piano."

Jack's wife came early in April—by herself, as business detained him.

"He is painting a series of panels for the new library in New York," Miss Amanda had explained many times to many people. For Jack Woodbury had developed in one of the directions that in the old days had scarcely seemed of



more account than an evidence of his charming versatility. It had been proved enough, however, and the general acceptance of it echoed with no possible vagueness its authentic value.

Success and recognition had been rapid with him—there was no question of starvation in the customary garret, and the possibility of such an alternative had been happily put aside by a legacy from his mother's brother during his stay abroad. He spent five years in Paris, and, a year before his return, married in England a "little American girl whom you will love very much,"—as he wrote his aunt.

When they came over, Jack was delayed by some changes his own dissatisfaction suggested in the panels for the library. While they lingered, his wife—always delicate—had bronchitis, and on her recovery was ordered South. It was her own insistence that left Jack behind to finish his work completely before he should join her—"a free man," she buoyantly explained to the waiting aunt.

Buoyant was exactly the word to describe Jack's wife, whose resilience was wonderful when one considered the extreme delicacy of her type. She was not pretty; but one quickly forgot a disappointment in this direction in the surprising number of ways in which she transcended her more obvious lack. Miss Amanda wondered if it were the quality of her voice—tender, plaintive, wistful—that began nearly at once to endear her; or the ready, sympathetic interest in the things Miss Amanda cared for; or, indeed, if it were any particular trait. She had been prepared to love Jack's wife for his sake, but suddenly she found herself loving little Mrs. Woodbury for her own.

Mrs. Probyn was openly disappointed. "A mere child—and with the manner of one! Dressed in the simplest way! She might have been born and brought up in the country! Talked about Miss Amanda's chickens and pansies quite as if she wasn't the wife of John Littleton Woodbury!"

"But," Marjorie Glenn, to whom she happened to be speaking, objected, "how in particular should you think his wife ought to act?"

Mrs. Probyn accomplished her most successful bridling pose. "My dear

Marjorie! Of course the wife of a great man must assist him in supporting the honor of his name—in keeping up. It's a pity such a notable man shouldn't have the *best* representation."

Marjorie looked wicked. "If Mr. Woodbury's satisfied—!" she murmured, and added freely, "Of course we might have chosen better for him, but she's thoroughbred and charming, and that ought to stand for the 'best.'"

"I never expect you to agree with—anybody," Mrs. Probyn settled it stiffly. "One has one's ideas nevertheless, and it would seem that a great artist would choose a wife to inspire rather than—"

"'Rather than' what?" Christine Martin asked, coming from the sitting-room, in her part of the house, out on the veranda, and joining Mrs. Probyn and her guest with unexpected suddenness.

Christine's own appearance was as pat as a scene in a play. She looked, *con amore*, the ideal "inspiration" for an artist. Her figure was slender and very graceful in every movement, and her white dress, with a draped classicity of fold, gave value to its beauty. Her face, too, had its at once evident appeal of beauty, like a clear-cut cameo, beneath dark masses of hair. Each component part—voice, gesture, expression—was typically, even to Mrs. Probyn, the illustration of what little Mrs. Woodbury was not, and never could be.

"We were speaking," Mrs. Probyn explained, "of Miss Amanda's nephew's wife. It seems a pity she should be so—commonplace."

Christine's dark eyes passed from Mrs. Probyn's face to Marjorie's with no consciousness in their expression.

"I haven't seen her," she said, negligently.

Two days later circumstances repaired this lack.

Christine, out-of-doors as usual, was standing in the door of the little pagoda-like building which was her ark of refuge from everything—including herself. She had been sketching in water-colors—a pastime she had recently taken up,—and with her brush in her hand and her eyes absently fixed on the distance, was taken unawares by a small person, who hesitated and paused, coming at last from the drive to the open door.



"I beg your pardon," she said.

Christine looked up hastily, and something blazed up in her eyes and then died out. "Jack's wife!" she said to herself—"Jack's wife!"

"I couldn't make any one hear," the voice, with a plaintive note in its sweetness, continued. "I rang—so many times! I really think every one must be out."

"Perhaps they are. I am, you see," Christine explained; "but then you didn't come to see me?"

"I would," little Mrs. Woodbury said, gayly, "if you'd come to see *me*! I think you must be Miss Martin? Mrs. Probyn said you never called on people. I wish you'd relax in my favor. Have you principles or convictions?" Her smile was almost infectious.

"I'm afraid you wouldn't find me interesting," Christine said, indifferently. "I don't make friends easily. I'm not at all talkative."

"I won't be driven off," Edith Woodbury said, gayly. "I *do* make friends easily, and I *adore* talking! Aunt Amanda is beautiful to me and everybody is kind. But you—somehow, I don't know why, for I've just seen you—you are *different*. I don't mean it to flatter you," she added, as Christine made a gesture of protest or distaste. "It would be no use to do *that* with you! I only say it because it is true."

Christine shrugged her shoulders.

"Different from Flo Probyn?" Her big dark eyes rested on her visitor's face curiously. "I'm eccentric—by inheritance and disposition; it makes me quite free—even of comment, for people never expect me to be normal."

She was quite at ease when she spoke of herself; quite as if, leaning on bars she would not take down, she invited attention to their solidity and strength.

Edith came a step nearer.

"Oh, please! I'll make a call on *you*, if you don't mind! I want—dreadfully—to know you."

Christine gave her a quick glance, and then stepped back and invited her by a gesture to enter. She was curious, and the psychological moment had come to satisfy her curiosity. The woman Jack had married, whom she had so often wondered about, was before her—with

her—in an intimacy, if she chose, that could pluck the heart out of the mystery, could answer the questions that ceaselessly tormented her: Did he really care? Was he satisfied?

Her eyes continued to rest on her visitor's face. It was small and extremely mobile, with a sort of bright sweetness that was like a mirror to her thoughts.

"It's so charming an idea," she chattered, "to have an out-of-door 'den.' Jack—my husband—has his studio out-of-doors whenever he can manage it. He had the dearest one at Ryde. I think it's strange—you know he paints portraits?—that he shouldn't do landscape studies when he cares so for nature. Ah! you paint, too! Do you mind my looking about?"

"If there's anything you'd care to see—"

Apparently there was, and Edith went from one thing to another—the wonderful brasses of an old chest of drawers, an inlaid table, quaintly carved silver candlesticks, and small curios of a slighter value caught her eye with a rippling commentary that flowed without the need of a greater response about the detachment of Christine's monosyllabic replies.

Among others, on a desk, was a miniature of Christine's mother. It was typically Italian, but Christine did not in the least resemble it.

"There's no likeness—none!" Edith said, disappointedly. "It's strange—both of you are so beautiful."

"I suppose I'm more like my father."

"Do you remember either of them—your parents? No? You are like me. I've never had any one belonging to me—except my aunt in England—until I married."

"Well, I haven't an aunt." Christine touched her solitude coolly.

"You had a grandfather—?"

"Yes." With an impulse quite foreign to her usual lack of expansiveness Christine tumbled out the contents of an old portfolio and selected a sketch roughly outlined in charcoal.

"This is he—my grandfather," she said.

Almost as she offered it to her visitor's look she had the effect of retention, of, if it had been possible, withdrawal. All of it passed in a flash—undiscovered, in-



deed, by Mrs. Woodbury. Her attention lingered engrossed, and evidently struck by something outside the mere portraiture of the sketch.

"It's a sort of caricature, isn't it? Phil May—Cruikshank?—that sort of thing? But there's something familiar. It reminds me—in the same way similar handwriting would do—of my husband's work."

Christine met it simply. "Naturally it would. It is his work."

Still holding the sketch, Jack's wife had her quick interrogation. "He did it?"

"A very long time ago—before he became a great painter."

Christine's voice had the shade—just the proper shade—of detachment, of indifference; but as Mrs. Woodbury did not respond promptly with the natural wonder, "I didn't know you knew him," she lightened the pause herself.

"Mr. Woodbury and I knew each other very well as children, but since we became really grown up—" she shrugged her shoulders.

"Jack has spoken of Madderley so much. I've been trying to remember his speaking of you. He must have done so, of course. The things he's told me of everything and everybody here!"

If her gay little gesture covered the sharper impression of his negligence in not having mentioned Christine—one of the more than usually shining features of a not overly brilliant place,—it was with a decency of regard that would provoke no suspicion.

Christine stretched the point of frankness in her acceptance.

"And it proves—doesn't it?—how much effacement we undergo when our acquaintances lose sight of us."

But Edith gave the word less limitation.

"Jack *always* remembers his friends. I am sure I'll find it is I who have forgotten—for of course he's mentioned you to me."

The strangeness was at the back of this—almost as if said—that the recollection if he had done so did not have its instant solvency to Jack's wife. Christine felt the wonder her guest was feeling, though its direction was not palpably clear.

Christine could visualize herself with no vanity, but with perfect understanding, as she appeared to others, and it was quite clear to her that Jack's wife was fitting the puzzle that her husband had known—more or less intimately—this splendid, foreign-princesslike creature and had never mentioned her! The knowledge gave Christine a throb like the discovery of an old treasure found by some one else, and irrevocably locked away, but on view, momentarily, behind its glass doors.

She felt the vision and gave it welcome. That, after all, he should remember, should never have been able to class her with the merely casual things of which it was easy to speak—this knowledge was sweet to her; even though it pressed deeper the fact of how greatly she herself still cared.

Something else stirred also—the primal jealousy like a keen blade ready to thrust at the interloper who held the place that might have been hers. All that was foreign in her blood, all that was combative in her inheritance, rose in an opposing flood to any friendly intercourse.

Why should she try to blind this other woman? If she suspected, let her learn that her content must have its sting. A mere butterfly flashing light wings over casual flower-beds, she would perhaps at last discover the presence, sculptured, immutable, of a statue forever sentinel in her husband's garden. It was declarative in its veiled silence of earlier, sweeter solitudes her wings had never fluttered—in which she had borne no part.

The panoramic flash filled for a moment to Christine the silence that had followed Edith Woodbury's last words. Christine with a prick of curiosity gave her a swift glance.

Edith's profile was turned toward her, but an old pier-glass, hung between the windows across from them, duplicated both their faces vividly as portraits.

There was something touching—even to Christine's half-barbaric resistance—in the contrast of the small seated figure, childlike, simply sweet; something swiftly suggestive in travesty, to Christine's quick imagination, of Queen Eleanor and Rosamond, and, as if the poisoned bowl



had visibly been present, she had a shame for herself that made her suddenly shrink back.

Edith looked up and met her eyes in the mirror.

"What a contrast we are!" she said, springing up, and her piquant face gave a vivacious challenge to Christine's surmises of her imaginings. "The heart-burnings and envy I've known for the lack of inches! Do tall people ever guess it, I wonder? I think they must, or why should they be so patient—as you are—with inconsequent atoms? Don't protest! You know it's true. My interruption—my invasion—this afternoon has been so beautifully met that I shall have the temptation to trouble you often. And you—you'll come to see me, won't you?"

Christine saw firm ground, and at last made her advance upon it.

"Thank you, but I cannot. It's evident Miss Amanda hasn't told you what *bêtes noires* my grandfather and I were to her. She's too sweet-natured," Christine with perfect frankness continued to explain, "to speak of my heathenish grandparent unkindly, because he's dead." Edith shrank a little. "I, you see, haven't scruples. He *was* heathenish to me—to every one! As for me, I'm his grandchild, and—it's almost as bad in Madderley—I had an Italian mother."

"Nonsense!" Edith insisted. "Aunt Amanda hasn't a prejudice, and I'm sure"—her voice became wistful—"you couldn't ever be narrow."

"Don't be sure!" Christine lightly mocked. "I'm gently, or scoffingly, known as the 'eccentric Miss Martin.' However"—and her voice at last rang sincerely—"I've wanted to know you, and this glimpse of you is quite like an answer to my want. Good-by, and thank you very much."

It was so nearly a dismissal—courteous, most gracious, as from a princess at the close of an audience; but Jack's wife equalled it with a poise of sweetness and dignity.

"It's I who must thank *you*," she said, as they shook hands.

Christine in the days that followed went over their brief interview with the care one gives in retrospect to inexplicit values. But they became more sharply

explicit perhaps as time went on and Edith Woodbury's presence in Madderley continued to provoke no contact—remained, indeed, outside their one meeting, nearly in abeyance.

Christine felt that Jack's wife had penetrated intuitively to the early phase—had even taken the measure it bore, its relation, to her present; and was in possession now not only of Jack, but of his past also.

It seemed to leave her a little more defrauded, and a fine-drawn bitterness hardened the passivity of her attitude.

A friend wrote for her to come to Canada for the summer, and her plans were only half defined when Jack Woodbury came South.

"I can't think," Mrs. Probyn struck the note a few days after his return, "why noted men so frequently disappoint people! Why, Flo, even Mr. Offingham's more distinguished-looking!"

"Oh—distinguished!" Flo Probyn let it go. "He looks very tired," she added.

Jack Woodbury did look tired, and his severe illness came as a climax rather than as a surprise. Dr. Alexander shook his head over it from the first. It was brain fever, and the consulting doctor was not hopeful.

"Overwork, exhaustion of nervous strength," he said, when he left. "One chance in ten that he'll recover."

Christine heard every day that there was less and less hope. She, prepared to go North for her usual summer visit, waited in a horrible expectancy of what any moment might declare.

The sick-room news was refracted daily through the medium of Mrs. Probyn; the number and capability of the nurses, the devotion of his wife, the helpless grief of Miss Amanda—all these things Mrs. Probyn made known, with the enrichment of many comments.

Nearly every one had first-hand knowledge except Christine. All she had was the view from her windows of Miss Amanda's gate down the street, where the doctor's buggy drew up twice a day for what seemed to her interminable hours. It became in this time of dumb waiting a focus for her physical vision beyond which she could project herself and suffer in his suffering as those did who had the right.



She scarcely thought of Jack's wife at all; jealousy, bitterness—all were swallowed up in the dreadful fear that Jack was going to die. This thought was like a tempest, in whose stress lesser things were forgotten,—and it was a tempest she must always conceal.

"There's very little hope," Mrs. Probyn said one afternoon, "that he'll live through the night. I saw the nurse—she thinks it doubtful, I could see, though it's hard to get anything out of *her*! Miss Amanda is perfectly *prostrate*! Dr. Alexander says he'll have another patient in her. But Mrs. Woodbury's *very* quiet—you'd hardly know she was in the room. I asked the nurse if she showed any symptoms of breaking down—one expects a *wife* to feel things like this most of all,—but she gave me no satisfaction. I must say I *am* surprised she takes it so quietly."

She was, in fact, very quiet. Crouched at the head of his bed, she made out what he said in his delirium—the name so often on his lips, and the allusions to what was now no longer vague; things which upset Miss Amanda's grief-worn nerves.

It was Christine he talked of constantly, and his wife could piece the fragments she had suspected, fully. He quarrelled with Christine, made love, argued; and all the time Edith made no sign—even when Miss Amanda broke down and had to be taken out of the room.

"Why don't you let me see Christine?" he said, over and over. "She sings," he would go on, with eyes on his wife's face, "like—like an angel! *You* can't sing!" he would jeer. "Tell Christine to come. She'll tell me about my picture. I'll paint a picture of her some day—an Italian princess. But she hasn't any heart, you know!"

The nurse beckoned Edith out of the room. "If he could only be quieted for a little while," she said, rapidly, "he *might* fall asleep; it's practically his only chance. People in delirium have strange fancies—Miss Woodbury says he is talking about some one he knew a long time ago. If she isn't here—if one could pretend to be the person—"

"Would it do him good?" Edith asked, quickly.

"In delirium it's best always to try to satisfy the patient."

Without a word Edith left her, slipping out of the room, out of the house, into the soft darkness of the night. There was no moon; only pale high stars above the thick trees and the glow of lamplit windows down the street's perspective. She went swiftly—almost running, her head bare, her heart throbbing, her tearless eyes fixed like a sleep-walker's.

Almost at Mrs. Probyn's door she paused, seeing for the first time a gleam of light from the little pavilion where she had found Christine two or three weeks before. She went toward it and, without knocking, opened the door.

Christine was sitting at a table in the centre of the room, and she raised a pale face and sombre eyes as Jack's wife came in.

"He asks for you," Edith said, at once.

It was their second meeting, but so clearly outlined against definite tragedy that there was no question of unnecessary speech or explanation between them.

"You will come?" Edith repeated.

"You came for me?" Christine murmured, strangely, facing her in the lamp-light.

"Do you think," asked Jack's wife, "that there is anything in the world I wouldn't do for him?"

And as Christine to this had no reply, she added, "Come!"

They went back together in complete silence. Both of them in white—the tall figure and the small one,—they flitted ghostlike through the encompassing darkness.

They met no one, and at the door of the sick-room Edith whispered:

"Go in by yourself and speak to him—just as if everything was as it used to be. I'll stay out here."

The hall light fell on her small upturned face. In its selfless exaltation it was almost beautiful—a "snow-drop by the sea."

Christine caught her hand. "Come with me!" she said, in a passionate undertone. The exhaustion of Edith's face touched her with a sudden shock of emotion, of pity; and under its influence rather than with sincerity of conviction she added rapidly: "You don't understand! It isn't that he thinks of me—"



that he *has* thought—! It's merely that here it's so brought back to him—all that old time—like association of ideas—that I'm, too, recalled."

Edith made a gesture that was less a refusal of this as comfort than of impatience at delay.

"Go, go!" she entreated.

The shaded light showed the room dimly—the nurse at the foot of the bed, and Jack Woodbury's dark head tossing uneasily on the pillows. Edith, pausing behind Christine, turned up the lamp, letting its strong radiance fall completely on Christine.

"Christine!" said the sick man, raising himself on his elbow. "Good God! it is Christine! Didn't I tell you!" He fell back weakly.

"Of course it's Christine, Jack." She took his hand and held it firmly, though hers was trembling. She was throbbingly conscious of the tense little figure stopped in the shadow of the folding screen, but she controlled her voice. "Now I've come to see you, you must get well, Jack."

The nurse passed behind her and whispered, "Don't let him talk—keep him quiet if you can."

And Christine talked. Dropping her voice to a soft monotone, she took up "portions and parcels" of the past. They went boating together on the river; dashed on horseback through shady lanes; read down in the orchard their favorite books—fought their old battles over again. He seemed willing she should talk, and lay quite still, his wasted fingers clasped on her hand.

The room was very still; Edith had sent the nurse out to get fresh air, and her own attitude of quiet was unbroken.

"But your ring—where's your ring, Christine?" the sick man's feeble voice interrupted. "You haven't lost it? Do you remember the fairy-tale that couldn't come true because the princess had lost her ring? Our fairy-tale—must—come true—" His voice died away weakly. Christine caught her breath. It was agony to her, but what sublimation of pain to the other woman! What torture to the selflessness of her devotion! It took a great effort to speak, as she must, lightly, happily:

"It's all right, Jack! That was the

fairy-tale you told me on the river this morning. Didn't you get tired rowing? The sun was so hot—" Her voice soothed and led his drowsing senses as she wished.

"Yes, it *was* hot. It's cool here, though—"

"So cool," her voice at its lowest note repeated. "If you'd sleep a little now—it was so hot on the river—"

"But—the fairy-tale?"

"When you wake up," she promised.

"Will—it—come—true?"

"Yes, oh yes!" she answered, trying to keep the heart-break out of her voice.

And then wonderfully, as simply as a child, he went to sleep. Christine sat motionless, holding his hand through the hours of the summer night; and across the room, equally motionless, with her eyes on her husband's face, Edith watched them.

It was a curious vigil for the two women; the sick man's breathing, faint, but regular—as the nurse assured herself from time to time,—and the ticking of a watch on the table were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

Through it all, holding her old lover's hand—taking him back with the healing sleep from the threshold he had so nearly crossed,—Christine sat tirelessly, her heart torn with a pity for herself and for the woman in whose life fate had woven so strange a bond with her own.

Day came slowly, paling the lamplight in the sick-room, and bringing the wonderful morning chorus from the mocking-birds without. Jack Woodbury's eyes opened slowly. They were deeply sunken, but the unnatural light of the fever was gone. They met Christine's clearly, as at last across the open spaces of the present.

"Why—Christine!" he said. "Really Christine! What an age since I've seen you!" He tried to lift his hand, but it fell back weakly. "You see, I've been ill—not strong enough to shake hands yet! It was good of you to come to see me."

Weak as his voice was, she caught the perfunctory note,—caught also the presence of some other stronger feeling he was trying to hold back.

"There's something you want?" she asked, quickly.

"Well, there is," he confessed. "I





*Drawn by Lucius W. Hutchcock*

*Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley*

"WHY DON'T YOU LET ME SEE CHRISTINE?"



was wondering about Edith—my wife, you know—”

“Edith—?” Christine paused, irresolutely.

“I want Edith!” His voice rang out insistently, imperiously.

Christine moved back and Edith came to him quickly.

“You want me, Jack?”

“I always—do that—don’t I, darling?” he smiled, whimsically. “I missed you—don’t go away again.”

Something vivifying, beautiful, flashed into his wife’s pale face as she bent above him. He had come back to her from death and from that almost as irreparable loss she had miserably felt during the watching of the night. The sun-

light came into the room—a resurrection of life, of hope and happiness. It was as if the fever had burned the old passion out—exorcised it forever—and at last given first place to his wife.

Christine went out softly. As she closed the door it seemed to her the act was symbolical—the closing of a door she had so long kept open in her life. But she was thinking, oddly enough, as she went out into the jubilant freshness of the early morning, of the look on Edith Woodbury’s face.

She smiled with a comprehension that was free of bitterness as she remembered how little one cares for the old mile-stones when one has reached the journey’s end.

## “My Father He was a Fisherman”

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

MY father he was a fisherman  
That wrought at the break o’ day,  
And hither and thither the long tides ran  
I’ the long blue bay.

“The tides go up and the tides go down,  
But what do you know of the sea?”  
Her voice, i’ the long gray streets o’ the town,  
Is singing to me.

“What do you know of the sails at dawn,  
What of the shell-white foam?”  
Cheerly and sweet from a world withdrawn  
They are calling me home.

“What is the grief you fain would tell  
When your eyes are turned on me?”  
Oh, well it was taught and I learned it well,—  
The grief o’ the sea.

“Where do you travel and where do you sleep,  
Where shall you take your rest?”  
At the inn that shelters my father, deep  
I’ the seas o’ the west.





SWIFT'S COMET (1892, I), TAKEN AT AREQUIPA, MARCH 30, 1892

## What is a Comet?

*BY WILLIAM H. PICKERING*

Professor of Astronomy, Harvard University

**W**HAT is a comet? This question is probably asked every astronomer throughout the world every time that a great comet presents itself. Yet it is only within the last few years that it has been possible to reply to the question with any confidence. Great comets of the very first class come about once in a generation, or a little oftener. Thus in the nineteenth century there were four of them. For the present generation the great comet was that of 1832, yet comparatively few saw it, because it was visible only in the early morning before sunrise. It was a most majestic object, with its tail sweeping one-quarter way

NOTE.—The changes in the shape of the comet's tail in these photographs are very marked, and show details of structure not at all visible to the eye. It is only since the advent of photography that we have come to know the true shape of a comet's tail. The drawings published of earlier comets are very misleading.

The comet here illustrated is moving so rapidly across the heavens that in order to keep the telescope pointed upon it we must constantly adjust the instrument, so that the stars appear as short bright lines.



across the heavens. It was brilliant, too, for when passing nearest to the Sun its head and a small portion of its tail were visible in full daylight.

To most of those of an older generation the great comet was that of Donati, or that of 1858, as it is more usually called. This magnificent object became conspicuous in the west soon after sunset in the fall of that year, and was visible night after night for over three months. It was doubtless the most universally observed comet of the last century.

There are still some with us who remember the great comet of 1843. It was not conspicuous for long, but in some respects closely resembled that of 1882. It, too, was visible in the daytime. Probably

no one now living remembers the first great comet of the last century—that of 1811. It was a large yellowish object, and was described by one astronomer as finer even than that of 1858.

But besides these really fine comets, others of secondary brightness have appeared, such as those of 1861, 1874, 1881, 1892, and 1901, the last a southern object not well seen in the north. These come more frequently, while still fainter ones just visible to the naked eye come once every one or two years. Comets visible only in the telescope appear at the rate of five or six a year. Indeed, nowadays, since comet-seeking has been taken up so assiduously by astronomers, there is nearly always a comet to be seen

with a proper instrument in some part of the heavens.

All comets may be divided for convenience into two classes, that we will designate as periodic and unexpected. From two to three of the former and from three to four of the latter appear on the average every year, but their appearance is very irregularly distributed. Thus as many as five were discovered inside of twelve days in 1898, and five more appeared in the course of the same year. With a very few exceptions all comets move in elliptical orbits. When a comet has been recognized at



SWIFT'S COMET, PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARNARD, APRIL 7 1892

Special notice is drawn to the bright region in the tail, which was observed to extend from the head of the comet



one or more returns it is called periodic, but until such recognition it must remain in the unexpected class. There are several periodic comets whose periods lie between seventy and eighty years, but most of them have much shorter periods, the shortest known being that of Encke's comet, which is only three years.

Since different comets sometimes look very much alike, and since the same comet at different returns sometimes looks quite different, the only way in which we can recognize a comet with certainty is by means of its

orbit. With few exceptions it was only during the last century that observations sufficiently accurate to determine the periods of unexpected comets were secured, but by the end of the present century it is thought that several comets having periods exceeding one hundred years may be promoted from the unexpected into the periodic class.

But the majority of the unexpected comets will have to wait, for most of them have periods several centuries in length; thus that of 1858 will not return for over 2000 years. That of 1811, which was very well observed, has a period computed at 3065 years. At its last previous return it must have looked down on the city of Troy, a few years



SWIFT'S COMET, PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARNARD, APRIL 18, 1892

before the birth of the immortal Helen. At the return before that it frightened the inhabitants of ancient Egypt, a full thousand years before it occurred to their descendants to build astronomical observatories and tombs in the pyramidal form.

Although two or three periodic comets visit us every year, they are in reality as a class few in number, and with one exception—that of Halley—insignificant in appearance.

But there is another and much more rapid method by which an unexpected comet may be converted into a periodic one. Imagine a small and inoffensive comet traversing its orbit towards the Sun at the proper pace prescribed for



it by the law of gravitation. Suddenly out of the darkness, and close at hand, looms a huge body—the planet Jupiter. If the comet is ahead, well and good; but if it falls behind, woe betide it. In the former case the action of Jupiter will be to pull it back, and a slowing of its pace will involve shortening its orbit, and an orbit of two thousand years may in a few weeks be converted into a six-year period. We have at present about thirty-three well-known periodic comets. Of these, twenty-five have periods between five and nine years, and most of these owe their promotion into the periodic class to the good offices of the planet Jupiter.

But even now the little comet is not safe, for unless some other planet, such as our kindly Earth, or Venus, comes along and shifts the cometary orbit a little, it is again liable to encounter Jupiter, and this time the great planet may reverse its former benevolence, and may turn the comet loose again upon the cold celestial spaces.

But still another alternative may occur. Suppose, when the encounter first takes place between the two bodies, that at the point of nearest approach Jupiter is somewhat ahead of the comet. Then indeed is it a serious matter for the little body, for Jupiter will pull it on, faster and faster, so that it will rush past the Sun so fast that it never can stop, but will keep on receding into celestial space forever.

Out of the four hundred and fifty comets whose motions are fairly well known, every one bears the stamp of the solar system upon it, and must have been a faithful follower of the Sun, like ourselves, from the beginning of its career, in the thousand million centuries ago.

But what is a comet? Up to the time of the Renaissance a comet was universally supposed to be a vapor in the atmosphere, presaging pestilence, wars, and the death of kings. The Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe was the first to show that comets lay in the celestial spaces beyond our atmosphere, and Newton proved that the heads of comets obeyed the law of gravitation, like other celestial bodies. In the middle of the last century, H. A. Newton, of Yale, Schiaparelli, and others showed that our chief meteor showers were due

to swarms of meteoric bodies moving in elliptical orbits about the Sun, and that in each case there was also a comet moving in the same orbit. It was also shown that in a number of cases it was possible for two or more comets to move in practically the same orbit, and also for one or all of them to fade out and become invisible.

Starting from this last discovery, it required but little ingenuity to foresee that a meteor swarm was nothing but the invisible and scattered head of a comet. When a meteor shower occurred upon the Earth, it was a case of collision between the Earth and the comet, the meteors being rendered temporarily brilliant by the friction caused by their rush through our atmosphere. Since the meteors were often accompanied by luminous trains which sometimes retained their brilliancy for several minutes, it was clear that the meteors contained occluded gases, which were expelled at the high temperature to which they were exposed. Since the luminosity of the trains has been known to last in some cases for over an hour, it was evident that it could not be due to the mere heat of friction, which in that rare atmosphere would be dissipated in a few seconds, but must be due to a continuous electric discharge, analogous to that which takes place in the high vacuum of a Geissler tube.

When we photograph a comet's head through a glass prism, obtaining its spectrum, we find that this spectrum consists of a series of bright bands of irregularly varying density. This indicates, first, that the comet shines by its own light, and not like a planet by mere reflection from the Sun. Secondly, it shows that the luminous material is in the form of gas, and, thirdly, it tells what kind of gas it is. Since the gas cannot be heated to such a degree as to become self-luminous at that distance from the Sun, the source of the light must be electric.

We can now therefore say with considerable assurance that a comet's head consists of a swarm of meteors, surrounded and interspersed with a gaseous atmosphere, which renders it luminous, and therefore visible, by continuous internal discharges. When the atmosphere



disappears and the discharges cease, the head becomes invisible, and the comet becomes a simple meteor swarm.

In the case of a few comets, besides the gaseous spectrum above described, a faint continuous spectrum is also seen. This implies a reflection of the Sun's light from the meteors themselves. As to the size of the meteors, they probably range from a few tons in weight down to an impalpable dust. A few comets have shown a central nucleus that appeared to be solid, but in no case has its mass been sufficiently great to influence appreciably any other body in the solar system.

The most puzzling thing about a comet has always been its tail, and it is only within the last few years that we have begun to know enough about matter in a finely divided state to be able to offer any satisfactory explanation for it. Its most obvious peculiarity is that it does not obey the law of gravitation. Instead of being attracted towards the Sun, and therefore following in the same path as the comet, it is clearly repelled from it with a very high velocity, and therefore always lies outside of the comet's orbit, following the comet as it approaches the Sun, and being slightly in advance of it when it recedes. That it is matter in a state of extreme tenuity is obvious, for stars whose light would be extinguished by transmission through ten miles of our atmosphere at sea-level have been seen undimmed through ten million miles of a comet's tail.

That the tail is gaseous is clearly proved by the spectroscope, the banded spectrum having been traced to a distance of 3,000,000 miles from the head of Swift's Comet (1892, i). But why the extremely small particles—or molecules, as they are called—constituting a gas should act differently under the law of gravitation in any way from the larger visible masses of matter that we call meteors is not at first sight very clear. But the explanation is not far to seek.

Gravitation is proportional to the mass—that is, it varies as the cube of the diameter of the particle. The repulsive force, electric or otherwise, is proportional to the surface—that is, to the square of the diameter. For large bodies the repulsive force is insignif-

icant, but as the body becomes smaller, gravity will decrease much faster than the repulsive force, so that for very small bodies gravity will become so slight that the repulsive force may equal or even exceed it many times.

According to the modern theory of electricity, the Sun is a negatively charged body, from whose surface vast numbers of minute bodies called corpuscles are being constantly repelled, at velocities not far from 100,000 miles per second. These corpuscles, electrons, or ions, as they are sometimes called, are much smaller than atoms, and constitute what was formerly rather crudely called negative electricity. Those corpuscles that strike the comet immediately attach themselves to the gaseous molecules surrounding the head, charging them negatively, and causing them to be repelled at high speed, not only from the other molecules forming the head, but particularly from the direction of the negatively charged Sun. The successive envelopes sometimes seen surrounding the nucleus of a comet may indicate either some special activity going on within the comet itself, or they may indicate the effect of successive waves of corpuscles shot out from the Sun.

The question may now naturally be asked, since the Earth as well as the comet is surrounded by a gaseous envelope, why is not the earth itself also provided with a cometary tail? We reply that at certain times it is. The great auroras that sometimes envelop both of the Earth's polar regions, sending their wavering beams occasionally to an altitude of five or six hundred miles, are nothing else than a short cometary tail to our planet. The reason that a still greater length is not reached being simply on account of the enormous mass of our Earth, which will not permit any considerable portion of our atmosphere to escape far from it.

It should be mentioned here that another theory of comets' tails has lately been offered by Professor Arrhenius. It was shown by Maxwell that light itself must exercise a certain repulsive force on the objects on which it shines. In order that this force may exceed that of gravity the objects must be very small,



but not too small. If they have the same density as water, their diameters must not exceed 1-25,000 nor be less than 1-350,000 of an inch. If they are denser than water, they will have a still less range of size. The repulsive force of light, therefore, can have no influence over the molecules which compose a gas, and whose diameters are not far from 1-5,000,000,000 of an inch.

If there should happen to be any very fine dust about a comet, of just about the right fineness, as is quite possible, it would be repelled into the tail. The characteristic spectrum of the tail, however, where remote from the head, in the only two instances where it has been observed—the comets of 1881 (iii) and 1892 (i)—was gaseous, and it therefore seems that the preponderating evidence indicates that the tail of a comet owes its origin mainly to electrical repulsion.

A comet's tail may therefore be described as a current of gaseous particles receding from the head, each particle or molecule carrying a negative electric charge. A certain amount of impalpable dust of a particular grade of fineness probably accompanies the gaseous stream. In at least one case this dust was present in sufficient quantities to produce an appreciable effect, but it did not extend to the extreme end of the tail.

In the case of the three bright comets of 1825 (iv), Halley's 1835 (iii), and Swift's 1892 (i) a curious rotation of the head and tail was observed about an axis passing lengthwise through the tail. By the laws of electrodynamics, an electric current radiating from an object such as a comet's head, in the plane at right angles to the direction of a powerful electromagnet, such as the Sun, must necessarily tend to cause the head and its surroundings to rotate.

The shape and size of the tail enable us to compute the intensity of the repulsive force. The recent applications of photography have enabled us to detect certain luminous masses within the tail of the comet not visible through the telescope. By means of successive photographs we may watch and measure directly the repulsion of these masses from the comet's head. Measures of photographs of Swift's comet (1892, i) and Rordame's (1893, ii) give for the

repulsive force 39.5, and 36 times the intensity of the force of gravitation.

Since the gaseous particles receding from the head to form the tail can never again return to it, and since a comet owes its brilliancy chiefly to the electric illumination of these particles, it is obvious that a comet must become fainter and fainter at every successive return to the Sun. Moreover, the meteors forming the head, owing to their small gravitating force, which is further diminished by the positive electric charge left upon them by the recession of the tail, will gradually separate from one another and distribute themselves uniformly along their orbit. Every comet must therefore gradually disintegrate, the process taking place most rapidly in the case of those comets having short periods or passing very near the Sun.

Several comets have already disappeared in this manner, the most notable being that of Biela, which was formerly visible to the naked eye, but later broke in two, and cannot now be detected even with the most powerful telescopes. Our only evidence of its existence is when we dash through it once every six or seven years. But even then it is probable we do not pass very near its centre, since the meteoric display is seldom very brilliant.

Having now explained what a comet is physically, let us turn and discuss its chemical constitution. Comparatively few comets pass very near the Sun; we should therefore only expect them to show those constituents that are gaseous at moderate temperatures. They have too small a density to be able to retain such light gases as hydrogen or helium; we accordingly find their atmospheres composed almost exclusively of the compounds of hydrogen and carbon.

In the case of those comets passing nearer the Sun, such as Wells's 1882 (i), which at perihelion passed within 5,000,000 miles of it, the comet is exposed to such an intense heat that some of its more volatile solid constituents are liable to be converted into gas. We accordingly recognized in this comet the sudden appearance of the two bright yellow lines in the spectrum characteristic of the metal sodium—the base of common salt and also of cooking and washing soda.





BROOKS'S COMET (1893, IV), PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARNARD, OCTOBER 21, 1893

The contrast between its tail and that of Swift's comet is very marked

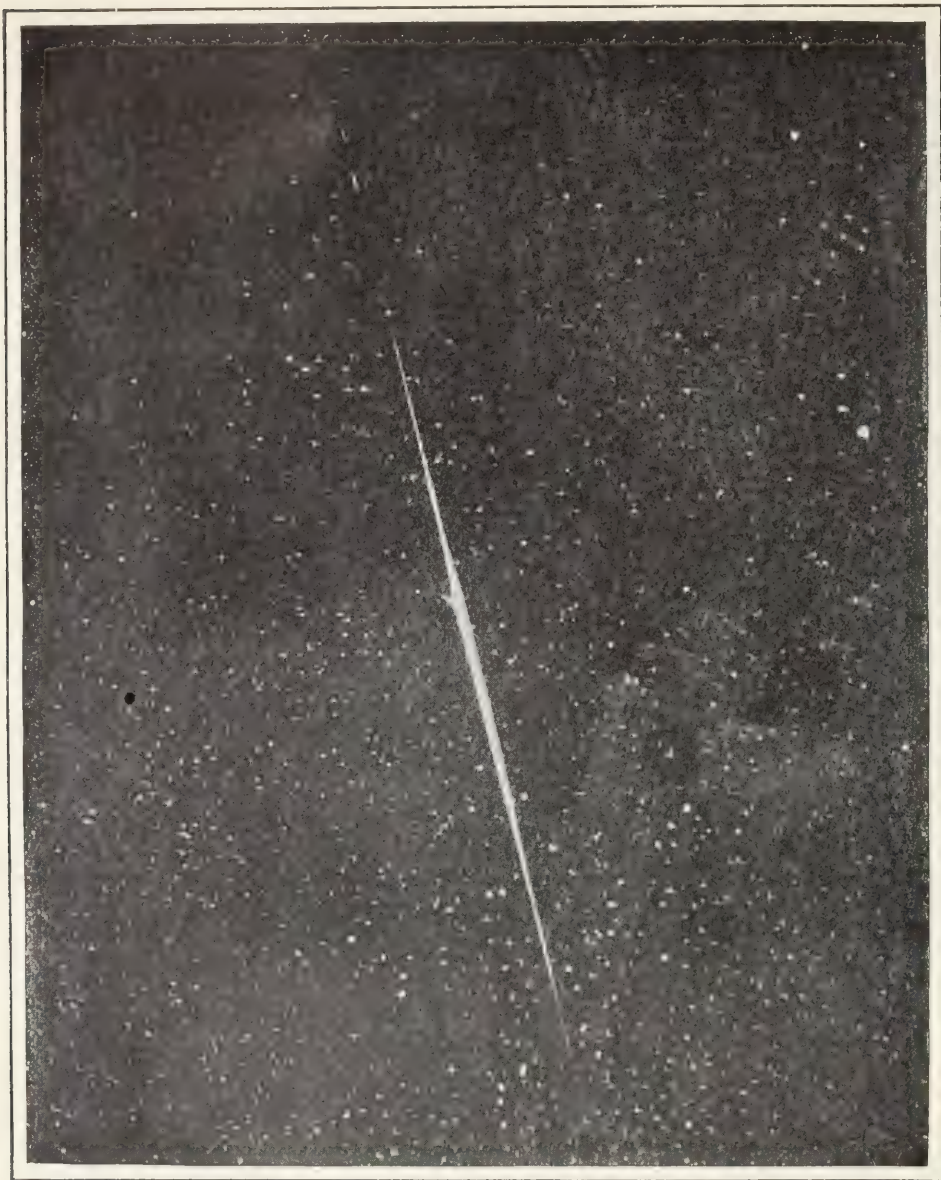
A most instructive observation was made in connection with this comet. When first observed it exhibited the ordinary cometary spectrum of hydrocarbon bands. When the sodium lines appeared, however, the hydrocarbon bands vanished. This was due to the fact that the electric current chose as a medium the gas which was the best conductor—namely, the metal. Had the cause of the illumination of the spectrum been merely the Sun's heat instead of electricity, it might have caused the sodium lines to appear, but it could not have extinguished the bands due to the hydrocarbons. We thus have still another proof, were such needed, that the cause of luminosity of a comet and of its spectrum is distinctly electric.

The great comet of 1882 (iii) passed within less than 300,000 miles of the Sun's surface. It was then exposed to such an intense heat that not merely sodium but even iron was converted into gas, many of the iron lines shining out

sharply and clearly defined in its spectrum. When the comet reached cooler regions, so that these gases condensed, then the hydrocarbon bands came out, thus presenting the same phenomena as did comet Wells, but in reverse order.

Before closing this paper an attempt will be made to answer a question that is often asked of the astronomer, and that is as to the possible danger of an encounter with a large comet. During the last century we cut through the tails of two comets—1819 (ii) and 1861 (ii)—but without finding it out till later, when computation showed that such was the case. We collided with several meteor swarms without serious result. The collision of 1833 was undoubtedly the most portentous in appearance, as then the whole sky appeared to rain stars, hundreds, perhaps thousands, being visible at once, many of them being brighter than the planet Venus, and leaving long trails. Whether we then passed through the actual centre of a defunct





A METEOR IN FLIGHT

The object gradually increased in brilliancy, and as gradually faded out, ending in two short flashes of light

the meteors might have reached the surface, and the results would in that case have been much more disastrous, although even then perhaps not more fatal than the passage of some of our Western tornadoes.

If the Earth were to come into collision with the nucleus of any first-class comet, such as that of 1858, for instance, at any probable speed, the results would undoubtedly be most alarming, but in the vast celestial spaces the probability of such an encounter has well been likened by one astronomer to the chance

comet we shall never know, nor how thickly the meteors were distributed about us, as compared with their distribution near the centre of a really first-class comet. But even if they had been much more frequent, we should probably have suffered little harm, as not a single meteor was known to reach the Earth's surface. The reason of this was that the motion of the meteors in this particular swarm in their orbit around the Sun was in the opposite direction to the motion of the Earth; they accordingly struck us at very high speed, and were therefore volatilized in the upper regions of our atmosphere. If the meteor swarm had been moving in the same direction as the Earth instead of opposite to it and at about the same speed, many of

that if a man blindfolded should fire a gun into the air he would bring down a bird.

A much greater probability exists that a large comet might drop into the Sun. The space separating the head of the great comet of 1843 from the solar surface was at one time but 32,000 miles. It might well have struck some of the solar protuberances, but apparently escaped unharmed. Since we do not know the mass of any comet, we cannot foretell just what would happen in such a case, but it is probable that there would be a very slight rise of temperature and a violent magnetic disturbance noted. It is doubtful if the inhabitants of the Earth would otherwise be much affected.

Astronomers are often asked if they



are not soon expecting a fine comet. To this question they have nearly always to answer no, because with one exception all the fine comets belong to the unexpected class. This one exception is Halley's comet. Its period is seventy-six years, and it is due in 1910. Its first recorded appearance was in 11 B.C., when it was said to have been suspended over Rome like a flaming sword for several weeks prior to the death of Agrippa. It has since returned twenty-four times.

We have a drawing of it as it appeared in 684, in the Nuremberg *Chronicle*, and another representation of its appearance in 1066. The latter is by Queen Matilda in the Bayeux Tapestry. At this latter appearance it was a very splendid object, and spread dismay throughout Europe. It was generally conceded at the time that it foretold the conquest of William of Normandy. Similarly in 1223 it foretold the death of Philip Augustus of France. In 1456 it was a superb object, appearing about the time that the Turks

sacked Constantinople. In 1682 it was observed by the celebrated astronomer Edmund Halley, known also as the editor and publisher of Newton's *Principia*. He computed its orbit on the plan suggested by Newton, and showed it to be identical with the great comets of 1531 and 1607. He also predicted its return for 1758. This was the first time the return of a comet had ever been predicted. Halley knew that he himself could not live to see its verification—he was born in 1656,—but he left a somewhat plaintive as well as patriotic appeal behind him: "Wherefore if it should return according to our prediction about the year 1758, impartial posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an Englishman." The comet reappeared Christmas night, 1758.

At its last return in 1835 it was a fine object, with a tail some thirty degrees in length. Nevertheless it was disappointing, and by no means equal in brilliancy to its earlier appearances.

## Finis

BY ALBERT KINROSS

MY soul is shredded; I have sold  
The pieces here, the pieces there;  
My heart is bleeding, and the blood—  
I sold it here, I sold it there.

And yet this soul it was my soul;  
And yet this blood it was my blood.

Still, in the end, I have known how to brave  
All disillusion, faced the best and worst;  
My hunger have I stayed and slaked my thirst  
In the hope ultimate, the trust in right;  
In the sad mystery that lives with Death  
And all the silent things that have no fear.

So is the end no passage into hells,  
No dismal fumbling after sullen gods;  
No marriage with delight,  
No joy whose trumps sound heraldings—  
But quiet, and the closing of the years.



# The Memories of Pierrot

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

THERE was a morning when the April sun  
Tapped with soft fingers at the attic pane  
And fell on Pierrette's face like golden rain  
That roused her ere her happy sleep was done.  
And even so she woke him in this wise—  
Pierrot, who through his slumbers felt the stir  
Of gold hair like shed sunbeams on his eyes,  
And so waked smiling from a dream of her.

He heard her laugh before he saw her face,—  
She danced beside him at the carnival,  
Mirth-mad and masked, with jests for one and all,  
A wind-swayed rose, a slender flame of grace;  
And through his pleadings, plaintive, whimsical,  
Still she denied his eyes their right to see,  
And mocked his patience, and then, suddenly,  
Lifted her hand and let the velvet fall.  
Only a little moment—then again  
Merry and masked she bade new revels start;  
But Pierrot stood in silence, and his heart  
Thrilled with such ecstasy it stung like pain.

There was a day they parted angrily—  
The day she tossed the red rose from her hair  
Into another's hand, and did not care,  
But leaned and laughed where Pierrot frowned to see.  
And all alone he climbed the creaking stair,  
And sat in silence and with hidden face  
While the night fell, and all the lonely place  
Yearned for her loveliness who was not there.  
So light her hand upon the swinging door



He might not guess whose coming threw it wide;  
So light her footstep as she sought his side  
It fell as soft as moonlight on the floor.  
Then brokenly, like music in his ears,  
One sobbed his name, and, as their kisses met,  
He thrilled and trembled, for her eyes were wet—  
That was the night when first he knew her tears.

They went a-Maying when the Spring was new,  
Leaving the noisy city streets behind,  
But all the violets they bent to find  
Hid shamed because her blue eyes were more blue.  
And all the birds were mute the forest through,  
And hushed their music with a jealous wit,  
Knowing her laughter was more exquisite  
And sweeter than the sweetest song they knew.

Alone he came to her and closed the door.  
The pitiful, new neatness of the room  
Was like a stranger's frown; and through the gloom,  
Each one an anguish and a memory,  
Ghostlike the garments that she one day wore  
Stirred as he passed them with their old perfume.

Her caged bird called him from the window-sill;  
Still bloomed the little pot of mignonette  
Upon the casement, all unwithered yet,  
That seemed to give him welcome; and his heart  
Broke newly as he listened—for how still,  
How still she lay who last night was Pierrette!

. . . . .  
All night he knelt beside her, till at last  
The far dawn lifted like white smoke upcurled;  
Then from her hand as from a blossom furled  
He drew the crucifix, and in its place  
Put roses upon roses, and so passed  
Dry-eyed and silent to the empty world.



# The Beau

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

IT was Rachel Potter, these seven years gone blind, who first saw the great light in the face of Mary Bayne, knitting a sock on her porch in the peace of the afternoon. Mary Bayne had come across the fields to see about the making of Panthea Potter's linen waist. She was the orphan niece of Timothy Bayne, but just home from four weeks of sewing in the valley. She sat up, frail and stooped, in the chair which had been set for her. Painfully fitting garments to the farmer women who hired her she had early grown hollow-chested. As she talked she fanned herself shyly with her sunbonnet.

While Mary planned the way the waist should be cut carefully over and over with Panthea, Rachel knitted and listened. She was a tall, clean woman in a gray calico dress. Her eyes, despite their blindness, were bright and peering like a bird's. She kept them fixed on Mary, guided by the sound of her voice.

"I 'xpect you're clean tuckered out, ain't ye?" she asked her in the pause in which Panthea was considering whether three or four rows of stitching would be better. "You've been a-sewin' for sech a spell." She always felt a maternal interest in Mary, recollecting her white face, although she knew that Timothy Bayne and his wife Hitty were as kind to her as any could be.

The bonnet went back and forth more quickly in the girl's hand. "No," she said, "I ain't tired a mite."

"Ye ain't?" Rachel knitted in astonishment. "Why, it's been dreadful hot to sew. Everything's jest burnt up 'long here. It's been a terrible drought. Lemuel says if it don't rain pretty soon he's goin' to turn a Congregational or do somethin' awful. Says it don't seem to do 'nough good for a man to be a Presbyterian. I should think you'd jest be all tired out a-sewin' through the heat."

"I guess three rows 'll be the best," said Panthea. "Four 'll look too fancy."

She went into the house and brought out a roll of linen and her tape measure. Mary Bayne measured her angular frame, reaching up to her with her hands and pronouncing out the severe dimensions timidly to keep them in mind. "Waist twenty-five, 'n' neck fourteen, 'n' from neck to shoulder eight, 'n' from shoulder to elbow sixteen." Then they considered together the scant amount of the cloth laid out on Panthea's lean knee and decided cautiously on the buttons and the thread to be bought for it. It took a long time.

Rachel kept listening more and more intently to Mary Bayne's voice. When she was gone she leaned forward, hearkening in an ill-concealed impatience until she guessed she was out of the dooryard and had struck out along the edge of the wheat toward the Baynes'. Then she dropped her needles into her starched lap and turned to Panthea.

"Panthy," she said, profoundly, "somethin' nice has happened to Mary."

"Somethin' nice happened to *Mary*," Panthea repeated, looking out to where the figure of the little seamstress was toiling forward, bent and shy. "Goodness, ma!"

Rachel drew herself up. "I don't care—I know what I'm talkin' 'bout."

But not then nor by the time it was necessary to go in to get supper was Panthea at all convinced. Having argued herself into a state of wounded pride, Rachel would not go with her to help as usual with groping fingers about the meal. She stayed on the porch until Lemuel came in from his work. At the table she ate in an injured way of the fried potatoes and the sauce and the great biscuits, and she felt impolitely along the rim of her cup to see if Panthea had not skimmed her tea. She heard with leniency Lemuel spilling his



food on the cloth. Whenever she and Panthea differed she grew merciful toward her husband's table ways. When they were on delightful terms it was she who cried out in blame, "Nobody else has sech washin's!" long before Panthea could say, "Oh, mercy, pa!" During the dish-washing she made such a clatter with the saucers that Panthea, in her turn, grew offended and wiped the plates herself. In the evening, again on the porch, she tilted to and fro in her chair, sitting beside Lemuel, who began to snore loudly straightway after supper, his big bulk curled sleepily together. She did not sit near Panthea, sternly thoughtful on the porch steps throughout the long droning of the tree-toads in the yard. Lemuel awakening at the close of the evening and beginning to bother with his boots, she suffered herself to be led to bed.

In the act of taking her hairpins from her, Panthea gave way in a sudden enlightenment.

"Ma," she said, "I b'lieve she was dif'rent. She acted kind o' loony. An' she had her hair crimped 'n' a blue bow on her. She ain't never been given to crimpin' er ribbons on week-days."

Rachel's sense of injury left her swiftly. She plaited her old hair in joy. "Somethin' nice has happened to her," she reasserted with decision.

"What do you s'pose it can be?" Panthea ruminated keenly, her mouth full of pins. Her eyes, bright like her mother's, snapped in her sharp face. She was exactly Rachel's height. Their two eager heads were on a level. "I dun'no' of a thing for her to be tickled 'bout. Nobody in the family has died an' left her somethin'. There ain't nothin' changed at Timothy's. It's been a bad year for 'em, same as for the rest of us. She's jest been a-sewin' like she's always been."

"Mebbe she's got a beau," Rachel hazarded. She peered romantically at her daughter.

Panthea sniffed. She put the pins on Rachel's bureau and turned down the sheets, which had a smell of the field-balsam weekly laid in their folds after the ironing. "Ma," she said, "you'd better be gettin' to bed. You're gettin' sleepy."

But after she had gone away up-stairs and Lemuel's boots had been cast with

a careless thud upon the floor and the candle was out, leaving tallow on the air, Rachel lay with her eyelids widely opened. "It's a beau," she urged to herself, inadvertently aloud. Lemuel rolled on his side. "Huh?" he asked. "Nothin'," she answered; "jest turn over 'n' go to sleep." She spoke with that patronage which an old woman reconciled with her daughter yields her husband.

In the morning Panthea was prepared for further argument as her morning work was done up. "It can't be a beau, ma," she contended, over her broom. "Mary ain't the beau kind. If she ain't never had one before, why should she hev one now? She's always been so pindlin' 'n' so quiet—she never was noticed none. I don't b'lieve she could hev had 'tentions with that red hair o' hers. It's terrible."

"She's an awful nice girl, though," defended Rachel; "she's always been, ever since she came to live at Timothy's after her ma 'n' pa died. She's been so good helpin' Hitty 'bout the house first and then takin' up sewin' soon as she was old 'nough. An' she ain't never fretted. An' sometimes when she ain't too tired I've heerd she looks right pretty."

"I ain't never seen her when she wasn't tired. It can't be a beau, ma."

Nevertheless, that afternoon Panthea did not bring her mending out on the porch, but instead saddled her roan and rode out along the road which joined the farmhouses. "I've got some errands," she explained. Rachel nodded wisely. Left alone with her sock, she kept her ear toward the road and waited. Wheels went past now and then through the summer dust and were company for her. She loved wheels. To sit listening to them was one way to taste of life when blind. Before her darkness she had had a great talent for life. It had never seemed dull to her nor dreary, although there had come to her shoulders the look which all shoulders had on Turkey Ridge. It was a look as though they bore a heavy wooden cross. She had met with a cheerful courage the monotonous drudgery of work in her house and the shadows of living. There had been Lemuel's bedridden, unkind mother to care for through ten years, and there were her children, of whom all save Panthea had died at their birth, although Lemuel's





*Drawn by Charlotte Harding*

WITH MARGY TODD'S VISIT THE PORCH BEGAN A GLORIOUS SESSION



lambs and colts, born without in the barns, had lived. Then there had been Lemuel himself with his untidiness and contrariness. Her cheerfulness had come chiefly from her capacity for seeing things. She had never been too busy to flatten her nose against the front window-pane or to run to the door, her dish-cloth in her hand. She had always found a moment to go to see her neighbors, and never came back without news. So that the road, which was merely an ugly red streak winding into the hills and swept darkly by rains and winds, became to her a wide way with a wonderful procession perpetually upon it, and the low farm-houses, meanly built, the most interesting places imaginable.

She grew very clever from so much looking. She could almost tell what her neighbors were up to even before they knew themselves. Her porch had had a career, for, since there was always something new under the sun to be heard on it, her friends came to sit there as often as they were able. Below the brown beams, with the birds dipping in and out, the thread of many a human destiny had been followed under her guidance. It was hard for her to make her blindness seem a proof of the goodness of God. She had been so fond of seeing. For a while she had a grieving mouth in which there was no hope. Then God had given her wheels and the sounds of human voices and had saved her porch. With what she could hear, and what Panthea with an inherited genius brought in to her, she could still preserve its leadership among the other porches of the Ridge. Accepting this with some majesty as a divine sop, she never quite regained her former cheerfulness. She refused stubbornly to countenance any idea of a hereafter which did not give back to her her sight of the Ridge road with all her old neighbors going by, and permit her to go visiting for news into the little gray houses which were upon it.

On this afternoon she fell, in the intervals between wheels, to following Panthea with her mind's eye as she went about from house to house. It was a frequent method of entertainment with her if Panthea were gone long. She saw her tie up her horse at the hitching-posts and shake out her skirts and go up and knock

quickly at the doors. In the familiar living-rooms with the clocks ticking in the corners she watched her take off her wash gloves, which were large and white like a bridegroom's, and roll them up into a damp ball. The expression on her face as she bent mysteriously forward was plain to her. She could see also Margy Todd and Annie Glegg and Ellen Gren and Letty Doan, with her marked cheek, leaning toward her in excitement. She even thought up the words to come from Panthea's moving lips as she started to talk. Something a little like, "'N' ma noticed it the very first thing, an' says to me, 'Panthy, somethin' nice has happened to Mary.' Ma's so quick. Blindness ain't hurt her none," it seemed to her would be a beautiful beginning.

The beat of the roan's hoofs in the dust of the lane at sunset made her sit up swiftly. By the way the chickens scattered, clucking out of Panthea's path as she came from the barn toward her, she gathered that she had things to tell. The creak of exultation with which she sank down into a rocker was corroborative. "Well?" she questioned hurriedly, holding her sock somewhat pointedly displayed that she might see the growth of it.

Panthea did not wait to catch her breath. "Ma, it can't be nothin' *but* a beau!"

The length of the afternoon went out of Rachel's back. "Oh, Panthy, an' I knowed it!"

"We've been a-puttin' two and two together," Panthea began, triumphantly. "Nobody had thought o' speakin' 'bout it to anybody else, but when I told 'em what had been noticed here they all recollected noticin' somethin' 'bout Mary, too. Margy says she went up to the Baynes' right off after she got back to borrow a skirt pattern, an' she seen then that she had her hair crimped, though it was 'way 'long in the forenoon. She didn't think much 'bout it at the time. An' she remembers, when she'd gone out o' the room after the pattern, of a-sayin' to Timothy—Hitty wasn't there—that she thought Mary looked real well an' had more color 'n usual. An' Timothy didn't say nothin'. but jest kind o' *giggled*. You know he's always a-sighin'."

"It's his stomach," said Rachel, hurrying her on with a wave of her knitting.



"An' when Mary come back she didn't bring the pattern of the skirt 't all, but of a sleeve! An' Margy says she said 'skirt pattern' as plain as could be."

"My!" ejaculated Rachel.

"An' Annie Glegg says she's seen Mary waitin' for the stage every time it goes by the Baynes', an' Bill Higgins handin' somethin' down to her. Sometimes it's little, like a letter, and sometimes it's bigger, like a package. An' Mary 'll look at what she gets all the way back up the lane. Annie says she's sure they're for her, 'cause Timothy and Hitty don't git no mail 'ceptin' when some o' them cousins o' theirs die and they git a death-letter. An' 'twouldn't be possible they'd hev took to dyin' all in a bunch right after Mary got back. An' Ellen says when she asked Mary if she could help her with some sewin' again in the fall, she looked kind o' queer 'n' sideways an' says, 'Why, Ellen, I dun'no',' 's if she'd other plans. An' Letty says—she's so dull 'bout noticin', too—that she seen that blue bow, too, and has been thinkin' that Mary seemed so much gayer sence she come from the valley."

Rachel drew a long breath of satisfaction. "Of course it's a beau. Wherever d'you s'pose—"

"We can't none of us imagine," Panthea broke in. "She ain't met him here or we'd hev heerd 'bout it before this, an' she ain't been a-sewin' nowhere else but in the valley, so she must hev met him there. She can't jest hev dug him up out of the ground. An' yet if he's a valley man what is he a-writin' to her for 'stead of comin' up to see her? 'Tain't far for a beau."

"He's got the rheumatics," Rachel suggested, instantly. "It's took him so bad that he can't ride er drive, but has to jest sit still 'n' write. Ain't it a pity he's goin' to be so delicate? Somebody ought to tell him 'bout usin' Strikene's Oil, an' rubbin' it in real well an' puttin' on a piece o' flannel. Ye didn't stop in at the Baynes', I s'pose?"

Panthea wiped her forehead. "No, I didn't, but I guess I'll go in the mornin', after I get my work done. Mary might make some mistake 'bout that waist."

"Yes, she might. You'd better go real early. I wonder what makes 'em want to keep it a secret?"

Rachel could hardly wait for the next day to come. That night she went to bed at precisely dark to put in the time which must elapse before the morning call at the Baynes'. "Do hurry and get off," she said to Panthea at breakfast. "I'm gettin' dreadful worried 'bout your waist." After Panthea was finally gone she hunted stealthily about the house with the cunning of the darkened. She could not find her sunbonnet, but she found Lemuel's umbrella. She went tapping it before her on the ground out of the dooryard and down the lane to meet Panthea when she should return, although she was now never allowed to go beyond the gate alone. Her bare head, wilfully set like a runaway child's, shone in the heat, and her apron, still wet with dish-water, flapped from her as she scuttled on. Sometimes she stumbled with her sightless feet and righted herself in a futile impatience. Then by and by she lost her way altogether, nor could she find it again by any resentful proddings with the umbrella. When Panthea rode back along the road a half-hour later, she was standing with lamentable eyes among the cabbages. At her exclamation she mopped her cross cheeks querulously with her apron. "Now don't jest say 'Why, ma!'" she said. "Didn't you find out somethin'?"

Panthea's tale was a credit to the Potters. She told it as she picked her steps in and out through the cabbage-heads, letting her horse graze on the roadside weeds. "It's a beau! I've found out the whole thing. It didn't take me long, neither. I jest said to Mary, after I'd asked her how she was gettin' on with the waist, 'You ain't got a beau, hev you?' An' she turned as red as a stove 'n' dropped her needle 'n' says, 'Why, yes, Panthy Potter, I hev'—as proud as could be. She was so taken back she let out everything. He ain't a valley man 't all. He was jest visitin' where she was sewin'. An' they fell in love with each other at first sight—don't it seem queer for anybody to fall in love so quick with Mary? An' he's gone home—went off somewheres to see to some business, an' as soon as he's through he's comin' here to see her. 'Twon't be more'n two weeks now. An' he writes to her reg'lar as clockwork, an' there's presents from him in them packages Annie seen."



Rachel's expression, which had been one of triumph, changed a little. She would have preferred to have him a valley man writing to Mary in the agony of a conjectured rheumatism. But Panthea did not appear at all downcast by a slight failure in deduction.

"An', ma," she said, "he ain't an ordinary man 't all—not a mite the sort of man you'd think Mary'd get. She don't see neither how he ever come to choose her. He ain't like nobody on the Ridge or no person we ever seen round here. He's so grand-lookin' 'n' stylish!"

"Why, Panthy, whyee!" Rachel gasped in surprise. She had never dreamt that Mary Bayne would have more than the common beau. Panthea's news was almost incredible. Lemuel in his untidy jeans trailed by them with his hoe. He stared at them, shrewd and quizzical. "Ain't it gettin' 'bout dinner-time?" he asked, curiously. Neither answered him. The man of the house came in every day to dinner in an endless round. It was seldom that there came into the years such a man as this. They came out slowly from the cabbages and went up to the house, Panthea leading the roan. Half-way up Rachel broke the silence.

"Your pa looked well onet," she said.

Lemuel wheezed disdainfully over his hasty dinner and the story which Rachel told him in explanation of it. "Pooh!" he said; "is that all the matter with ye—jest Mary Bayne's gittin' a stylish beau?" He ate and drank and spilled upon himself in noisy derision, a deeply interested man. "I 'xpect you'll hev company to-day," he chuckled as he pushed his chair back from the table. "More'n likely somebody seen Panthy comin' home from Timothy's."

"More'n likely somebody did." No humor lurked in Rachel's reply. She was already fumbling with the dishes. As quickly as possible she was in her gray calico and out on the porch, Panthea with her. Both smelled strongly of kitchen soap. She had not expected the sound of steps on the walk so soon. "It's Margy," said Panthea, briefly, "with the baby and her darnin'."

With Margy Todd's visit the porch began a glorious session. To Rachel it was a period of exalted happiness. She never

did so well as when on beaux, and she had never before had a beau like this to deal with. On any afternoon there might now be seen all the able-bodied sun-bonnets of Turkey Ridge bobbing up her walk, in pairs or singly, in the sun. With their hands, hurt by their summer's work, folded on their aprons or busy with their mending, the women sat and rocked around her, listening and exclaiming. Panthea brought her in daily fresh items, going up to the Baynes' house to see to her waist or running down the lane to hail any of the family as they went by on the road to town. If she did not actually have a town errand for them, she invented one of an inexpensive character. All that was told her in these meetings with the warning, "O' course you won't let it go no further," she honorably betrayed. What Panthea gave her, Rachel retold word for word with hurrying breath. She could not help feeling as she sat there with her knitting, and heard about her the "Oh my's!" and the "Did you ever's!" of her neighbors that she was weaving, on the south side of her house, the romance of the world.

"His name," she would say in a half-whisper, "is Winters. John A. Winters. It's an unusual name, ain't it—an' fine soundin'? I never heerd of a Winters, but I've read 'bout a Summers. 'Twas in a novel. He was awful rich an' great. The A. Panthy and I thought sure stood for Abijy, but Mary says it's for Andrew, an' mebbe she's right. He's jest a wonderful man. Spect you've heerd 'bout his bein' so dreadful stylish? Ain't it strange? Panthy says Mary's told her all 'bout him—when she talks of him her eyes jest shine an' she sets up jest as proud. He's awful tall an' broad-shouldered, taller 'n' broader 'n' anybody here 'long the Ridge. An' he has a fine walk—you could pick him out 'mong a dozen other men. Mary can't tell jest what 'tis that gives him sech an air. 'Tain't his walk er his tallness er his shoulders—it's jest *him*. An' he's got remarkable hair. It's a real rich-lookin' brown an' kind o' curls round his ears, but not 'nough to be real curly. Mary says she couldn't bear a man with real curly hair. An' his eyes hev got sech a beautiful 'xpression—Panthy says she's been awful anxious to see him ever sence she found this out.





*Drawn by Charlotte Harding*

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RACHEL HELD HER PLACE, LISTENING TOWARD THE WHEAT-FIELD



She says she never seen a man who had any 'xpression in his eyes 't all. You know Mary's always felt so bad 'bout her hair bein' the color 'tis an' her face bein' plain. Well, when he asked her she jest broke down 'n' cried afore him—he was so diff'rent from her. An' Panthy says she says she says to him, 'But I'm so humbly!' An' he says, 'Air ye?' kind o' surprised 's if he'd never noticed it. 'An' my hair's jest pink,' she says she says then. An' he smiled down at her—he's got sech a smile!—an' says, 'Pink is a real pretty shade o' red.' Mary didn't tell no more'n this, but Panthy says from the way she acted when she got that far she guesses he must hev kissed her next. An' I guess he did—that 'd be jest 'bout the right time for it.

"I guess he dresses awful well. Mary is makin' herself a dress in her odd time to wear when he comes. Bein' as he's so stylish she wants to look nice to please him. It's blue with a ruffle round the yoke an' tucks 'n' five ruffles on the skirt. I'd think five ruffles 'd be sure to please him.

"An' he writes sech an elegant hand. Mary never seen letters backed so well. An' the presents he's sent air lovely. Mary keeps 'em in Hitty's parlor on the table, covered up with a piece of flowery chintz. Panthy says her hands jest kind o' shake when she oncovers 'em. He's guv her a silver heart on a little silver chain to wear round her neck—she's goin' to wear it with her blue dress—an' a plush album an' a chiny teacup 'n' saucer an' a thimble an' a glass rose-bowl an' a spoon and some candy things. Ain't it fine? Panthy says she believes Timothy 'n' Hitty 're jest 'bout as proud o' them presents as Mary. If they're round they always come in an' look on durin' the oncoverin'. An' she says they're awful set up over the whole thing, an' feel so tickled to think Mary's done so well."

As she reached the point of the beau's presents to Mary Bayne she was wont to shake her head in real anxiety. In spite of his betrothal sentiments Lemuel had only given her a sucking calf.

"I hope he ain't too stylish," she would go on. "Sometimes the finest on the outside air the meanest on the in. You can't tell nothin' 'bout it aforehand. Mebbe after a while he'll get onsatisfied with her

an' re'lize she ain't up to him. Mebbe when he takes her to see his folks she'll be kind o' bashful an' plain and won't 'pear well an' he'll be 'shamed of her. Well, it 'll jest break her heart if he treats her like that. Sometimes I wish she'd jest hev got an ordinary beau."

Lemuel, passing the porch occasionally at its session, chuckled in a manly scorn. "'Pears to me," he was once heard to say, "you women air a cacklin' a good deal 'bout Mary Bayne's beau. If you'd read to each other 'loud 'bout the Hottentots an' talk 'em over afterwards you'd be gittin' a lot more eddication." He spoke from the vantage-ground of his learning. He always recommended, if too much frivolity were about him, to take to the Hottentots for mental ballast, ever since he had bought on the instalment plan his book on *The Huguenots*. He never knew why he had selected this volume in particular, but having once bought it he stuck to it. That he should get its title twisted when away from its cover was really nothing against him.

His remark was unheeded. When it became known that the beau was definitely expected at the Baynes', the porch excitement deepened. "He's a-comin' Friday!" cried Rachel, a rapture on her blind face. "He can't stay 'way no longer. An' we're a-goin' to hev the Social Saturday—we don't mind a mite hevin' it a week afore the time. Panthy says Mary's tickled to death at the thought of bringin' him an' showin' him to everybody to once. Be sure 'n' come early."

In the days which intervened before the beau the porch was deserted. Rachel and Panthea, always in a flutter of preparation before a Social, were greatly stirred now, owing to the extraordinariness of the guest of honor. The Social was a momentous occasion even with no stranger to be displayed. It was held once a month from house to house on a Saturday afternoon. Everybody came but the sick, and the dead in the burying-ground underneath their cedars. The former felt sicker because they could not come, and the latter were sometimes pitied by their surviving kindred that they should monthly miss so much. Along parlor walls there was eaten at the picnic supper what one only dreamed of





AFTER THEM WAS MARY BAYNE, WALKING NOT ALONE

during the plainer fare of the other days of the month. In the atmosphere of food and friends the deepest reserve melted. Witticisms and reflections were delivered whose brilliancy and depth came as a complete surprise to the speaker—they had never even occurred to the mind in field or kitchen. All best manners were out. Laughter rang courteously over feebler jokes than one's own and second joints were chosen from the platters of chicken as forming a polite medium between the part of the fowl one did want and the part which one did not.

Panthea scrubbed and swept and baked vigorously, Rachel helping where a blind woman could. When she could not help, she went about in a tall, cross whirl. She questioned Panthea closely as to her windows and her floors and her spare bed where the Social guests would lay off their things, and the brass door-knob on her front door. She sniffed critically at the pantry shelves. With the chickens and the black cake and the loaves of salt-rising bread laid upon them, they held the very flower of Panthea's kitchen art. She hoped that the beau would like salt-rising bread, but she feared that he would not, surmising that outside the Ridge the stylish world was abandoned to yeast.

She fell, too, upon Lemuel. His abiding objections to whitewashing the front fence exasperated her. "Don't it look well 'nough?" he asked aggravatingly, in the teeth of her scolding. "No, it don't!" she said. With eyesight she would have been cheerful. But to stare into the blackness and to imagine what Panthea was leaving undone and to see that fence was a hard thing. From the fence she descended bitingly to more personal topics. "Even your best clothes," she complained, "air spotted. You're always a-spillin' things. Panthy says that where the spots air off they're white places—they've been sponged so much. It ain't possible to keep you lookin' well er stylish. You jest ought to be 'shamed o' your vest."

"Pcohl!" he responded easily; "I ain't."

Yet he did not escape the general infection. He waited until the desire should seem to spring from himself, and then he undertook the fence in a leisurely fashion. Splashed with whitewash he stopped to talk to any man that came by as though the bustle of his women was inexplicable. But his conversation was not wholly brought to bear upon the Hottentots. On the summer air arose



his voice wheezing importantly through "An' Mary Bayne's beau—" It was he who brought the news Friday evening that Timothy Bayne had been seen driving home an unfamiliar shape from the train in his cart. "It's him!" he said, in disinterested emotion.

All that evening in the silence of the porch Rachel saw, etched on her gloom, Mary Bayne and her beau walking up through the dooryard to the door, and herself and all the rest of the neighborhood looking out upon them from her windows.

By Saturday afternoon the hurry of the last few days had given way to a company peace. In all the rooms was a high cleanliness. The parlor lay open, bare and sweet. Chairs were set ready along its walls. Beyond, in the bedroom where Lemuel with many grumblings had taken down his own bed and wiped out the stain of its ordinary presence by putting in a table, were gathered other chairs. It was deemed best to-day to have plenty of room and plenty of chairs. Rachel in her lawn and white apron was ready. Panthea wore the linen waist which Mary Bayne had made. She was stiffly disapproving of the fact that it skewed across the back from love. Lemuel was well tidied. But he was not well thought of. Remembering Rachel's aspersions about his stylishness he had been seized with the inspiration of blacking the spots on his vest with the brush used for his boots. Panthea, horrified, had caught him in the act. Rachel nearly wept. "Don't never marry a woman," he grunted, throwing the brush down; "you can't do nothin' to please 'em."

At the first sound of her neighbors—every one came on foot or in their homely vehicles as early as was compatible with decency, to be before the Baynes—Rachel was at the door, Panthea beside her. "Come right in," were her words of welcome, Panthea nudging her that it was time, "an' walk up-stairs. He ain't here yet!" Feet shuffled by her up the stairs to the spare room and then down into the parlor. Panthea kept counting in her ear: "Here's the Todds," "Here's the Greens," "An' Annie Glegg," "An' the minister an' Letty," "An' them folks we didn't want." Finally it remained for only the Baynes to come. Panthea,

after waiting a while for them, went in, and presently Lemuel left his guileless station by the hitching-post and went after her. But Rachel did not go in. She held her place in the door, her head turned, listening, toward the wheat-field. The Baynes came across lots to Socials and would not be heard in the lane. When she heard them in the wheat, she clapped her hand to her mouth and burst stumbling into the expectant hush of the room.

There was a fierce stir to the windows. Emerging from the field could be seen Timothy Bayne clumping on, lean and sallow-faced. Behind him was Hitty carrying in her fat hands her inevitable Social plate of pickled eggs lest Timothy should drop them. Both had an air of most becoming modesty, considering their position. After them was Mary Bayne, walking not alone. She and her companion were somewhat hidden by the others. As they came into the dooryard Timothy and Hitty dropped back in the opening of the gate. Then was very plainly seen Mary in her new ruffled dress, the beau's silver heart upon her breast. Her small, needle-worn figure was erect and her shy face was shining. But the eyes at the windows barely saw her. They were staring dazedly at the being at her side. Until the little procession was nearly at the door, not a soul could find words for him. Then Lemuel, looking over the heads of the women, who had crowded as women will to see a man of style, gave a prolonged chuckle.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" he said.

A chorus of feminine exclamations followed his, Panthea's leading.

"*That* him!"

"Why, he ain't got a mite o' style!"

"He's awful short!"

"An' narrer-shouldered!"

"An' his legs ain't right!"

"An' his eyes air real beady!"

"An' his hair!"

Rachel, strained against a window-pane from force of long habit, fell together. She saw with her ears the beau as he appeared in the cold light of Turkey Ridge, without the benefit of Mary Bayne's glorifying love. She felt somehow that he was her fault.

"'Sh!" she said, in shamefaced apology. "He's a-comin' in."



# New York Revisited

BY HENRY JAMES

THE single impression or particular vision most answering to the greatness of the subject would have been, I think, a certain hour of large circumnavigation that I found prescribed, in the fulness of the spring, as the almost immediate crown of a return from the far West. I had arrived at one of the transpontine stations of the Pennsylvania Railroad; the question was of proceeding to Boston, for the occasion, without pushing through the terrible town—why “terrible,” to my sense, in many ways, I shall presently explain—and the easy and agreeable attainment of this great advantage was to embark on one of the mightiest (as appeared to me) of train-bearing barges and, descending the western waters, pass round the bottom of the city and remount the other current to Harlem; all without “losing touch” of the Pullman that had brought me from Washington. This absence of the need of losing touch, this breadth of effect, as to the whole process, involved in the prompt floating of the huge concatenated cars not only without arrest or confusion, but as for positive prodigal beguilement of the artless traveller, had doubtless much to say to the ensuing state of mind, the happily excited and amused view of the great face of New York. The extent, the ease, the energy, the quantity and number, all notes scattered about as if, in the whole business and in the splendid light, nature and science were joyously romping together, might have been taking on again, for their symbol, some collective presence of great circling and plunging, hovering and perching seabirds, white-winged images of the spirit, of the restless freedom of the Bay. The Bay had always, on other opportunities, seemed to blow its immense character straight into one’s face—coming “at” you, so to speak, bearing down on you, with the full force of a thousand prows of steamers seen exactly on the line of

their longitudinal axis; but I had never before been so conscious of its boundless cool assurance or seemed to see its genius so grandly at play. This was presumably indeed because I had never before enjoyed the remarkable adventure of taking in so much of the vast bristling promontory from the water, of ascending the East River, in especial, to its upper diminishing expanses.

Something of the air of the occasion and of the mood of the moment caused the whole picture to speak with its largest suggestion; which suggestion is irresistible when once it is sounded clear. It is all, absolutely, an expression of things lately and currently *done*, done on a large impersonal stage and on the basis of inordinate gain—it is not an expression of any other matters whatever; and yet the sense of the scene (which had at several previous junctures, as well, put forth to my imagination its power), was commanding and thrilling, was in certain lights almost charming. So it befell, exactly, that an element of mystery and wonder entered into the impression—the interest of trying to make out, in the absence of features of the sort usually supposed indispensable, the reason of the beauty and the joy. It is indubitably a “great” bay, a great harbor, but no one item of the romantic, or even of the picturesque, as commonly understood, contributes to its effect. The shores are low and for the most part depressingly furnished and prosaically peopled; the islands, though numerous, have not a grace to exhibit, and one thinks of the other, the real flowers of geography in this order, of Naples, of Capetown, of Sydney, of Seattle, of San Francisco, of Rio, asking how if *they* justify a reputation, New York should seem to justify one. Then, after all, we remember that there are reputations and reputations; we remember above all that the imaginative response to the conditions here



presented may just happen to proceed from the intellectual extravagance of the given observer. When this personage is open to corruption by almost any large view of an intensity of life, his vibrations tend to become a matter difficult even for *him* to explain. He may have to confess that the group of evident facts fails to account by itself for the complacency of his appreciation. Therefore it is that I find myself rather backward with a perceived sanction, of an at all proportionate kind, for the fine exhilaration with which, in this free wayfaring relation to them, the wide waters of New York inspire me. There is the beauty of light and air, the great scale of space, and, seen far away to the west, the open gates of the Hudson, majestic in their degree, even at a distance, and announcing still nobler things. But the real appeal, unmistakably, is in that note of vehemence in the local life of which I have spoken, for it is the appeal of a particular type of dauntless power.

The aspect the power wears then is indescribable; it is the power of the most extravagant of cities, rejoicing, as with the voice of the morning, in its might, its fortune, its unsurpassable conditions, and imparting to every object and element, to the motion and expression of every floating, hurrying, panting thing, to the throb of ferries and tugs, to the splash of waves and the play of winds and the glint of lights and the shrill of whistles and the quality and authority of breeze-borne cries—all, practically, a diffused, wasted clamor of *detonations*—something of its sharp free accent and, above all, of its sovereign sense of being “backed” and able to back. The universal *applied* passion struck me as shining unprecedentedly out of the composition; in the bigness and bravery and insolence, especially, of everything that rushed and shrieked, in the air as of a great intricate frenzied dance, half merry, half desperate, or at least half defiant, performed on the huge watery floor. This appearance of the bold lacing-together, across the waters, of the scattered members of the monstrous organism—lacing as by the ceaseless play of an enormous system of steam-shuttles or electric bobbins (I scarce know what to call them), commensurate in form with their infinite

work—does perhaps more than anything else to give the pitch of the vision of energy. One has the sense that the monster grows and grows, flinging abroad its loose limbs even as some unmannered young giant at his “larks,” and that the binding stitches must forever fly further and faster and draw harder; the future complexity of the web, all under the sky and over the sea, becoming thus that of some colossal set of clockworks, some steel-souled machine-room of brandished arms and hammering fists and opening and closing jaws. The immeasurable bridges are but as the horizontal sheaths of pistons working at high pressure, day and night, and subject, one apprehends with perhaps inconsistent gloom, to certain, to fantastic, to merciless multiplication. In the light of this apprehension indeed the breezy brightness of the Bay puts on the semblance of the vast white page that awaits beyond any other perhaps the black overscoring of science.

Let me hasten to add that its present whiteness is precisely its charming note, the frankest of the signs you recognize and remember it by. That is the distinction I was just feeling my way to name as the main ground of its doing so well, for effect, without technical scenery. There are great imposing ports—Glasgow and Liverpool and London—that have already their page blackened almost beyond redemption from any such light of the picturesque as can hope to irradiate fog and grime, and there are others, Marseilles and Constantinople say, or, for all I know to the contrary, New Orleans, that contrive to abound before everything else in color, and so to make a rich and instant and obvious show. But memory, and the actual impression, keep investing New York with the tone, predominantly, of summer dawns and winter frosts, of sea-foam, of bleached sails and stretched awnings, of blanched hulls, of scoured decks, of new ropes, of polished brasses, of streamers clear in the blue air; and it is by this harmony, doubtless, that the projection of the individual character of the place, of the candor of its avidity and the freshness of its audacity, is most conveyed. The “tall buildings,” which have so promptly usurped a glory that affects you as rather surprised, as yet, at itself, the



multitudinous sky-scrapers standing up to the view, from the water, like extravagant pins in a cushion already overplanted, and stuck in as in the dark, anywhere and anyhow, have at least the felicity of carrying out the fairness of tone, of taking the sun and the shade in the manner of towers of marble. They are not all of marble, I believe, by any means, even if some may be, but they are impudently new and still more impudently "novel"—this in common with so many other terrible things in America—and they are triumphant payers of dividends; all of which uncontested and unabashed pride, with flash of innumerable windows and flicker of subordinate guilt attributions, is like the flare, up and down their long, narrow faces, of the lamps of some general permanent "celebration."

You see the pincushion in profile, so to speak, on passing between Jersey City and Twenty-third Street, but you get it broadside on, this loose nosegay of architectural flowers, if you skirt the Battery, well out, and embrace the whole plantation. Then the "American beauty," the rose of interminable stem, becomes the token of the cluster at large—to that degree that, positively, this is all that is wanted for emphasis of your final impression. Such growths, you feel, have confessedly arisen but to be "picked," in time, with a shears; nipped short off, by waiting fate, as soon as "science," applied to gain, has put upon the table, from far up its sleeve, some more winning card. Crowned not only with no history, but with no credible possibility of time for history, and consecrated by no uses save the commercial at any cost, they are simply the most piercing notes in that concert of the expensively provisional into which your supreme sense of New York resolves itself. They never begin to speak to you, in the manner of the builded majesties of the world as we have heretofore known such—towers or temples or fortresses or palaces—with the authority of things of permanence or even of things of long duration. One story is good only till another is told, and sky-scrapers are the last word of economic ingenuity only till another word be written. This shall be possibly a word of still uglier meaning, but the vocabulary of thrift at any price shows boundless resources, and the con-

sciousness of that truth, the consciousness of the finite, the menaced, the essentially *invented* state, twinkles ever, to my perception, in the thousand glassy eyes of these giants of the mere market. Such a structure as the comparatively windowless bell-tower of Giotto, in Florence, looks supremely serene in its beauty. You don't feel it to have risen by the breath of an interested passion that, restless beyond all passions, is forever seeking more pliable forms. Beauty has been the object of its creator's idea, and, having found beauty, it has found the form in which it splendidly rests.

Beauty indeed was the aim of the creator of the spire of Trinity Church, so cruelly overtopped and so barely distinguishable, from your train-bearing barge, as you stand off, in its abject helpless humility; and it may of course be asked how much of this superstition finds voice in the actual shrunken presence of that laudable effort. Where, for the eye, is the felicity of simplified Gothic, of noble preeminence, that once made of this highly pleasing edifice the pride of the town and the feature of Broadway? The answer is, as obviously, that these charming elements are still there, just where they ever were, but that they have been mercilessly deprived of their visibility. It aches and throbs, this smothered visibility, we easily feel, in its caged and dishonored condition, supported only by the consciousness that the dishonor is no fault of its own. We commune with it, in tenderness and pity, through the encumbered air; our eyes, made, however unwillingly, at home in strange vertiginous upper atmospheres, look down on it as on a poor ineffectual thing, an architectural object addressed, even in its prime aspiration, to the patient pedestrian sense and permitting thereby a relation of intimacy. It was to speak to me audibly enough on two or three other occasions—even through the thick of that frenzy of Broadway just where Broadway receives from Wall Street the fiercest application of the maddening lash; it was to put its tragic case there with irresistible lucidity. "Yes, the wretched figure I am making is as little as you see my fault—it is the fault of the buildings whose very first care is to deprive churches of their visibility.



There are but two or three—two or three outward and visible churches—left in New York ‘anyway,’ as you must have noticed, and even they are hideously threatened: a fact at which no one, indeed, appears to be shocked, from which no one draws the least of the inferences that stick straight out of it, which every one seems in short to take for granted either with remarkable stupidity or with remarkable cynicism.” So, at any rate, they may still effectively communicate, ruddy-brown (where not brown-black) old Trinity and any pausing, any attending survivor of the clearer age—and there is yet more of the bitterness of history to be tasted in such a tacit passage, as I shall presently show.

Was it not the bitterness of history, meanwhile, that on that day of circumnavigation, that day of highest intensity of impression, of which I began by speaking, the ancient rotunda of Castle Garden, viewed from just opposite, should have lurked there as a vague nonentity? One had known it from far, far back and with the indelibility of the childish vision—from the time when it was the commodious concert-hall of New York, the firmament of long-extinguished stars; in spite of which extinction there outlives for me the image of the infant phenomenon Adelina Patti, whom (another large-eyed infant) I had been benevolently taken to hear: Adelina Patti, in a fan-like little white frock and “pantalettes” and a hussarlike red jacket, mounted on an armchair, its back supporting her, wheeled to the front of the stage and warbling like a tiny thrush even in the nest. Shabby, shrunk, barely discernible to-day, the ancient rotunda, adjusted to other uses, had afterwards, for many decades, carried on a conspicuous life—and it was the present remoteness, the repudiated barbarism of all this, foreshortened by one’s own experience, that dropped the acid into the cup. The skyscrapers and the league-long bridges, present and to come, marked the point where the age—the age for which Castle Garden could have been, in its day, a “value”—had come out. That in itself was nothing—ages do come out, as a matter of course, so far from where they have gone in. But it had done so, the latter half of the nineteenth century, in one’s own

more or less immediate presence; the difference, from pole to pole, was so vivid and concrete that no single shade of any one of its aspects was lost. This impact of the whole condensed past at once produced a horrible, hateful sense of personal antiquity.

Yet was it after all that those monsters of the mere market as I have called them, had more to say, on the question of “effect,” than I had at first allowed?—since they are the element that looms largest for me through a particular impression, with remembered parts and pieces melting together rather richly now, of “down-town” seen and felt from the inside. “Felt”—I use that word, I dare say, all presumptuously, for a relation to matters of magnitude and mystery that I could begin neither to measure nor to penetrate, hovering about them only in magnanimous wonder, staring at them as at a world of immovably closed doors behind which immense “material” lurked, material for the artist, the painter of life, as we say, who shouldn’t have begun so early and so fatally to fall away from possible initiations. This sense of a baffled curiosity, an intellectual adventure forever renounced, was surely enough a state of feeling, and indeed in presence of the different half-hours, as memory presents them, at which I gave myself up both to the thrill of Wall Street (by which I mean that of the whole wide edge of the whirlpool), and the too accepted, too irredeemable ignorance, I am at a loss to see what intensity of response was wanting. The imagination might have responded more if there had been a slightly less settled inability to understand what every one, what any one, was really doing; but the picture, as it comes back to me, is, for all this foolish subjective poverty, so crowded with its features that I rejoice, I confess, in not having more of them to handle. No open apprehension, even if it be as open as a public vehicle plying for hire, can carry more than a certain amount of life, of a kind; and there was nothing at play in the outer air, at least, of the scene, during these glimpses, that didn’t scramble for admission into mine very much as I had seen the mob seeking entrance to an up-town or a down-town electric car fight for life at one of the apertures.



If it had been the final function of the Bay to make one feel one's age, so, assuredly, the mouth of Wall Street proclaimed it, for one's private ear, distinctly enough; the breath of existence being taken, wherever one turned, as that of youth on the run and with the prize of the race in sight, and the new landmarks crushing the old quite as violent children stamp on snails and caterpillars.

The hour I first recall was a morning of winter drizzle and mist, of dense fog in the Bay, one of the strangest sights of which I was on my way to enjoy; and I had stopped in the heart of the business quarter to pick up a friend who was to be my companion. The weather, such as it was, worked wonders for the upper reaches of the buildings, round which it drifted and hung very much as about the flanks and summits of emergent mountain-masses—for, to be just all round, there *was* some evidence of their having a message for the eyes. Let me parenthesize, once for all, that there are other glimpses of this message, up and down the city, frequently to be caught; lights and shades of winter and summer air, of the literally "finishing" afternoon in particular, when refinement of modelling descends from the skies and lends the white towers, all new and crude and commercial and overwindowed as they are, a fleeting distinction. The morning I speak of offered me my first chance of seeing one of them from the inside—which was an opportunity I sought again, repeatedly, in respect to others; and I became conscious of the force with which this vision of their prodigious working, and of the multitudinous life, as if each were a swarming city in itself, that they are capable of housing, may beget, on the part of the free observer, in other words of the restless analyst, the impulse to describe and present the facts and express the sense of them. Each of these huge constructed and compressed communities, throbbing, through its myriad arteries and pores, with a single passion, even as a complicated watch throbs with the one purpose of telling you the hour and the minute, testified overwhelmingly to the *character* of New York—and the passion of the restless analyst, on his side, is for the extraction of character. But there would be too much to say, just here, were

this incurable eccentric to let himself go; the impression in question, fed by however brief an experience, kept overflowing the cup and spreading in a wide waste of speculation. I must dip into these depths, if it prove possible, later on; let me content myself, for the moment, with remembering how from the first, on all such ground, my thought went straight to poor great wonder-working Émile Zola and *his* love of the human aggregation, the artificial microcosm, which had to spend itself on great shops, great businesses, great "apartment-houses," of inferior, of mere Parisian *scalè*. His image, it seemed to me, really asked for compassion—in the presence of this material that his energy of evocation, his alone, would have been of a stature to meddle with. What if *Le Ventre de Paris*, what if *Au Bonheur des Dames*, what if *Pot-Bouille* and *L'Argent*, could but have come into being under the New York inspiration?

The answer to that, however, for the hour, was that, in all probability, New York was not going (as it turns such remarks) to produce both the maximum of "business" spectacle and the maximum of ironic reflection of it. Zola's huge reflector got itself formed, after all, in a far other air; it had hung there, in essence, awaiting the scene that was to play over it, long before the scene really approached it in scale. The reflecting surfaces, of the ironic, of the epic order, suspended in the New York atmosphere, have yet to show symptoms of shining out, and the monstrous phenomena themselves, meanwhile, strike me as having, with their immense momentum, got the start, got ahead of, in proper parlance, any possibility of poetic, of dramatic capture. That conviction came to me most perhaps while I gazed across at the special sky-scraper that overhangs poor old Trinity to the north—a south face as high and wide as the mountain-wall that drops the Alpine avalanche, from time to time, upon the village, and the village spire, at its foot; the interest of this case being above all, as I learned, to my stupefaction, in the fact that the very creators of the extinguisher are the churchwardens themselves, or at least the trustees of the church property. What was the case but magnificent for pitiless



ferocity?—that inexorable law of the growing invisibility of churches, their everywhere reduced or abolished *presence*, which is nine-tenths of their virtue, receiving thus, at such hands, its supreme consecration. This consecration was positively the greater that just then, as I have said, the vast money-making structure quite horribly, quite romantically justified itself, looming through the weather with an insolent clifflike sublimity. The weather, for all that experience, mixes intimately with the fulness of my impression; speaking not least, for instance, of the way “the state of the streets” and the assault of the turbid air seemed all one with the look, the tramp, the whole quality and *allure*, the consummate monotonous commonness, of the pushing male crowd, moving in its dense mass—with the confusion carried to chaos for any intelligence, any perception; a welter of objects and sounds in which relief, detachment, dignity, meaning perished utterly and lost all rights. It appeared, the muddy medium, all one with every other element and note as well, all the signs of the heaped industrial battle-field, all the sounds and silences, grim, pushing, trudging silences too, of the universal will to move—to move, move, move, as an end in itself, an appetite at any price.

In the Bay, the rest of the morning, the dense raw fog that delayed the big boat, allowing sight but of the immediate ice-masses through which it thumped its way, was not less of the essence. Anything blander, as a medium, would have seemed a mockery of the facts of the terrible little Ellis Island, the first harbor of refuge and stage of patience for the million or so of immigrants annually knocking at our official door. Before this door, which opens to them there only with a hundred forms and ceremonies, grindings and grumblings of the key, they stand appealing and waiting, marshalled, herded, divided, subdivided, sorted, sifted, searched, fumigated, for longer or shorter periods—the effect of all which prodigious process, an intendedly “scientific” feeding of the mill, is again to give the earnest observer a thousand more things to think of than he can pretend to retail. The impression of Ellis Island, in fine, would be—as I was

to find throughout that so many of my impressions would be—a chapter by itself; and with a particular page for recognition of the degree in which the liberal hospitality of the eminent Commissioner of this wonderful service, to whom I had been introduced, helped to make the interest of the whole watched drama poignant and unforgettable. It is a drama that goes on, without a pause, day by day and year by year, this visible act of ingurgitation on the part of our body politic and social, and constituting really an appeal to amazement beyond that of any sword-swallowing or fire-swallowing of the circus. The wonder that one couldn’t keep down was the thought that these two or three hours of one’s own chance vision of the business were but as a tick or two of the mighty clock, the clock that never, never stops—least of all when it strikes, for a sign of so much winding-up, some louder hour of our national fate than usual. I think indeed that the simplest account of the action of Ellis Island on the spirit of any sensitive citizen who may have happened to “look in” is that he comes back from his visit not at all the same person that he went. He has eaten of the tree of knowledge, and the taste will be forever in his mouth. He had thought he knew before, thought he had the sense of the degree in which it is his American fate to share the sanctity of his American consciousness, the intimacy of his American patriotism, with the inconceivable alien; but the truth had never come home to him with any such force. In the lurid light projected upon it by those courts of dismay, it shakes him—or I like at least to imagine it shakes him—to the depths of his being; I like to think of him, I positively *have* to think of him, as going about ever afterwards with a new look, for those who can see it, in his face, the outward sign of the new chill in his heart. So is stamped, for detection, the questionably privileged person who has had an apparition, seen a ghost in his supposedly safe old house. Let not the unwary, therefore, visit Ellis Island.

The after-sense of that acute experience, however, I myself found, was by no means to be brushed away; I felt it grow and grow, on the contrary, wherever I turned:



other impressions might come and go, but this affirmed claim of the alien, however immeasurably alien, to share in one's supreme relation was everywhere the fixed element, the reminder not to be dodged. One's supreme relation, as one had always put it, was one's relation to one's country—a conception made up so largely of one's countrymen and one's countrywomen. Thus it was as if, all the while, with such a fond tradition of what these products predominantly were, the idea of the country itself underwent something of that profane overhauling through which it appears to suffer the indignity of change. Is not our instinct in this matter, in general, essentially the safe one—that of keeping the idea simple and strong and continuous, so that it shall be perfectly sound? To touch it overmuch, to pull it about, is to put it in peril of weakening; yet on this free assault upon it, this readjustment of it in *their* monstrous, presumptuous interest, the aliens, in New York, seemed perpetually to insist. The combination there of their quantity and their quality—that loud primary stage of alienism

which New York most offers to sight—operates, for the native, as their note of settled possession, something they have nobody to thank for; so that *unsettled* possession is what we, on our side, seem reduced to—the implication of which, in its turn, is that, to recover confidence and regain lost ground, we, not they, must make the surrender and accept the orientation. We must go, in other words, *more* than half-way to meet them; which is all the difference, for us, between possession and dispossession. This sense of dispossession, to be brief about it, haunted me so, I was to feel, in the New York streets and in the packed projectiles to which one clingingly appeals from the streets, just as one tumbles back into the streets in appalled reaction from *them*, that the art of beguiling or duping it became an art to be cultivated—though the fond alternative vision was never long to be obscured, the imagination, exasperated to envy, of the ideal, in the order in question; of the luxury of some such close and sweet and *whole* national consciousness as that of the Switzer and the Scot.

## To A Wayfarer

BY L. B. BRIDGMAN

**B**E strong.

The way is steep, the way is long;

There is no ending till thy strength shall end,—

And yet, be strong.

Be brave.

The night is dark, the goal's the grave.

They need not courage who have Hope for friend,—

But *thou*, be brave.



# An Unskilled Laborer

BY MAY KELSEY CHAMPION

THE coming home after your first long visit away is a wonderful experience. There are so many surprises. The rooms are larger or smaller—it depends upon where you have been,—but new, anyway, and strange, and far, far pleasanter than anything you have seen in your travels. The stairs are farther from the door, the fireplace tiles are green—you had thought that they were blue,—and even the sitting-room clock strikes differently.

Graham Lee found that he had forgotten a good deal in the two weeks that he had been with his aunt in Lenox. He had forgotten how warm and bright and fragrant the front hall was when you came into it just after dark on a cool evening. He had forgotten how straight and tall his father was, and how deep and pleasant his voice sounded when he spoke. And then, oh, then, with his arms about her neck, he found that he had forgotten just how beautiful—how *beautiful*—his mother was!

Even Cummings seemed to have learned more agreeable ways in the two weeks, and that first night at dinner did not push Graham's chair so close to the table that his elbows hit when he ate—which is very uncomfortable when your feet do not touch the floor and you cannot push the chair back without getting out entirely. Cummings even noticed at once when Graham's glass was empty, or when he wanted more of anything, which was a great improvement in Cummings.

Graham felt that it was good to be at home again and have everybody so glad to see him.

And then, after dinner, to sit by the fire, very close to his mother, with his hand in hers! There was company—a man who had dressed up in old clothes and gone all around getting work in factories and mines and lumber-camps and places, to see how that kind of people

lived, and was going to write a book about it,—so they could not talk much; they had to listen to him; but they smiled at each other very often. Nothing that he had known while he was away had been like this! Sometimes he would go over and sit on the arm of his father's chair. Of course he did not take his hand. Men didn't. But he would lean against his shoulder for a while, and then, by and by, he would come back to his mother.

Oh, but it was fine to get home!

And the next morning, to go around and see the fellows, and after he had made sure that they regarded him a little differently for his having been away, to let them see that he was unchanged in spite of it!

Oh yes, it was great, being home!

But it does not take long for the newness to wear off, and by noon of the day after his return Graham had reached that restless period which is between the excitement of the arrival and the taking up of the old manner of life.

He went to his room after luncheon, and sitting down by a window, considered what there was to do. School would begin Monday, so he felt that he must not waste the afternoon. As he looked across the park he could see the men at work on the new extension of the Chaloner Museum of Art. It must be very hard to work all through the summer vacation, but a good many people had to.

Some of the stories that Mr. Leiter had told the night before were very interesting. He must have had a great many experiences. Graham thought that he would like to read his book when it was printed. It was a fine thing to go around and study the lives of the working-people and tell about them and try to ameliorate their conditions. He had never thought of it before.

He looked over toward the red brick



walls of the museum and wondered if there were any labor conditions over there. But of course there were; Mr. Leiter found them everywhere.

Graham rose. He knew what he would do. He would put on his overalls and old cap and go over there and ask for work and study labor conditions. Then he would write a composition about them. There was always a composition to write as soon as school began.

As he walked across the park he felt more and more the loftiness of his purpose. In his composition he would fearlessly expose any wrong that he might see,—any oppression,—and perhaps he might do a great deal of good.

He asked the first workman that he saw if he could get a job. He disliked the word, but it seemed to him the one to use. The workman looked up from the mortar he was mixing, surveyed Graham for a considerable period, then indicating with a turn of his thumb a man who was carrying bricks, replied that he must ask him.

Graham applied to the man with the bricks, only to be referred to another man who was looking out of a window in the second story. The man in the window sent him down to the cellar, where he was passed from one to another among the plumbers, and then directed to the carpenters up-stairs, to meet with a similar experience.

It was not until after his fourteenth interview that the conviction reached Graham that he had been imposed upon, and was the victim of a general joke. He was walking slowly down one of the corridors of the main building at the time, and it brought him to a sudden pause. From his observations that afternoon it began to appear to him that the laboring-man's condition did not so greatly need ameliorating. There seemed to be a good deal of resting and whistling and sitting on boxes and waiting for somebody else, in the building trades at least.

He passed on to the other corridor, where the pictures hung. Here some one had begun cleaning the brass railing that guarded a Rembrandt at the end. A cloth and a box of paste lay on the floor. Graham picked them up and began to rub. No one came to interfere,

and he could at least feel like a workman and get his hands soiled with labor.

He had given himself up to the enjoyment of a lavish expenditure of strength and paste, when he heard voices behind him. In the next alcove Mr. Henry Chaloner, the founder of the museum, was talking to the curator.

"Yes, I have decided to take the trip around the Horn," he said, "so the pictures will remain here for some time—indefinitely, in fact. Ultimately, I suppose that I shall give them to the museum. You might tell Finch to change that Corot over to the other side, Mr. Torrey, and move the Diaz nearer the window. The light will be better on both. Don't you think so?"

Mr. Chaloner moved from one picture to another. They belonged at the house, but as there was no one there but himself now he had allowed them to be brought over to the museum for a while. He paused again before the Corot—a large canvas, full of the tender, shimmering, silvery green of spring-time. Isabel had chosen that. He remembered so well her delight in it. That was in their own spring-time.

He sighed and turned to the next alcove, where Graham, in his old cap and blue overalls, was polishing the brass railing. Mr. Chaloner regarded him with interest.

"Good afternoon," he said, after a few moments. "I didn't know that Harrison had so young a man on the force."

Graham removed his cap and said, "Good afternoon," then fell to work with all his strength upon a speck of tarnish.

He knew that this was Mr. Chaloner, giver of the museum and owner of the great Chaloner Mills. It was a meeting of employer and employed at the utmost extremes of the scale of labor—a situation that would have been full of opportunity for Mr. Leiter. He would have known what to say. Graham did not.

He rubbed as long as he could on the rail, Mr. Chaloner watching him the while with embarrassing steadiness; then he stopped to breathe.

"Do you have to work, my boy?" asked Mr. Chaloner.

"I thought I would," replied Graham, after a deep suspiration.



"But you ought to be in school."

"This is vacation—sir," Graham began to rise to his part. "I go to school almost all the time. It's only vacations and Saturdays that I can work at my—my trade."

"And what do you call your trade?"

"Unskilled labor," replied Graham. Mr. Leiter had used the phrase several times during the evening before, and he rather liked the sound.

"Oh!" Mr. Chaloner laughed. "It's a trade that's rather crowded, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir." The words were very respectful.

"And what are you going to be when you grow up?"

Graham hesitated. For a long time it had been a bright dream of his to be one day a pugilist—a gentlemanly one, of course; he did not see why that might not be. But he had mentioned it once to his mother, and she had begged him, in great distress and with tears in her eyes, never to let her hear the word again. Graham had pronounced it "puggerlist"—with the hard *g*. He had felt obliged to give it up, but nothing that he had thought of since seemed so alluring. The pause grew embarrassing. He disliked to say he didn't know, for Mr. Chaloner would not understand, and might suppose that he had never thought about it. Besides, he always hated to say he didn't know to anything. Graham's writing was bad, and he had been obliged to copy a certain line of Pope's twenty-five times one day at school. He remembered it now.

"An honest man," he offered, hesitatingly. Perhaps it would do.

"Well, there's plenty of room in that profession, at least." Mr. Chaloner leaned against the rail as if he meant to stay for a while.

"Yes, sir," said Graham, very respectfully, as before.

"Doesn't your father work?"

"Oh yes. Very hard. He works in a—er—mill." Graham saw the chance for an artistic touch and availed himself of it. Once or twice of late his father had referred to his business as a treadmill. "But it takes a great deal to support us. I'm a great expense. I wear out my clothes and I eat a great deal."

"So you try to help him." Mr. Chal-

oner regarded him with approval. "It does you much credit."

It did not seem to Graham that it was quite fair to his father to leave it that way, and it made him feel uncomfortable to receive credit that did not belong to him. For a moment he thought of explaining things to Mr. Chaloner, but the afternoon was half over, and he had not yet learned anything about labor conditions that he could put into a composition. Besides, Mr. Leiter never explained. Graham didn't see how he could have kept from it sometimes without feeling mean.

"I'd like to help him," he replied, truthfully. "He says I do help him in a good many ways. He's the *best* father! I've seen quite a good many fathers—other fellows', you know." Graham raised his face and spoke with great earnestness. "I've just been away, and we missed each other a great deal. Every Sunday afternoon we go for a long walk in the country and talk about things."

"What do you talk about?" It was taking an advantage, but Mr. Chaloner looked down into the eyes that were gazing back at him all alight with affection, and put the question. He was growing interested in this boy, who must be the child of one of his own millhands, it appeared.

Graham considered. Some questions sounded so easy and were so hard to answer.

"Quite often," he began, slowly, still trying to select—"quite often we talk about what we would do if things happened."

"How do you mean?" Mr. Chaloner pursued, still leaning against the rail and watching the boy intently.

"Well, like this," replied Graham,—  
"What would you do if you were writing your geography examination and heard a boy behind you whisper the answer to a question before you were quite sure whether you knew it yourself?"

"What would you do?"

"I wrote: 'Zambesi. I think I knew it, but I heard Harold Dodge whisper it, too.'"

Mr. Chaloner nodded.

"Then sometimes he asks my advice about things—real, grown-up things,



you know." Graham stood very straight and told it proudly. "Of course he doesn't expect me to know always, and I make mistakes, and he laughs. But I tell him what I think I'd do. We have splendid times; and he knows all the birds and almost all the wild flowers."

Mr. Chaloner turned away and began looking at the pictures. His own boy, George, was about the age of this little fellow in the blue overalls. George was away at school, and it had seemed best to keep him there, even through the last vacation.

"Do you like these?" Mr. Chaloner asked, when he had made half the circuit of the alcove.

"I like the light-colored ones and the ones you can look at close to," replied Graham.

"So do I," said Mr. Chaloner. "I think our tastes must be similar."

"Do you like posters?" inquired Graham. "Father brings me home all the good ones, and I'm making a collection. I think collections are interesting, don't you? I have a good many—stamps and postal cards and minerals and such things."

"This is the only collection I have," said Mr. Chaloner. "I enjoyed making it, but I'm thinking of giving it away now."

There was a weariness in his words which even Graham recognized.

"It's a very nice one," he said, encouragingly. "Sometimes I get tired of my collections, but I put them away, and after a while I get interested again. Perhaps you will."

"Perhaps." But there was no warmth in the tone.

"That's quite a pretty one." Graham indicated a small landscape by Constable. "It looks like a place where father and I went fishing last summer, when he took his vacation. It looks quite a good deal like it." Graham regarded the canvas critically. "We camped out for two weeks—just us two."

His voice thrilled and his eyes were shining at the joyful recollection as he looked up. "We had such a good time!" he said, with a happy sigh.

Mr. Chaloner smiled back at the bright, upturned face.

"I hope you can go again next summer," he said; and he held out his hand.

Graham looked at his. It was soiled and sticky with the paste.

Mr. Chaloner looked also and laughed, but he did not withdraw his hand.

"I don't mind," he said, courageously.

"I think I'd rather wash them," suggested Graham.

"All right."

The giver of the Chaloner Museum of Fine Arts waited while the young unskilled laborer in blue overalls went off down the corridor in search of water and a towel.

In a short time Graham returned, and presented a hand that was clean, though still a little damp from hurried drying.

Mr. Chaloner held it in a close grasp for a moment.

"Good-by, my boy, good-by," he said. "I hope we'll see each other again."

Mr. Henry Chaloner walked slowly down the gray marble stairway of the museum and across the park to his home.

Not a sound greeted him as he opened the door. He was used to that, but tonight the house seemed more than usually still.

Leaving his hat and coat in the hall, he went into the library to wait until dinner should be ready. He did not trouble to dress when his wife was away.

The library was still, too, except for the steady and monotonous blowing of the gas-log in the fireplace.

His mail was waiting on his desk, but he did not approach it; neither did he take up the paper which lay on the table.

Crossing the room, he sat down before the fireplace. For some time his gaze followed the irregular line of small flames—always the same line! How tiresome a gas-log was! And they had given up their old friendly wood fires for it. Something that was real, for a hollow semblance! He smiled a little bitterly. A wood fire was almost human in its companionship.

He wished that he had brought that little fellow in the blue overalls home to dinner with him. The child had interested him. He reminded him a good deal of George, too. And how the boy had run on about his father! He wondered what George would have found to say to a stranger about his father. Perhaps he never spoke of him at all. They seldom saw each other.





*Drawn by Lucius Wallace Hitchcock*

GRAHAM STOOD VERY STRAIGHT AND TOLD IT PROUDLY



The man moved uneasily in his chair.

He had thought that he was doing what was best for his child. He had given careful consideration to the school he had placed him in. It was one of the best in the country. But he knew what he would like. To-morrow would be Sunday. He would like to take a walk into the country with him—and talk about things—like that little fellow and his father. How proudly the boy had told of his father's asking his advice sometimes! He would like to do that, too.

He had never meant to neglect George. But to-night he was conscious of a need of him, a longing for his presence, which he had never felt before. He wondered if George had ever felt a need of him. The thought made him stir again, uncomfortably.

He bent forward and turned out the gas.

The father of that little fellow at the museum was one of his own mill-hands, it seemed. If so, he would be out of work next Monday. He hoped that it would not make any difference with the boy. He would try to see that it did not.

There would be twelve hundred or more other men out of work as well, many of them with children too. He regretted it. He had told Shipley that from the first. But Shipley had said that the mills were running behind, and they would have to shut down for a few months.

He had never interested himself very much in the mills, which had been his father's pride, and while Montgomery was in charge there had been no need. Shipley was new.

He could not remember that Montgomery had ever shut down, except for a few days at a time, for repairs or new machinery. The Chaloner Mills had a wide reputation for steadiness, and had run on full time through several seasons of trade depression and more than one actual panic.

It had been his father's wish that he should one day take charge of the mills himself, but he had hated them and kept as far as possible from their clatter.

An hour, a half-hour, and another hour sounded from the clock on the mantel.

Henry Chaloner sat before the fire-

place surveying the perspective of past years. They had not been very useful years. His father's life of steady, earnest toil stood out in sharp contrast. But he had not needed to work like that. He could scarcely spend the money now, though he gave away large sums each year.

Giving—yes, he believed he had given rather generously. Perhaps there was a little that was worthy in his life, after all. Then he was ashamed. What was it that he had given? Something that he did not want himself, and had never earned. His hands had never touched belt or pulley. He looked at them curiously. It was the toil-hardened hands of twelve hundred other men that had made his giving possible—the hands of the men he was planning to turn off on Monday.

In his desk was a letter offering fifty thousand dollars to the town of Conway for a library. Conway was his father's birthplace, and he had always meant to do something for it. He had written the letter that morning.

For a while longer he sat considering. At last he rose. Something of the old Chaloner resolution had been reborn within him.

Going to his desk, he found the letter and dropped it into the waste-basket. Conway would have to wait a year or two.

Then he went out in the hall to the telephone.

"Oh, Shipley," he called, over the private wire, "I've decided to put off shutting down for a while. I'll see you early Monday morning."

Returning, he sat down to his mail, running it over rapidly at first to select what appeared most important.

One of the letters he opened with a hurried, nervous movement.

There were many sheets of fine, heavy paper, and the cipher was I. V. C., in silver.

The lines in Mr. Chaloner's face deepened as he read the loosely written pages, one after another telling of the brilliant events that were filling the days and nights at Lenox—accounts of dinners and house-parties; long paragraphs of names made familiar by the Sunday newspapers:



*Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock*

FOR A LONG TIME HE SAT MOTIONLESS IN THE EMPTY, SILENT ROOM





"It is all very gay and pleasant enough," he read at last, "but I am getting tired of Lenox, perhaps, and I am coming home, Henry.

"Have you fully decided upon the trip around the Horn? If, for any reason, you should have given it up, I believe I should not go to New York this winter. I have seen enough of New York here at Lenox, and it seems to me that I should like to be at home. We have never tried a winter there.

"But perhaps you would not care for it. And then, you must not change your arrangements. I do not forget how consistently you have kept your part of our agreement of three years ago not to question or interfere with each other's purposes or decisions in any way, and I should not like you to give up the voyage if you would enjoy it.

"If we were to be at home, I should like to send for George. The school may not be so good there, but we could try it for a while. It is a long time since we had him with us.

"I am afraid that I have not been a very good mother to him.

"There has been a child up here—Mrs. Cornwallis's nephew, Graham Lee. He reminded me a good deal of George. And he was constantly talking of his mother in such a beautiful way. I think it was hearing him that has made me see, for I know that George could never talk of me in that way.

"And it is not toward him alone that I have failed, Henry. I have seen that, too. And because I have seen, it almost seems to me that if I came home now I could go back to those other, better days

—that we could begin some things differently, and find again something of that which we have lost.

"I am coming on the half past four train Monday. ISABEL."

Henry Chaloner read the sheet a second and a third time.

It was not a dream. These were words on paper, and the paper rustled as he turned the page.

For a long time he sat motionless in the empty, silent room, his head resting upon his hand. It was he who had been wrong those many times—he who had failed toward both her and the child.

Remorse, bitter memories, hope, stern determination to do a man's work in the world henceforth, prayers of thanksgiving, prayers for help—all these swept his soul by turns.

If he could ever tell her!

But she was coming Monday. Monday! A great gladness overcame all the rest.

Suddenly he rose. He would go to her to-night. He could reach her in a few hours, and they would come home together.

Graham Lee sighed as he went upstairs that night. He had been listening again to Mr. Leiter's experiences. And they were such interesting ones!

Graham had scoured the brass railing at the museum until the last man left the building, but he had not had any.

He had not been able to learn anything about labor conditions or to ameliorate anything. It was very hard when you wanted to so much.





# The Last Barrier

THE LIFE STORY OF A SALMON

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

**I**N a circular hollow in the clear, bright gravel of the river bar the tiny egg of the great Quah Davic salmon stirred to life. For months it had lain there among its thousands of fellows, with the clear, cold, unsullied current streaming over it ceaselessly.

The bar on which the parent salmon had hollowed their round gravel nest was far up the Great South Branch of the Quah Davic, not many miles from the little, cold spring lake that was its source. The Great South Branch was a stream much loved by the salmon, for its deep pools, its fine gravel spawning-beds, the purity and steady coldness of its current, and the remoteness which protected it from the visits of greedy poachers. In all its course there was but one serious obstruction, namely, the Big Falls, where the stream fell about twelve feet in one pitch, then roared down for half a mile over a succession of low ledges with deep pools between.

The falls were such that vigorous fish had no trouble in surmounting them. But they inexorably weeded out the weaklings. No feeble salmon ever got to the top of that straight and thunderous pitch. Therefore, as the spawning-bars were all above the falls, it was a fine, long-finned, clean-swimming breed of salmon that was bred in the Great South Branch.

When the tiny egg in the gravel stirred to life—as the thousand other tiny eggs were doing at the same time,—there was no ice sheet imprisoning the current, which ran, singing pleasantly, under a soft spring sun. The deep hollow in the gravel sheltered the moving atoms, so that they were not swept away by the current streaming over them. But minute as they were, they speedily gathered a strength altogether miraculous for their size, as they absorbed the clinging sacs

of egg substance and assumed the forms of fish, almost microscopic, but perfect. This advance achieved, they began to venture from behind and beneath the sheltering pebbles, to dare the urgent stream, and to work their way shoreward toward shallower waters, where the perils which beset young salmon would be fewer and less insistent. The egg from which he came having been one of the first to hatch, the tiny salmon was one of the first of the host to find his strength and to start the migration shoreward from the nest on the noisy bar. Perhaps a score started with him, trying the current, darting back to shelter, then more boldly venturing again.

A passing trout, hungry and fierce-eyed, darted above them, heading up against the stream; but being so few and scattered they escaped his fatal attentions. Terrified, however, by the sudden shadow, they hid in the gravel, and for some time made no further trial of the dangerous outer world. When the salmon atom ventured forth again he found himself in a greater company. Hundreds more of the tiny creatures had left the nest and were moving shoreward with him. As the defenceless throng advanced, he saw a couple of what seemed to him gigantic creatures dashing hither and thither among them, snapping them up greedily by twos and threes; and he himself barely escaped those greedy jaws by shooting forward in the nick of time. These seeming monsters were but young redfins, a couple of inches in length, whom he would soon come to despise and chase from his feeding-grounds.

His superior development and speed having so well served him, he was now a foot or more in advance of the throng, and so escaped another and even more wide-ranging peril. A huge shadow, as vast as that of the trout, swept down



upon them; and as he shrank beneath a sharp-edged stone he saw a big sucker settle lazily down where the thronging fry were thickest. With round, horribly dilating and contracting mouth, turned down like an inverted snout, the big fish sucked up the little wrigglers greedily, even drawing them out by his power of suction from their hidings in the gravel. Of the hundreds that had started on the first migration from the nest, not more than threescore followed their frightened and panting mite of a leader into the shallows where the sucker could not come.

Among the little stones close to shore, where the water was hardly more than an inch deep, even the greedy young red-fins would not venture. Nevertheless there were plenty of enemies waiting eagerly for the coming of the new-hatched fry, and the little fellow whose one hour of seniority had made him the pioneer of the shoal found all his ability taxed to guard the speck of life which he had so lately achieved. Keeping far enough from shore to avoid being stranded by some whimsical ripple, he nevertheless avoided the depths that were sufficient for the free hunting of the predatory minnows and red-fins. Such of his kinsfolk as stayed farther out soon served, the greater number of them, as food for the larger river-dwellers, while those who went too close inshore got cast up on the sand to die, or were pounced upon, as they lay close to the surface, by ravenous and unerring mosquitoes, which managed to pierce them even through a film of water a sixteenth of an inch or so in thickness.

Even at the safest and most cunningly chosen depth, however, the little pioneer had plenty of perils to guard against. Secure from the suckers and red-fins on one hand, and the mosquitoes on the other, he had yet for enemies certain predatory larvæ and water-beetles, as well as a few inch-long youngsters of the trout family, who were very active and rapacious. There was a water-beetle with hooked, pincerlike jaws and lightning rapidity of movement, which kept him almost ceaselessly on the alert, and filled him with wholesome terror as he saw it capture and devour numbers of his less nimble or less wary kin. And one day,

when he had chanced, in the company of his diminished school of fry, to drift into a shallow cove where there was no current at all to disturb the water, he was chased by the terrible larva of a dragon-fly. This strange-looking creature, with what seemed a blank, featureless mask where its face and jaws ought to be, darted at him under the propulsion of jets of water sucked into its middle and spurted out behind. Having taken alarm in time, he made good his escape between the stalks of a fine water-weed where the big larva could not penetrate.

Meanwhile, as he was himself continually busy catching and devouring the tiny forms of life which abounded in those fruitful waters—minute shell-fish and the spawn of the water-snails that clung under the stones, gnats, and other small insects that feed on the water, and even other fry just from the egg,—he was growing at such a rate that presently the fierce water-beetles and the baby trout ceased to have any terrors for him. And at last, turning savagely as one of his old tormentors passed by, he caught a small beetle between his jaws and made a meal of him. A few days later one of the baby trout was too slow in getting out of his way. He made a dart, caught his former tyrant, and, though the latter was nearly an inch long, found no difficulty in swallowing him head first.

By this time the little salmon was between two and three inches in length. He was what those learned in matters pertaining to the salmon would have called a "parr." His coloring was very beautiful, in a higher key than the coloring of a trout, and more brilliant, if less showy. There was none of the pink of the trout, but a clear silvery tone on sides and belly, with a shining blue-black along the back. The sides were marked with a row of black dots, set far apart, and accentuated with a yellow flush around them, and another row of spots of most vivid scarlet. Along the sides also ran a row of broad, vertical, bluish-gray bars—the badge of the young of all the salmon tribe. He was a slender, strong-finned, finely moulded little fish, built to have his dwelling in swift currents and to conquer turbulent rapids.

By this time there were not more than twoscore of his brothers and sisters left



alive, and these scattered far and wide over the shoaling stream. It was high summer in the Quah Davic country, and the Great South Branch was beginning to show its ledges and sandy bars above water. Deep green the full-leaved boughs of elm and ash, poplar and maple, leaned above the current; and along the little meadows which here and there bordered the stream, where the lumbermen had had camps or "landings," the misty pink-purple blossoms of the milkweed poured a wild sweetness upon the air. In a shallow run near the shore, where the sunlight fell mottled through an overhanging "sweeper," and the current was about eight inches deep and there was no pool near to tempt the larger fish, the active and wary little "parr" took up his home. The same run was chosen by three of his fellows also, and by a couple of small trout of about the same size. But there was room enough in that run for all of them, so the association was harmonious. Lying with his head upstream, his long fins and broad tail slowly waving to hold him in his position against the current, the little parr waited and watched while his food was brought to him by the untiring current. Sometimes it was a luckless leaf-grub or a caddis-worm torn from its moorings that came tumbling and bumping down along the smooth pebbles of the bottom, to be gathered into the young salmon's eager maw. Sometimes it was a fly or moth or bee or beetle that came dancing down with drenched, helpless wings along the tops of the ripples. And once in a while a pink-shelled baby crawfish in its wanderings would come sidling across the run, and be promptly gobbled up, for all the futile threatenings of its tiny claws. The river was liberal in its providing for its most favored children, these aristocratic and beautiful parr, so the youngster grew apace in his bright run.

Happy though his life was now in every kind of weather, he was still beset with perils. He had, of course, no longer anything to fear from the journeying suckers with their small, toothless mouths; but now and then a big-mouthed, red-bellied, savage trout would pass up the run, and in passing make a dart at one of the little occupants. In this way two of the parr and one of the little trout

disappeared—the trout-folk having no prejudice whatever against cannibalism. But our pioneer, ceaselessly on the watch and ever matchlessly nimble, always succeeded in keeping well out of the way. Once he had a horrible scare, when a seven-pound salmon, astray from the main channel, made his way cautiously up the middle of the run and scraped over the bar. In this case, however, the alarm was groundless, for the stranger was not seeking food, but only a way out of the embarrassing shallows.

Another peril that kept the young parr on the alert—an ever-imminent and particularly appalling peril—was the foraging of the kingfishers. A pair of these noisy and diligent birds had their nest of six little ones in a hole in the red bluff just above the run, and they took ceaseless tribute from the finny tribes of the river.

All through the summer and autumn the little parr was kept very busy, feeding, and dodging his enemies, and playing in the cheerful, shallow run beneath the cedar. When the early autumn rains swelled the volume of the Great South Branch, he first realized how numerous were the big salmon in the stream—fish which had kept carefully clear of the shallow places wherein he had spent the summer. Though he held himself well aloof from these big fish—which, indeed, never paid him any attention whatever,—he noticed them playing tempestuously, leaping high out of the pools, and very busy night and morning on the gravel bars, where they seemed to be digging with their powerful snouts.

Still later in the season, when, instead of flies and beetles, there fell upon the darkening surface of the river little pale specks which vanished as he snatched at them, he grew fiercely and inexplicably discontented. What he longed for he did not know; but he knew it was nowhere in the waters around him, neither along the edges of the shore, where now the ice was forming in little crisp fringes. All about him he saw the big salmon—their sides lean and flat, their brilliant colors darkened and faded—swimming down languidly with the strenuous current. Hitherto their movements had been all up-stream—upward, upward incessantly and gladly. Now the



old energy and joy of life seemed quite gone out of them. Nevertheless, they all seemed very anxious to go somewhere, and the way to that somewhere appeared to be down-stream. Hardly knowing what he did, and not at all knowing why he did it, the little parr found himself slipping down-stream with them. He had grown vastly in size and strength, while his vivid and varied hues had begun to soften appreciably. In fact, he was now no longer a parr, but a "smolt"; and after the ordained custom of his kind, he was on his way down to the sea.

Long-finned and full of vigor, the little smolt was not dismayed when he came to heavier water, exchanging the region of the gravelly bars for a space of broken ledges, where the great current roared hither and thither and lashed itself into foam. Through these loud chutes and miniature falls he shot safely, though not, at first, without some trepidation. The lean, slab-sided salmon, or "slinks," who were his travelling companions, served as his involuntary guides. Except to make use of them in this way once or twice, he paid them little attention; though now and again a big lantern-jawed fellow would rush at him with a sort of half-hearted fury, compelling him to make a hurried retreat. The Great South Branch, soon after the region of the wild ledges was past, fell into quiet ways, and crept for a few miles with deep, untroubled current through a land of alders. Here the winter, which had by this time settled down upon the Quah Davic country, had its will, and the river was frozen and snow-covered from shore to shore. The little smolt, as he journeyed beneath the ice, was puzzled and disturbed by the unusual dimness of the light that filtered down to him.

This was a condition, however, which he soon left behind. Swollen by the influx of several lesser streams, the Great South now burst its fetters and thundered along through a series of tumultuous rapids. Then above the thunder of these rapids came a louder, heavier roar. A moment more and he was hurled onward bewilderingly, dashed downward through a smother of broken water which held so much air in it that it almost choked him, and shot into a great, deep,

swirling pool, where many "slinks" and a few slim smolt like himself were swimming lazily hither and thither. He had successfully made the descent of the South Branch Falls.

After a very brief rest in the basin below the falls to recover his self-possession, the smolt, with many other migrants, resumed his seaward journey. The Great South presently, with a long rush, united its waters with those of the main Quah Davic. Down this full-flowing stream he swam steadily for three uneventful days, to find himself at length in a mighty river whose amber-brown current was a surprise to him after the clear, greenish flood in which he had been born. And barely had he become accustomed to it when another and more startling change confronted him. The current, flowing strongly in one direction, would change for a time and flow directly against him. A strange, bitter taste was in the water. The great salt tides were rushing up to welcome him. He was nearing the sea.

At first the brackishness in the water repelled him; but almost at once he found himself accepting it with avidity. At the same time he could not but observe a sudden awakening of interest in life among the languid "slinks." They began to show a better appetite, to move about more alertly, to make themselves more dangerous to the small fish which crowded their paths. The water grew more and more salt—yet with an ever-increasing zest to it which made the smolt amazingly keen for his food. Then the shield of ice above him, beneath which he had for so long travelled, suddenly vanished, and through long, free, apparently shoreless waves he felt the sunlight streaming down to him unimpeded. He had reached the sea.

The smolt, with others like himself, kept travelling more or less, in the company of the reviving "slinks." Like all the rest of the strong-finned, silver-sided host, he was now feeding with a ravenousness of appetite unknown to him in the old days of rapid and pool. His food was chiefly the very tiny creatures of the sea—shell-fish from the deep-covered rocks and floating masses of weed, young fry swimming in schools, jellyfish of various sorts, and the myriad minute sea



things which made certain belts and patches of the sea, at times, almost like a kind of soup ready to his eager palate. Ever north and north swam the silver host, seeking those cold currents from the pole which are as thick with life as the lands they wash are lifeless. Very deep they swam—so deep that, countless as their armies were, they left no trace to betray them to the nets or hooks of the fishing-fleets. In those faintly glimmering depths the slow tide stirred softly, unmoved by whatever arctic storm might rave and shriek over its surface.

In this gloom the tiny creatures of the sea shone by their own pale phosphorescence, and in such unimaginable millions did they swarm that the journeying salmon had but to open their mouths to be fed. At this depth, too, they had but little persecution from the more swift and powerful hunters of the sea—the big-mouthed whales, the sharks, and the porpoises.

When the young salmon had been about three months in the sea, growing diligently all the time, a strange but potent influence impelled him, along with most of his companioning hordes, to turn and journey backward toward the coast whence he had come. He was now about five pounds in weight, and if he had fallen into the hands of a fisherman he would have been labelled a "grilse."

As the big grilse journeyed he went on growing daily, till by the time he found himself back in the waters of the Gulf he was a good six pounds in weight. As he mounted nearer the surface and drew inshore he passed the mouths of various rivers and encountered swirling currents of brackish water. At each of these river mouths numbers of the host would separate and turn up the freshening tide. But our grilse kept right on, making unerringly for his mighty native stream. And those that continued with him were more in number than those that turned aside.

It was during this journey down offshore that perils once more began to assail the young salmon—perils which it took all his good luck and activity to evade. For one thing, there were dogfish. These miniature sharks, with their savage mouths set far under their snouts, were no match for the grilse or any of

his kind in speed; but the latter, being unsuspecting, came very near being caught unawares. A swift sweep of his long fins and powerful tail saved him, just in time. He shot away like a silver streak just as the fierce jaws snapped sharply at his flank. After that he kept his eyes alert on the approach of any fish in the least degree larger than himself. And in the course of this watchfulness he saw many of his kinsmen caught and torn to pieces by these ravening dogfish, who are the very wolves of the sea.

Another and equally deadly peril was one that took several forms. Once, as he swam swiftly but easily onward, he saw a number of his companions, who chanced to be a little ahead of him, stop abruptly and engage in what seemed to him a meaningless struggle. In a moment he detected a mesh of fine, brown lines, which seemed to surround and grapple with the unfortunate fish. Not waiting to investigate further, he retreated with a nervous flurry of speed. Then, not to be deterred in his homeward progress, he dived almost to the bottom and continued his journey, not returning toward the dangerous surface till he was many a mile beyond the throttling peril of the drift-net.

Leagues up the great river, after mounting several noisy but not difficult rapids, the grilse came to a halt for the first time in a deep and spacious pool which swarmed with his fellows.

A day's journey beyond the pool, a great outrush of colder water, green-white against the amber tide of the main river, greeted the returning grilse, and he found himself in the mouth of his native Quah Davie. It was a scantier and shallower stream, however, than when he left it, for now the long heats of the summer had shrunken all the water-courses. As he mounted the clear current he now encountered fierce rapids and ledges boiling with foam, which put his swimming prowess to the test. After a day of these rapids and ledges, he felt quite ready to halt once more in a great green pool, where two lively brooks, tumbling in from either shore, kept the surface flecked with whirling foam. Here the invigorating coolness of the water speedily refreshed him, and he fell to



feeding on the various insects brought down by the meeting currents. The pool was thronged with grilse and full-grown salmon, with here and there a school of graceful whitefish or a group of sluggish suckers, whom he ignored. When the moon rose white over the black serried masses of the fir woods, silvering the pool, the big grilse, obeying a sudden caprice, shot upwards with a mighty surge of fins and tail, and hurled himself high into the still air. Falling back with a resounding splash, he repeated the feat again and again. He had discovered the fascination of diving upward into the unknown and alien element of the air. Others of his kindred, large and small, had made the same discovery, and the wilderness silence was broken with splash after splash as the tense, silver shapes shot up, gleamed for an instant, and fell back. As the noise of the mysterious play echoed on the night air, a black bear crept down to the water's edge on one side of the stream, and a lynx stole out to the end of a log on the other side, each hoping that some unwary player might come within reach of his paw. But all the salmon kept out in the safe deeps, and the keen-eyed watchers watched in vain as the round moon climbed the clean heights of the sky.

After a few days in this pool, he was surprised one early morning by the sight of a long, dark shape gliding over the surface. From its side, near the hinder end, a curious narrow fin thrust downward from time to time, and with heavy swirls propelled the dark shape. The strange apparition disturbed him, and he grew restless and watchful. A few minutes after it had passed there came a faint splash on the surface above him, and a big, odd-looking fly appeared. It sank an inch or two, moved against the current, and was then withdrawn. But when, a moment later, the strange fly appeared again, he was amazed to see one of the biggest salmon in the pool rise lazily and suck it down. The next instant there was a terrific commotion. He saw the great fish rush hither and thither up and down and around the pool, now scattering the whitefish on the bottom, now splashing upon the surface and leaping half his length into the air.

Very clearly the cunning grilse understood what it all meant. For many long minutes he watched the struggle, which showed no sign of ending. Then, disgusted and apprehensive, he forsook the pool, darting beneath the canoe as he did so, and continued his journey up-stream.

Later in the day the returning traveller came to the mouth of the Great South Branch. Without hesitation he turned up that turbulent but shrunken stream, knowing it for his own; and he made no stops till he reached the deep, green, foamy pool at the foot of the falls. Being still comparatively fresh and very restless, he swam all around the pool, and took a crafty survey of the terrific obstacle before him. But among the sojourners in the pool were many fish with bleeding sides, who had essayed the leap in vain and were waiting to recuperate their energies for another effort. He, too, paused a little, gathering his young strength.

The falls of the Big South were about twelve feet in total height. There were two leaps, the upper one, of about three feet, rolling down into a hollow shelf of sandstone some three or four feet in width, and the lower dropping nine feet sheer into the pool. Most of the face of this fall, at this stage of the water, was lashed into foam by fissures and projecting angles of rock, but on the right of the main volume the stream fell in a clear, green column. Up the front of this column the grilse presently flung himself, striking the water about a foot from the top. As he struck, the impetus of his leap not yet exhausted, his powerful fins and tail took firm hold of the solid water and urged him upward. Over the dip he shot, into the boiling turmoil of the shelf, then onward over the great surge of the upper dip. He had triumphed easily, and the way was clear before him to the shining gravel bars whereon he had been spawned.

Every day there were new arrivals at the spawning-beds, and among them the strong and wary grilse soon found a mate. She was considerably larger than he—a trim young salmon of the second year and perhaps nine pounds in weight. But his radiant coloring, his strength and his activity, as he swam around her and



displayed his charms, appeared to content her. With his bony nose he dug her a circular nest in the gravel, where the current ran clear but not too strong; and in this nest she laid her countless eggs, while he rubbed his side caressingly against her shining flanks. When her eggs were all laid and fertilized he drifted away from her, dropped down to the nearest pool, and lay there sluggish and uninterested for a while, until, seized once more by the longing for the great salt tides, he joined a returning company of "slinks" and hurried back down-river to the sea.

When he reached the deep sea and regained his appetite among the sweeping tides, he once more began to grow. His fins became smaller in proportion to his bulk; and he was no longer a grilse, but a salmon. Adventures, perils, interests, appetites, were all much the same as during his first season in the sea. Only he now swam with a certain majesty, ignoring the grilse and smaller salmon who swam and fed beside him; for he was of splendid stature, one of the lords of his kind.

This time he let nearly the whole round of the year go by, feeding at leisure, and lazily dodging the seals, among the icy but populous tides that swing beyond the mouth of Hudson Strait. Then, late the following winter, long before the dark earth had any word of spring, spring stirred secretly in his veins, and he remembered the sunny gravel bars of the Great South Branch; he began to swim tirelessly southward.

It was late May when the returning salmon, having successfully eluded the snares of the nets and the assaults of harbor-seal and dogfish, came again to the mouth of his native river and fanned his gills once more in its sweet, amber current. He was now a good thirty-five pounds in weight, and his clean blue and silver body was adorned with fine markings of extraordinary brilliancy. Through rapid and chute and pool he darted tirelessly, and up the Great South Branch, till he found himself in the boiling basin of green and foam at the foot of the falls.

He knew that he had passed the barrier before, reaching those bright, gravelled reaches of which he was desirous.

A summons which he could not disobey was urging him on. After a short rest he suddenly aroused himself, darted like a flash of silver through the green flood, and shot straight up the face of the fall. Within three feet of the crest he came, hung curved like a bow for a fraction of a second, glittering and splendid, then fell back into the white smother. Again and yet again he essayed the leap, gaining perhaps a foot on the second trial, but falling far short on the third. Then, exhausted and beaten by the great impact of the waters as he fell back defenceless, he retired to the quietest depth of the pool to recover his strength.

Through the turmoil he saw the wide, shallow, clear-glittering gravel bars of the upper stream, golden under the sun and blue-white under the moon; and he saw the loud barrier to be passed before he could reach them. Again he flashed up, with a power and swiftness that seemed irresistible, and again he shot into the spray-thick air on the face of the fall. Again he hung there for half a heart-beat, spent, to fall back baffled and confused. Again and again, however, he flashed upward to the trial. Again and again the rock teeth hidden in the foam caught and tore him as he fell. At last, all but stunned and altogether bewildered, he swam feebly into an eddy close to shore and half turned upon his side, his gills opening and closing violently.

A visitor from the hills had come shambling down to the river edge, one of the great black bears of the Quah Davic Valley. Sitting contemplatively on her haunches, with little, cunning eyes she had watched the vain leaps of the salmon. As the efforts of the brave fish grew feebler and feebler she drew down closer and closer to the edge of the water, till it frothed about her feet. When, at last, the salmon came blindly into the eddy and turned upon its side, the bear crept forward like a cat, crouched,—and a great black paw shot around with a clutching sweep. Gasping and quivering, the salmon was thrown up upon the rocks. Then white teeth, savage but merciful, bit through the back of the neck; and unstruggling he was carried to a thicket in the quiet above the falls.



# Toilers of the River

BY THORNTON OAKLEY

I STOOD upon the great steel bridge which spans the Monongahela and was bathed in an atmosphere of smoke. A strange, red haze lay like a veil upon the valley, and through it the sunlight stole sluggishly, casting curious shadows. The oily river gleamed below me, then farther on it curved and lost itself in the black-blue distance. Fleets of barges lay upon the river like the black squares of some huge checker-board. Consequential coal-boats were steaming noisily up and down, vomiting clouds of smoke, churning up the muddy water with their paddle-wheels, and leaving in their wake white trails of foam. A network of railroad tracks lay along each bank, and locomotives were shifting ceaselessly back and forth with shrieking whistles and the clang of bells. Beyond the railroad were the mills. Smoke poured from a wilderness of stacks and blotted out the sky. A towering blast-furnace was pouring out volumes of red ore dust. The houses round about were encrusted with red. Every little while I would be enveloped in a dense cloud of vapor, and through it, dimly, I would see the river shining. Here and there, against the general blackness, there would be some bursts of steam; and the sun, having fought its way through the sooty haze, would strike upon them, and my eyes would be dazzled by their brightness.

I walked to the far end of the bridge and climbed down the rickety stairs, which brought me to the foot of a sort of lane, leading up from the railroad and the river. I crossed the tracks, climbed over freight-cars piled high with coal, keeping a sharp lookout for the busy engines, and came upon the river bank. A house-boat was lying a couple feet from shore in the midst of a vast array of coal-barges, and a man sat dozing upon the little porchlike deck.

"Hello!" I called. "Have you got a boat?" He didn't understand. He put

one hand up to his ear, shouted "Hey?" and with his other beckoned me over to the boat. I stepped gingerly across the shaky log which served as a gangplank. The man got up from his bench as I boarded the boat, and I saw that he was very tall and lean. Two red scars ran across his long, thin face and disappeared into the gray stubble which bristled upon his chin. He was blinking all the time as though his eyes were weak, and his bony hand trembled as he stretched it out to me. "Have you got a boat?" I asked again, and explained that I wanted to paint some pictures and get photographs of the mills from the river, and would like to have some one row me around a bit. "I guess Dan kin do it," he said. "He's out at the pumps. I'll call him," and he shouted out across the coal to where a stumpy funnel was belching smoke from a dingy shed. "I'd row you myself," the man said as he turned back to me, "only I hain't been well lately. Got the rheumatiz. Been workin' out in the rain too much, I reckon. Dan," he said, as a young fellow came running up across the coal, "have yer got enough water out of that barge so yer kin leave her a while? Here's a gentleman wants yer to row him 'round some. You'd better wash yer face." Dan's face was the color of the coal.

Dan dived into the house, and soon reappeared, smelling of soap, and with a freshly scrubbed face that contrasted startlingly with his grimy clothes. We jumped into a flat-bottomed rowboat whose seats were covered with coal-dust, and, after we had threaded our way between two fleets of barges, pulled out into the river. Dan sat in the bow. His arms were long and wiry, and as he pulled at the stumpy oars of our clumsy skiff, I could see his muscles playing beneath his shirt—a shirt which I think must once have been white. He was full of river talk and gossip of the mills, and while he





*Drawn by Thornton Oakley*

FLEETS OF BARGES LAY UPON THE MONONGAHELA

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rowed he kept spinning all sorts of yarns, while I sat upon a newspaper in the stern and tried to keep my feet out of the puddle of dirty water in the bottom of the boat.

Dan told me about Jake—the long, lean man on the house-boat. He was Dan's father. Jake formerly had been a "keeper" in one of the blast-furnaces



A TYPICAL RIVER-MAN

across the river, and it was when Dan was still a youngster that the accident had occurred which had put an end to Jake's usefulness about the mills. It had been just before a casting, and Jake, with four or five "helpers," had been drilling through the fire-clay at the mouth of the furnace to open a passageway for the molten iron. Suddenly, without an instant's warning, the vent blew open, and a roaring torrent of liquid metal gushed upon them. Dan's father had been the man nearest the furnace, and, in the confusion and wild scramble to escape,

had fallen, had rolled up against the furnace door, and had been almost buried in boiling iron. He had been taken up for dead, with every stitch burned off him. There was hardly an inch of skin the molten metal had not touched. But there is a saying along the river that "cats and millmen have nine lives." A few weeks in the hospital had brought Jake back to life, and he resumed his work as "keeper" of the blast-furnace. In a couple of days, however, he found he could no longer stand the strain. He was nervous and his hands shook, his eyes were weak and he could not endure heat. He was obliged to give up his job. He turned river-man, and now, while the river was low and the dams were up, fleets of coal-boats were entrusted to his care.

"Lots of fellows get hurt in the mills," Dan went on. "There's old Steve—I guess you saw him at the railroad crossin' where you came down—the big fellow on crutches with the flag—I guess Steve used to get twenty dollars a day when he worked up with the Crucible. Then his crucible cracked, one day, just as he was swingin' it out of the furnace, and the steel went all over his legs. They put him on gate duty up there. That's all he was good for after that."

While Dan talked he was busy with our leaky rowboat. The wind drove the smoke from the mills so thickly down upon the river that at times we could see but a little way beyond the gunwale; or perhaps we would catch only the greenish-yellow glow of the Bessemer which was roaring over on the shore. A dingy coal-steamer would suddenly bear down upon us out of the smoke, and it would keep Dan hustling to get out of the way. It required care, too, in our hurry to steer clear of her, not to ship a boat-load of water, for our skiff was old and battered and at the stern where I was sitting a jagged hole gaped just above the water-line.

As soon as we would be safely by the steamer and her heaving wake, Dan would begin again some snatch of a steamboat yarn. He seemed to know every steamboat's whistle that blew upon the river. We would hear the deep, hollow whistle of a coming steamer long before we could see her outlines through the smoke, and Dan would say, "There comes the *Smoky City*," or, "There's the *J. W. Flint*."



"Hello! Here comes the 'Hoodoo,'" said Dan, as a whistle shriller than the others pierced the smoke. "It's the *Iron Queen*," he went on as I looked at him inquiringly. "She used to be the old *James Carson*—I guess she don't ever make a trip but somethin' happens. She used to strike a snag regular up above the second pool, and her bottom got ripped clean out of her every time. Then, one night, a fire broke out in the engine-room when she was comin' up from Cinsunnatta. They tried to beach her, but her boilers blew up, and she sank in twelve foot of water. They fished her up and started her goin' agin, but first they gave her a new name. Guess they thought it might scare away the hoodoo. On the very first trip the old *James Carson* made as the *Iron Queen*, the mate cut his throat with a razor. He was a fellow called Matthews. He'd always been a cheerful sort of chap. No one ever knew what was the trouble, but it's been mighty hard ever since to get a crew on board the *Iron Queen*. That one on her now is gettin' mighty good pay, I reckon."

Dan pointed out an old side-wheeled excursion-boat, with rusty stacks and dilapidated paddles, which was lying among a jam of sunken flatboats, old barges, and all sorts of rirraff. She was the *Hurricane*, Dan said, and sometime back in the seventies she and her sister ship, the *Twin City*, had carried excursion parties between Pittsburg and Monongahela City. Captain Barnes of the *Hurricane* and Captain Sparks of the *Twin City* had each been owner as well as captain of his boat, and between these skippers had existed a friendly rivalry which had at length become so intense as to cause much amusement among the

river-men. Gradually the tide of popular favor had ebbed from the boat of Captain Barnes and had flowed more and more steadily toward the *Twin City*. The poor old *Hurricane* would make her semi-weekly trips up-river with almost empty decks, while Captain Sparks would have his boat crowded to the rails. The cause of Captain Sparks' triumph had not been hard to find. He had formerly been captain of a Mississippi River packet down somewhere near Orleans, and his daughter, raised upon an old plantation, had been initiated into the deeper mysteries of the culinary art. When the captain came up North and bought the excursion-steamer *Twin City*, he made Susan mistress of the kitchen. It was not long before the fame of her cooking



"OLD STEVE," VICTIM OF MOLTEN STEEL

spread abroad. Those who had gone up-river with Captain Sparks came back with enthusiastic tales about the good things they had had to eat. Susan's "Chicken à la Créole" became proverbial along the valley.

Captain Barnes struggled vainly against this tide of popularity, which threatened to strand him high and dry.



In vain did he try cook after cook of various nationalities and of various degrees of efficiency. In vain did he advertise French *chefs* and imported Portuguese. In vain did he squander his carefully cherished hoard upon five musicians of Teutonic origin, who, clad in cloth of gorgeous blue and glittering buttons, would group themselves upon the deck on moonlight nights and blow uncertainly through asthmatic instruments. It was useless. In spite of all inducements, Susan and her chicken still proved irresistible. Something had to be done and done at once, or the captain would have to sell the *Hurricane*.

Captain Sparks was surprised one morning by a visit from Captain Barnes. "Cap'n," said Captain Barnes, "that old boat of mine is gettin' kinder tuckered out. Her bottom's all but done fer by them bloomin' snags, an' Pete says he won't answer much longer fer her engines. He says they're wheezin' somethin' terrible. So I reckon I'll put her up on the docks an' let her have a right good goin' over; an' I thought while she was gettin' fixed I'd come over here a bit, an' maybe get a bite of them things of Susan's I've heard so much about."

Captain Sparks was greatly pleased. Nothing delighted him more than praise of Susan, and especially when it came from Captain Barnes. So it came about that while the *Hurricane* lay high and dry upon the ways, Captain Barnes was to be found on board the boat of Captain Sparks. But the river-men wagged their heads knowingly when they gossiped of Captain Barnes. "Old Sparks must be blind," they said, "not to see what Sam Barnes is up to, potterin' around in the kitchen there all day with Susan. The *Hurricane* don't want her bottom fixed. You kin see that with one eye closed, an' her engines wuz put in only a year ago last Christmas."

The river-men were right. When the *Hurricane* resumed her regular trips up the Monongahela, the following lines appeared in the daily advertisement of the steamer's sailings: "It is hardly necessary to state that the cuisine of the *Hurricane* is unexcelled. It is under the sole management of Mrs. Susan Sparks Barnes."

Dan had been resting on his oars, and

the current had taken us over to the right bank of the river. The smoke had lifted for a while, and we could see the blast-furnaces, like towering chimneys from the pit, vomiting red clouds of ore dust. Through the smoke, as through a veil of red, we could see the city rising on the hill behind. We had drifted up to a dingy barge laden deep with coal, and on it men were toiling, black with soot. Two steam-shovels with gaping jaws descended with a rush from a gigantic framework which towered above our heads, then rose swiftly with a rattle of chains and the hiss of steam—a ton of coal within their maws.

I listened to the men's talk as they toiled and sweated and guided the mouthfuls of coal into the hungry shovels. The barge was a very Babel. Every man had a language of his own—save one, who spoke them all. This fellow was a great hulk of a man, with eyes as round as saucers, and a woolly mustache upon his heavy lip. He held a short stump of a pipe in his mouth and diffused an odor of rank tobacco. During the brief pauses in his work, while the shovel soared aloft, he would have some unintelligible jargon to translate into something equally unintelligible. I recognized Italian, however, when he muttered something about "cinque dollari" to a fellow laborer who was spreading out his palms in a way that had made me take him for a Frenchman. There was a German, too, but I could not guess the nationality of a heavily built man with deep-set eyes and broad, flat nose, who spluttered in his speech. "What barbarous language do you suppose that is?" I asked Dan, but Dan only shook his head. The polyglot workman overheard my question. He looked at me in a superior way. "Slavonic," he growled between his teeth. "There ain't much English 'round the mills." The next day, when I was wandering through the mills, I remembered what he had said. I had gone hoping to get some characteristic stories from the mill-hands, but they only shook their heads and muttered when I spoke to them, or else they would stare at me vacantly and blow vile whiffs from their pipes.

When Dan and I pulled away from the coal-barge, we kept slowly on up-stream,





*Drawn by Thornton Oakley*

THE STEAM-SHOVEL TAKES UP A TON OF COAL AT A TIME



hugging the shore, rowing in and out among the house-boats, and stopping every little while to talk with the bargemen. We were in the midst of the coal-boat landings. Broad fleets of barges lay end to end along both shores, and the house-boats were dotted thickly up and down. You could see the wives of the house-boat men toiling about the decks, and pinning up long lines of fluttering garments—soon to be blackened in the soot. Children were swarming all about—dirty-faced youngsters, coal-begrimed and ragged. The air was full of their shrill voices. A crowd of ragamuffins were taking headers from a barge into the turbid river. Their wet skins glistened as they clambered out and perched themselves along the boat. They were shouting and howling at one another, and

kept up a prodigious splashing. The bargemen were busied with their work among the coal-boats. Some of them had sons to help them. These more fortunate ones would lean back in their chairs comfortably, puffing at their corn-cob pipes, and shout orders out to the boys working upon the barges.

The work of the house-boat man keeps him constantly busied. He earns from fifty to a hundred dollars a month, with the use of the house-boat, according to his ability and the number of coal-boats entrusted to his care. This is but small pay for the work he has to do. A coal-boat is always leaking, and he must be constantly at the pumps. The pumping-engines are usually in a little shed out in the midst of the fleet of barges, and from the shed pipes reach out like long tentacles. Once in a while the pumps get out of order or an important pipe bursts, and like as not when this happens some barge will be leaking rapidly. Then the river-man gets excited. He must have help at once or his barge will sink—an event which will not improve his record upon the books of the coal company. Perhaps a neighbor's fleet may lie conveniently near, so that a pipe can be stretched from his pumping-boat to the sinking barge. Maybe some other house-boat man will have an extra set of pumps, and will send them over to aid his fellow. Help is always at hand for the river-man in trouble. One blast upon his whistle and from a mile or so up and down the stream his neighbors will come hurrying, eager to bring succor to their comrade.

It is not the barge-keeper's only duty to see that the coal is dry and that his barges will not sink. Day and night he must be on the watch to keep his boats secure. He who has thirty or forty barges in his care has but little peace. The wash from a passing steamer's paddle-wheel often causes mischief, and unless the ropes are strong and taut, a coal-boat may break loose and float clumsily down-stream—a menace to the river's shipping.

I remember a tale one of the river-men was telling me about a barge that drifted off during a stormy night and stranded on a bar 'way down in the Ohio. Though the night was inky black, it was soon discovered by the folk along the



"THERE COMES THE 'SMOKY CITY,'" DAN WOULD SAY





*Drawn by Thornton Oakley*

THE COAL-BOAT MAN LEADS A PEACEFUL LIFE



river. They swarmed out to the barge in rowboats, and all that night there flowed a steady stream of coal to the shore. The next morning, when the steamboat men came down the river in quest of an errant flatboat, they found the flatboat high and dry upon a sand-spit; but of the ten thousand bushels of coal which she had carried, there remained only a little blackish mud and dust.



THE MOST IMPORTANT MEMBER OF THE CREW

In the winter when the water is low, and the coal-boats lie quietly in the pools above the dams, the routine of the bargeman is but little troubled by fear of accident. But in the spring, when the thaws set in and the rains have come, the heavy winter snows far up in the mountains melt away and torrents come gushing down the valley. Now the keeper

must bestir himself. A coal-boat rise is at hand; the dams will soon be down, and he must have his fleet in readiness for its long-expected journey to Orleans.

But for the most part the coal-boat men dwell peacefully along the river's banks. They all have tales about their life in younger days before they had married and settled down in house-boats. Some had sweated in the mills until made useless by an accident; but most of them have been steamboat men and can describe for you every packet that has plied upon the river, every turn and twist of the Ohio down to Cairo.

The bargemen see but little of the life that teems behind them on the hill. They depend upon the steamboat-folk for news about the city. At night, when the coal-steamers are lying moored along the quay, you will see their crews emerging from their grimy cabins and disappearing in the city's streets. Soon, with Mag or Liz, they will be hearing the latest coon-song or local gags at some vaudeville show. Or, perhaps, they'll put in the night at Scroggins's saloon, and in the morning the bargemen will hear the gossip of the town—how "Jack" Johnson knocked out "Kid" Maloy in the fifth round, with a straight left on the jaw; how Broderick, the mate of the *Breezy Point*, has run off with the skipper's daughter; how the South Side furnaces have cut down their working force, and a thousand mill-hands are out of a job.

While the city sleeps, the river glows with life. Furnaces fling tongues of flame into the black arch of night. Bursts of fire from roaring Bessemers illuminate the valley. The towering stacks, pouring out their smoke, stand black against the glare. The night is full of the thunder of the mills.

Down on the river the shadows of the coal-boats flicker darkly. The eddies gleam as they swirl out into the light. The pumping-boats clang steadily, and on the creaking barges the house-boat men are still upon the watch. The city slumbers, but the river-man works on. His labors cease not with the day; night offers him no respite. He is a toiler of the river.



# The Heart of the Dragon

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

IN all San Francisco's Chinatown, gilded with sunlight and richly splashed with color, there was not another sight so quaint, so bright, or so engaging as that of pretty little Suey Ling—motherless and only five years old—sitting alone in the doorway of her father's house, holding fast to a poor old headless doll as if she felt that it too might be just about to pass from her tiny grasp forever.

She was a gayly dressed but sober little woman-child, with large, brown, half-awed eyes, a tiny mouth sensitive with eagerness for affection, and the roundest and smoothest of tinted-bronze cheeks imaginable. Her tiny feet, in their wee yellow boats of shoes, were as motionless as her two dimpled, doll-clasping hands, for she had a fear.

Whether she remembered how death had come to take away her mother, and knew certain signs of its approach, or whether she partially comprehended some vague intuition respecting her father's fatal illness now, may never be known; yet she sat in the very corner of the doorway, instinctively making room for death to pass, and for a long time nothing came there to keep her company save the sunlight, generous and comforting.

Nevertheless, as she sat there, demure and alone, a Chinese melody, teased from a one-stringed violin, at last came floating down from the casement above, and gave her great pleasure, despite the fact that its cadence was overburdened with sentiments of newly budded love.

It was Luey Mow, a Chinese youth of two-and-twenty, who played with such impassioned fervor. He was joyously confiding certain transports of ecstasy to the various gods who might have been attracted to this particular neighborhood of Chinatown by sundry red lanterns and Oriental symbols in green and gold. He was very much in love indeed with an altogether delightful Chinese maiden at

present secure from Mongolian intrigue in the Rescue House, that was roofed and fenced by white man's law and governed by white man's women. The maiden's name was Nikku Loy, and in memory of certain glances bestowed upon him obliquely from her eyes, Luey played and sang a rapture vocally expressible only in a very high falsetto voice. He sang a continued novelette, concerning the manner of his love, for each and every day of the year, the tale enriched and supplemented by a florid recital of the names of the gods who would esteem the mating between himself and Nikku Loy an obedience to their most celestial wishes.

It was a pleasant song—from a Chinese point of contemplation. Little Suey Ling opened wide her tiny ears and tiny nature, as she sat in the sunlight, to receive every chirrup, accent, and squeak of the one-stringed rhapsody. And the squeaks were many. To her lonely little being, however, the notes came like invisible playmates, to nestle in the lap of her heart. She sat so still and listened so intently that she did not even observe the hard, ugly face of a large Chinese man, revealed at a window of the opposite house, as the creature glared across the narrow street at her pretty little figure. Indeed, when he came from his door at last and stood for a moment looking hungrily upon her, she continued oblivious to everything save that melody of love.

Impatiently the man surveyed the street. It was all but deserted. Again he regarded the listening little girl as he once more revolved his meditations. There she sat, in easy reach—worth at least three hundred dollars, and her father perhaps already dead! A galvanic spasm contracted the muscles of the man's tense limbs as he abruptly restrained an impulse to dart across the way and snatch little Suey thus prematurely. But he thought of a method far



more crafty, and furtively retreated to his hovel.

In half an hour the music ceased, and eager little Suey felt that the friendly squeaks and chirrups had returned to their home. Then the sunlight also deserted her corner and left her in the cooling shadow.

Afraid to arise and enter the house, afraid to remain where the dusk was stealing in upon her so mystically, little Suey tried her utmost to suppress a tiny shiver and to face the dreaded things of coming night, already weaving shades about the precious form of her doll. Her little arms were aching with the tension of her grasp; her tiny heart was trembling timidly at the silence. Then a stealthy sound behind her, in the house, abruptly cast a paralyzing terror on her being.

In her father's door stood the Chinese ogre who had glared at her so covetously from across the street. He had come to the house by a hidden way.

Some ugly sound of greed and satisfaction escaped his lips. He caught up the child, who clung in frenzy to her doll, and fleeing through the silent dwelling, entered a passage he knew at the rear, and thus came, by ways black and devious, to a safe and dark retreat, where waiting for night could involve no complications.

Here he lighted a candle, and seating the silent, fluttering child on the top of a box, muttered horribly frightening calculations on her worth in the market of slaves. Little Suey dared not move so much as an inch. She dared not cry or speak a word. To her doll she clung with a new desperation.

Apparently rendered tinier by the huge, engulfing shadows of the place, and further dwarfed by the great, repulsive form of the man who towered there above her, Suey seemed the merest little plaything of the Fates, gayly clothed as she was in yellow, red, and green, and seated here alone, fatherless, motherless, and friendless—a sweet, tiny morsel of womanhood to bait a lifelong tragedy.

Her captor sat down at his gloating at length to await the fall of all-concealing darkness. For nearly an hour little Suey remained quite motionless upon her box, only a trifle less terrified than she finally became the moment the man once

more took her up in his arms to convey her away from the place.

The way they went was partially open to the darkness of the starlit evening, but much of the route was by the blackest passages. Thus they came at length to a basement of proved security, wherein abided a female creature, old, seamed with coarseness, and long before despoiled of beauty, conscience, and nearly all her feminine emotions. It was she who opened the door at the man's peculiar signal; and it opened on a veritable cavern of unilluminated gloom.

The trembling and orphaned little captive—clinging in utter despair to her doll—was placed in the slave-woman's arms, the doll being caught and torn from one of its legs by the process of transfer.

At the touch of something feminine, in all this darkness, little Suey was almost overcome with relief and gratitude. She threw one arm about the hardened woman's neck and held with all her baby strength to the "mother" she felt but could not see. She sobbed out one little smothered speech of imploring and confidence, nestling as if from every harm on the bosom where feeling had long since parched for lack of tears or milk.

"Go in and shut the door," said the man. "I stay but a moment to inform you that you keep and guard this little property of mine with your life."

He pushed the woman into the basement blackness, and following, closed the door himself. At the sound of his voice little Suey crept yet closer to the woman's neck, her other tiny hand fast gripping an arm of her doll.

"This child is very young," said the woman.

"I know," interrupted the abductor. "She is very young, and five or six years is long to feed her and wait; yet she is gifted with beauty, and her price will increase far faster than her appetite."

The woman inquired, "She is to live with me?—and learn of me?"

"Until I take her elsewhere," answered the man. "And that I may find her here every day when I come, I give you warning that upon her loss you suddenly perish."

"But," said the woman, "she is of much value, even now, and belongs, no doubt, to some one else. If by chance





*Drawn by C. D. Weldon*

THE CHINESE OGRE HAD COME TO THE HOUSE BY A HIDDEN WAY







she is stolen, I being but a woman, old and alone—”

“If she is stolen, your fortune is ill, for then you die,” replied the man. “Keep care in your house that bad luck may not enter.”

In the darkness he reached out and caught the woman by the hair, with which he filled his fist for a brutal tightening. Then he let himself out, and his “properties” remained in the basement there together.

For a moment the woman felt a burning resentment against little Suey surge hotly through her veins. The child was more than a care—she was certainly a menace. Responding to the cruelty and callousness long engendered in her nature, the abandoned slave creature placed a violent hand on the little captive’s neck in a gesture of rage that abruptly overwhelmed some tentative feeling of elation that the child’s soft clinging had awakened.

At the touch of unkind fingers little Suey suddenly felt that the ogreish man had snatched her anew. She tightened her grip on the woman’s collar and cried out the equivalent for “Mamma!” in her fright.

The fingers relaxed and retreated. The woman stood there, either unwilling to move or temporarily incapable of action. An overwhelming desire to see the child, to look on her soft baby face, presently took possession of the woman’s every faculty. She felt her way along the wall of the passage, and so came at length to a solid door which opened on a living-room, the features of which were dimly revealed by the rays of a small lighted lamp.

Locking herself and the child in this apartment, she placed little Suey on a couch and regarded her intently. Indeed, the inspection was mutual. And the child, beholding the coarse, hard features of the being to whom she had clung, felt some awful sensation of bereavement and dread come heavily upon her. Slowly she placed her one small disengaged arm across her eyes and hung her head.

Some unfamiliar sound, at least half anguish, escaped the woman’s lips. The child’s unspoken accusation was too poignant to be borne. It could not be

real; even one like herself could not be such a sport of the Fates—she could not have felt that something stir within her, at a baby’s touch, only to have it mocked like this!

She knelt on the floor and held out her arms.

“Baby—come,” she said, almost harshly, more in command than persuasion.

Little Suey made no motion whatsoever. Her tiny arm was still before her face, shutting out the vision she had seen.

Then the woman struck herself upon the breast and rose to her feet, laughing at the weakness and the folly to which she had almost succumbed. But she could not laugh away the memory of that almost painful ecstasy which, vouchsafed her in the dark, had darted through the indurated fibre of her womanhood when the child had clung on her bosom for refuge and a hope. She could not drive all this away with a blow upon the outside shell of her being.

Somewhat roughly she undressed the supperless little prisoner, snatching away the mutilated doll to facilitate the operation. Despite the fact that little Suey made no sound of grief at this, nevertheless the woman knew the little thing was anguished beyond expression to be robbed thus ruthlessly of her plaything. It was perhaps a small concession to make, but the slave-woman presently caught up the doll and thrust it again into the empty little arms as she tucked the tiny captive into bed.

Once, next day, the woman tried again to coax little Suey to her arms. Again she failed, for Suey was afraid. Then a process commenced.

At the outset it was more in the nature of a contest than an evolution. The woman’s better nature, parched to the merest kernel, attempting now to sprout, was at war with all the ugliness her life had developed for years. But if callousness had been augmented in her thoughts and habits, none the less had her woman’s thirst for motherhood increased. A mighty force, long pent, well-nigh forgotten, like that in an acorn dry and old, was swelling with growth at the touch of childish helplessness at last.

At the coming of the second day, no longer able to endure the famine in her bosom, the woman had recourse to



an art. She sought out her paints, cosmetics, and oils, with the which she had once given beauty to her face, when beauty was essential in her trade. With these she labored for two long hours, concealing the lines of harshness, age, and sin, and the sallow hues of shamelessness her features had acquired. She made herself pretty and youthful and gay. She brought out faded glories from her dressing-case in which to robe her form. She conjured back a smile to her unused lips; she honeyed her voice and scented her hands. Then, praying to all-but-forgotten Chinese gods to give her grace, she once again, in fear and eagerness, approached her silent little companion and begged her to be friends.

All day she coaxed and wooed and smiled—her lost arts of softness returning uncertainly, like lost or wayward lambs. At the end little Suey slipped quietly into the outheld arms—doll and all—and felt the bosom where she lay toss painfully with sobs that could not find an exit large enough to let them issue forth.

When Fate sits down at her loom to weave, she loveth a closely knit design. Into the pattern concerned with tiny Suey Ling the musical rhapsody of youthful Luey Mow had found its way on the afternoon of the bold abduction, but with this Dame Fate was not to be content.

Aware of the utter futility of perpetrating Chinese serenades that were lost on the air a good half-mile from the ears of Nikku Loy, Luey Mow was making bold to advance his hopes in directions more substantial.

There exists a certain mundane proverb to the effect that the time to guard all valued possessions is the moment when a stranger comes with gifts in either hand; for gifts not only blind the eyes, but obscure the senses altogether.

At the Rescue Home for Chinese girls and women, whither lovelorn Luey Mow began to stray with increasing frequency, there was one shrewd guardian of the inner keep who was fully aware of the need for added vigilance the moment the young Chinese Lothario brought the first "present" in his blouse. She was a blue-eyed, resolute young woman of the finest Anglo-American conception. She was

more than merely manager of the house—she was brains and heart of the work in its entirety. She knew her business thoroughly, she knew the ways of human nature moderately, and she knew the habit of Chinese mental construction partially; but what next to expect she knew not at all.

The gift that Luey proffered was a sacred Chinese lily. It was a nice lily, and Luey was a nice, clean-looking, honest young fellow, born and raised in San Francisco. He had learned to cook, sweep, clean the house and make beds in approved American fashion, and all without in the least foregoing an exceptional popularity among his fellow yellow men of San Francisco's great Oriental community. As an officer of one of the Chinese tongs, or secret societies, he enjoyed not only a wide and intimate knowledge of Chinatown, but likewise a very considerable power. He was sober, industrious, wholesome. Many a good reason existed for encouraging his hopes of becoming the husband of some deserving Chinese girl.

There was little to be learned of Luey Mow that had not been promptly ascertained when first he came to the Rescue Home, where they knew he was doubtless in quest of a wife. His record had been found acceptable. Nevertheless, while the home was glad to supply nice Chinese Juliets to devoted and honest Chinese Romeos, the gift of a sacred lily only served to sharpen the keen-edged faculties of the blue-eyed young woman in control. She had known nice Chinese Romeos to prove treacherous. It was not, however, till Luey came with a very fine lantern, a sack of weird Chinese candy, a modest bale of punks, and several packages of firecrackers—all presents—that certain of the warning signals were flashed along the line.

"Me heap likee Lescue Home," announced the smiling Luey, candidly. "China New-year come pletty soon, you sabbee? Make velly happy. Melly, melly New-year, you sabbee?"

"Yes, very merry New-year," answered the blue-eyed keeper of certain destinies. "Thank you, Luey. You are very kind."

"Yeh—me likee Lescue Home," repeated Luey, smiling nervously.

"Which girl?" demanded the governor of things fateful.



Luey stared, then laughed again. He was quite embarrassed by this sudden penetration of his motives. Yet he had courage.

"You velly smaht lady," said he, in obvious honesty. "Me likee git Nikku Loy for mally for my wife."

The arbiter of fates sat down.

"You'd like to marry Nikku Loy? Has Nikku ever seen you?"

"Oh yeh." Luey nodded affirmatively at least twenty times, perhaps once for each time that he and Nikku Loy had seen each other.

"Does she like you?"

Luey was attacked by confusion and haste of the pulse all at once. He could make no response.

"Well, never mind that part; I'll ask her myself," supplemented Luey's interrogator. She studied the situation in silence for a moment. Luey underwent a vague alarm.

"You likee 'nother China lily?" said he. "Make velly plitty flower."

"No; I want something better than another of your lilies," replied the blue-eyed young woman, rather sternly. "Luey Mow, a few days ago old Hop Sing died in Chinatown. You know that?"

Luey said that he did.

"Very well. Some Chinaman stole his little girl, Suey Ling, and carried her away to sell her for a slave. One time your Nikku Loy was all same that little girl—sold to be a slave. To-day she's a nice, sweet girl—good for Chinese boy's wife—you sabbee? That's all account this Rescue Home. We kept her nice and good and sweet. You know all that. Now I want you to get that little girl that belonged to old Hop Sing. You bring her here to me and I'll let you marry Nikku Loy for your wife. You sabbee that?"

Luey "savvied" very well indeed. He understood every word, every intimation conveyed by the young woman's announcement, and he felt a trifle faint. He knew what a horrible, hopeless life of shame would have closed about his Nikku Loy had she not been saved from a fate far worse than just mere slavery or death. He knew what the awful story of little Suey Ling must be, some day, were she not snatched soon from the infamy planned for her lot. He knew all this,

and it made him ill, for he likewise comprehended the difficulty of wrenching asunder the bonds that held every Chinese slave in Chinatown, as well as he understood the penalty that any Chinese moralist would invite who interfered with the horrible traffic and left his trail uncovered. He was pale as he stood there, rapidly thinking.

"Me not know where she gone," he said, truthfully enough. "Velly many Chinaman—velly many bad places in Chinatown."

"I know," replied the keeper of the home. "But you would like to marry Nikku Loy. She is a very nice girl, and very pretty—make good wife. All right; but you find Hop Sing's little girl first. You very smart boy. I can't let you marry Nikku Loy till you bring me that poor little child."

Luey studied the pattern of the wall-paper up at the top. After a time he said: "Velly hard to find small China girl in Chinatown. Velly hard to take away and bling here."

"Well—Nikku is very nice," repeated the resolute young savior of Chinese slaves. "And that's the only way you can get her for a wife. You go see what you can do. That's all, Luey. Now good-by."

Luey studied the paper, the curtain, the nearest chair, and the carpet. He turned his hat over in his hand.

"Not see Nikku Loy to-day?" he inquired.

"No, not to-day."

After a moment of silence he spoke again. "Good-by," he said.

Then, having let him out at the door, the blue-eyed young woman of the great white family went straight to Nikku Loy herself, who presently confessed, in certain pretty ways of diffidence, that she had seen Luey Mow and liked exceedingly to dwell in thought upon him as an honorable husband of the future.

And the breath from the sweet old Garden of Eden was surpassingly fresh and welcome to the utterly feminine heart of the woman whose honest eyes were blue.

When two long, trying weeks had passed and the Chinese New-year was almost come, the hopes in the breast of



Luey Mow were all but prepared for the grave.

He had squandered his time for sleeping, and paid out all his days, together with much of his hoarded savings, in a desperate quest for little Suey Ling that as yet had proved utterly futile. And Nikku the beautiful, Nikku the much desired, Nikku who loved him—by the sweet confession of her glance, oblique and brown,—how vastly unattainable she was now become, with this awful task so blackly yawning, like a very gulf, between herself and him!

Much as he knew of Chinatown, its ways, its dens, and its denizens, Luey had learned almost nothing of the fate of little Suey Ling. Certain friends of his, brought into requisition by the crisis, had executed a number of underground manœuvres, all of which had brought nothing to the light of day. Meantime the various tongs of Chinatown, intent upon persuading one battalion of gods to beget enlarged prosperity for the coming year, and equally intent upon mightily affrighting yet another squad of gods, whose evil and malice are widely known, devised a huge celebration, ritual and ceremonial, for the oncoming New-year, now so close at hand. The famous Chinese dragon, fire-devouring, flame-emitting, noise-creating, and altogether fearful, was to issue from its lair again and writhe through all the streets of Chinatown, whence demons would instantly flee with naught but panic in their bellies. Inasmuch as Luey Mow had previously demonstrated his worthiness as a species of mainspring to actuate and animate the dreadful beast, he was promptly called to service now. Indeed, in a Chinese rhapsody—begotten by liberal indulgence in Oriental gin and further inspired by contemplation of certain fowl-tracks, printed in the dust like so much Chinese chirography—a local poet penned a New-year ode in which Luey was described as nothing less than the very "heart of the dragon."

It thus transpired that Luey found himself instructed to penetrate to the cavernous den of the cloth-and-tinsel creature, wake it up, straighten out its kinks, rehorrorize its ugliness, and otherwise render its monstrous form presentable and awful. To him was likewise

delegated the task of selecting and instructing the thirty or forty odd Chinese athletes who, with himself, would crawl inside the dragon's skin, on the night when its fearful lengths would walk, for the purpose of infusing life, noise, fire, and enthusiasm into its otherwise hollow and echoing interior.

The quest for little Suey Ling was, perforce, temporarily abandoned. Luey knew too much not to value his own importance and popularity here with his kind. Reluctantly, however, he entered into the duties of this latest honorary office. Heartless, discouraged, torn by reflections on his starving love, he sat, this morning of the second wasted week, waiting for a couple of husky laborers to come and furnish the muscle necessary to uncrumple the dragon in its basement retreat. When the fellows appeared he led them dejectedly through alley and street and a winding passage to the basement in question, where the fire-eating monster lay biting the dust and smelling somewhat stoutly of dyestuffs, paint, and mouldering cloth.

"Pull it out gently, lest you wound it with roughness," instructed Luey, gazing at the crushed-down and dully glittering features of the mighty worm. "Its tail comes first. It is sitting on its head."

His eyes were rapidly becoming accustomed to the darkness. His ear it was, however, that presently took on alertness, for a foreign sound came lightly on the dusty air from an opening barred with iron that penetrated the partition separating this from the basement next adjoining.

Quick to acquaint himself with anything and everything offered, Luey stepped over the flat and wrinkled skin of the dragon and glanced for a second through the aperture. The sight he beheld nearly robbed him of his breath.

There on the opposite side of the grating, attracted hither by the noise of disturbing the dragon's form, was the painted slave-woman whose care it was to guard and feed little captive Suey Ling. And Suey herself, already faded, wan, and thin—already a tiny slave to inexpressible awe, unhappiness, and gloom,—was in the woman's arms, and gazing straight at the bars between herself and the cave where lay the hibernating worm.



It was only a glance that Luey bestowed on the two watched prisoners, there in their hole, but a glance was sufficient. He knew not only the grave little child of old Hop Sing, deceased, but he also knew the woman, whom in pity he had somewhat befriended at the time of her illegal landing at the port.

With a mad, loud beating at his heart, he turned away from the grating, speaking to his men and furtively exploring the basement, till he found a locked and unused door that led directly from the place to the sidewalk in the street above. Then, fifteen minutes later, when the shell of the dragon had been dragged to the semisecret passage, he passed by the window once more and looked again in the den beyond.

There was no one in sight, but excitement possessed him none the less, and his busy brain was madly at work with the meagre facts at last vouchsafed him by the Fates.

All day he wrought on the dragon with his men, a feverish light burning in his eyes. That evening he opened the barrier to the creature's cave and reentered the place, quite alone. Closing the entrance door with care, he lighted a candle, and going to the iron-barred opening, called softly on the name of the woman he had seen.

There was no response. On the farther side was darkness, thick and absolute. He called again, and yet again, sending his voice on its quest in a low but penetrative aspirate.

In despair at last he could have cursed at mystery and all its brood of things so dark and silent. Then, as if very far from where he stood, appeared a tiny point of light; and subtly to his senses crept a smell of burning stuff. He recognized both the spark and the odor. A lighted punk-stick supplied them.

A moment later the slave-woman, silent and invisible as death itself, approached the opening, her punk in her hand to serve her in place of a torch. It afforded less light than a glowworm, yet for her its tiny red sufficed.

"You have come back," she said, coldly, as she recognized the face revealed by Luey's candle. "If you have aught to say to me, put out your flame."

Trembling with excitement, Luey obey-

ed. Utter darkness closed upon him. Hastily then, and in a voice betraying fears and hopes alternately, he brought to her memory a quick recollection of who he was and what he had done in her own behalf, and then abruptly begged her to let him take away the child she kept there prisoner, for whom he would pay her all the cash he then possessed—a matter of nearly a hundred American dollars.

The woman, whose presence was indicated only by the tiny spark of her punk-stick's light—that moved in its arc with her breathing,—laughed in a low, mirthless manner, most chilling and dreadful to hear.

"You must be a madman of selfishness," she said, in swiftly rising emotion, which was partially alarm. "What are you that you ask for the child of me? What are you to me—or to any of the gods? What dream is upon you that you come to me with a speech like this, and ask so much of such as I? Begone with thy selfish need, and count up the cost of what you would desire."

Luey was filled with dread, not only by her words, but also by the tones of her harshly strident voice. Yet youth is eager and hopeful. He pleaded with her warmly; he called her by the names of womanhood now doubly precious to her nature. He beseeched her in the name of mercy toward the helpless little slave to relent and lend him assistance.

"Do you know what you do?" she cried to him, wildly. "Do you understand that at last I *live*—here in this wretched security? *Live*—do you hear me say it?—*live!* For the last ten days I have lived at last—I, in my paint that conceals me and deceives the child—I, that see the sun but once in a day—I, the morally dead! Begone. Draw no more from the spring in my withered breast, for it aches with every drop that flows—it aches!—it aches!" and she struck herself on the bosom with the hand that held the punk, and the spark of light vibrated madly back and forth, making designs of fire-line in the gloom.

"With an aching spring in your heart how may you think on little Suey, come to sale and to utter despair, a few years hence?" said Luey, ardently. "A mother by blood would gladly send away her most beloved child from such a life."



"A mother by blood," repeated the woman, to herself. Then she answered him again in her wilder strain. "Ay, ay—but at last I live, I tell you, boy. The child has brought me life. She is mine—all mine! She loves none other. And I have striven to be loved. You bid me quench even this spark of light by which I live and move in my darkness. I am not good. It is now too late to change. I cannot now be good or generous. I have exhausted my all of virtue in my strife to be loved."

Luey Mow was silent for a moment. Then he said: "And how shall little Suey love you five and ten years hence, when pure, grateful lips should beg for thy peace from the gods?"

"Why were you born to come and taunt me in an hour like this?" she demanded, almost fiercely, in reply. "If I gave you the child to-night, my heart would lose its life to see her go, and to-morrow I should lie here dead, to pay the price of treachery. I am promised speedy butchery if I lose her now, and my arms will be empty to aching should she go."

Luey was amply aware of the fact that the place was unceasingly guarded.

"I could not take her safely hence to-night," he said, eagerly pressing the woman's softening mood. "Give me but a little help, however, and I will make the plan to convey her, and you also, from this prison-hole. These window-bars are old and weak. I can take them out like lumps out of bread; and through here Suey Ling and you may pass. The way of it all you may leave to me; and I beseech you to say you will do this thing for the sake of the child who gives you love."

The woman was silent. Against the background of darkness she drew eccentric figures with the light end of her punk. Luey Mow could not in the gloom discern the evidence of conflict that passed across her painted face.

"What answer give you—mother?" he asked through the grating.

Her heart now had within it, in addition to mothering hunger, a spark of something merciful and pitying, perhaps as small as the dot of red that served her for a torch. She could only grope by the light of either spark, and she groped by a way most rough and narrow.

Luey Mow had called her "mother"—an appellation she had long since ceased hoping to hear. And she knew feebly what a mother would do. She was less than a mother, yet more than a mother, in a way, to little Suey Ling.

"I shall never leave this place alive; I shall never look fairly on the sun again, but—perhaps I will help," she said, every word delivered with an effort. And suffering poignantly at the birth of some lofty resolve, snatched thus untimely from her nature, she added, "When shall it be?"

"On the night of confusion, when the dragon walks," said Luey Mow, excitedly. "And that is two nights hence."

"The dragon?" she echoed. She had once been known as "the female dragon" herself.

"Ay—there will be much diversion, for it walks in mighty glory," answered Luey. "That night these bars will be battered down, and you will know the manner to assist me, and likewise the plan to escape this place yourself."

"I shall never escape from here," she answered, quietly. "I shall have no wish to go. And who will mourn? Begone, mad boy, and come again to-morrow night."

In silence she left the window, her spark of light the one thing visible in all that velvet gloom—a tiny beacon, retreating, diminishing, then gone to some deeper mystery beyond.

It was nearly nine o'clock when at last the hum of excited expectation in the crowded streets of Chinatown became abruptly pregnant of news that the dragon was fairly afoot.

A din of clashing brass and beaten drums arose like a demon's alarm on the vibrant air. Chinese music, triumphant and sufficiently awful to affright the most intrepid demon, had broken from the instruments in charge of Oriental virtuosos. Excitement billowed like sea waves, heaving through the mass of humanity that thronged the streets. A glare of lights, a fusillade of viciously exploding firecrackers, a yelling of demon beaters, and an outflaming of colored banners, fire, and pandemonium suddenly advertised the event.

From the dragon's path ran an army





*Drawn by C. D. Weldon*

THE SPLENDID DRAGON PROCEEDED ON ITS WAY







of evil creations, enacted by sweating Chinese with the most grotesque of masks and regalia on their persons.

The din increased; the snapping and snarling of a thousand petty firecrackers, exploding like machine-guns in battle, added yet more confusion to the flight of evil spirits. But factitious demons, fire-eaters, artists in music, bearers of standards—all were neglected, all were ignored, the instant the huge and awful head of the dragon himself at last appeared, followed by all the mighty horror of his sinuously winding body.

And he was tremendous. The fabled sea-serpent of a hundred coils was dwarfed into utter insignificance by the fearful reality of this stupendous thing. For nearly the length of two short city blocks his glistening claw-footed body extended, his painted scales flinging reds and greens and reflected lights from surfaces innumerable, while his tortuous body writhed in truly gigantic proportions, from one crowded sidewalk to the other.

Behind the head, and in front of the first great clawlike pair of the monster's many feet, situated a rod or more along the body, was the outswell of the structure where Luey Mow, the heart of the monster, held dominion.

Through street after street the serpent writhed, until at last, by Luey's plans, it invaded the somewhat obscure and insignificant thoroughfare wherein lay the basement employed as a prison for little Suey Ling, the parentless.

True to her word, the slave-woman, waiting for the sign, now clambered through the aperture between her darkened basement and the one wherein the dragon's skin had recently been stored. In her arms she held the frightened, silenced child.

To the trap that led forth to the sidewalk she came, and standing beneath it, waited in excitement well-nigh insupportable. Nearer and nearer drew the noise of the dragon's awful peregrination. A half-smothered cry of bereavement, not

quite to be controlled, escaped the slave-woman waiting in the dark. Spasmodically she folded the little captive to her aching heart and then lifted her up towards Luey's reaching arms.

In childish terror little Suey dropped her headless doll and with both small hands clung tightly to the woman, who underwent one sweet, wild pang of ecstasy and despair at this touch of love and confidence. Then the heart of the dragon closed its arms quite about the baby form and drew her snugly upward to itself. The great, kind reptile had taken her in.

The door fell noiselessly back to its place above the head of the woman, whose one last glimpse of life and light was ended.

Stolid in her fright, little Suey could do nothing but hold to the warm, softly speaking human being that embraced her. And the dragon proceeded on its way, its "heart" most humanly tender.

Fifteen minutes later the trembling child was gently dropped into the arms of a certain blue-eyed young woman of the mighty white man's family—just as the heart of the dragon crossed another basement orifice, under the dexterous management of the faithful Luey Mow.

In the morning a sunbeam, entering the basement prison to search for tiny Suey, found the slave-woman lying on the earth. Beneath the paint still left upon her countenance dwelt a smile and a shadow of beauty such as death alone may bestow. Held in her arm, against her breast, was the poor old doll little Suey had dropped at the parting.

At the quaint, pretty wedding of Nikku Loy and Luey Mow—a ceremony half Oriental, half of the humdrum Occident itself—a cluster of fragrant, starlike flowers was given to the pretty bride by her blue-eyed sponsor and friend from the home of rescued slaves, who held little Suey in her arms.

Luey's sacred Chinese lily was in bloom.







THE OLDEST EXAMPLE OF EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE

King Semerkhet of the First Dynasty, 4500 B.C., conquering the Chief of Sinai Carved on rock 400 feet above the valley of Maghareh

## The Egyptians in Sinai

### *AN ACCOUNT OF RECENT DISCOVERIES*

BY W. M. FLINDERS-PETRIE, D.C.L., LL.D.,

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THE great mass of mountains which lay beyond the Red Sea attracted the Egyptian from very early times. Even in the prehistoric days the turquoise from Sinai was traded into Egypt and made into beads and ornaments. And one of the first enterprises of the monarchy of all Egypt, after the conquest of the Nile valley down to the sea, was the extension of its power into the eastern deserts to secure the turquoise-mines. Thus it comes about that the oldest scene of Egyptian sculpture is not in Egypt itself, but on the rocks of Sinai. The little valley in the mountains, known as the Wady Maghareh, or "valley of caves," is riddled along one side with rows of

mines cut deeply into the rock at the level of the turquoise-beds; and high over these, some three hundred feet up, is a clean flat-broken face of the sandstone which was selected and carved by the Egyptian artist to commemorate the conquest of the Bedawy chief of the district by the Egyptian king Semerkhet, in the latter part of the first dynasty, about 4500 B.C.

And what sort of land was this to provoke such an expedition? A great mass of broken rugged mountains, about 150 miles across, and rising over a mile and a half vertical height in the centre. Granite, porphyry, and various igneous rocks form the core of this wilderness.



They have been seamed and cracked time after time; and the great face of the Tartir ed Dharni—a precipice about two thousand feet high—is lined over from top to bottom, across and across, with gray streaks, seen on its rosy surface in the setting sunlight. Every streak is a great rending thousands of feet thick of hardest and toughest rock, healed again by the life-blood of the earth in molten dikes of porphyry thrown up; only to be sheared across, millions of years later, in some fresh place by another and another mighty rending, until there is hardly a sound piece left in the whole mountain. After all these terrible changes the rocks at length became the islands in a sea, which wore them down to a cliff coast with scattered islets; and over these was laid down a great bed of sandstone of the Carboniferous age. A pause in the history of this deposit led to a thick bed of iron—hæmatite, ochre, and what not—being formed, evidently the old sea-floor. The later sandstones, and the great flow of basalt which covered all the land and now caps every hill, need not be described here. The iron-bed was the cause of all the human work in this region.

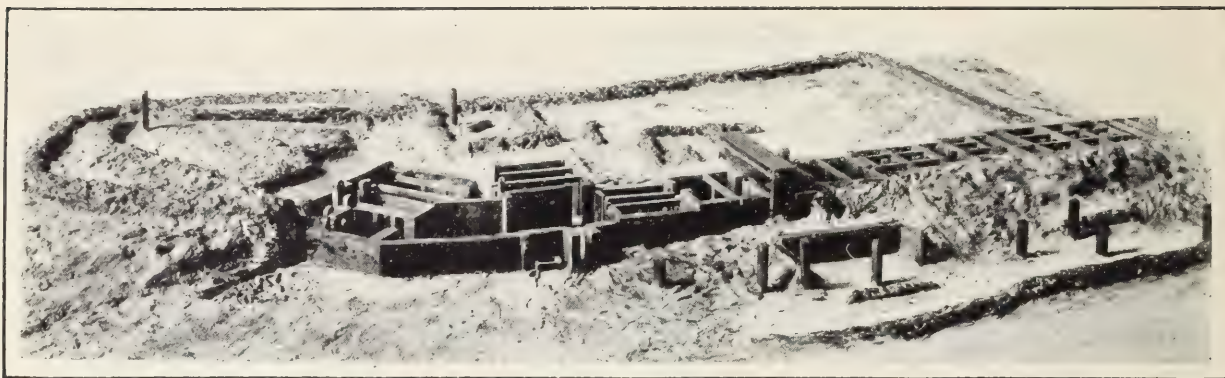
Excepting one small stream and one fertile valley watered by it, there is nothing to tempt any man to this brown and rugged wilderness of rocks. But the luxurious demands of taste and of beauty in a fair and sumptuous land, sent men continually into these gaunt and frowning deserts; the brilliant specks of the turquoise must be had, and it is not for later ages to cavil at such enterprises, for what labors and what lives have not a pinch of diamonds cost! The bed of iron ore had in the course of

ages so altered the organic traces in the rocks that everywhere beneath it the little blue nodules were to be found, on crushing the sandstone. So tunnels and chambers were mined out just below the iron-bed, and each king who ordered an expedition had his name and the account of his work carved over his mine. Thus are found Sanekht and Zeser of the third dynasty, Khufu of the fourth, and many others down to the eighteenth dynasty, showing that the mines were worked from about 4500 to 1500 B.C. But no one will go there again to see these sculptures; half of them have been destroyed by modern miners, and the remainder have now been cut out by my friend Mr. Currelly, and taken to the Cairo Museum in order to save them from a like destruction. In place of the silence of the aged past



EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE OF SERABIT EL KHADEM





MODEL OF THE TEMPLE OF SERABIT EL KHADEM, SINAI

there has come the ceaseless banging of gunpowder, the ruthless smashing and rending in all directions, by Arabs who gain a scanty reward, which is not enough to repay more civilized working.

Some ten miles away to the north of this pile of mountains there is another district of the same sandstone, with iron-bed and turquoises below it. This the Egyptians also found and worked as early as 4000 B.C., and onward down to about 1100 B.C. The sandstone is here cut through by a great valley, which runs a thousand feet below the plateau, and the sheer precipices are as much as seven hundred feet high. This district, now known as Serabit el Khadem, had a sacred cave in the highest of the knolls of iron-rock, and here was worshipped the "mistress of turquoise," the goddess who possessed the mines. The Egyptians called her Hathor, but no doubt she was a native goddess of the district, as they usually called any unknown goddess by that name. The place was looked on with reverence by the native Semites; every

conspicuous point or ridge of rock was dotted with stones set upright by pilgrims and visitors; and this habit of setting up stones was largely copied by the Egyptians.

To obtain success in the search for turquoise it was clearly necessary to propitiate the "mistress of turquoise." So a shrine was carved in her honor in the knoll of rock on the top of the plateau, and later kings added buildings before it, until at last there was a construction over two hundred feet long. This temple fell into decay, owing to the sandstone weathering away in some parts; and when I went there it presented a

tumbled pile of blocks, among which arose stray parts of walls and inscribed pillars. To clear out the whole of this temple, and restore the plan and construction of it, was the main work of my excavations last winter. The photograph (p. 443) shows the tall but broken memorial stone of Rameses II. in the foreground (1300 B.C.); behind that another tall stone of Amenhotep III. (1400 B.C.); and



HEAD OF HATHOR, GODDESS OF TURQUOISE  
Carved as the capital of a pillar, 1500 B.C.





FRONT OF THE TEMPLE OF SERABIT, ERECTED 1300 B.C.

in the distance the gateway of the pylon, and to the right the high ground is the rocky knoll containing the cave shrine. On the left is another memorial stone of the earlier time (2500 B.C.) before this part of the temple was built; the hill edge above the great valley Suwig is seen behind it; and the faint distant hills show the edge of the limestone plateau of the Tih desert.

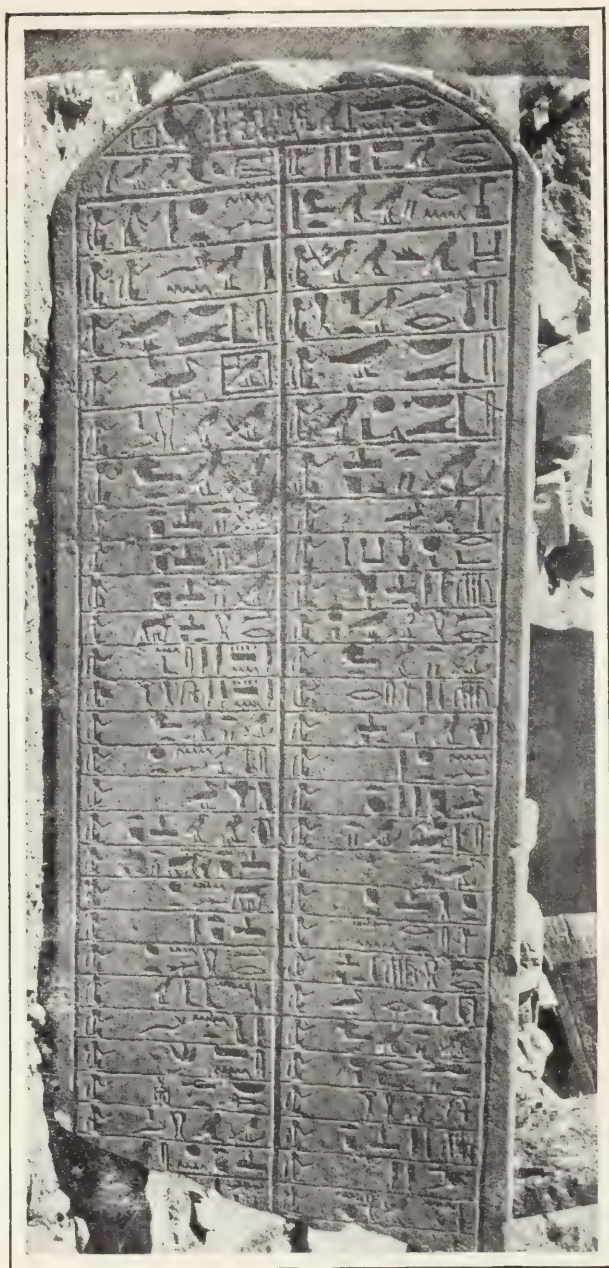
The construction of this temple will be more clear if we look at a side view of a model of it, with the roof removed. At the extreme left are the two walls which fence off the knoll of rock containing the sacred cave; and on the top of the knoll is a tablet recording an expedition. The right side of the knoll has been cut away, and the two sacred caves cut into it from this side, each fronted by a portico, the flat stone roof of which is seen. The larger cave was cut in honor of the great "mistress of turquoise" about 2500 B.C. by Amenemhat III., and a lesser cave in honor of Sopdu, the "god of the East," about 1500 B.C., by Queen Hatshepsut. There are small open courts before these shrines, with a crowd of historical tab-

lets with adorations of the goddess. In front of these are two open courts, and two courts with pillars containing tanks, described farther on. Then two more covered chambers (of which we have seen the architraves) lie between this and the pylon, which was the front of the whole temple as built by Thothmes III. and Hatshepsut. Outside of that again, to the right, are many chambers added on by successive kings, until we reach the front.

Along the outside of the temple is seen a row of standing stones, which are the memorials of various expeditions sent to this region in the twelfth dynasty, about 2500 B.C. These tablets were set here along the line of the old approach to the sacred cave before the body of the temple was built. The higher ground at the side of this way was then occupied with burnt offerings, as we shall notice farther on. The chamber built into the hill at the end of the pylon was a shrine in honor of the early kings—Seneferu of the third dynasty, Amenemhat III. of the twelfth dynasty, and others, carved by Queen Hatshepsut.

To give an idea of these memorial





PART OF TABLET OF A MINING RECORD, WITH  
NAMES OF 100 MINERS, 2500 B.C.

stones we may quote the upper half of one stone, which bore altogether a hundred names of the chief miners. This will show the great amount of information preserved in these records. The face of the stone toward the sacred cave always bore the king's name and titles, and the date at the top of it. Down the edges were the name and titles of the chief of the expedition in large signs, or sometimes the statistics of the staff of the expedition, as "the prospector Neferher, the prospector Aba, collectors 2, controllers 3, miners 200, elders 3, smelters 3, boatmen 20, overseers 15, peasants 30, builders 75." Other such registers name 500 or 600 soldiers and as

many miners, and the transport was kept up by a train of 500 asses.

These details serve to restore the living conditions of the mining expeditions, when read in view of the experience of a modern expedition. The desert is entirely barren of supplies, and the utmost that can be obtained is an occasional sheep or goat fed on the scanty little bushes of the most favored valleys. The only oasis is the Wady Firan at two days' journey distant, and even on the strength of that the population is less than one to a square mile for the peninsula. Hence a body of men coming from the abundant feeding of Egypt require to have all their supplies brought down from Suez. The three days without water on the road prevents asses being driven over the land route, and so the ancient Egyptian—as we learn by the boatmen mentioned—got his supplies by sea, down to rather over a day's journey from the mines. We also did the same for most of our stocks, as camel transport was more expensive. Even to feed a camp of thirty-four men, at this distance from supplies, needed careful arrangement last winter; and the many hundreds of men employed in the ancient expeditions must have taxed the Egyptian powers of organization.

Now after thus noting the ancient works and methods and the conditions of the country, let us turn to see what are the results of the explorations which were made by us during last winter.

As we have mentioned, the Egyptians called the "mistress of turquoise" by the name of Hathor, and they figured her head on many of the pillars of the temple. She was connected with the worship of the cow, which animal is sometimes shown as being the goddess herself, at other times as being sacred to her. Hence the cow's ears put to her head. The thick mass of hair curling on each shoulder is traditional for this goddess from early times. As I have said, the sole purpose of coming into this wilderness was to get turquoise; and the temple was built to propitiate the mistress of turquoise and get her favor for the miners, that she might give them of her store of jewels. Hence the worship must be exactly such as was rendered to her by the people of the country. The special



form of worship of the god of a country had to be maintained, as we see in the complaint of the men whom Shalmaneser settled in Samaria, when "they knew not the manner of the god of the land," . . . and so a priest "taught them how they should fear the Lord, . . . so these nations feared the Lord and served their graven images." This is a complete sample of the polytheist system, placing the god of the land first, but keeping the ancestral gods as well. And so the Egyptians, while still worshipping their own gods, yet made it their main business to worship Hathor "after the manner of the god of the land."

The site of the temple is especially a "high place"—a ridge in a wide plateau, with a deep valley on each side of it. And so, as we read of the people in Palestine, "they burnt sacrifices upon the high places," and an enormous bed of ashes, over a hundred feet long and in many parts half a yard thick, shows us what countless burnt offerings were made before the sacred cave. This is a custom entirely unknown in Egypt, where "high places" were not honored, and where there are only one or two stray examples of burnt sacrifice.

Another strikingly Semitic custom was that of ceremonial ablution in the temples. In the view of the model will be seen a tank at the left hand of the side doorway into the temple. This was probably for the first ablution of the feet. After crossing the court of the temple, the worshipper entered the largest of the roofed chambers, and there in the midst was a large stone basin or laver, surrounded by the four Hathor columns.

Passing from this, a second ablution court

was reached, containing a long tank. Here, then, we have the custom of ceremonial ablution inside the temple, immediately before the sanctuary, and provided in the largest chambers of the temple. This close connection of the ablutions with the sanctuary is what we see in the Jewish Tabernacle, where the laver for the priests was in the court, the next thing before the door of the Tabernacle, even nearer to it than the altar of sacrifice. Again in the Temple the great brazen sea was the main object in the court before the door of the Temple. And, to this day, the whole Mohammedan world makes the tank the central point in the court of ablutions, which is the largest part of every mosque



COURT OF ABLUTIONS

Showing stone basin between Hathor Pillars (1500 B.C.)



—the *hanafiyeh*. Here is, then, the main feature of Semitic temples; which has indeed its parallel in the large baptisteries built immediately in front of the early cathedrals in Italy. And such a system was entirely unknown in Egypt, where the sacred lake of a temple was outside of it and on one side, and was used mainly for festival ceremonies of the boat of the god. We see, then, that this main point of Semitic ceremonial is older than the Jewish system, and precedes the time of Mohammed by two thousand years.

Also stone altars of incense were found in the sanctuary before the cave, and the largest of them in the cave itself. So in the Jewish system the altar of incense was placed inside the Tabernacle. No altars of incense were used in Egypt, as incense was there always burnt in a pan with a long handle held by the priest.

Another remarkable feature of this sacred site is the prevalence of memorial stones, set up in token of visits or pilgrimages. The high places of Sinai often bear such tokens; and on one of the highest and most inaccessible peaks of the great Tartir ed Dhami we could see, with a telescope, a stone pillar that must be eight or ten feet high. Along all the ridges of hill, and leading to the temple,

and on the edges of the hills around it, were innumerable upright stones and stone piles, from a few inches to a couple of feet in height. This system of setting up a pillar, on a visit to a sacred place, is familiar to us through the story of Jacob setting up and anointing his Bethel stone.

Now this custom spread to the Egyptians also. On the hill approaching the temple are many shelters such as would be roughly heaped together by a pilgrim. And as the special object here was to obtain turquoise by propitiating the goddess, the custom of sleeping at the sacred place to get an oracular dream would be no doubt the purpose of these shelters. This custom of sleeping at or near a shrine was usual in Syria, and is even known in Greece. The more important of these shelters have memorial stones set up by the Egyptians who rested there, with adorations to the goddess for the benefit of the worshipper. One of the most complete of these is shown here; the loose stones of the ruined shelter, the inscribed tablet about a couple of feet high, and a little flat altar in front of it. This was put up by the leader of one of the great expeditions; and probably he slept here until some dream or indication of the will of the goddess led him in his search. Now all this is an entirely Semitic custom; no such shelters, no such memorials of a visit, are known around Egyptian temples.

The custom of pilgrim miners sleeping at the sacred place was further provided for, in the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, by the kings adding the chambers in front of the pylon of the temple; each chamber was six or seven feet long, just large enough for a sleeper, and there is no attempt at architectural effect beyond the religious carvings on the walls. Moreover, these chambers have all been banked over with earth and stones, and have no outsides to the walls; they were thus artificial caves, the substitute for the sacred cave itself.

Thus we see that the Egyptians here had adopted the Semitic worship in many points that we can trace—the burnt sacrifices on the high place, the courts of ablutions in the temple, the altars of incense in the shrine, and the pilgrim stones, or Bethels, recording visits to the



HEAD OF STATUETTE OF QUEEN  
THYI (1400 B.C.)





SHELTER OF STONES, WITH EGYPTIAN BETHEL STONE, 2500 B.C., NEAR THE TEMPLE

goddess, with the later provision of artificial caves for would-be dreamers at the shrine—all these show how careful the Egyptian was here to worship after the manner of the god of the country.

And this has its further value to us as the oldest example of the system of Semitic worship. So far, our knowledge of that has rested on allusions in the Old Testament, many of which we could not infer to be general to Semites at an early date, and also the stray references to Arab customs in "the time of the ignorance" before Mohammed. Now we have several of the most important customs in the full light of day, two or three thousand years before Islam, and even before the Jewish system. This is a new point of departure in future for the study of Semitic custom.

Lastly, we may refer to the great quantity of Egyptian inscriptions which we copied, about 250 in all. These will give us much information on the expeditions and on some points of Egyptian history. The offerings to the goddess were in profusion. Of course nearly all metal ob-

jects had been taken away, but the hundreds of glazed pottery offerings formed a layer all over the sanctuary floor, every one broken up by the ancient plunderers of the shrine. Tablets with the head of the goddess, and with the cat which seems to have here been sacred to her, wands used in the dances, sistrums and ornaments used in the worship, hundreds of necklaces of beads, bracelets, vases and bowls without number, but all in fragments.

Among the statuettes found were some with an unknown kind of writing, probably a precursor of Phœnician. And one gem of artistic work is the head of Queen Thyi, the wife of the great and luxurious King Amenhotep III. So far we have had no portrait of her in the round; but this is perfectly authenticated by her name upon the crown she wears. The dignity and pride of beauty in the face, the living character of the expression, mark this as one of the first rank of ancient portraits. It will find its rest in the Cairo Museum.



# The Purification of Palomitas

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

AFTER Bill Hart, the principal storekeeper in Palomitas, had been shot across his own counter by Santa Fé Charley—there was no real need for the shooting: it just come of Bill and Charley not agreeing about two brands of plug tobacco—the better class of Palomitas citizens saw that something had got to be done.

Palomitas means "little doves"—but the percentage of birds of that sort in the place wasn't high. The town never was meant to be an American town, anyway. From wayback it had been run on a basis of two or three hundred Mexicans, with a sprinkling of Pueblo Indians and pigs. When the end of the track got there—and stopped for a year, while they squeezed the English stockholders for more funds for construction—the higher civilization come in with a rush and made things hum. There was nineteen saloons and seven dance-halls, and the pressure for faro accommodation was such that the Padre thought he could make money by closing up his own monte-bank and renting. Denver Jones took his place at fifty dollars a week, payable every Saturday night—and rounded on the Padre by winning back his rent-money every Sunday afternoon. He'd have got it Sunday mornings if the Padre hadn't been tied up mornings to his work. The fighting that went on was a good deal of an experience for the Mexicans. They'd always had their own little fights, of course, but they'd worked mostly with knives. It made 'em open their eyes when they found what a live man with his back up could do with a gun. Before that first year ended, the new graveyard out in the sage-brush on the mesa could show up a bigger population than the town.

Joe Cherry headed the reform movement. He had a bunch of sheep up in the Sangre de Cristo mountains, Cherry had, and he always used to stay at Hart's

place when he come into town, and that made him take a special interest in the matter. Joe said he meant to see things squared for Bill's shooting, and he said the occasion was a good one for rounding up all the toughs in town and firing 'em—and so he went to work and got up the Committee, and the Committee made out a list of the folks to be fired. There was about a dozen of 'em; and in the notice posted at the deepo they was told they had twenty-four hours to get out in, and if they wasn't out in twenty-four hours the Committee would have a clean-up that would land 'em on the dumps for keeps.

A few kicked a little, saying it was a free country and they guessed they'd a right to be where they blame pleased. But when the Committee said it just *was* a free country, and that one of the freest things in it was telegraph-poles—as Santa Fé Charley was going to find out for certain, and as they'd find out along with him if they didn't get up and get—even the kickingest of 'em allowed it was wholesomer to andy on.

Where the Committee did land dead against wall-rock, though, was when they come to tackle the Sage-brush Hen. She was a great friend of Charley's, the Hen was—two or three of his worst shootings was charged up to her—and just because she was such a good-natured obliging sort of woman she was at the roots of half the fights that started in. The Committee put her in their list because they knew as long as she was around things never would run smooth—and they found they'd got into a deepish hole when she said plump that Palomitas suited her, and she meant to stay. The Hen knew as well as they did she had a cinch on 'em. If they didn't like her staying, she said, they could yank her up on the next telegraph-pole to Charley's—and then she asked 'em, kind of cool and cutting, if they didn't think hanging a lady would give a nice name to the town!



The Committee was in session in the waiting-room at the deepo while the Hen was doing her talking, and Santa Fé—with handcuffs on, and tied to the express-messenger's safe—was in the express-office, with the door open between. Everybody saw the Hen was right, and that hanging her would be ungentlemanly; and nobody seemed to know what they'd better do. While they was sitting still and thinking, Santa Fé spoke up from the express-office—saying he had the reputation of the town as much at heart as anybody, and to make a real clean-up the Hen ought to quit along with the others, and if they'd let him have five minutes' private talk with her he'd fix things so she'd go.

The Committee didn't really much believe Santa Fé could deliver the goods; but they knew it would be a way out for 'em if he did—and so they agreed that he and the Hen should have their talk. Santa Fé was hitched to a telegraph-pole a hundred yards down the track, and the members of the Committee stood around in a circle—big enough to be out of ear-shot—with their Winchesters handy in case the Hen took it into her head to cut the rope and give him a chance to get away. She didn't—and she and Santa Fé talked to each other mighty serious for a while; and then they begun to snicker a little; and they ended up in a rousing laugh.

Charley sung out they'd finished, and the Committee closed in and unhitched him, and took him back to the express-office and hitched him fast to the safe again—where he was to stay till hanging-time, with members of the Committee taking turns keeping him quiet with their guns. He said he was much obliged to 'em, and that the Hen had agreed to quit—and everybody was pleased all round.

"I don't like not to be here when Charley gets his medicine," the Hen said, "him and me being such good friends; but he says it would only worry him having me in the audience, and so I've promised him I'll light out"—and she kept her word, and got away for Denver by the night train. Her going took a real load off the Committee's mind.

Some of the other fired ones went off on the same train. The rest took Hill's coach across to Santa Fé—and made no

trouble, Hill said, except they held the coach for two hours at Pojuaque while all hands got drunk on old man Bouquet's home-made wine. Hill said that all the rest of the way they was yelling, and firing off their guns, and raising h—ll generally—that was the way Hill put it—but they didn't do no real harm.

It was Joe Cherry's notion that Santa Fé Charley should be taken along to Hart's funeral, and not hung till everybody got back to town again. Joe was a serious-minded man, and he said the moral effect of running things that way would pan out a lot richer than if they just had a plain hanging before the funeral got under way.

Santa Fé kicked at that, at first; and a good many of the boys felt he had a right to. Santa Fé said it was all in the game to run him up to the telegraph-pole in front of the deepo, the same as other folks; but he'd be blamed, he said, if the community had any right to make a circus of him by taking him all round the place after poor old Bill—who always had been plain in his tastes, and would have been the last man in Palomitas to want that kind of a fuss made over him—and he'd be blamed if he'd stand it. He didn't want anybody to think he was squirming, he said, for he wasn't. Some men got up against telegraph-poles, and others got up against guns or pneumonia or whatever happened to come along—and it was all in the day's work. But when they did get up against it—whatever it turned out to be—that was the one time in their lives when it wasn't fair to worry 'em more'n could be helped. Nobody but chumps, he said, would want to hurt his feelings by making him do trick-mule acts at poor old Bill's funeral—especially as he and Bill always had been friendly, and nobody was sorrier than he was about the accident that had occurred.

Santa Fé was a first-rate talker, and everybody knew that what he was letting out had a good deal of sense in it. He ended by saying that if they did mean to make any such mean exhibition of him he'd like 'em to put it through quick and get him back to the deepo and telegraph him off to Kingdom Come in a hurry—as he'd be glad at any price to be shut



of a crowd that would play it on anybody that low down!

Cherry stuck it out, though, to have things his way. Palomitas was going in for purification, Cherry said, and the moral effect of having Santa Fé along at Bill's funeral was part of the purifying. The very fact that Santa Fé was kicking so hard against it, he said, showed it was a good thing. There was sense in that, too; and so the boys come round to Cherry's plan. The only serious thing against it was that it meant keeping Charley over another day, till the funeral outfit got down from Denver—all hands having chipped in to give Hart a good send-off, and telegraphed his size to a first-class Denver undertaker with orders to do him up in style. Making him wait around, sort of idle, was what Santa Fé kicked hardest against at first. But after his talk with the Hen he didn't do any more kicking; and some of the boys noticed he was a little nervous, and kept asking, off and on, if they still meant to run the show that way.

The boys did what they could to make the time go for him—sitting around sociable in the express-office telling stories about other hangings they'd happened to get up against, and trying all they knew how to amuse him, and giving him more cigars and drinks than he really cared to have. But as he was kept hitched to both handles of the safe right enough, and handcuffed, and as the two members of the Committee watching him—while they was as pleasant with him as anybody—never had their hands far off their guns, it's likely there'd been other times when he'd enjoyed himself more.

Things was spirited at the deepo when the Denver train got in. All there was of Palomitas was on deck, and Becker 'd come over from Santa Cruz de la Cañada, and old man Bouquet from Pojuaque, and Sam and Marcus Elbogen had driven across on their buckboard from San Juan—and Mexicans had come in from all around in droves.

The Elbogen brothers had been asked over for the funeral specially—because they both had good voices, and the Committee thought like enough, being Germans, they'd know some hymns. It turned out they didn't—but they blew

off "The Watch on the Rhine" in good shape out at the cemetery, when singing-time come; and as it was a serious-sounding tune it did just as well. Singing it made trouble, though: because Hart's nephew—who knew German and was a skunk—had no better sense 'n to tell old man Bouquet, coming back to town, what the words meant; and that started old man Bouquet off so—the war not being long over, and his side downed—that it took two of us, holding him by his arms and legs, to keep him from trying to fight both the Elbogens at once. Being good-natured young fellows, the Elbogens didn't take no offence, but behaved like perfect gentlemen—telling old man Bouquet they hadn't meant to hurt his feelings, and was sorry if they had—and it ended up well by their having drinks together at the Forest Queen. All that, though, had no real bearing on the story. It happened along later in the day.

Before the train got in, to save time, a rope had been rigged for Santa Fé over the cross-bar of the usual telegraph-pole—and Cherry, who knew how to manage better than most, had seen to it the rope was well soaped so as to run smooth. Cherry said he'd known things go real annoying, sometimes, when the soap had been forgot. Santa Fé looked well. He'd had a good brush-up—and he needed it, after being tied fast to the safe for three days and sleeping in a blanket on the express-office floor—and he'd put on a clean shirt, and blacked his boots, and had a shave. He always was a tidy sort of a man.

When the train pulled in, some fellows from Chamita and the Embudo—come to see the doings—got out from the day coach and shook hands; and the Denver undertaker got out from the express-car and helped the messenger unload the fixings he'd brought for poor old Bill. Everybody stood around quiet like, and as serious as you please. You might have thought it was a Sunday morning back in the States.

Except now and then a drummer—bound for Santa Fé on Hill's coach—nobody much ever came to Palomitas on the Pullman; and so there was something of a stir-up when the Pullman conductor helped a lady out of the car,





*Drawn by Stanley Arthurs*

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SHE AND SANTA FÉ BEGAN TO SNICKER A LITTLE



landing her close to where Charley in his clean shirt and handcuffs on was standing between two members of the Committee holding guns. She was a fine-shaped woman, but looked oldish—as well as you could see for the veil she had on—having a palish sort of a face a good deal wrinkled and a bunch of gray hair. She was dressed in measly black clothes, and had an old black shawl on, and looked poor.

Getting out into that crowd of men seemed to rattle her, and she didn't look at anybody for a minute. It wasn't till she most bumped up against Charley that she raised her eyes and saw him—and let off a yell that must have carried clean across the valley to San Juan! And then she sort of sobbed out: "My husband!"—and got her arms round Santa Fé's neck and gripped him with 'em like they'd been air-brakes.

"My God! It's my wife!" said Charley. And if the members of the Committee hadn't caught the two of 'em quick they'd have tumbled down.

Santa Fé was the first to get his wind. "My poor darling!" he said. "To think that you should have come to me at last—and in this awful hour!"

"What does it mean, Charley? Tell me, what does it mean?" she asked, and begun crying.

Santa Fé snuggled her up to him—as well as he could with his hands handcuffed—and said back to her: "It means, Mary, that in less than two hours' time I am to be hung! In the heat of passion I have killed a man. It was more than half an accident, as everybody here knows"—and he looked over her head at the boys as they pushed up close to listen—"but that doesn't matter, so far as the dreadful result is concerned. I loved the man I shot like my own brother, and shooting him in that chance way has about broken my heart. But that don't count either. Justice must be done, my darling. Stern justice must be done. You have come just in time to see your husband die!" He was quiet for a minute, with the woman all in a shake against him—and a kind of a snuffling went through the crowd. Then he said, sort of hoarsely: "Tell me, Mary, how are our dear little girls?"

She was too broke up to answer him.

She just kept on hugging him, and crying as hard as she could cry.

"Gentlemen," said Santa Fé, "it is better that this painful scene should end. Take my poor wife from me, and let me pay the just penalty of my accidental crime. Take her away, please—and hang me as quick as you can!"

"They sha'n't hang you, Charley! They sha'n't! They sha'n't!" she sung out—and she jerked away from him and got in front of Cherry and pitched down on the deepo platform on her knees. "Don't hang him, sir!" she groaned out. "Spare him to me, and to our dear little girls who love him with all their little hearts! Oh, sir, say that he shall be saved!"

"Get up, ma'am, please," Cherry said, looking as worried as he could look. "That's no sort of a way for a lady to do! Please get up right away."

"Never! Never!" she said. "Never, till you promise me that the life of my dear husband shall be spared!"—and she grabbed Cherry round the knees and groaned. He really was the most awkward-looking man, with her holding on to his legs that way, you ever saw!

"Oh Lord, ma'am, *do* get up!" he said. "Having you like that for another minute 'll make me sick. I'm not used to such goings on"—and Cherry did what he could to work loose his legs.

But she hung on so tight he couldn't shake her, and kept saying, "Save him! Save him!" and uttering groans.

Cherry wriggled his legs as much as he could and looked around at the boys. They all was badly broke up, and anybody could see they was weakening. "Shall we let up on Santa Fé this time?" he asked. "I guess it's true he didn't more'n half mean to shoot Bill—and it makes things different, anyway, knowing he's got kids and a wife. Bill himself would be the first to allow that. Bill was as kind-hearted a man as ever lived. Do please, ma'am, let go."

Nobody spoke for a minute—but it was plain how the tide was setting—and then Santa Fé himself chipped in. "Gentlemen," he said, "you all know I've faced this music from the first without any squirming, and even come into Joe Cherry's plan for making me do circus stunts at the funeral for the good of the town. I'm ready to go through the





*Drawn by Stanley Arthurs*

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"DON'T HANG HIM, SIR!"



whole racket right now, and come back here when it's all over and be hung on the square—"

"Save him! Save him!" the woman cut in; and she give a fresh jerk to Cherry's legs that come close to spilling him.

"But I will say this much, gentlemen," Santa Fé went on: "That I am willing to ask for the sake of my dear wife and helpless innocent infants what I wouldn't be low down enough to ask for myself—and that is that you call this game off. This dreadful experience has changed me, gentlemen. It has changed me right down to my toes. Being as close to a telegraph-pole as I am now makes a man want to turn over a new leaf and behave—as some of you like enough 'll find out for yourselves if you don't draw cards from my awful example and brace up all you know how. Give me another show, gentlemen. That's what I ask for—give me another show. Let me go home with my angel wife to the dear old farm in Ohio, where my aged mother and my sweet babes are waiting for me. Like enough they're standing out by the old well in the front yard looking down the road for me now!" Santa Fé gagged so he couldn't go on for a minute. But he pulled himself together and finished with his chest out and his chin up and speaking firm. "Let me go home, I say, to the old farm and my dear ones—and take a fresh start at leading bravely the honest life of an honest man!"

Then he let down his chin and took his chest in and said, sort of soft and gentle: "Let go of Mr. Cherry's legs and come and kiss me, my darling! And please wipe the tears from my eyes—with my poor shackled hands I can't!"

The woman gave Cherry's legs one more rousing jerk, and said sort of pitiful: "Save him! Save him for his old mother's sake, and for mine, and for the sake of our little girls!" Then she got up and wiped away at Santa Fé's eyes with her pocket-handkerchief, and kissed him for all she was worth while she had him tight around the neck with both arms.

The boys was all as uncomfortable as they could be—except Cherry seemed to feel better at getting his legs loose—and some of 'em fairly snuffled out loud.

They stood around looking at each other, and nobody said a word. Then Santa Fé sort of wrenched loose from her kissing him and spoke up. "Which is it to be, gentlemen?" he said. "Is it the telegraph-pole—or is it another chance?" The woman moaned fit to break your heart.

The silence, except for her moaning, hung on for a good minute. Then Hill broke it. "Oh, d—n it all!" said Hill—it was Hill's way to talk sort of careless—"give him another chance!"

That settled things. In another minute they had the handcuffs off Santa Fé and all the boys was shaking hands with him. And then they was asking to be introduced to his wife—she was all broke up, and crying, and kept her veil down—and shaking hands with her too. After that they ended up by giving Charley and his wife three cheers. You never saw folks so pleased. The only one out of it was the Denver undertaker—who couldn't be expected to feel like the rest of us; and was in a hurry, anyway, to finish his job so he could start back home on the night train.

"You come along with me in the coach, Charley," Hill said—Hill always was a friendly sort of a fellow—"and I'll jerk you over to Santa Fé in no time, and you can start right off East by the 4.30 train. That 'll be quicker'n going up to Pueblo, and it 'll be cheaper too. The ride across sha'n't cost you a cent. If you and your lady come in my coach, you come free. And I say, boys," Hill went on, "let's open a pot for them little girls! Here's my hat, with ten dollars in it for a warmer. I'd make it more if I could—and nobody 'll hurt my feelings by raising my call."

All hands made a rush for Hill's hat—and when Hill handed it to that poor woman, who had her pocket-handkerchief up to her eyes under her veil and was crying so she shook all over, there was more'n two hundred dollars in it, mostly gold. "This is for them children, ma'am, with all our compliments," Hill said—and he and Charley helped her hold up her shawl, so it made a kind of a bag, while he turned his hat upside down.

"Speaking for my dear little girls, I thank you from my heart, gentlemen," Santa Fé said. "This is a royal gift,



and it comes at a mighty good time. Some part of it must be used to pay our way East—back to the dear old home, where those little angels are waiting for us sitting cuddled up on their grandmother's knees. What remains, I promise you, gentlemen, shall be a sacred deposit—to be used in buying little dresses, and hats, and things, for my sweet babes. I hate to use a single cent of it for anything else, but the fact is just now I'm right down to the hard pan." And everybody—remembering there'd been the worst sort of a run of luck against Santa Fé's bank the night before the shooting—knew what he said was true.

"Well, Charley, we must be andying along," Hill said. "I'm more'n an hour behind time on my schedule because of all these doings. I've got to whip them mules like h—ll!"—that was the offhand way Hill talked always—"if you're to ketch that 4.30 train."

And then everybody shook hands all over again with Santa Fé and his wife, and things to drink was put in the coach for 'em—and away they went down the slope to the bridge over the Rio Grande, with Hill whipping away for all he was worth and swearing at his mules. Hill always said that swearing at mules was the only sure way to make 'em go.

"Well, boys," said Cherry, as the coach went bumping across the bridge and on toward Santa Cruz, "getting shut of Santa Fé that way is better'n hanging him. With him and the rest fired out of it, and the Sage-brush Hen no longer around to start up fighting, I guess we've got Palomitas purified about down to the ground. And what's more, we've ended off by doing a good deed! Them little girls 'll be pleased and happy when their mother gets back to 'em with our money in her pocket, and brings along in good shape their father—who'd just about be in the thick of his kicking on that telegraph-pole by this time, if she hadn't romped in the way she did on the closest kind of a close call!

"And now let's turn to and get poor old Bill planted. We've kind of lost sight of Bill in the excitement—and we owe him a good deal. If Santa Fé hadn't started the reform movement by shooting him, we'd still be going on in the same

old way. You may say it's all Bill's doings that Palomitas is pure!"

When Hill drove into town next day—coming to the deepo, where most of the boys was waiting around for the Denver train to start—he was laughing so he was 'most tumbling off the box.

"I've got the d—dest biggest joke on this town," Hill said—Hill said it just that careless way—"that ever was got on a town since towns begun!"

Hill was so full of it he couldn't hold in to make a story. He just went right on blurting it out: "Do you boys know who that wife of Charley's was that blew in yesterday from Denver? I guess you don't! Well, *I* do—she was the Sage-brush Hen! Yes siree," Hill said, so full of laugh he couldn't hardly talk plain; "that's just who she was! All along from the first there was something about her shape I felt I ought to know, and I was dead right. It come out while we was stopping at Bouquet's place at Pojuaque for lunch—they both knowing I'd see it was such a joke I wouldn't spoil it by giving it away too soon. She went in the back room at Bouquet's to have a wash and a brush-up—and when she showed up at the lunch-table she'd got over being Charley's wife and was the Hen as good as you please! She hadn't a gray hair or a wrinkle left anywhere, and was like she always was except for her black clothes. When she saw my looks at seeing her, she got to laughing fit to kill herself—just the same gay old Hen as ever; and she always was, you know, the most comical-acting sort of a woman, when she wanted to be, anybody ever saw.

"When she quieted down her laughing a little she told me the whole story. She and Charley'd fixed it up between 'em, she said; and she'd whipped up to Denver on one train and down again on the next—buying quick her gray hair and her black outfit, and getting somebody she knew at the Denver theatre to fix her face for her so she'd look all broke up and old. She nearly gave the whole thing away, she said, when Charley asked her about the little girls. He just threw that in, without her expecting it—and it set her to laughing and shaking so, back of her veil, that we'd have ketched up



with her sure, she said, if Charley hadn't whispered quick to her to pretend to cry and carry off her laughing that way. She had another close call, she said, when Charley was talking about the old farm in Ohio—she all the time knowing for a fact he was born in East St. Louis, and hadn't any better acquaintance with Ohio than three months in the Cincinnati jail. Charley ought to go on the stage, she says—where she's been herself. She says he'd lay Forrest and Booth and all them fellows out cold!

"She and Charley just yelled while she was telling it all to me; and they was laughing 'emselfes 'most sick all the rest of the way across to Santa Fé. When we got into town I drove 'em to the Fonda; and then the Hen rigged herself out in good clothes she bought at Morse's—it was you boys, and me too, helped pay for her outfit—and gave her old black duds to one of the Mexican chambermaids. They allowed—knowing I could be trusted not to talk too much in Santa Fé—they'd stay on at the Fonda till to-morrow, anyway: so I might let 'em know, when I get back again, how

you boys took it when you was told how they'd played it on you right smack down to the ground. Charley sent word he hoped there wouldn't be any hard feeling—seeing his shooting Bill was an accident, and there wasn't no real call for hanging him, and it was all among friends. And the Hen sent word she guessed they'd set up a theatre show for you worth more'n you put in my hat for gate-money, and you all ought to be pleased. And they both said they'd been treated so square by you fellows they'd be sorry to have any misunderstanding, and they hoped you'd take the joke friendly—the same as it was meant."

Well, of course, we all did take it friendly—it wouldn't have been sensible to take as good a joke as that was any other way. Cherry was the only one who squirmed a little. "It's on us, and it's a good one," said Cherry; "and of course I'm not kicking. But the rest of you boys have no notion how sick it makes me feel whenever I think how I felt when what I took for Santa Fé's wife was a-grabbing that way at my knees!"

## In San Na-zaro

BY WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS

IN San Na-zaro's gardens  
The nightingales are still—  
They know a sweeter voice than theirs  
Is passing from the hill,  
And the white rose and the crimson  
Their heads are bending low—  
For roses lie on Lucia's breast,  
And Lucia does not know—  
Pale roses, all too lightly clasped  
In hands as cold as snow.

In San Na-zaro's cloisters,  
By one dim altar-light,  
The gray-haired monks are met to judge  
Their youngest anchorite;  
For Hugo knelt in open hall  
When passing-prayers were read,  
And kissed with white and shaking lips  
The still face of the dead—  
"The love I might not give to Life  
I give to Death," he said.

The monks of San Na-zaro  
Their doom have spoken now—  
They cannot know when breaking hearts  
Assoil a broken vow,  
But in the funeral chamber  
Amid the dim-lit gloom  
The pale buds laid on Lucia's breast  
Unfold in perfect bloom,  
And that calm smile the dying lips  
Had lost, the dead resume.

And in Na-zaro's gardens  
Now when the night is dim,  
Young Hugo comes, and nightingales  
Have songs alone for him,  
And the white rose and the crimson  
All down their bending rows  
Lean close to touch his clasped hands  
And whisper, as he goes,  
"Thy kiss hath waked a heart in heaven;  
She knows now; Lucia knows."



# Schoolmastering the Speech

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

Professor of English, Yale University

IN questions of disputed propriety of usage it is not the voice of any single writer, no matter how eminent, which settles definitively the correctness or incorrectness of a particular locution. It is the concurrent voice of all. From that there is no appeal. Individuals may err; not so the collective body. This wields an authority that cannot be successfully defied or even disputed.

It is of course conceivable that a man may insist that a particular word or construction which has been employed, for instance, by the translators of the Bible, by Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Johnson, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Macaulay, Tennyson—to cite a few,—is wrong and should be avoided. With such a person, if he exist, controversy cannot well be carried on. There is no common ground upon which the disputants can meet. Still, it is not likely, wherever agreement prevails in the usage of the very best writers, that any one would knowingly set up against their united authority either his own opinion or the opinion of any grammarian. He might have the disposition; he would pretty surely lack the requisite impudence. As a matter of fact, as we shall see later, he frequently does set up his opinion against their united authority. But that is not because he possesses daring, but because he lacks knowledge. He censures, as he supposes, the individual writer. Had he been aware that the whole body of great authors was included in his attack, he might indeed have solaced himself in private with the consciousness of his superiority to them all; but before the public he would have taken care to preserve silence.

The examples which have been given of difference of usage in the case of locutions like *the two first*, *firstly*, and *our mutual friend*, show what caution must be exercised in many instances,

what pains must be taken before the student of speech can be in a position to justify any announcement he makes of his conclusions. Even much fuller must be the more delicate sifting of evidence which will enable the investigator, wherever variation exists between two different modes of expression, to decide whether the language is tending towards the exclusive adoption of one of them or is disposed to retain both. Take the case of the verb *thrive*. At present it is inflected according to the strong and the weak conjugation—that is to say, we use indifferently and with equal propriety in the preterite and past participle *throve*, *thriven*, or simply *thrived* for both. Is there a disposition to settle upon the adoption of one of these methods to the exclusion of the other? In the eighteenth century the superficial observer would have been tempted to say that the weak inflection would in time become the only one. In the nineteenth century a similar observer would have been led to express the opinion that the verb was going over entirely to the strong conjugation. But no thorough examination of the best usage during either of these periods has ever been made. There is in consequence no room for dogmatic assertion. The inflection of *thrive* according to the weak or the strong conjugation is therefore with us now merely a matter of personal preference. All that we can safely say further is that such it seems likely to remain, so far as the known data in regard to its employment permit us to form an opinion.

It has already been remarked that this preliminary preparation of investigation and thought, required to fit one to discuss properly disputed questions of speech, is not ordinarily regarded as in the least degree essential by those who assume the office of instructors in good



usage. It is much easier to lay down rules of one's own devising, based though they be upon insufficient knowledge and inadequate linguistic training, and, according as others observe or fail to observe these, pronounce decisively upon the verbal or grammatical correctness of what they say. This course has further the warrant, to no slight extent, of worldly wisdom. Men like positiveness in those who set out to act as their guides. In matters of usage in particular they prefer the certainty of dogmatic utterance to the hesitancy of statement which arises from the knowledge of the fact that the field under discussion has been but partially surveyed, and that conclusions founded upon the little that has been ascertained are liable to modification if not to reversal. They are consequently willing and even eager to heed the words of any one who takes it upon himself to direct them with sufficient assurance, no matter what may be his qualifications.

One result of this readiness on the part of the mass of men to accept any one as authority, who chooses to proclaim himself as such, is that the language has for a long time been undergoing the process which the late Professor Whitney used to describe as that of being school-mastered. Instead of following a natural normal development upon the lines laid down by the great writers of our literature, sets of artificial rules for the regulation of expression have been and from time to time still are announced. Some of these rules are imported from alien tongues. Some are the creation of men who, not knowing what good usage is, have sought to impose upon the speech their crude notions of what it ought to be. To a certain extent these have been adopted in grammars. As a consequence they are taught by scores of teachers, occasionally even by those connected with our higher institutions of learning. This observation does not of course apply to all grammars any more than it does to all institutions; in particular it does not apply to any of the larger German grammars of our speech. These, being the work of scholars, follow the methods of scholars. Accordingly they base their conclusions not upon any preconceived opinions of propriety, but

upon the actual practice of eminent writers. But the statement is true of too many of these manuals in our own tongue. So far as the artificial standards set up in them are accepted, they tend to cramp expression and to put formal and pedantic utterance in the place of that which is natural and idiomatic.

Herein lies the sole justification for the complaint made by Forster and others that the study of grammar portends and paves the way for the ruin of style. It is not grammar itself, but grammar falsely so called, that can by any possibility produce such an effect. The peril too is exaggerated. It is mainly by the semi-educated in language that all recommendations or denunciations found in works of this character are religiously heeded. They can scarcely be said to affect to any extent worth considering the practice of eminent writers. These are much more familiar with and naturally are much more acted upon by the great literature of the past than by any grammatical treatises of the present. Furthermore, it is rarely the case that injunctions of the sort here indicated come from men whom such writers regard as being entitled to speak with authority. Authors of the first rank are as little disposed to originate these artificial restraints upon expression as they are to respect them. Perhaps the only exception that can be found is that of Walter Savage Landor. He scattered broadcast criticisms upon points of usage, and it is no easy matter to decide whether in so doing he displayed more whimsicalness or ignorance. Still, his literary position was such as to give a certain vogue to the wildest vagaries he originated or adopted.

Landor's reckless assaults upon "the vernacular idiom"—to use a phrase attributed to Bentley which he put under the ban—furnishes a most amusing chapter in his stormy life. Like all who set out to be purists, he would now and then select some one word or expression to bear the opprobrium of corrupting the speech, while he employed without hesitation scores of others which were exactly in the same class, and therefore justly exposed to the same objection. Nothing, for instance, is more common in language than to use a word both in a general



and in a specific sense, or even in different specific senses. Illustrations of it abound in our daily speech. Landor fixed his eye upon one example of this practice. He fell foul of the noun *executioner*. That word had been regularly used since the fifteenth century to designate specifically the person inflicting the death penalty, preferably by hanging or beheading, though sometimes extended to other modes. Naturally the corresponding limiting significations had likewise attached themselves to *execution* and *execute*. Such a use of the three words had been made for generations by every writer who needed for any reason to employ them. The same course will doubtless continue to be followed so long as the language exists. But Landor for some reason took it into his head that this was all wrong. *Executioner* ought not to denote the hangman. The term, he insisted, was more appropriate to the judge whose business, according to him, was to execute the laws. It was useless to tell him that an authority far mightier than he had settled the meaning long before he was born.

Not improbably such utterances as these have influenced to some extent the conduct and belief of inferior men who have transferred to Landor's linguistic dicta a deference due to the knowledge and ability he displayed in other matters. But man of genius as he was, his pronouncements upon usage never affected the practice of writers who were his equals or superiors, save perhaps in one instance. This, however, is so curious that it deserves recital. Attention has been called to the fact that the neologism of *would better* with the infinitive instead of *had better* owes what little headway it has made to Landor's advocacy. The sole example, however, of its employment by any other writer of the first class, which I have been able to discover, occurs in Browning. The concluding scene of *Pippa Passes* is taken up mainly with a dialogue between Monsignor and the intendant. The latter gives utterance to a desire to be asked what service he had done the bishop's brother. In the reply, as it originally appeared, Monsignor is represented as using the English of literature, the English of good writers, past and

present, and consequently saying, "I had better not." But later in life Browning revised the work and changed the expression into the unidiomatic and really meaningless "I would better not." But it was not to the teaching of any grammaticaster that his error was due. He made the alteration, as he acknowledged, in deference to Landor. He defended it upon what he called his friend's magisterial authority. He even united himself to him in a common bond of ignorance by adopting as his own the long-exploded derivation which regarded *I had* as an expansion of *I'd* contracted from *I would*.

At the present day these attempts at schoolmastering the speech are going on all the while before our eyes. One agency in particular, which is working havoc in the minds of many, is the disposition to insist that the modern signification of a word or its modern grammatical construction shall conform to its derivation. This is a delusion to which men who aspire to be considered cultivated are peculiarly susceptible. One point indeed there is which the average man of education, or rather the man of average education, seems wholly incapable of comprehending. He cannot be made to see that it is the meaning which living men put into the words they use that is alone of any significance; that of very trifling significance is the meaning that dead men have given to those from which the former have come. To the prevalence of this hallucination—for hallucination it is in the strict etymological sense of that term—we owe the efforts constantly put forth to alter the speech of our fathers and to limit freedom of expression.

Of course were men to set out seriously to regulate the whole speech in accordance with this principle, the language would at once be thrown into a state of wildest confusion. There is not a day of our lives in which we do not use a large number of words in a meaning not merely inconsistent with their derivation, but in actual defiance of it. We speak of December as the twelfth month of the year, though etymologically it is the tenth. Necessarily a similar statement is true of the three months preceding it. We designate the political, literary, and scientific periodicals which come out



weekly, and even monthly, by the name of *journals*, as do the French from whom we took the word. Were we under the bondage of derivation, we should have to limit the use to a daily paper. An *anecdote*, linguistically speaking, is strictly something which has never been published. It is a portion of secret history that for the first time has been revealed. Very severe censures were once passed upon those who used it in the sense in which everybody uses it to-day. No one would now think of restricting its employment to its etymological signification. With us, indeed, the fault that is found with anecdotes is not so much that they have never been published, but that they have been published altogether too often.

Turn now from words to grammatical forms. We use *riches* as a plural, though it is nothing but the old English singular *richesse*. The process which brought about the change which has taken place in the grammatical character of this word we can now see going on at the present day in the case of another word. With the keener sensitiveness which has come to exist in matters of language, the goal towards which the latter has long been tending may never be actually reached. Still, when something is said of a man's *stamina*, how small is the number of those to whom it occurs that *stamina* is a plural. Such, however, it certainly is. Yet to use it as the subject of a plural verb would jar now upon the linguistic sense of even the classically educated. So men who are aware of its origin employ it almost invariably in the objective case, with which no fault can be found. A few, who are ignorant of its being a Latin plural, occasionally use it as the subject of a singular verb. If the language of the few should become in this particular the language of the many, that of itself would not suffice to make the practice good usage. But if it should be so employed by the best writers, the status of the word would be settled decisively. *Stamina* would then become a singular just as *riches* has become a plural.

But every now and then some unfortunate word or construction is selected to bear the brunt of linguistic attack because it is employed in a way which its etymology does not justify, though

scores of other examples of a precisely similar nature are passed over in silence. Attempts in consequence are made to compel men to give up their natural speech and adopt in its place some prescribed mode of expression, which, it is assumed, must be particularly correct because it is so disagreeably stiff and formal. Though the process has been called, in accordance with Professor Whitney's phrase, a schoolmastering process, it is a process the application of which is not confined to schoolmasters. Perhaps as a class the teaching profession is less inclined to employ it than any other body of educated men. There is a touch of this particular form of pedantry in no small number of the cultivated who set out with insufficient equipment to deal with the problems of speech. A pedant is not necessarily a pedagogue, though etymologically he has no business to be anything else. The path of derivation, as the examples just given show, is beset at every turn with pitfalls. Into one of these he who starts out to follow it blindly is sure to tumble. Consequently the good sense of the immense majority of the users of speech has taught them to shun this dangerous way; at least, if it is not their good sense, it has been a necessity of the situation. It is of course impossible for the great body of speakers to conform the meanings of the words they employ to those of their originals found in a language which they do not understand. Even such as are not ignorant in this particular respect are almost invariably indifferent.

That this state of feeling is at times productive of harm there can be no question. There are variations of signification based upon derivation which add to the resources of speech. It is always a misfortune when they come to be disregarded. Let us take an illustration from the confusion widely prevalent in the case of the two words *vocation* and *avocation*. These have, as etymology implies, different meanings. To confound them is a loss to the language. So again the proper use of *allude*, in the sense of hinting at or suggesting a person or thing without direct mention, carries with it a delicate distinction in usage which it is most desirable to retain. Yet there is no question that both *avocation*



in the sense of *vocation* and *allude* with the mention of person or thing have been employed not simply by ordinary men, but by speakers and writers of high cultivation, and in a few instances of high authority. So long as the greatest authors do not present a united front against such usage the proper signification of the words is in danger of being lost. To that extent the language is made the poorer. Were all of this class of writers to fail us here, we would have to regret the impairment of the speech thereby produced. None the less should we have to accept it, at least for the time being.

It is not, however, from disregard of derivation that the speech is in any serious danger. Much more harmful is the deference mistakenly paid to it. From this results not unfrequently a pedantic and even painful mode of expression in opposition to the best usage, and that too without the slightest counterbalancing advantage. A remarkable illustration of this can be seen in the case of *none* as the subject of a plural verb. When and where the outbreak of hostility to this usage first manifested itself it may not be easy to determine. Apparently it was not until of late that any one ever thought seriously of questioning the propriety of the construction. But the fact seems suddenly to have dawned upon the mind of some student of speech that *none* was a contraction of *no one*. The processes of logic were at once set in motion. *No one* is exclusively confined in its construction to the singular; it cannot be used with a verb in the plural. In that all would agree. The conclusion was at once drawn that the word derived from it must be exactly in the same situation. It was therefore highly improper to use *none* as the subject of a plural verb.

It is needless to say to any person who has made himself familiar with the best usage, either written or spoken, that *none* has been and is employed indifferently as a singular and a plural; if anything, more frequently in the latter number than in the former. The study of our best writers settles that point decisively. It is in the power of any one to decide

the question for himself; and it will make little difference what is the work he takes up. At Miletus, Paul tells his followers of the bonds and afflictions which await him at Jerusalem. "But none of these things move me," he continues, according to the authorized version which adopts here the translation of the passage as found in some of the earlier sixteenth-century versions. "None deny there is a God," said Bacon in his essay on Atheism, "but those for whom it maketh that there were no God." "None are for me," Shakespeare puts in the mouth of Richard III., "That look into me with considerate eyes." "None are seen to do it but the people," wrote Milton in his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*. A magazine cannot be turned into a dictionary of quotations, otherwise it would be easy to fill page after page with examples of the use of *none* as the subject of a plural verb, taken from the best writers of the language of every period, and indeed from writers of every grade of distinction from the highest to the lowest. As a single illustration of what can be found in modern usage, in the one short poem of Browning's, entitled "Clive," the word appears three times as a plural.

There is even more to be said. As there are cases where *none* with the verb in the singular is the only proper construction; as again there are cases where *none* can be used indifferently as a singular or a plural—so there are cases where its use as the subject of a plural verb is the only possible as well as proper construction. Fancy the result which would follow the employment of *goes* for *go* in this somewhat celebrated couplet of Pope's:

'Tis with our judgments as our watches,  
none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

Similar examples could be multiplied almost indefinitely. Yet a practice which has been sustained by the good usage of both the past and the present, which in many instances is absolutely essential to correctness of expression, has been held up to censure because it does not conform to this crazy canon of derivation



# The Underling

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.—PART II

THE next Sunday Rose dined with the Lyndes. She was charming in her summer silk of a soft-brown shade and her hat with the brim faced with pink roses. There was a state dinner.

William as usual sat meekly with the hired men in the kitchen, but he ate nothing. He was ghastly pale. He had dressed himself, as he always did on Sunday, in his best clothes. After dinner he went across the field to his accustomed seat on the stone wall and thought about what was coming, how Rose Willard was going to marry Edgar and would live in the house as his brother's wife. "I've got to stop feeling about her the way I have done," he said to himself. "There is no use talking, it has got to be done."

Sitting there, the man strove as resolutely and with as much agony to pluck the love from his heart as a wounded man to pluck a spear from a wound. "It has got to be done," he kept saying to himself over and over.

At last, when he rose and crept off home across the fields he actually limped. He looked like an old man.

The next afternoon William left the hay-field early; the hay was nearly in, and he considered that they could spare him. James called after him in wonder.

"Where are you going, William?" he asked.

"I must drive over to Askam before supper," William replied, never turning his head, as he strode across the field in his unwonted self-assertion.

Edgar wiped his forehead, gazed toward the west, where the sun was sinking, and thought of Rose. He fairly laughed with love of her and self-love. He worshipped at a double shrine, and was in an ecstasy. He thought how happy he was and how happy he was making Rose, and he laughed again. The hired men, watching him furtively, grinned.

"He dun'no' whether he's on his head or his heels," one grunted to the other.

Meanwhile William was driving a lame old horse to Askam. He was going to buy a wedding-present for Rose. He had his own account at the Askam bank. He drew generously upon it, and carried home a service of solid silver.

When he reached home supper was over, and Emma had relapsed from her frame of mind of the day before.

"Supper is all over," she said, sternly, to him when he entered by the kitchen door as usual.

"It's all right," replied William, carrying his large neat package from the jeweller's.

Emma eyed it curiously. "I can't have supper standin' round an hour on a washin'-day," said she.

"It's all right," repeated William. "I don't want any supper." Then, much to her astonishment, he passed directly into the sitting-room with his package. He produced as much astonishment there. His sisters, seated near the table with their work, and James with his evening paper (Edgar had gone to see Rose), started. William spoke to his eldest sister, Mrs. Meserve. "Will you come into the parlor a minute?" said he. "I want to speak to you."

Mrs. Meserve cast a glance of wonder and alarm at her sister and James, and rose and followed William into the parlor.

"I got a present," said William, "and I thought I would like to have you see it."

"A wedding-present?" asked Mrs. Meserve. William nodded. He was busy unwrapping the package.

"Well, you *are* in a hurry," said Mrs. Meserve.

William opened his box and displayed his purchases in their Canton-flannel bags.

Mrs. Meserve gasped. "You don't mean it's solid?" said she.



"You don't suppose I would give her anything that was not solid," said William. He spoke in a tone of resentment new to him, but Mrs. Meserve was so wrapped in her contemplation of the shining silver pieces, which gave off bluish lights in the room, that she did not notice.

"It is magnificent," she said, in an awed voice. "Magnificent. I never saw anything to equal it."

"Then you think it is all right, that I could not have got anything better?" asked William, and his voice expressed a pathetic pleasure.

"Better? Goodness! I should think it was a princess that was going to get married. I never saw anything like it. I don't see when she's going to use it, for my part."

"Well, I'm glad it's all right," said William. Then he returned, crossing the sitting-room in his humble fashion, and they heard his steps on the back stairs leading to his room.

Mrs. Meserve, who had followed him, spoke as soon as the door was closed behind him. "He has bought a solid silver service, ever so many pieces—I never saw anything so magnificent—for a wedding-present," said she.

Annie dropped her work. "A solid silver service!" exclaimed she.

"The handsomest one you ever laid your eyes on."

Annie and James followed Mrs. Meserve into the parlor to inspect William's wedding-present to Rose. He himself, sitting beside the window in his little bedroom, reflected upon it with a measure of self-gratulation new to him. It was a hot night and overcast. There was a fine misting rain. It blew in the open window upon him until he was quite damp. He seemed to see the blue lights of the silver pieces, and he tried to see them as Rose might. At last it seemed to him that he could do so. He became sure that he was reflecting upon the possession of the silver exactly as a woman might do, and he smiled in the darkness, an angelic smile of unselfish love. Then he coughed. He had coughed a good deal lately, but nobody had noticed it. He had not noticed it himself. However, his cough settled a much-deliberated question when the night of the wedding came,

a month later. The Lyndes had wondered whether it would be inevitable that he should go.

"He has no clothes fit," said Mrs. Meserve, "and it seems hardly advisable to get them for just one occasion."

"That is so," replied Annie.

William himself had made up his mind. A curious pride in going possessed him. The worm turned. He ordered a suit of clothes in Askam at his brother's tailor's, and the tailor told Edgar.

When Edgar came home after trying on his wedding suit, he told James. "Say," he said, "William is going."

"To the wedding?"

"Yes; he is having some clothes made. The tailor told me."

James frowned. "Well, perhaps it is better," he said at length. "People might think it singular for him not to attend his own brother's wedding, and might talk, and that is what we don't want."

But when the day of the wedding came, William's cough had so increased that it had come to be noticed, and Annie and Mrs. Meserve talked it over.

"It is no use," said Annie, positively; "leaving everything else out of the question, he cannot go for that reason alone. He coughs every minute. It is incessant. Hear him now." In fact, at that moment the sound of William's persistent cough was heard from the kitchen.

"Such a cough as that right through the ceremony," said Annie; "why, it is ridiculous. Of course he can't go."

"But his clothes have come home from the tailor's, and everything," Mrs. Meserve said, hesitating.

"Nonsense, Agnes; he can't go. You know yourself that anybody that coughs like that can't possibly go to a wedding."

That afternoon, when William was sitting alone on the back porch, Mrs. Meserve came out hesitatingly. She did not like what she had to do. She told him that she and Annie had been talking it over, and they both thought that, coughing as he did, it was hardly advisable for him to go to the wedding. William turned his face toward her, and for the first time she saw an expression of something like reproach on it. She noticed too for the first time that he had grown thin. He had shaved, and was all ready



to don the new suit which lay on his bed up-stairs.

"We both think it best," said Mrs. Meserve, again in a faltering tone. Then she added, "It will be a damp night, too, and it is hardly safe for you to go out, coughing as you do, William."

William looked away. "All right," he responded.

"You can put on your new clothes, and we will send a carriage and you can go to the reception afterward at Rose's."

"All right," said William.

When Mrs. Meserve joined Annie, she replied rather soberly to her question as to whether she had told William.

"He said all right," answered Mrs. Meserve. "Annie—"

"What is it?" said Annie. She was fastening pink roses on the front of her dress.

"Do you suppose that cough ought to be looked out for? He has grown very thin. I noticed it for the first time just now."

"Nonsense! It is only a throat-cough," replied Annie. "Has Edgar gone?"

"Yes; he started just before I came up-stairs. He looked as handsome as a picture. I hope you are right about William's cough."

But in the mean time something unforeseen and unprecedented was happening at the Willard house.

Edgar had proceeded to the house of the bride-elect, because of a note just received from her aunt asking him to do so. The note was evidently written hurriedly and had an agitated air. "Please come at once instead of going to the church first; something has happened," it said. Edgar felt a little uneasy as he rolled along the old familiar road, with such a feeling of strangeness in his heart that it almost looked unfamiliar to him. He gazed out at the leafless trees, whose branches gleamed golden under the brilliant winter sun against the blue of the sky, and it did not seem that they could possibly be the same trees which he had seen ever since he could remember, but instead trees which had gotten their growth in some unknown paradise. He was very fond of Rose, and very happy. It is true that her aunt's letter made him

a little uneasy, but his cheerful optimism sustained him.

When he reached Rose's house, her aunt's face disappeared from the window, and the front door opened directly.

Edgar sprang lightly out of the coach, and ran up the walk and the steps. "Why, what is the matter?" he asked, laughingly.

"Come in a minute," replied Mrs. Ames, mysteriously.

Edgar followed her into the house and the sitting-room. "What is the matter?" he asked again, and he was still smiling.

Mrs. Ames, who was emotional, began to cry. Even then Edgar's smiling face did not change. "I don't know what has come over Rose," Mrs. Ames sobbed out.

"She isn't sick?"

"No, but she said she must see you before she went to the church, and—"

"And what?"

"Oh, she looks and acts so queer. I don't know what is the matter."

Edgar laughed outright. "Oh, Lord! probably her dress doesn't fit," said he, lightly. "Where is she?"

"She's in the parlor with Gloria. She's all dressed. It isn't that. It fits her beautifully. She's just like marble. I don't know what the matter is. I guess she's told Gloria, but she hasn't said a word to me, her own aunt, that's been just like a mother to her." Mrs. Ames began to weep weakly.

Edgar frowned a little; then he laughed his everlasting laugh of sheer optimism, and entered the house and the parlor. In the midst of the parlor sat Rose enveloped in a cloud of fleecy white, through which her face showed, as her aunt had said, with the rigidity of marble. Not a vestige of her lovely color remained. Even her lips were white and closely compressed. Gloria, who was standing over her, and dressed in her wine-colored silk, which cast a glow over her own usually colorless face, gave a terrified roll of her eyes at Edgar entering. Then she murmured something about the note which Rose had wished sent. Edgar made one stride to Rose, and thrusting aside her veil, took her hands, which were as cold as ice.

"What on earth is to pay, dear?" he asked.

Gloria stood still, trembling visibly



from head to foot. Rose had told her the whole story, and she made no motion to leave the room.

Rose looked up at Edgar, and her features contracted into an odd expression almost of hate and repulsion.

"What is it, sweetheart?" Edgar said again, but he was still smiling. It seemed as if nothing could subdue his expression of radiant triumph.

"I've got to tell you something," Rose said, and all the singing sweetness was gone from her voice. It rang harsh and shrill.

Her aunt, out in the entry, heard every word.

"Well, Rose darling, what is it? How lovely you look! But, say, you are awfully pale. Aren't you well?"

"I am doing an awful thing," Rose replied, in that voice which did not seem like hers.

"Why, Rose dear? Every girl gets married. Say, sweetheart, you are nervous."

"No, I am not nervous. I must tell you the truth. I am going to be married to you."

"Well, I rather guess you are."

"I am going to be married to one man, to promise things before God and man, when—"

"When what?"

"When I love another with all my soul and strength, and have, ever since I can remember."

Edgar still smiled, but now the smile seemed like simply a contraction of the muscles around his handsome mouth.

"Who is he?"

"Your brother."

"My brother? James?"

"No; William."

"Good Lord! Why?"

"I don't know why. I know he has done something dreadful. He told me so himself. I know all that, but I can't break off the habit of loving him. I have loved him ever since I went to school with him."

"Nonsense, Rose; you are beside yourself. If you knew—"

"It wouldn't make any difference. It wouldn't ever make any difference to me. I have imagined everything. Nobody can imagine anything worse. He could not have done anything worse than the

things I have imagined, but I love him just the same, more than anybody in the whole world, and I now feel as if his sin, whatever it is, is mine too. I feel as if I had done just what he did, and I can no more hate him for it than I could hate myself. I love him, and I shall love him just the same after I am married to you."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Edgar, still with his mechanical smile.

"Yes, I shall. I thought I should not, but all at once, after I was dressed, and looked at myself in the glass, I saw there what would always be—a woman who was married to one man, when she loved another enough to die for him; who loved him enough to love even whatever he had done that was wrong, and to feel that she would do it herself."

The smile slowly faded from Edgar's face, and it was like the going out of a light. "Do you mean to back out, then, at this late date, when the people must be in the church?" said he.

"No, I don't back out. I will marry you if you say so. I know I am putting you in an awful light and doing you an awful wrong if I don't, but I can't marry you without telling you the truth."

Edgar Lynde had within him the capacity of men of his make who are uniformly good-natured and optimistic, of almost devilish revolt when pushed against the wall, of sudden moves of almost incredible daring. His very optimism had its roots in self-esteem. It seemed to him preposterous, almost incredible, that anything like this could happen to him. At the same time he was not a man to force a woman into an unwilling marriage. A sort of contempt was in his face as he gazed at Rose in her bridal attire, with her love for his brother in her heart. He was almost brutal. He turned suddenly and looked at Gloria. Her eyes fell. She had all her life, ever since she could remember, thought there was no one to equal Edgar Lynde in the whole world. His own anger and wonder at her sister were reflected in her face. Her eyes, which were really lovely, were brilliant with unshed tears. The unwonted glow on her cheeks made her almost beautiful.

"Look here," said Edgar Lynde, "if you think—" He addressed that to Rose, then stopped.

"I will go through with it if you say



so," moaned Rose, "but I had to tell you the truth."

"If you think I would marry a woman after she had confessed her love for my own brother, and a brother who is unworthy of it, you are mistaken," said Edgar then. There was no longer even the semblance of a laugh or even a smile on his face. The hardening of their old lines made it seem instead fierce. Then he continued. "But," he said, "if you think I am going to have all those people turned away and have them told that there is to be no wedding—" he paused again. He looked at Gloria. Then he spoke again. "See here, Gloria," said he. "I know second fiddle isn't the best place in the orchestra, and I know I am asking you to play it, but I'll promise you to do all I can for you if you will."

Gloria stole a glance at him. The color mounted all over her face.

Edgar went on quite calmly: "I know I have been courting your sister a long time, and I won't pretend that I haven't thought more of her than of you, and I expected to marry her, of course, and now she has decided at the last moment to put me to shame in the face and eyes of the whole town. You can make it right if you will. People will only think a trick has been played on them. I have always been playing tricks on people, and they won't be so surprised as if I were another man. I shall like you well enough, Gloria, and I'll do my best to make you a good husband, and you have not much to look forward to here."

Gloria again glanced at him. She was so agitated that she almost chattered like an idiot. She was nearly in hysterics.

"Make up your mind quickly," Edgar said, in a masterful voice. "There isn't any time to lose. Rose's things will fit you. Go up-stairs with her, and change dresses, and go and be married to me. Will you do it, Gloria?"

"You don't love me," said Gloria then, with a piteous cry—her last cry of affronted maidenhood.

"Oh, Lord!" said Edgar, "I shall love you well enough. I dare say I should have loved you instead of Rose in the first place if you had been as good-looking, and in a few years what do looks amount to? I shall like you well enough. I am not one of the kind of

men who go into fits over a woman, anyway. I shall be just as happy with you as with her. Hurry, Gloria. There is the carriage for you and your aunt and Rose now." In fact, a carriage decorated with white ribbons just then drove up before the parlor windows. Gloria cast one more glance at Edgar—a glance of adoration, of shame, and something like guilt; then she looked at her sister. Rose made an almost imperceptible motion toward the door. Gloria followed her. They both rustled out of the room. "Be as quick as you can," Edgar called after them. His face was very pale, but it had resumed its look of pride at his awards of life. He called to Mrs. Ames in the entry, and was laughing when he accosted her. "I have something to tell you," he said. She stared at him, white-faced. "You thought I was going to marry Rose all the time, didn't you?" said Edgar.

"Of course," gasped Mrs. Ames.

"Well, I'm going to marry Gloria. I think if you go up-stairs and help them change dresses, it might help."

Mrs. Ames, ascending the stairs tremblingly, cast a scared look over her shoulder at him.

"It would be better for all concerned—for Rose and Gloria and me—if nothing of this got out," said Edgar. He began whistling as Mrs. Ames kept on up the stair. He then went out of the house, got into his own carriage, and drove to the church, where most of the wedding-guests were already assembled.

It is probable that there had never been such a sensation in the village as that occasioned by Edgar Lynde meeting Gloria in bridal array instead of Rose, and being married to her. It was a simple wedding. Rose sat in the audience, dressed in the wine-colored silk which had been intended for her sister. Edgar had whispered vehemently to his sisters and brother, and they maintained an outward calmness as if everything was going forward as had been planned, as did Rose and her aunt. People actually thought that it was one of the whimsical proceedings for which Edgar Lynde had always been noted in the place; that he had stolen a march upon them, and had been courting Gloria all the time instead of Rose, and had meant to marry her.





*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"I WILL GO THROUGH WITH IT IF YOU SAY SO," MOANED ROSE



Still they wondered. Rose was, superficially at least, so superior to Gloria. However, Gloria in her bridal white looked better than she had ever done before. The shock of happiness radiated her dull face; her cheeks glowed. People whispered that she was almost as pretty as Rose, after all, and they guessed maybe she would make a better wife.

William went to the reception, and moved mechanically up to greet his brother and his bride. When he saw Gloria's face under the filmy veil instead of Rose's, his own turned ghastly white, and he staggered. A man caught his arm.

"What is the matter? Are you sick?" he asked.

William wavered back amidst the crowd. "No, it isn't anything," he replied, choking back his cough.

"You look dreadful pale," said the man, kindly. He was a young farmer with a sympathetic nature. He steered William over to a sofa. "You'd better set down," said he, "and I'll see if Almira can't scare you up a cup of coffee." Almira was the farmer's wife. Presently she came, bringing the coffee to William, who remained sitting where he had been placed, but whose look was aloof upon Rose in her wine-colored silk, talking with seeming gayety with a knot of people on the other side of the room. Rose's manner was the same as ever, but her look was strange, and people remarked it. They whispered among themselves. William heard a man say to another that Rose Willard had got left, he guessed; that it wasn't always the birds with the finest feathers that got the nest. He himself was fairly dizzy with bewilderment. Edgar had said nothing to him. He had not, in fact, considered it worth while. William gradually gathered consciousness, sitting there on the sofa sipping his coffee, that Rose was not, after all, married, but he also seemed to gather a stronger consciousness than ever before that she was out of his own reach. She had never seemed so far from him as that afternoon, as she stood and chatted with the wedding-guests. She never once looked at him. At least if she did, he did not know it. He noticed the strange look on her beautiful face, and wondered with the rest what it meant.

It was not long after Edgar's marriage that William moved out of the Lynde house into a little shanty in the field. It had one room and a chimney, and could be warmed, and was comfortable enough. Gloria was the cause of his moving. Now she was married and at a pitch of happiness and success which she had never anticipated, her character took on a higher phase of self-satisfaction. She said openly to Edgar that either they must have a new house, or William must live elsewhere. She showed the true imperiousness which had always been dormant in her nature.

"As for living in a family where one of the sons has done some awful thing so he can't live with the others, but has to eat with the hired men, I won't," said she.

The Lynde property was undivided. It was almost impossible for Edgar to separate his portion from the rest and live separately. The family discussed the matter, and William moved his poor belongings into the little shanty in the field. He was quite uncomplaining. Sometimes he wished that Rose had owned the silver service which glittered on the table when the family entertained, which was quite frequently since Edgar's marriage. However, he took some comfort in the reflection that Rose at least had the use of the silver sugar-bowl and cream-pitcher. But soon he became very ill. Then he was moved, in spite of his protest, into the house, and James gave up his own chamber—a large sunny room—to him. A specialist was consulted, a nurse was engaged, and Rose stayed at the house a great deal to assist, although she never saw William. She had a knack at delicate cookery, and she prepared the greater part of his meals. She herself grew thin and pale, and her beauty waned. She was torn with grief and love, and horror of that unknown something which William had done. She had locked up in her little rosewood desk a letter which William had written and sent to her the day after their conversation in the field, when he had thought she was to marry Edgar. It was addressed to Miss Rose Willard, and that envelope contained another, on which was inscribed, "To be opened and read after my death."

She often thought of this letter. Will-



iam, now he was so ill, seemed the centre around which the whole family revolved. Their very indignation toward him made them more eager to do all that could be done.

At last it was said that William's death was only a matter of days. He no longer left his bed. It was then that Rose made up her mind. She was a woman with a good head and strong sense of justice, and that influenced her as well as her love for the sick man. "I don't know what William has done," she said to herself, "and they will not tell me; but they must think it is something dreadful or they wouldn't have treated him as they have done. Now it may be that they are mistaken, and this letter which William wrote for me to read after he was dead explains everything. If that is the case, what folly it is for me to wait until he is dead. I should regret it all the days of my life." She considered her own possible pain as well as the injustice to William when she opened the letter the afternoon before he died.

She locked herself into a room before opening it, although she was quite safe from intrusion. James and Edgar had gone on business to Askam; Annie was lying down; Mrs. Meserve had gone on an errand to the drug store. Rose, having locked the door, opened the letter and read it. It did not take long. It was very short. Rose thrust the letter into the bosom of her dress, and crossed the hall to William's sick-room. She knocked, and the nurse came to the door. "How is he?" she whispered. She was trembling from head to foot.

"He is quiet now," replied the nurse. "He had a hard coughing spell an hour ago, but he has been quiet since."

"Is he asleep?"

The nurse cast a glance into the room. William was lying very still, with eyes partly closed, and a ghastly streak of white visible between the lids. "No, I don't think so," he replied.

"I want to speak to him a moment," said Rose, "and I want you to go downstairs while I do so. I have something particular to say while he is able to understand it."

The nurse looked hesitatingly at her. "You know it will not do to excite him," he said.

"I will not excite him to hurt him," said Rose, "but I must speak to him."

The nurse went rather reluctantly down-stairs, and Rose entered the room. She went straight to the bed where the sick man lay—a stark shape, dimly outlined beneath the bedclothes, his head deeply sunken in the pillow as if with an abnormal heaviness, his face ghastly, and his expression fixed in a sort of majestic patience and melancholy.

"William," said Rose,—“William.”

William opened his eyes and looked at her, although seeming at the same time to look at something past her. He essayed a smile, but his face relapsed into its majestic melancholy. He had almost done with the things of earth.

"William," said Rose. "I—I opened your letter."

A sudden light of interest leaped into the sick man's face. He tried to speak, but the cough choked him. He made a terrific effort to subdue the cough, and succeeded. "Why didn't you wait?" he asked, in a loud, clear voice, which was startling coming from those lips, so straight and blue that they looked like those of one already dead.

"I thought it over," said Rose, in her sweet, singing voice, "and I made up my mind it wasn't just to you to wait till you were gone. I made up my mind that if I had been mistaken I would not want to reproach myself with it all my life."

William looked at her, and his look was half reproachful, half joyful, as if in spite of himself he was glad for what she had done.

Rose glanced at the door, and saw that it was tightly closed. "William, I know it all now," she said. "How you destroyed your father's will because he had left everything to you, and how they found it out, and thought it was the other way around."

"If I had told them," said the sick man, "they would all have gone off and had nothing, and left me here. You don't know how proud—" He struggled again with his cough.

"I know you have been put upon all these years," said Rose, and her singing voice quavered.

"It was a dreadful thing I did. I made myself liable—" said the sick man. He





*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

ROSE'S VISION OF THE UNDERLING IN HIS GLORY OF GOOD MOTIVES



cleared his voice, which seemed to come not so much from his throat as from his soul, such a far-off quality was in it. "The sense of guilt has always kept me down," he said. "It wasn't altogether the way they treated me; they had reason. I had made myself an underling. I knew I was guilty."

"Guilty," repeated Rose,—“guilty for a reason like that!” She began to weep softly, turning away her head that William might not see her.

"Father had a hasty temper," said William, "and he and James quarrelled; then Edgar got mixed up in it, and Annie, and he didn't like Agnes's husband. He left them each a dollar apiece, and all the rest to me. I couldn't have it so. I don't believe but father has thought better of it himself by this time."

Rose continued to weep softly.

"If the lawyer who drew up the will hadn't died suddenly, just as father did, I couldn't have done it," said William. "James was suspicious, and he watched me that night when I went down to father's desk. Father had told me all about the will, and I couldn't get him to change it. We had words about it, and James had overheard something, and put the wrong construction on it. Father was unconscious, and I knew he wouldn't live till morning. James caught me just as I put the will in the fire, and he couldn't save it. It was blazing. He accused me, and told the others. I couldn't deny it. I was guilty."

Rose wiped her eyes, came close to William, leaned over and kissed his forehead.

"Now I will have you righted," said she.

But the sick man roused himself, and sat up with a terrible effort. "Oh, Rose," he begged, "don't tell them. Don't you see?"

"See what, William?"

"They will never get over it if they know, and I only wanted you to know, and I am almost through."

"Well," said Rose, "I won't tell them if you say not to, William."

"There is no use in the living worrying over the troubles of the dead, when they meant right," said William.

Rose went over to the hearth where there was a fire burning and dropped the letter. It blazed up quickly. William smiled. He had settled down again into a

shrunk heap. Rose went up to William and kissed him again. "I didn't marry your brother because I loved you so," said she. "I told him so at the last minute, and he asked Gloria. I loved you sin and all, William, and now—I see, I love you goodness and all. I have never seen such a good man as you, William, and loving you is better than being married to anybody else."

Then the nurse came in and Rose went out, and shortly afterward William had a frightful coughing spell. He became unconscious soon after midnight, in that wane of creation when the vitality of things of the earth is low, and died before morning.

It was the evening of the day of the funeral that James told Rose what had been the cause of the dead man's dissension with his family.

"We would not tell you, even though you had become one of us," he said, "but now that the poor boy is gone, it can do him no harm, and in a way we owe it to you and to ourselves."

They were all sitting in the best parlor, and the sisters had reddened eyes. They had been weeping. James spoke tenderly, even while relating what his dead brother had done. It was evident that all rancor on the part of the family had disappeared.

"Poor devil!" said Edgar.

"He always had a sweet disposition," said Mrs. Meserve, in a weeping voice.

"I think he was out of his mind when he did it," said Annie, sobbingly.

It seemed incumbent upon Rose to speak. "I never lay up anything against the dead," said she. "He may have been better in his heart than any of us."

"God alone sees the heart," observed Mrs. Meserve, in a solemn voice.

"That is so," said Gloria.

Rose said no more. She sat beside the window. It was a wonderfully bright moonlight night, and they had not lit the lamps. The field across the road from the house stretched in vast levels of silver light. It seemed to Rose that she could see the Underling coming across the field with a glory of his good motives around his head, and bent no longer beneath the burden of his earthly deeds, and she felt like his bride.

THE END.



## Editor's Easy Chair.

IT would be interesting to know, if one might, how general the appeal of Mr. Henry Holt's recent *Atlantic Monthly* essay on "The Commercialization of Literature" has been. After the passion of love, and, formerly more than now, the principle of religion, there is scarcely any human affair so intimate in its hold upon the majority not immediately concerned in it as the relation of authors and publishers. It seems of such universal indigeneity that one cannot help wondering what interest supplants it among those extremely low forms of savagery in which no analogous relation exists. But this inquiry must be postponed to the more immediate duty and pleasure of recognizing the charm of Mr. Holt's treatment of his subject, and the skill with which he has brought it home to the popular business and bosom. Literature might or might not seize the widest attention; but the commercialization of literature is something that must make a mercantile community sit up as one man. This is what Mr. Holt has perceived, and the effect of his admirable paper is as final as anything in that mystical region can very well be.

It might be said that literature was always commercialized, else there would never have been any such thing as the publishing business. But the commercialization of literature which Mr. Holt means is that very immediately modern condition of the publishing business in which books are run like lines of dry-goods, and advertised like baking-powders and patent medicines. It sounds very undignified and even disgraceful, but the condition which seems so immediately modern is quantitatively rather than qualitatively novel. Within the memory of men who we hope will live long to recall the fact, the contributions of a distinguished statesman to a trashy, but otherwise irreproachable, periodical were announced with an iteration of *Edward Everett writes for it*, *Edward Everett writes for it*, line after line, and column after column, till the whole wide page of a New York daily paper echoed

the cry. This was full fifty years ago; and probably there were other instances of depravity among publishers, not so glaring, we dare say, which we cannot now remember; but we are sure that no immediately modern explosion of publicity has been more scandalous. In fact, the student of the actual publishers' announcements will agree with us, we think, that there is almost nothing of the brute vociferance in them which marked that earlier proclamation. There is rather the vice of a too jaunty knowingness in some of them, where, for instance, the advertising man, putting on the airs of criticism,

Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,

and attempts the analytic and synthetic in singing his wares, as if he were an "indolent reviewer." He forgets, apparently, that a chaste sobriety of statement is the best thing, if he would catch the eyes of any but the groundlings. Possibly, however, it is the eyes of the groundlings which he mainly wishes to catch, and here is the danger, if not the disgrace, the hasty observer of conditions might say. A little reflection might convince such an observer that there is at least not so much danger, so much disgrace as appears. The advertiser is dealing with a condition which evidently he knows, and he is dealing with it according to his lights. He understands what will catch, if not what will keep, that vast, half-taught, half-bred multitude, which has lately so increased, and seems to be growing ever greater, involving the question whether culture will assimilate it, or it will assimilate culture. Whether written for it or not, most books are published for it, and whether authors live by it or not, publishers do live by it.

Publication, therefore, is commercialized, and it always has been so; but literature can be commercialized only when it aims to sell, by aiming in unworthy ways to please. It must aim to please if it would exist; but it must please by being true, by being beautiful. It must make its public; that is a long process, but the effect is lasting. It must



not let the public make it, for then it is made an end of as an art; it is indeed then commercialized, like any other ware.

Some people say that this is what literature, in the imaginative forms, now does. They say that the authors of the novels which are destined to sell have got such an accurate measure of the popular tastes that they know exactly how to meet them: with what proportion of passion, adventure, suspense, relief, mystery, self-devotion, villainy, comedy, tragedy, lubricity, morality, and the rest. They know, fatally well, what the public wants, and they supply it, just as any other shop would. If this saying is true, we have the commercialization of literature as an accomplished fact; and if it is not true, there is no other commercialization possible, and we need not be afraid. No methods of advertising books can harm literature; the tricks of the trade may be indefinitely multiplied; the publishing business may be vulgarized till no self-respecting man will own himself a publisher; literature may be peddled or huckstered about in any fashion; cried from carts like bananas or oranges; pushed by agents, and foisted upon the unwary by bunco-men. Still it cannot be tainted, cannot be degraded, cannot be commercialized. Its corruption can be wrought only through the authors of it; the publishers of it cannot hurt it.

Of course they do not wish to hurt it; they wish by all means to help it; they would not probably go into a business which scarcely offers the rewards of the leanest of the learned professions, and in which few fortunes are made, if they did not somehow love books. They like the look of them, the feel of them, if nothing else; their own imprint is a pleasure to them. They like even the authors of books, even the authors of books they have lost money on; and they would rather enrich all their authors than not; next to themselves there is no one they would like so much to enrich. When they see a popular novelist rolling in his automobile, they like to think that but for them he would be trudging beside them on foot. Their relations with authors are very intimate, very tender; and they are more so than other business relations, because they

somehow feel his helplessness, his generic haplessness. It may be that there is something peculiarly winning in the literary temperament; we would like to think so; or it may be that publishers are of exceptionally affectionate natures, or that their business is one which singularly softens and subdues the asperities of the mercantile relation. The process may go so far as to lead publishers into the belief that they are fonder of authors than they really are; it may even deceive the authors in some such effect.

It is, in fact, the superstition of the young author that the publisher takes his book because he loves him; and he repays the publisher's supposititious passion with an undying ardor, until some other publisher approaches him, and alienates his affections by the offer of a higher royalty. Mr. Holt touches upon this point in deploring the instability of the relation between the author and the publisher. It appears that the alienators of authors' affections are much more active than formerly, and that they stay at no means of corrupting novelists and poets. But this is the blame of the publishers and not of the authors, and again there is no commercialization of literature. That, if its artistic ideal is maintained, is as pure as ever, just as the heart of a lady released from its allegiance by the divorce court is as essentially true as ever, and may be so transferred to a new object of devotion. Besides, the inconstancy of authors is no new thing. There is a potential fickleness in the tribe, which no one knows better than themselves, and some of them go so far as to make a principle of their inconstancy. It was the serious belief, humorously avowed, of one of our best and finest that a change of publishers was very wholesome and desirable. He contended that it kept each of the author's successive publishers on the alert to hold his favor, and inspired the latest with an energy to outdo all the rest in pushing his venture. He was an author whose ideal never faltered, who always meant and always did the best that was in him, with the beautiful results we were all glad to know. Yet he preached and practised a system which Mr. Holt regards as one of the regrettable features of the present demoralization.



To his contention Mr. Holt, who sees in the impermanence of the old (perhaps prehistoric) relation of faithful authors and publishers the work of that most baleful of middlemen, the literary agent, would oppose the familiar doctrine that an author's books, if kept together in a single publisher's hands, will help sell one another. This we have ourselves always believed, and we hope it is true; but the author of whom we have spoken believed that the books so compactly grouped were allowed to sell one another without the publisher's help. In fact (and this is an awful secret told only in whisper), authors never think that their publishers have pushed their books quite enough. They may affect a polite goose-flesh at the shameless advertisement of their productions, and they may wish the odium of it to fall altogether upon their publishers, but they wish the disgrace to keep on, and to increase in space and frequency. To their mighty gorge whole pages of all the newspapers would not be too much. They are insatiable, and perhaps they are unreasonable; but perhaps they are not unreasonable if, recalling with difficulty the titles of their earlier books, they never find the public reminded of them from year to year by the publisher who is keeping them together. He is keeping them together, they say in their hearts, with such a vengeance that apparently he has no wish to share his treasure with others. So they come to doubt that good old doctrine, and fall away into denial, or at the best lapse into a condition of cold agnosticism.

Yet with all this, literature is not commercialized, even in the greedy souls of its authors. It cannot be commercialized, we say again, unless it is made to sell, with an eye single to its sale. As for the publisher's or the bookseller's methods, they are not yet enough commercialized, they are not yet truly business methods. In most other manufactures a well-known brand brings a better price than a brand ill known or unknown. But in the book trade it is not so. A book by an author of established reputation and unquestioned merit sells for no more than a book by an author of no literary excellence, or of no attested worth. The new author, the

trashy author, sells for the same price as the author whose name is a measurable warrant of worth. Apparently the size, shape, and quality of the material put into a book fix its value. There is no other standard known to the trade; and therefore it seems that its methods are not businesslike. The publishing, the selling, of books needs to be commercialized at a vital point. At present it is ridiculously naïve. It still proceeds upon the theory that

A book's a book, although there's nothing in't.

If a dealer in dry-goods were to put upon his counter a "beautiful line of alpacas," say, of which he knew nothing as to material or texture, or of which he knew that both were bad, and offered them at the same rate as alpacas of recognized superiority, what would be thought of his wisdom, his morality? If a dealer in wet-goods (as they are sometimes called) were to invite his customer to buy a raw or acrid vintage at the same cost as "a fine old crusty port" or a delicately tempered champagne of exquisite bouquet, because it was put up in the same kind of bottle, how long could he hope to keep the custom even of the newest millionaire who was trying to educate his palate? Yet upon precisely this principle the bookseller would indiscriminately offer his wares to the millionaire who was trying to form the library of a gentleman.

We think that Mr. Holt has miscalculated his pleasant essay, and that he has really written of the demoralization of the book trade. He has written of this very knowledgeably, of course, and very justly, but, upon the whole, we feel not hopefully enough. It has great odds against it and it is in a bad way, as it always has been, but not in the worst way. It has only measurably against it the mortal enmity of the law by which the author innocently suffers, and if he lives long enough, perishes, as regards his property in his books. After a term of forty-two years, under a constitution guaranteeing equal rights to all citizens, he is singled out by the malice of the statute, and deprived of his ownership in every book of his which has come of that sad age; he is treated like a male-



factor in jail rather than a benefactor at large; and the very publisher who complains of his inconstancy can safely be the first to seize his work and profit by it without offering him any portion of the gains from it.

This ought to be a great consolation, and all the greater if the aggrieved publisher refuses, as he nobly does, for the most part, to seize the advantage of the author which the statute gives him. In all forms of business man is superior to his conditions, and their amelioration through the human equation might very well persuade both author and publisher that the tie between them is more than usually sacred. Their alliance is not really more sacred than the relation of ordinary business partners, but it eventuates often in lifelong friendships, and in every case it is more honorable than that of patron and client which it replaced. The lexicographer now no longer "waits in the outward rooms" of my lord, or is "repulsed from his door," but takes his unabridged dictionary to an enterprising firm who straightway urge the public to "get the best," and provide for his declining years, or at least till those of his copyright shall have reached forty-two.

The relation of the author to his publisher is altogether of a gracefuler and sincerer friendship than the relation of patron and client, in which literature lived before it was at all "commercialized." Even when the rising young author, whom his publisher has helped up, in a genuine liking for him and his literature, takes flight to another publisher paying more, the first bears his desertion more in sorrow than in anger. He reflects that there is a great deal of human nature in man as well as genius, and he does not think too hardly of the inconstant, though he may think him something of an ingrate. At least Mr. Holt does not, and there is no part of his essay which is more amiable than that dealing with this nice, this difficult phase of the subject. In these days it must be an unfortunate young author indeed who has not received much personal kindness from his publisher, over and above the bargain. The glad young author feels the kindness to the bottom

of his heart, and none may say how deeply that heart is wrung when duty to himself obliges him to accept a larger bid from another publisher for his second book.

Mr. Holt tells us that publishers now tempt authors away from one another much more shamefully than they used, offering them in advances and superior percentages temptations too strong for their weak natures; but he does not so much blame the authors. He knows their fragile make, and he will not visit a severe censure upon them. In fact, he discovers some excuse for them; they have a right to profit by their success in better bargains for the future; and he perceives that they may do so without derogation artistically. He would perhaps have them behave more sagaciously than they are capable of doing, and to look well before they leap from one height to a loftier acclivity. They may meet the fate of vaulting ambition; they may come croppers, and he would not like that for them.

The young author scarcely forebodes any such fate; for the young author, when the praiseful book-notices come flocking in, imagines his future secure. He cannot understand the cynical calm of his publisher; he begins to have his suspicions, he does not know of what. Yet unless some other publisher, or worse yet, some literary agent, comes to tamper with his constancy, he remains true to that first love which Mr. Holt would perhaps imply as the lifelong dream of his first publisher. Their fidelity to each other is typical of the final nature of their tie, for the author cannot go back from the publisher to the patron, and we do not see what he could forward to. Of course, some sort of cooperation is always possible, and authors joined in a species of trade-union might publish one another with a union label, and penalties for non-union authors, in the nature of boycotting, or, in extreme cases, of personal assault. But there is much in the jealous nature of authors to forbid the expectation of anything in this kind. Probably, as long as the actual economic conditions endure, we shall have authors and publishers on the present terms, with, we trust and believe, an ever-increasing amity.



## Editor's Study.

THE cultivated reader of to-day does not for his entertainment demand the story of incident, much less the sensational story. Such fiction is likely to lack novelty, and while it is true that the majority of thoughtful readers, even if tolerant of an exception now and then, most cordially welcome the downright story, with dramatic excitement and surprises, yet they are as dissatisfied with one that is trite and obvious as they are averse to one too elusive and remote, or to one which resolves itself into an elaborate study or a bravura of finesse. It is quite possible, however, that they may find their downright story in the new order of subjective fiction.

The large lines of the old-fashioned plot, in the higher order of fiction, gave place to a finer and more complex texture in the natural course of development, long before that stage was reached when the "kingdom within" became a more interesting field of exploration than any outward realm, and more romantic in the new and strange disclosures it yielded to the bold and patient discoverer. Fiction was born and had progressed far as an art under that old order of imaginative creation which, in its earliest manifestation, had been dominated by communal instinct, and, later, by aristocratic influences. It was the poet who had best thrived under that order, from Homer to Spenser, and poetry lost its imposing splendors in the eclipse of outward principalities and powers and of the impressive external symbols of a faith as projectile as the imagination—such symbols as Dante and Milton availed of as their mightiest leverage upon the souls of men. The novelist caught the afternoon rays of that descending sun, and he delighted his readers by the reflection in his magic mirror of the picturesqueness and grandeur of the social world that sun shone on, even calling back through some mirage, if he were such a wizard as Scott, the pageantry of medieval chivalry. Such themes exhausted all the available resources of his art, producing effects which are still alluring, though we do not much care for their repro-

duction, at least in like terms, in contemporary fiction.

What an immense field of action was afforded in this older romance, almost excluding any background, which indeed seemed little needed, every impressive feature being a constituent part of the central spectacle, and every element in the composition, derived from without, with the slightest intervention of the artist's consciousness, outrightly imposed upon him, indeed, contravening individualism! And how sure and effective the appeal, how easy, we might say, all the conditions for its full and striking compulsion being obviously predetermined! The background of the entire presentment was in the mind of the audience.

The pageantry passed out of life long before it ceased to be available for literature. Indeed, as we read the fine romances of so recent writers as Maurice Hewlett, James Branch Cabell, and Justus Miles Forman, we find that its associations have in this special field a lasting value, not only for color and atmosphere, but as a means of escaping a modern environment so rigid and forceful in its associations as to prevent if not quite destroy the kind of romantic illusion which it is the distinct purpose of these writers to maintain.

But for the most part fiction during more than a generation has not only been deeply set in the environment of its own time, but, in its highest examples, certainly in those most recent, has found little stimulus in that environment, deriving its interest mainly from the development of individual character, with psychic disclosures.

Here, too, the real background is in the mind of the reader; but there is this difference between the old appeal and the new—that the writer of to-day is in a kind of wireless communication with each individual reader; there are no mutually recognized masks which he can use to make himself understood—no common myth, symbol, or any outward token, that shall at once stand for all his meaning. The communication is from one solitude to another, with no visible medium be-



tween. The ground of communication is a common culture which has divested itself of the old insignia, so that writer and reader can see each other plain, in the simplest human guise.

The resources of this culture for the purposes of art in prose literature are infinite. The mere accumulation of information counts for little in this estimate. Erudition is only of indirect value. In so far as it is a knowledge of the human past—of its life and of its art and literature—it is an important factor of the writer's equipment, absolutely essential to him if he is to be a historian, philosopher, or critic, but only of correlative use to the creative imagination beyond the enrichment of its soil, and of far less value to the novelist of to-day than it was to the poet of yesterday, since it inherits a symbolism of no contemporary significance. The unfolding wonders of recent science much more directly stimulate the creative faculty; and the writer's awareness of Nature, wholly apart from the scientific quest, is an attribute of genius and more germane to its activities than the most extensive knowledge of the world and of society derived from superficial observation. The sympathetic interpretation of humanity is quite different from such matter-of-fact knowledge. To the novelist it is essentially everything, the impressions derived from Nature being but complementary.

To the novelist who deals with institutional life as a social background for the unfolding of individual character, as Mrs. Humphry Ward does in her recent fiction, the environment, as interpreted rather than merely observed, means a great deal for the heightening of dramatic effect as well as for the reader's intellectual satisfaction. Here, too, of course, the culture which in its interpretation includes not only the present but the past gives the writer a wider range in the choice of both theme and environment, and, if the interpretation is true and has its significance psychically from the modern note in it, the note of to-day, the placing of the story in some former period does not incur the blame otherwise—and justly—attaching to the so-called "historical novel." Very few writers are, in this sense, competent

to deal with the past, success being possible only as the result of such special study as must have been preliminary to George Eliot's *Romola* and to Hewlett's Italian tales.

The American environment does not yield much of æsthetic value to the imaginative writer. It was because the colonial period had so much in common with the English life synchronous with it, and which he knew so well, that Thackeray found it attractive and suited to his purpose in *The Virginians*. Hawthorne, choosing the New England of the same period, was more prophetic of the coming note by making the most of his opportunity for psychological disclosures. The reader is familiar with that large section of American fiction devoted to our revolutionary and civil wars, and which has derived its prosperity from an appeal to patriotic sentiment rather than to artistic sensibility. The development of the machinery of peace and war and the complex organization of labor and capital, wonderful as they are, and involving striking social phenomena, while they have been prolific of a special kind of American fiction, have taxed the resources of invention rather than those of the imagination; and this is true also of that class of novels which appeals to morbid curiosity in the sensational treatment of the abnormal, or to merely mental curiosity, as in the ingenious detective story. The political novel, the novel of Wall Street, and the strictly social novel have their temptations for writers and readers; there is always a distinct element of romance in fiction disclosing to one half of the world how the other half lives. All this may be interesting, but as literature it is ephemeral. The religious novel, in so far as it is concerned with traditional theological problems, is no longer interesting to the polite reader.

In a country whose population is so heterogeneous, and where there has been so wide a difference of characteristics between the educated and those of the same race in isolated hamlets, secluded mountain regions, and frontier settlements, remote from the centres of culture, an unusual opportunity has been offered for the novel and short story whose interest to a great extent depends upon the presentation of these idiomatic traits. The



opportunity has been availed of to the extreme limit, and more than a score of prominent writers, whose names, from William Gilmore Simms to Alice Brown, will at once recur to the mind of our readers, have for two generations not only given delightful entertainment, but made some of the most notable contributions to American literature, imparting to it, indeed, the only distinction which seems desirable in our consideration of it as something strictly American. No other feature of our environment has been so productive of that humor which is inseparable from natively original character. The cultivated genius brought into contact with such character—which is really the spontaneous manifestation of native genius and found only in circumstances which have insulated that genius and thus preserved it from dissipation and corruption—finds in it elements peculiarly congenial and stimulating to its creative faculty. The best results of this contact, as shown in the writings of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Lowell, Constance Fenimore Woolson, and Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, have been examples of imaginative work rather than transcripts of merely observed phenomena. The last named of these authors has, in *The Debtor*, given us a most remarkable instance of this kind of work.

Writers have from the beginning, with a true artistic instinct, made use of every novel and impressive feature of the external world, physical or social; they have availed of heroic action, communal and individual, of myth, tradition, and every potent symbol of institutional life and religious ritual. They have been immortally justified if they have created high examples of art, and for their own time justified if they have successfully appealed to human interest. The outward-world element will hold its own in future embodiments, though it can only have the worth its significance gives it.

But the new fiction must meet the everlasting test—it must be interesting. The resources of the field upon which it has entered, though they are as yet only partially developed, have within the half-decade just past proved abundant not merely for intellectual and æsthetic but also for emotional interest in an exceptional variety of short stories and

in novels whose commercial prosperity is a sufficient proof of the capacities for general entertainment of fiction whose drama is mainly subjective.

Such excellence as is distinctive of the new literature is positive, due not merely to the divestiture of the old habit, but to a fresh investiture of a wholly different character, wherein faith and imagination wear their proper garb instead of any traditionally appointed vesture.

The external world of Nature and humanity is restored to us in this renaissance of literature, though it is no longer treated after the old fashion which was determined by associations that no longer have power or meaning.

The marriage of Nature to the human soul was never so complete as in very recent fiction—as, for example, in Robert Hichens's *The Garden of Allah*, where it is almost a sacrament, or in Joseph Conrad's sea novels. Almost it would seem that these two writers bring us, the one to the desert, the other to the sea, in order to escape all conventional associations with Nature. It is not that Nature thus speaks to us in her own terms—she never does; but she is stripped of the raiment which was our own old habit and clothed upon with our new vestment—that of the free untrammelled human spirit, which recognizes its kinship with all things.

Human contacts also have a fresh significance because with our democracy we have realized something beyond Milton's dream of civic freedom—the dream of brotherhood, in an expansion of our nature which has generated a new humor and a new and spiritual picturesqueness. Human contacts have thus made for us a body of experience such as creative genius would most naturally choose for its own embodiment.

So it is only that which is traditional and conventional in environment—its masquerades—that has passed. If the artist is left without the easy devices of his predecessors, it is because these are no longer serviceable. The old earth, the old humanity, is still his, and all times are open to his exploring vision. But he must be a true and sincere interpreter, and his interpretation be new, with the excitement of fresh surprises.



# A Woman Inquiring about Trains

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

ARE you the right one? I want to find out about trains—you know, ask questions. . . . Oh, over there? . . . I went there, but the man said I was at the wrong end of the line and I would have to wait my turn, and then I had to stand next to a fat woman with a little boy eating oranges, and it dripped all over, so really I had to leave without finding out anything.

. . . Perhaps you could? . . . Yes, you look intelligent. . . . No, you needn't thank me. You do. . . . Oh, of course. Why, I'm going to visit Aunt Elizabeth—she's not my aunt, she's my husband's aunt; and not really his aunt either—I've forgotten what it is; one of those in-law things that are so hard to remember. I am not positive I shall go, anyway, but, you see, my husband—Mr. Auguste Smythe—Smythe with an *e*. You know, I have more trouble about that *e*—you haven't any idea—in department stores particularly I always say, "Be sure you put on the *e*," and half the time when the parcels come home they have spelled the name "Smith"! Now, honestly, isn't it maddening? I can't tell you how trifles like that annoy me. In fact, I don't call a thing of that kind a trifle, but Mr. Smythe—There, that's what I was going to tell you. Mr. Smythe is away on a business trip, and I thought I would get my visit to Aunt Elizabeth off my mind while he was away and then surprise him when he returned and—

. . . No, not at all—I didn't mind your interrupting me. Where does Aunt Elizabeth live? Oh, yes, of course—you would have to know—in Connecticut. . . . Oh, the town? Well, you know I can't tell you how furious Aunt Elizabeth would be if she heard you say "town." It's a small city—one of those places with a Court Street and a High Street and a Prospect Avenue, which looks out in the back, and no one dares wear made-over clothes, because the neighbors remember them. I do believe—

. . . The name of the place? Now what do you think of that?—you jumped the question so quickly at me it's gone right out of my head. I knew it just as well as my own mind. No—no—I'll have it in a moment. Well, I know it begins with L. I am *absolutely positive* about that. At least I think I am. Can't you suggest some

name? This is really too ridiculous—I never felt so embarrassed in my life.

. . . Oh, no, that doesn't sound a bit like it. . . . Oh, dear no—that's much less like it than the other. . . . No, not at all. You aren't very good at guessing, are you? Don't think I'm criticising you, but it does seem when you must know so many places—

. . . What's that? I didn't catch it. . . . Never mind; I'm in such a hurry we'll just stick to trains. Perhaps I can help you.



WITH A LITTLE BOY EATING ORANGES

Now, I remember there's a big station you come to first, then there's a little one, and then Aunt Elizabeth's the next but one after that. I can't explain how I remember things this way, but I just do. Oh, yes, and I have a friend—not a regular friend, but



I call her so—who lives at the little station, and—

. . . That doesn't help you any? I cannot imagine what is the matter with me to-day— But I'll tell you there's a very small river—some people would call it a brook—runs right past the house. . . . No, that hasn't got any name. Isn't that just the way?—I know perfectly well I could remember the name if it had any. Wait a minute—M-M-Meriden—no, M-M-Middletown! That's it. You see, I knew it all the time perfectly well.

. . . No, *thank you*, don't offer me a time-table. How Mr. Smythe would laugh if he could see you offering me a time-table. Once I got a train out of a time-table all myself, and I think it would have been all right, only in some way I got on the one going in the wrong direction—you know what I mean—of course the train couldn't go in the wrong direction, could it, unless it upset? And I remember how disagreeable the conductor was. He didn't seem to be sorry at all. That's why I would like to arrange it all while Mr. Smythe is away, so I could show him what I really can do when I try.

So will you pick out a good train and tell me about it? . . . Oh, no,—that's much too early. . . . No, I don't like that either. . . . No, because that makes you too late for lunch, and then she'll just heat up anything and . . . No, that wouldn't be convenient either—I'd have to rush so. . . . No, that would get me there after dark, and I shouldn't like that either. I cannot imagine why they run trains just at the most



*Florence Sevel & Pencil*

. . . NO, THANK YOU, DON'T OFFER ME A TIME-TABLE

inconvenient hours—that's just like a monopoly—I think that's what you call it, isn't it? Everything to suit themselves and nothing the way you want it—Mr. Smythe explained it all to me.

. . . Well, I won't detain you but a moment longer, I assure you. I think, anyway, I'll wait till Mr. Smythe comes back—I feel positive he could find me a better train—I'm sure you've done the best you *could*. You see, what I would really like would be to go about ten and get there at one—that would be awfully nice. You are sure there isn't anything like that, aren't you?

. . . Yes, of course, I know you said so, but I thought perhaps— It wouldn't do any good to speak about it, would it? . . . You see, the only way to find out is to ask questions—and I never hesitate to ask. Well, I'm awfully undecided. If I don't go I might give a little bridge-party and pay off some of my debts—my social ones, I mean, because I always lose—I don't know why.

That's such a rude woman—that's the third time she's tried to interrupt.

Now, what would *you* do? I never can make up my mind alone. My husband says it's because I have so much of it to make up. . . . You couldn't suggest anything? . . . Oh, I know! Now, why didn't I think of that before? I hate train travel, anyway. We went that way two years ago—I'll go by boat! Thank you so much!



*Florence Sevel & Pencil*

WHERE DOES AUNT ELIZABETH LIVE?



# Visiting Grandma

BY EDWARD HALL PUTNAM

**I**F Grandmother invites me to  
Come visit her a while—  
A thing I always like to do—  
Why, mother gives a smile,  
And says, "Of course my boy can go,  
But Grandma *always spoils you so!*"

Out there at Grandma's I can do  
Just zactly as I please,  
And eat just what I want to, too,  
And nothing disagrees  
With me; so *that*, I know,  
Can't be the thing that spoils me so!

There I can play around all day  
And drive the cows and sheep,  
And sup'rintend men making hay;  
Then, 'fore I go to sleep,  
Grandmother reads so soft and low,—  
And *that* can't be what spoils me so!

I don't know just what mother means  
By Grandma spoiling me;  
When I come back it always seems  
I'm as I used to be.  
But when I ask her she says, "No;  
For Grandma *always spoils you so!*"



Eclipsed

*I*T must annoy a little boy  
Of lineage superior,  
Who's always dressed the very best,

With neat and clean exterior,  
To be eclipsed by any one  
So plainly his inferior!



# The Diary of an Amateur Laundress

BY LAURISTON WARD

I OFTEN wonder what blessed chance led me to become a laundress. I was so unhappy in my previous or "unlaundered" existence. Life seemed so trivial, existence so meaningless. I prayed for light. And then, in answer to my prayer, "came the Whisper, came the Vision." "Be a laundress," it said—and I knew that I had found the true peace.

Don't think by this that I became a professional laundress, one of those middle-aged, broken-down, unimaginative persons, evangelists of ill health, who degrade the noble calling by following it for hire. No, I became a philosophical laundress. I determined to drop out of the whirl of life and watch the pageant through the rainbow hues of soap-suds. Others might find truth in the wine-cup; I would find it in the wash-tub. Soap should be my theme—soap and its work of "pure ablution round earth's human shores." And I resolved that pessimism should never seize upon me, though I was about to dedicate my life to the washing of other people's dirty linen.

My plan was almost wrecked at first by Ernest. Ernest misunderstands my motives. He refused to let me put a sign out in front of the house. We had an awful scene. At last he compromised and said I might do our own laundry.

The house was still as an old memory this morning, and not even pussy mewed as I stole down-stairs to the wash-room. Nature slept and left the world to me. Quietly I got out the tub and the scrubbing-board. Then I paused before turning on the faucet. Suppose I should run the water too hot, I thought. The clothes might be injured. I should become melancholy without my beloved employment and fade away and perhaps die. Oh, dread responsibility of human action! To the thinker, everything has its significance. Only little minds refuse details their true worth, and persist in valuing them as less than the whole. I nearly forgot to turn the faucet after all. Perhaps the water would have been too hot if I had turned it when I first intended.

I always think of myself as Spirit brooding over Matter, as I stand over my tub in the morning before beginning work. Below me lies the frothy chaos of Being, not yet brought into shape, but seething restlessly as if conscious of a destiny, if one may apply such a little word to such a great work as the suds have to perform, and here and there in the turmoil, little buoyant bubbles, iridescent with hope (or is it soap?). My

mind falters before such vast thoughts, and I seek relief in the exhilaration of the scrubbing-board.

I sing sometimes at my work—Grieg, or a snatch of Schubert. The others are too sensual, too clogged with gross matter to suit the delicacy of the hour. I tried some Wagner once, but the bubbles shivered apprehensively. It is wonderful how much they understand.

How great is the laundress! She spends her life tearing apart the wrappings of society in an effort to bring it back to fundamental truth. She lives with the verities and finds her philosophy in the little circle of her tub—itself the symbol of the universe, and a battle-field of bubbles. Like Thales of old, she has reduced the essence of things to water, and if the chemist's dream should come true and all the elements prove but the varying manifestations of a single gas, she would doubtless lay aside her soap and tub with a sigh of resignation, and continue in the laboratory her search for truth.

I feel like Diogenes. I could almost live in my tub. But as this is impossible, I have done the next best thing and fitted up my laundry as a living-room. I brought down the Botticelli Madonna from the library and put it up over the sink. It is very effective. In one corner of the room is a divan and on the table are a handful of books—the choicest only—Dante, Thomas à Kempis, and the *Prometheus Unbound*. Anything less than these wearies me when I am in my laundry mood and drags me down from the heights of my exaltation to the petty level of humanity. I tried Byron once, as an experiment, but he was not able to breathe the thin air of my meditations. Besides, the steam hurt his binding.

I was in my most fragile mood this morning. All the infinite dreams of the past found wings and flew to my heart, and my mind was positively phosphorescent with ideas. How wonderful the Sea is! I held a garment out at arms' length before plunging it in the suds and chanted, "I will go back to the great sweet Mother, mother and lover of men, the Sea." My face was on fire. I wonder if I looked like Boadicea exhorting the ancient Britons to battle. Only the ancient Britons didn't wash.

I feel like the Lady of Shalott—I see the world through my tub. I am happy and can understand things that way. I dread to think what would happen if I were obliged



to look at the world face to face. I should not know what to say.

Something awful happened to-day. Ernest told me that I was spending too much time in the damp laundry and that it wasn't good for my health. He threatened to have our own washing sent out. The walls reeled around me as he spoke, and his words seemed to come from far off, like the faint notes of Grand Opera when one sits in the top gallery. I don't know what I answered him, but my heart was bleeding. When he had finished I crawled down-stairs like a wounded animal and buried my face in the tub. "Oh, clothes, clothes," I cried, "I cannot leave you," and burst into tears.

I have a new place to keep the soap—in the bookcase. There it lies all day and dreams great dreams. I found it the other morning nestled up against a volume of Matthew Arnold. I wonder what communion the two souls had? Did the book break down its stiff Arnoldian reserve and talk to its little neighbor, and what pure saponaceous thoughts drifted through the white brain of the soap? Perhaps I can guess. As I lifted it tenderly from its place, I almost thought I heard it murmur, "Sweetness and Light."

I have the prettiest fancies sometimes. The other day I opened Homer at my favorite passage and then dipped one of Mr. Crawford's socks in the water, holding it by the heel, just as Thetis dipped Achilles in the Hellespont. Ernest tells me that it is the Styx that Achilles was dipped in and not the Hellespont. Men are so mundane.

Some one should write the Song of the Laundress. Tschaikowsky might have done it, with his gloomy fire and passion-shot melancholy. I sigh as I think how many a "mute inglorious laundress" has toiled and gone to rest without the consolation of this song. Some day people will realize. The crisis will come and no one be found to meet it. Then some obscure unchronicled laundress will step forth to grapple with it. Fresh from a life spent with the fundamental and the elements, she cannot but conquer. Then she will return, like Cincinnatus, to her tub, while the astonished populace applaud and call her great. I think Joan of Arc must have done laundry-work at Domremy.

It is all over. Ernest got up last night to tend to the furnace, and in passing through the laundry in the dark he forgot about the tub. It was standing on the tabouret we used to have in the front hall for the card-receiver, and after Ernest had wiped the soap off his legs he took an axe and smashed it into little pieces. It was awful. I shall never be the same again. My sensitive nature still aches from its encounter with brutal fact and my nerves are all unstrung.

There is one shimmering ray of comfort, however, in this black night of my despair. The soap was saved. It was behind the Hesiod on the bottom shelf of the bookcase, and Ernest didn't find it. As soon as I am better I shall steal down-stairs to my beloved wash-room again and sit there before the ruins of the tub, with the soap in my hands. Then, perhaps, some of my old dreams may come back to me, and I shall imagine once again that my soul is in the suds.



MR. HORSE. "This certainly beats the old way."





### Mistaken Identity

*Jones, the automobile enthusiast, returns home late at night, and meets burglar, who mistakes him for one of his kind.*

BURGLAR. "Hello, pal, old boy, where did you get de latch-key? I had to shin in de back window meself."

### Wanderlust

WHEN little birds begin to fly,  
And little bugs to hop,  
Oh, then the brook begins to run  
So fast it cannot stop.

The syrup in the maples runs  
As sweetly as can be,  
The red sap races through the twigs  
Of every bush and tree.

The children run across the grass  
(Although they know 'tis wrong!),  
While grown-up people watch them run,  
And long, and long, and long.

The sunshine runs around the world,  
And everything is gay.  
And oh! I have to try so hard  
Now, *not* to run away!

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

### Too Old a Friend

MISS JENKINS is principal of a mission school on Kusaie, one of the Caroline Islands, where convert girls from this and neighboring islands are trained for native teaching.

One year she received an invitation from one of her former pupils to a Thanksgiving dinner on an adjoining island. Now on Kusaie there are no turkeys nor fowls of any sort, and she was highly elated at a specification in the invitation that the dinner would be an "American" one, and turkey would be on the menu.

As a basis for a conversational lesson in English, Miss Jenkins told her class about her invitation and how she anticipated the turkey. A student from the island asked permission to speak, and delivered the following classical encomium:

"Miss Jenkins, it gives me great joy to think of your coming pleasure, though it makes me sad to think the turkey must die. I have been accustomed to seeing him for many years, for he is the only resident turkey on the island, and I am sure he will be greatly missed

after being with us so long. But he has been a very good turkey, and will doubtless contribute much to your pleasure."

Miss Jenkins sent word to her hostess that she preferred seeing her American friend to eating him, and Mr. Turkey was spared.

### Appreciated

A YEAR or two ago a well-known New York financier, who was visiting China, was the recipient of many courtesies.

When the financier's mission had been accomplished, he conceived the idea that it would be the proper thing to tender to the Viceroy some token in recognition of the courtesies mentioned. So he sent to the official in question an uncommonly fine bull pup that he had brought with him.

In a few days came the Viceroy's acknowledgment of the gift.

"I myself am not in the habit of eating that species of dog, but I may say that my suite had it served for breakfast and accorded it unqualified praise."



## Retort Exasperating

TOM and George were cousins. George was more than a head taller than Tom, with a quick temper not under control. Little Tom was not easily annoyed, and sometimes met George's angry outbursts with exasperating coolness. One afternoon there was an exchange of epithets more expressive than elegant. Suddenly George, red with anger, rushed up to Tom and shook his fist close to the other boy's face, and shouted, defiantly,

"Do you see *that*?"

With a toss of his head, a contemptuous smile, and a provoking drawl, the small boy replied,

"I just *barely* see it."

## An Expedient

A LITTLE boy was on his way to the dentist to have a tooth filled. "Tommy," said the little boy's father, "if you behave like a man and don't cry, I'll give you an air-gun." Tommy entered the chair bravely enough, but soon things of a painful nature began to happen, and tears came into the poor little fellow's eyes.

"Papa," he asked, "would it count if I just made a noise like a lion?"



## A Sad Atmosphere

MRS. POTATO. "*I hope you will forgive me, Mrs. Onion, but every time I call on you I just can't keep the tears from flowing, and it's so inconvenient having so many eyes.*"

## Missed Him

DOROTHY D— was spending the summer in the mountains when news came of the arrival of a new little cousin in town. "Oh, mamma," said Dorothy, "if we had only stayed in New York this summer we might have gotten that boy."

## An Appalling Situation

I KNOW we need the sun's bright rays  
To beam around the sky;  
To shine down here on washing-days  
And make the clothes get dry.  
And just by flashing out his light  
To make a daytime out of night.

Of such a good and noble sun  
It's awful to believe  
A wicked trick! But he has one  
That makes my mother grieve;  
He *will* poke through the blind, and fade  
Her parlor chairs of blue brocade!

She's moved those chairs all 'round the room,  
She's bought the *darkest* shades;  
And yet he wriggles through the gloom,  
And fades and fades and fades!  
My heart is full of deep despairs  
About my mother's parlor chairs!

CAROLYN WELLS.



"*YOUR* stovepipe hat works better than  
It did, dear Uncle Lou.  
Before I punched a hole in it,  
The smoke would not go through."





### True Piety

A PIOUS man was Deacon Jones;  
For Sunday work he would not pay;  
But naughty little boys threw stones  
One cold and frosty Sabbath day.  
And feeling draughts that well might faze yer,  
Good Deacon Jones sent for the glazier.

The glazier knew the deacon's ways,  
And had no mind to work for naught.  
"I'll set the glass, sir, when you pays,"  
He said. The wily deacon thought.  
"I do not pay for work profane, sir,  
But here's two dollars for your panes, sir."

### Wholesale

SOME time ago, in New York city, a man was wakened in the night to find his wife weeping, uncontrollably.

"My darling," he said, in distress, "what is the matter?"

"A dream!" she gasped. "I have had such a horrible dream."

Her husband begged her to tell it to him, in order that he might comfort her. After long persuasion she was induced to say this:

"I thought I was walking down Broadway, and I come to a warehouse, where there was a large placard, 'Husbands for sale.' You could get beautiful ones for fifteen hundred dollars, or even for twelve hundred dollars, and very nice-looking ones for as low as a hundred."

The husband asked, innocently, "Did you see any that looked like me?"

The sobs became strangling. "Dozens of them," gasped the wife, "done up in bunches, like asparagus, and sold for ten cents a bunch."

### A Question

IF a plaid-clad caddy laddie's daddy had a fad for adding, would the plaid-clad caddy laddie's daddy be an adder? And if the plaid-clad caddy laddie added daddy in his adding, would the plaid-clad caddy laddie's daddy make the plaid-clad caddy laddie sadder?

### Poor, but Honest

MRS. JONES had invited the bishop to stay with them, and to make the room attractive had put her handsome silver on the toilet-table. After he left there was no silver to be found. She hunted everywhere. It did not seem possible that he could have taken it, but she decided she would write and ask him. In answer she received the following telegram: "Poor, but honest; look in the washstand drawer."

### Absent-minded

"YELLOW ABE" was on trial for stealing a barrel of flour.

"You admit you took the flour?" questioned the judge, sternly.

"Yer honor, I makes dat allowance, sort ob," responded the prisoner with dignity.

"And what excuse had you for such conduct?"

"Nuthin', yer honor, 'cept dis: I wuz walkin' homelike, when I glimpses de bar'l in front ob de store. Dat bar'l 'll make good kindlin' fer Mandy, I sez like, an' I up wid it an' toted it home. Dat's all. Why, yer honor, I thought it wuz empty all de time."

### A Washlady

THE natives of the North Georgia mountains are loath to be considered "servants" in any sense of the term, hence the managers and guests at the various resorts in this section find the "help problem" a most difficult one. During the past summer, however, a great uncouth mountaineer strode into the lobby of a fashionable hotel, and asked, in stentorian tones, "Is there any woman in this house what wants a lady to wash for her?"









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KING HENRY IV. AND PRINCE HENRY—PAINTED BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R. A.

THE KING. "*Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust, herein.*"

Shakespeare's Henry IV.—Part I., Act III, Scene II.



# HARPER'S

## MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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### A Night's Ride with Arab Bandits

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

I SUSPECTED Muraiche, suspected him of an indefinite something, but the workings of his wily old Arab mind, its reasons and its purposes, were to me as mysterious as the great wastes of the Sahrha (Sahara) over which for days we had been crawling, and as elusive as the noxious sand-lizards which now and again scurried from beneath our horses' feet.

The long, hot caravan trail along which we had crawled during the day had led over the sun-scorched rocky wastes of the Djebel Nagahza (Nagahza Mountains), and at sundown emptied us into the little Arab town of Khoms. Here we parted with a small caravan forty camels strong bound for Misurata, with which we had travelled for the last three days. My two men, Mohammed and Ali, who were on foot, drove a large fast-walking pack-donkey; while Muraiche, like myself, rode an Arab stallion. His bent old figure, now ahead of me, now by my side, seemed lost in the folds of his barracan.

Some months previously, a viséed passport and other documents had landed me safely within the confines of the town of Tripoli, and later, after some difficulty, permission to travel into the desert had been granted by the Turkish Pasha who commanded the Turkish forces in that country. Many Arabs there were in the town who would gladly have risked the dangers of the desert as dragomen, but as my object was to obtain information

of desert life, a man who could act also as interpreter was indispensable; and Muraiche proved to be the only available man. It is true that he had an unsavory record, and I was so warned by certain members of the little English colony there. But his broken English and lingua Franca were valuable assets; besides, forewarned was forearmed, so it came about that Muraiche picked the other men and became my dragoman.

Since sunrise, as we approached Khoms, a change had come over Muraiche; he no longer obeyed my orders with alacrity, and when several times it was necessary for me to repeat them sharply, he seemed to awaken with a start from deep meditation. This, at the time, I attributed to the fatigue of our journey and anticipated relaxation, for I had promised a rest at Khoms. Following the custom of the country, I reported to the Turkish governor on our arrival, and saw my men and animals comfortably fixed in a fonduk (caravansary), with orders to have everything in readiness to start at two the following afternoon, then spent the night at the house of Mr. Tate, the only Englishman in the place.

This night in mid-July and the following night, strangely different, stand out strongly in my memory—perhaps for the contrast with the dusty, monotonous travelling of other days, and the sleeping in dirty, crowded fonduks; or, perhaps, in contrast with each other. If you would know the pleasure of bathing, of



sleeping between the snow-white sheets of a bed, travel day after day on the burning, scorching, yellow-red sand of the Sahrha; fill your eyes, nose and ears, your very soul, with its fine-powdered dust; tie your handkerchief, after the manner of the Touaregs, across your mouth to prevent evaporation, that your throat may not parch too much. Travel early and late to make the most of the cool of the morning and evening. Sleep lightly if you are a lone stranger, and do not mind the uncomfortable lump of your pistol-holsters under your arm: they are better in your hands than in the other fellow's. So when, sunburnt, saddle-sore, and tired with long riding and little sleep, you find, what I did, a bath of delicious cold water, brought from an old Roman well still used by the Arabs in Khoms, and a snow-white bed, give praise to Allah. Then let the barbaric noises of a wild Sudanese dance in the distance and the musical chant of the Muezzin melt away with your thoughts into the quiet of the African night.

Had it not been for a casual stroll through the Suk the next forenoon my men might now be recounting a different yarn over their smoking kief and coos-coos. I threaded my way among men, animals, shacks, scattered garden produce, grains and wares which covered the ground in interesting heaps, and as I pushed through a small crowd which had gathered about me, their curiosity and cupidity aroused by a gold filling in one of my teeth, I stopped for a moment. For there in the middle of an open space beside a Marabout (saint's tomb), Muraiche was engrossed in a low conversation with one of the irregular guards, an Arab in the Turkish employ. Disappearing unobserved to another part of the Suk, I should have thought no more of the matter, but for the fact that when later in the morning these two met in my presence, by the Governor's palace, they omitted the customary b'salaams and effusive greetings of Mohammedan acquaintances, and by no word or sign betrayed the least recognition.

Reminding Muraiche of my previous orders to have everything in readiness by two o'clock, I sauntered up to lunch at

Mr. Tate's. The route to my next point of destination, the little town of Kussabat, was not only over a rough mountainous country, but it was considered by the Arabs dangerous on account of thieves. Being under the necessity of making the journey that day, I was anxious to arrive there by sundown. Consequently, when by half past two none of my outfit had put in an appearance, I despatched one of the house servants to learn the reason.

First by wily excuses, and then by open mutiny, my men delayed the departure until half past five, when by threats to appeal to the Turkish Pasha to have them thrown into prison and engage new men, we were finally ready to start.

"But a guard, Arbi (master)?" Twice Muraiche had asked the question, and twice I answered him that I had notified the Turkish officials of my intention to depart at two o'clock. Had they intended to send a guard they would have done so. However, being desirous of conforming to custom, I sent Muraiche to the Governor's palace with instructions to report our departure, but not to ask for a guard, as personally I shared in the common opinion that often the traveller is safer without one.

I watched Muraiche after he rounded a corner and disappeared at a gallop down the narrow street to the palace, from which, immediately reappearing, he set off to a different quarter of the town. Questioned on his return, he replied that an officer had sent him to notify a guard who was to go with us.

"You'll see your way all right, for the full moon ought to be up in about two hours, but *ride last*," were Tate's parting words. It was good advice and had often been given me before. To travellers in North Africa, particularly those among the French colonists of Tunis and Algeria, the saying, "Never allow an Arab to ride behind you," has become an adage, and this night in the Gharian I proved its worth.

We rode to the top of the steep trail, down which the slanting afternoon sunbeams shot by in golden shafts. Back and beyond us these sun shafts sped, until striking the white walls of Khoms they broke, spilling over them a flood of orange gold, diffusing her surrounding olive groves and date-palms with a gold-



en green, and through the shimmering, sifting gold mist above it all sparkled a scintillating sea of blue.

Our course now lay almost due south to the region of the Djebel Gharian, the region I had hoped to enter and pass through by day.

Resting on the site of ancient Lebda of the Romans, my golden city of Khoms lay nearly an hour's ride behind us, and as yet no guard, to my entire satisfaction. This was short-lived, however, for soon a yell, such as I had never yet heard loosed from the throat of a human being, caused us suddenly to draw rein. Down the steep, rocky incline, where an ordinary horseman could but carefully pick his way, out on to the sandy plateau upon which we had just ridden, riding wild and giving his wiry little animal free rein, dashed a guard, and when abreast of us drew up short out of a full run, after the manner of Arab horsemen.

"B'salaam" to Muraiche, and a nod of the head to me, which I slightly reciprocated; yes, very slightly, for before me was the one man out of all the Arabs I had ever seen that I would have chosen last for a companion that night. There in the glow of the late afternoon sunlight, the stock of his short carbine resting on his saddle, and the sweat making bright the high lights on his evil, brassy-bronze face, sat the worst cutthroat it was ever my fortune to look upon,—Muraiche's friend, he of the market-place.

Although I had learned not to judge men too much by appearances, I re-

solved to watch him. After a short conversation with Muraiche, during which the guard's peculiar eyes scanned me from the rowels of my spurs to the top of my sun-helmet, I knew that the main

objects of his searching glance were in my holsters, covered by my jacket; meantime, however, I lost no detail of his weapon, a hammerless magazine rifle of modern make. Then he addressed me in Arabic, but not speaking the language, I turned to Muraiche.

"He tells us to start," the latter replied.

This sudden assumption of leadership came most unexpectedly, his seeming intention being to bring up the rear. Now Arabs are daring though ignorant; but like all Orientals, fully respect only one thing, and that is a just and strong hand, which they must feel in order to appreciate. Consequently my course was plain.

"Tell the guard to head the caravan, and that if he goes with me, he goes as one of my men." As we got under way, the guard rode slowly ahead,

meanwhile taking sidelong glances at me, out of the corners of his villainous gray-green eyes, filled with all the hatred of the Moslem for the Christian. I realized that never in my life had the assets and liabilities of my *status quo* received such careful auditing.

When the great red lantern of the sun disk had sunk beneath the earth-line, from without the deep mysterious valleys crept the blue-violet mist films of twilight shadows, absorbing and leavening into their dark tones the brighter



MOHAMMED



crimson afterglow, against which moved the dark shapes of horses and men. Suddenly they bunched themselves and the guard dismounted, then Mohammed and Ali went on with the pack-donkey.

"The guard's saddle-girth is broken," Muraiche informed me. "But we will fix it, and you can ride on very slowly."

"I will wait,"

I replied, my hand instinctively resting on one of my pistols. "But *you* ride on, Muraiche." The girth was soon "fixed," which consisted in a vain effort to hitch it up another hole.

Steeper and more rugged grew the trail, and we entered the range of the Gharian. As daylight dimmed, an uncomfortable darkness hung over the mountains for a short space; then the moon-glow appeared in the East, and soon the moon itself lifted its pale distorted shape above the horizon, and suffused everything with its pale blue-green light, so cool and satisfying to the eye and mind in contrast to the hot sun glare that during the day reflected through to the very brain.

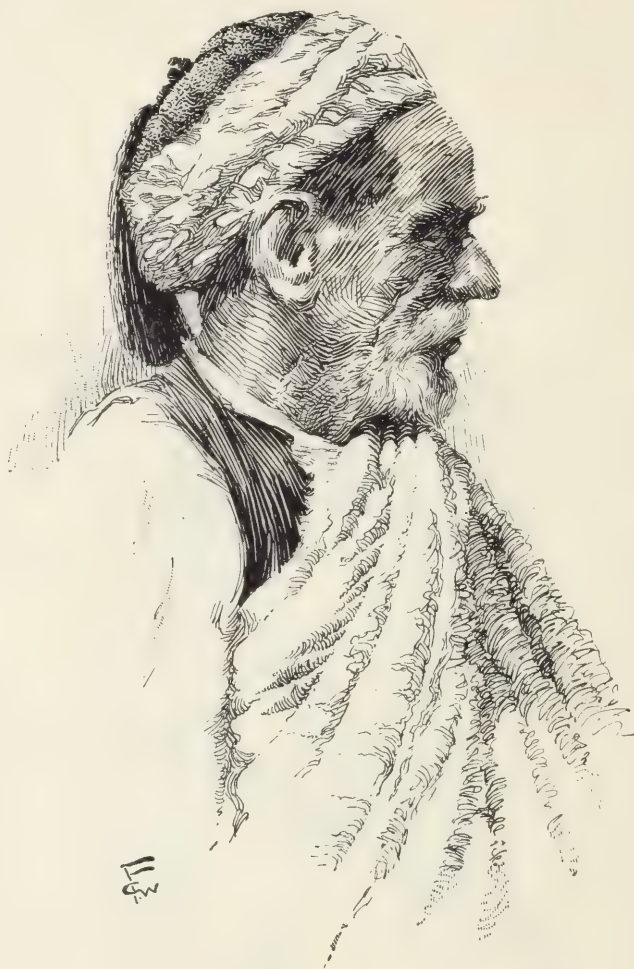
But the dark shadow masses of boulders, parched shrub patches, and shaded slopes, what uncanny things might they not contain? And those gorges, too, which in the day reflected heat like an oven from their hot, red sides? Now they were cold, dank, and foreboding, and a shudder passed over me. For a moment a sense of weakness, of fear, of almost helplessness, took possession of me; then I reasoned with myself. I was

tired, unduly apprehensive, the conditions of heat and long days in the saddle had overtaxed my nerves. I fell to watching the agile bodies of my Arabs on foot, as, tiring of the pace, they dropped back, until just in front of me. Mohammed in particular; how the lights and shadows played over his great,

powerful, animal-like form, how subtly his shoulder and calf muscles moved under the sleek, dark skin; how they fascinated me! Willingly through the long journey they had served me, save at Khoms. I started, my dreaming suddenly ended, and almost involuntarily my spurs caused my horse to start ahead. The two men had so imperceptibly lessened their pace that now they had dropped just back of me, one on either side of my horse, and in Mohammed's hand was a wicked-looking knobbed club, which usually he had kept

stuck in one of the packs. I knew that each carried a long Arab knife, so I ordered Muraiche to tell the men to keep alongside the donkey.

Down the other side of the moonlit valley I saw a caravan coming towards us heading for Khoms. Taking a small note-book from my pocket, I wrote, "Should any accident occur to me, thoroughly investigate my men, including the guard," and signed it. Tearing the leaf from the book and folding it, I watched the great lumbering camels approach us, and dropped a little farther behind, intending to give it to the head man of the caravan for him to bear to



MURAICHE, THE WILY OLD DRAGOMAN



Drawn by Charles W. Furlong

A LOUNGING-PLACE IN KHOMS





the Pasha at Khoms. Then I decided that under the circumstances there was not sufficient evidence to thus prejudice the Turkish authorities against my men, so I chewed it up and spat it into a patch of sand-lilies.

From the distance came the faint report of a gun. Every one of my men heard it, I knew, but no comment was made, and we pushed deeper into the mountains. On our left, looking toward the moon, objects were indistinct in the half-tone and shadow, while seen from there we appeared in full moonlight. Now and again I sensed moving shadows from that direction, but it was some time before I was sure that they were living forms following us, perhaps hyenas, jackals, or some sly chetah.

As we made sharp turns at times in rounding the mountains, and their sides stood out in silhouette against the sky, I bent low on my horse's neck and watched intently. At one of these turns where the sky cut deep into the mountainside, leaving every irregularity in relief against it, I noticed that men were following us, parallel to our course and a little ahead of it. First, away up on the side, a fezzed head and the barrel of a long Arab flintlock bobbed against the sky for a second, as, dodging catlike among the rocks, their owner rounded the side. Then a second and a third appeared, and I knew we were followed by thieves. This was not comforting; but if we were attacked, the guard's rifle, Muraiche's old-fashioned five-shooter, and my two revolvers would be more than a match for them in point of armament.

One thing puzzled me, however, until later. The manner of these desert thieves being invariably to attack from the rear, I could not account for their seeming to forge ahead of us. Watching my men, I saw that they, too, were aware of the thieves; and Muraiche, who had been watching me closely when we occasionally rode abreast, remarked: "This is a bad country here; I think robbers are following us."

"Yes," I replied; "there *are* men off there,—I have seen three."

"Allah knows, everything is in the hand of Allah. 'There is neither might nor power save in Allah, the High,

the Mighty.'\* La! Arbi, you must not ride behind, it is dangerous; you had better ride first."

"Then I will ride last, Muraiche, for I have the best weapons, and I can shoot better than any of you."

After a sharp turn we wound along a valley side. Just below us the dense foliage of an ancient olive grove shut out every gleam of light from its black interior, the gnarled old branches reaching out as though to drag into their depths any who might come within their grasp, and the same weird sensations of awe passed over me which I had felt as a boy when I pored over Doré's illustrations of the wandering Dante and Virgil in that wonderful, gruesome nether world.

My sensation was complete when, as though it was the most natural thing in the world for a small caravan to leave the trail, dangerous at its best, my guard led and the men proceeded to follow him toward the dark wood, which it was manifestly their purpose to enter.

"Muraiche," I called, "why are the men leaving the trail?" Perhaps he did not hear, for the ground was rough, and the stones rattled down the steep bank. "Muraiche," I called loudly and peremptorily, as I rode up to him, "tell the men to halt," at the same time drawing one of my pistols and resting it across my saddle. Then I repeated the question.

"The guard says it is shorter," Muraiche replied, still following the guard.

"Then let the guard take it if he chooses. Order the men on to the trail," and we scrambled our horses and donkey up the steep incline.

The guard turned in his saddle for a moment, made a low reply to Muraiche, then descended and disappeared in the darkness. Skirting the wood for half a mile, we passed beyond it, and my already well-aroused suspicions of intended treachery on the part of my men were confirmed, when in spite of the fact that the guard had by far the fastest-walking horse of our outfit and had taken a shorter route, there was no sign of him until we had passed a hundred yards beyond the grove and halted.

As he emerged I heard the faint click of his carbine as he pulled the bolt to a

\* This saying is used by Moslems when anything alarming occurs.





THERE SAT MURAICHE'S FRIEND—HE OF THE MARKET-PLACE

full-cock, upon which, half turning my horse, I awaited him; as he neared us I saw that he had been running his horse, which was breathing hard and sweating. Then the truth flashed upon me: my men were in league with the thieves, who, by a preconcerted arrangement, had gone ahead and hidden in the grove,—there to set upon me in the darkness, relying on my confidence in the guard to follow his lead. Failing in their end, the guard had stopped to parley with them and then made up time. Had their place of ambush not been so evidently dangerous

to enter, they might have been successful. Nor would it have been the first time a guard and outfit had returned without the Arbi, telling a good story of how they were attacked by thieves and escaped while he was killed.

Now here in front of me that picturesque, venomous-looking devil sat, his rifle full-cocked across the pommel of his saddle, my other men at a little distance to my right, and I a good mark with my white sun-helmet, but my revolver resting on my saddle covered the guard.

“Muraiche, tell the guard to uncock





MY REVOLVER WAS POINTING AT THE BREAST OF MOHAMMED

his rifle. It might go off by accident." With a sullen look the guard obeyed.

"Now tell him to ride first to protect the goods. Let the men with the pack-donkey follow, then you behind them. I'll ride last. If any thieves approach within gun-shot, warn them away at once or I shall fire. You understand?"

"Yes, Arbi," and we strung out in single file. My purpose was to place the guard who possessed the most effective weapon where it was practically of no use against me; for this gave me a screen of the men and animals. The danger from Mohammed and Ali depended entirely upon their ability to close in on me, so while in that position there was nothing to fear from them. As for Muraiche, he was under my direct surveillance with the advantage all my way, as I rode with drawn weapon.

But I knew the Arab well enough to know that so long as he is not excited or his fanaticism aroused he will not risk his own skin while strategy will serve his ends; and also knew that I had no one to depend upon but myself, and that my safety lay in maintaining as far as possible a normal condition of things. So I watched; watched my men

in front, and watched to the side and behind for signs of the thieves, of whom I caught glimpses now and again. My Arabs' conjunction with these men thwarted, it was but natural that they should communicate with each other to further their plans, and in various ways they sought to do this. While caravan men, when marching through a safe district and many strong, often chant to ease their dreary march or to pacify the camels, in our circumstances the less attention we could draw to ourselves the better. So when Mohammed started to chant in a loud voice by way of giving information, I ordered him to be quiet.

Again, as we rounded a sharp bend, Ali made a break for the brush, but he started a second too soon. I saw him, and called his name sharply; he halted and returned to the caravan.

When we passed within gun-shot of objects which might conceal a foe I rode abreast of Muraiche, using him to screen myself, knowing well that they would only attack from the side which from their position placed us in the full moonlight. And in the narrow ravines, though he growled, I often crowded him close, affording little or no opportunity



to the Arabs to single me out for a shot without endangering Muraiche. So we travelled until a thong of one of Mohammed's sandals broke on the rocky ground, and he asked to be allowed to drop behind a little and fix it. Since we were entering a wide open stretch below a long slope of hill, I acceded; but as he fell behind some distance, I called to him to come, and when he approached us I turned my attention to the men ahead, feeling a sense of relief that we were in more open country.

The moon was slightly behind us, high in the heavens now, and cast our shadows diagonally to the right and ahead of us. I watched the shadows of my horse and myself squirm and undulate as they travelled over the ground. As I relaxed from the tension under which I had been for a moment gazing unthinkingly ahead, the movement of another shadow caught my eye, that of an upward-moving arm and knobbed club. There was no time to look first. Instinctively my right hand thrust my revolver under my rein-arm, and I turned my head sharply to find, what I had expected, that my revolver was pointing full at the breast of the big fellow Mohammed, who, stealing up quietly behind me with sandals removed, had intended to strike.

"Boor-r-ro!" (go on), I said. Lowering his club, without a sign of embarrassment, he took his place in line, the others apparently having been oblivious to the whole affair.

After he left me, and the excitement of the moment had passed, cold chills chased one another up and down my spine. From then on I saw no sign of thieves. For five hours I had ridden with my finger on the trigger of my pistol covering my men. For five hours I had sensations which I trust I shall not experience again.

About one o'clock in the morning, high up on the hilltop we sighted the white walls of Kussabat, and, after some hard climbing, we came into full view of the silver city—glistening in a bath of silver as Khoms had shone in a flood of gold.

A few words with the town guard, and the great doors of its main gate, the Bab El Kussabat, creaked and groaned as they

swung open, and we entered the city, clattered up the steep, narrow streets, where, from the low housetops on either side, sleeping forms muffled in barracans awoke and peered over at us, and big white wolf-hounds craning their necks set pandemonium loose from one end of the town to the other, as they snarled and yelped in our very faces.

Soon we were in a small fonduk with doors heavily bolted. The other occupants were a selected stock of camels, goats, sheep, and fowls taken from the Arabs by the Turks in lieu of taxes; in fact, the fonduk had been converted into a sort of pound. On the roof were a dozen or so of Arabs and blacks asleep, and I preferred their company in the moonlight to that of my four men under the dark archways. To prevent scheming, I took with me Muraiche, the cause of all the trouble. Some of these blacks and Arabs raised up out of their sleep to see, probably for the first time, an apparition in khaki and a white helmet. Then we lay down, and, thanks to the previous night's rest, I managed to keep awake most of the night. When Muraiche rolled over in his sleep, or a neighboring black muttered in his savage dreams, I would start from my dozing.

True, I gave them no baksheesh at the journey's end. I might have had them thrown into the foul Turkish prison of the castle; but, after all, it was the life of these men of the desert,—they had only tried their little game and failed.

And the stakes? My revolvers and ammunition, the leather of my saddle and riding-leggings, and perhaps a gold filling in my teeth. They knew I had no money, for in the presence of Muraiche I had deposited it at Tripoli, and Muraiche himself carried only the necessary funds for the journey. But modern weapons are a prohibited import, save for the Turkish army, and are worth their weight in silver to the Arabs.

Why such a risk for such small stakes? Well, why will the desert thief risk his life for a barracan, or an Arab scavenger dig up the corpse of a plague victim for the miserable piece of sackcloth that girds his loins?



# Mayne's Lady of Dreams

BY LILY A. LONG

MAYNE'S wanderings on the face of the earth had been somewhat out of the ordinary, and he was used to after-dinner demands for thrilling episodes. He understood, therefore, what was expected when his host turned to him, after a story of his own, with,

"Can you match that in your South-African experiences, Mayne?"

"Not exactly," Mayne said, carelessly. "I heard of a case, though, where a man had that kind of an experience. It was this way." And he picked up the first incident his memory presented and proceeded rather indifferently to relate it.

Then suddenly he saw, at the far end of the room, a girl who was leaning forward to watch and listen, with her elbow on the arm of her chair and her chin propped on her palm. He straightened up into alert attention, and his eyes held hers in a moment's tense and wondering question. The pause was hardly more than a dramatic suspense in his story, and then he finished his indifferent incident with a vividness, a flash, that electrified his listeners. They crowded about him, eager to question, to draw him out, to cap his story with others, and he laughed and talked with a verve that showed him at his best—a best that was a surprise even to those who thought they knew him. He was afire with interest and vitality and a queer suppressed happiness that transformed him. He hardly looked at the girl, who still sat watching and listening, but he was conscious of her every instant—conscious of every change in her face as she listened in smiling silence, conscious of every line in her drooping figure, of the cloudy gray gown that somehow set her apart from the brilliant women about her, even of the slender gold chain which was her only ornament. It was some time before his mind freed itself sufficiently from this dazzling maze to ask the ordinary questions: Who was she? When had she

come in? She had not been at the dinner, that he knew. He had not seen her enter the drawing-room, though his eyes seldom failed to report to him even the trivial happenings about him. But she was there, she was there! He laughed aloud under cover of some poor jest, and then, in a sudden panic that she might slip away as tracelessly as she had come, he freed himself abruptly from the little group about him and crossed the room to where she sat. He was breathing hard, as though some threatened danger had been narrowly averted. Almost he put out his hand to guard against her escaping, but common sense intervened in time to save him. But he must do something to hold her. If only the others would keep away! Thank Heaven that their host had got started on another story.

"I believe that you, too, have a spirit for adventure," he heard himself saying. He was surprised, though thankful, that his voice sounded so natural, and he only congratulated himself on the assurance with which he pulled a chair near hers.

She lifted her eyebrows in puzzled surprise at his words.

"What signs of it have you detected?" she asked.

"Your interest in my story was flattering."

"I was interested in your story because of you," she said.

"*That* is flattering to the point of intoxication."

She met his smiling eyes with a look much more cool and unembarrassed than his own.

"Then drain the cup of flattery to the bottom! I refused my dear Rhoda's invitation to dinner to-night because I am leaving town very early to-morrow morning; but I asked her to let me come in for a few minutes afterwards, so that I might see you. You are a great lion for our little town, you know."



From any other woman it would have been a conversational challenge, but no repartee came to Mayne's lips. Instead he was almost breathless still. She waited an instant, and then went on, lightly:

"You see, I have long had a special curiosity about your doings. Several years ago I saw your name in a newspaper, and somehow it stamped itself on my memory. It was in an account of your explorations and discoveries—most unsatisfyingly inadequate, but unforgettable. I have watched ever since for some further account of your work, but I never heard of you again until Rhoda said you were to dine here. So you see I could not resist the temptation to come and look at you, even though I had a dozen matters of importance still undone on my hands. I suppose you are hardened to it!"

"When did you happen to see that newspaper paragraph?" His voice shook as though his heart were beating hard upon his throat.

"Oh, long ago,—three years ago,—more. It spoke about your going off into unexplored regions without even a guide, and losing yourself in the wilds for months and years, and then reappearing with treasures of new discovery,—like a diver with his pearl. How did it feel to be alone—so absolutely alone?"

"I am not sure that I realized it," he answered.

"If you didn't, that in itself would answer my question," she said, thoughtfully. "Certainly you were in a position to realize it, if any one ever was. Were you conscious of an audience in the background that would understand your work—newspapers, scientific societies, that sort of thing?"

"Perhaps I was when I first began. But that was long ago. Once in the wilderness, the immediate necessities of the day—foraging, cooking, getting specimens, keeping records—rather crowd other things out of one's mind. My world was a little one and not populous, but its demands upon me were imperious and not to be set aside for introspections."

"And you were satisfied? You didn't need human companionship? You weren't lonely?" She pressed the questions home with the urgency and directness

of scientific inquiry. "All the rest I can understand or imagine—the work, the hardships, the excitement and satisfaction of discovery. But your own mind is what interests me. Could you live like that for years—it *was* years, wasn't it?—without feeling a need for the other world—this world of common human interests?"

Mayne had himself in hand by this time. He was used to shaping circumstances to his will, and he framed his answer deliberately.

"I'll tell you a little incident that may perhaps answer your question. If you had asked your question before that experience, I should have had no doubt in my mind about my answer. I thought I was quite satisfied—in fact, rather triumphantly satisfied—with my isolation. I enjoyed my irresponsible freedom with a keenness that was almost passionate. I had found the true way of life. London and New York were all very well for those who liked that sort of thing, but the thought of the hurrying crowds stifled me and I flung my arms wide, for I had the freedom of a continent. Then one summer—I think I had not seen a white face for some three years—I had a touch of fever. It laid me up for several weeks. Part of the time I was delirious, part of the time I was about half-way rational,—rational enough to know where I was and what was going on, but not sufficiently alert to take any interest in things. It was while I was in this state that I became aware that as soon as my man left me alone in my tent a woman was there watching over me—a white woman."

His glance flickered for an instant over her intent face, and then he dropped his eyes as before and went on steadily:

"She never spoke to me. I never tried to speak to her. It wasn't necessary. I knew that my well-being lay in her hands. It was enough simply to have her there. I would wait in feverish impatience for Gecko to get through and clear out, and then—then she was there. At once everything was all right. I would go off to sleep, sure that if I awoke and looked up she would still be there, sure that so long as she watched, all was well—more than well. It is hard to describe the strength of my trust in that silent com-



panionship. It was like the confidence of the sea-birds who sleep on the waves."

"How long did it last?" she asked, with vivid interest.

"I don't know. Time is a poor measuring-rod for such experiences. Long enough, though, for me to learn every turn of her head, every line of her face." Again his look quivered over her face, and fell.

"Was it the face of a real woman—any one you knew?" she asked.

He chose his words. "It was a face I had never seen before."

She sank back in her chair and half sighed.

"You probably *were* lonely without knowing it, and so your subconscious longing brought up the image of a companion, just as starving men dream of feasts."

"That has the proper scientific ring," he said, lightly. "At any rate, I was quite conscious of my loneliness after that. Having once come to the surface, the feeling wouldn't down. So I gave up my wildernesses and came back to the world of men."

She looked surprised. "Really? Because of that?"

"You think that was not enough? I must have told my story badly."

"No, it was most interesting. Thank you for letting me have so intimate and personal an answer to my question." Then she smiled at him frankly. "You really owed me some special acknowledgment. I shall let myself believe that you do not tell that experience to the merely curious."

"I have never told it to any one but you," he said, quietly.

She looked up quickly, but if a question trembled near speech, she held it back. Instead she said, with an air of ending the conversation:

"I am very glad to have had this opportunity of really seeing you, Mr. Mayne. I shall know now that you are not a figment of my imagination."

She moved as though to rise, but with a quick gesture he restrained her.

"One moment, I beg. When and where may I see you? You will let me call, will you not? There are other things I want to tell you—no end of them."

She shook her head lightly.

"I am leaving town very early to-morrow morning."

"But you will let me know your address?"

"No," she said, quietly.

He frowned in bewilderment.

"But I must see you again, you know," he protested.

"No, I think not," she said, evenly.

"I am going away."

"But not for always!"

"Yes."

He squared his shoulders unconsciously; then he leaned toward her.

"I am not going to lose you like this, after—"

"After fully ten minutes of after-dinner chat!" she mocked. "Why, you do not even know my name!"

"No, there are many details that I do not know. But I know you. However, you might tell me your name. It is not essential, but it might be convenient to know it."

Again she shook her head lightly.

"It is to be mine for so short a time that it really doesn't matter. Remember me—if you remember me at all—as you remember that woman in your vision—a memory without a name."

He was looking at her in dismay too profound to think of concealment.

"Do you mean that you are to be married?"

"No—oh no," she said, with a quick half-laugh. She glanced up at him, and the look she caught in his face drove the laugh from her lips. "I did not mean to make a mystery of it," she said, with frank dignity, but looking away from him. "It is only that I do not talk of it casually. I am going away to-morrow to join a sisterhood."

"A religious sisterhood?" he asked.

"Yes, a sisterhood of service."

"For life?"

"Yes."

"And you were going to-morrow!" he exclaimed. "Oh, that was cutting it rather too fine! Suppose I had not seen you to-night? But then, of course I had to. That was a part of the whole," he added, thoughtfully.

She frowned and did not answer. He understood, and smiled with sudden and disarming winningness.

"I wish I could say what I must say



*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

"A WOMAN WAS THERE, WATCHING OVER ME"









without offending you, but I suppose I can't. You must not go to that sisterhood to-morrow."

She opened her eyes wide.

"Why?"

"It would be a mistake. Your life does not lie there."

"What do you know about my life—my reasons?"

"Very little,—and yet enough to feel sure that you are taking this step because you have found life as you know it empty, rather than because you have any assurance of finding fulfilment through this venture. You are only groping in the dark for something that you have missed."

She looked startled, and her hands, which had lain lightly in her lap, clasped each other hard.

"I cannot discuss this," she said, slowly. "I have thought it all over, to utter weariness. If I am making a mistake, it is in spite of my best endeavors to see. And I am the only one who can suffer by the mistake. I—I am going into my own wilderness to discover truth." She tried to force a smile as she looked at him, but he ignored the appeal.

"No," he said, gently.

"But why?" she persisted.

"Because—I am in *this* world."

She frowned again and half rose, but he laid a quick detaining hand on hers for an instant.

"I know it sounds presumptuous,—wild,—anything you like. That isn't my fault. I *have* to speak at once instead of waiting and giving you a chance to get used to the idea gradually. I can't let you go off without speaking, when I know that you and I are to make each other's world. Be a little sorry for me! I have to say it in this abrupt way instead of in the way I should have chosen for my wooing!"

She would not smile. "How can you say that you know we are to make each other's world?" she asked, gravely.

He caught his breath.

"I *do* know," he said, after a moment.

"But I am not asking you to take my assurance, of course. I only want you to postpone this final, fatal step until I can have a chance to let you find out something about me in the usual way. Give me at least a few weeks. Isn't the

possibility that I may be right worth that much of a concession?"

She took refuge in laughter.

"This is very absurd, you know," she said, lifting frank eyes to his.

"Yes, I know. But let's assume that it isn't. Let's disregard—or, if you like, defer—the preliminaries, and take for granted that we have reached a point where without offence I may tell you that I love you."

"You *are* courageous," she murmured.

"I understand now how and why you have succeeded. But do you take no thought of the embarrassing plight in which you would find yourself if I did not have enough prudence to make up for your obvious lack of that quality?"

He did not answer.

"You don't really expect me to take you seriously?" she asked.

"Yes."

"You are even more of an original character than I had dared hope."

Her tone sent the color to his forehead.

"Do you think I am speaking lightly? Do you think—good heavens!—that I ever could speak in this way to any woman in the world but you—*you*?"

She looked at him curiously.

"I don't know. How *can* I know?"

"Then I impress you as a liar—a cheap trickster?"

"No," she said, after consideration; "you impress me as an honest gentleman, so far as mere impressions go. My caution is not instinctive. It is purely civilized!"

He laughed in quick triumph.

"You are conceding a great deal in saying that! And remember in my behalf that I have been out of touch with civilization for a good part of my life. I have learned to treat my instinctive feelings with respect."

"That is one of the interesting elements in an adventurer's life. We who are civilized have acquired the habit of trusting instead to common sense."

"But I didn't suppose that a woman ever became hopelessly sunk in civilization. Common sense is a masculine tool, not fitted to your hands. Why depart so widely from your womanly sphere?"

"Because you have departed from yours. You force me to use common sense because you so conspicuously don't."



He smiled at her. "When a man is in love, he is lifted out of the level on which he ordinarily lives. He sees things unseen and knows what he cannot prove. He becomes a poet,—almost a woman."

She laughed gently, as though by sheer force of persistence she might hold off this threatening intimacy and turn his personalities into the safe channels of mere conversation.

"You must write a book! You have found much in your wilderness besides scientific fact, and the world loves a new thing. Now I am sorry to have to say good night, but I am sure my carriage has been waiting a long time." Again she made that slight movement of rising, and again, impetuously, he detained her.

"One moment! This is maddening! How can I make you believe?—You really are going to-morrow morning?—Really?"

"I must!" she protested. "Think of it! Even if you *are* serious, how could I give up a definite purpose in life on this fantastic pretext and retain my own self-respect—or yours?"

He did not answer for a moment, but sat looking at her with an intentness that would have been disconcerting if it had not been so curiously absent-minded. Then he drew a long breath—a sigh of resolution.

"I am going to tell you the whole. It was your face I saw in that vision."

She looked at him quickly, keenly, questioning beyond his words. There was no doubting his earnestness now.

"It was your face I saw when, in that absolute loneliness, I reached out—or in—for the companionship which was my soul's birthright. And when I had seen you, there was no room for doubt or question as to what you meant to me. I knew, once for all. That's why I came back to the world. I've been looking for you, waiting for you, dreaming of you, ever since I had the misfortune to be so cured of my fever that I could no longer see you.—Don't look as though I were romancing! Don't you believe me?"

"I believe that you believe it," she said, slowly. "And of course that explains—justifies, if I may use the word—your astonishing proposition. Yes, I believe in you. But—"

"But not what I have told you?"

"I must believe that you had a dream,—well, call it a vision. It may even be that the face you saw in your dreams held some suggestion of mine,—I am not unique!"

He checked her with an impatient gesture. "Don't tell me I don't *know* your face. That's absurd. A man can't be in doubt as to the woman he loves. When I saw you across the room, my heart stood still. For half a moment I thought you a vision, because I had not seen you come in, and that's the way I used to find you—*there*, when I wanted you, without knowing how or when you had come. Only you never came when any one else was in the room. Then in a second of course I knew you were real,—knew that my search had at last brought me to the hidden place I had blindly set out to find, ages ago. Why, I know every turn of your head, every slight change in your smile. I know when you are going to smile, before it comes to the surface. You wore some kind of a cloudy, billowy grayness—this gown is the right color, but it is too formal. It should be filmy and floating—"

She laughed a breathless little laugh, as of one swept against her will on a swift current of enchantment.

"I must send to dreamland for the pattern!"

But he was looking at her with an abstracted little frown.

"There was something you sometimes wore that I didn't like—a black cross. Oh, I remember that very well, because, for some reason that I did not understand, I had a curious resentment against it. But you didn't always wear it. When you did, I had a feeling that you were really afraid of it, though you were too proud to show it. Perhaps that was why I disliked it. Yet in itself it was beautiful and curious—an ebony cross of the Egyptian tau pattern, set with brilliants—"

The girl had looked startled at first, but now she was very pale. Unconsciously her fingers caught at the slender gold chain that hid itself in her bosom. Mayne's eye followed the motion, and then a sudden light of comprehension, of triumph, flashed over his face. He leaned toward her eagerly.

"What are you wearing on that chain?"





*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

"IT WAS YOUR FACE I SAW IN THAT VISION"





She drew away from him defensively, and shook her head, but her eyes were troubled.

"You see!" he said, very gently.

For a moment there was silence between them, and then he went on as though they could now assume a mutual understanding.

"I understand now why I hated that beautiful cross. It is because it stands as the symbol of this other purpose of yours,—this plan which shuts me out of your life. If you and I had not met to-night, you would have shut yourself away from me. For all the rest of your life my love would have been unable to reach you—to make you hear or understand. But we did meet,—you did come. Doesn't that mean something to you? Doesn't it show that my place in your life was not to be ignored?"

She stirred restlessly. "But it is all settled! Why talk as though I could still choose?"

"If I had found you three years ago," he said, slowly, "if when you saw my name and could not forget it, though you have forgotten thousands of others more important, if then I had come to you myself and spoken as I have spoken to-night, would the thought of wearing *that* have ever come to you? Would you have felt any need of that enforced rule of service to satisfy your heart, to fulfil your life?"

"No,—I should not," she said, in a low voice. "But you did not come. In your own words, does not that prove something? In the mean time this other purpose has called to me, and I have listened. And is it not the higher life—that life of devotion?" She looked up with a wistful appeal in her troubled face.

"Not for you,—not for me," he said, quickly. "I do not speak of others. But I know what my life *must* be, if it is to be true and natural. And you,—oh, never fear there will not be room for devotion in the life we shall lead together! What else can there be, for every moment of it, to the very end?"

"Ah, but that is different! It is too—"

"Beautiful? Everything is beautiful when it is right. That is a sign!"

She shook her head. "Too temptingly easy! How can I be sure that you are not the last temptation of my falter-

ing feet,—the last snare of Satan for my soul?"

"I cannot make myself feel that I am," he said, seriously, after a moment's grave consideration. "But suppose I am. *Suppose I am.* What then?"

She caught her breath in amaze.

"The truth that lies between you and me," he said, steadily, "comes up out of all the past and it reaches into all the future. Trust the silence—the silence in your heart as well as in mine."

The hostess, who had skilfully made their long tête-à-tête possible, now came near, and laid a hand caressingly on the girl's shoulder.

"Dear, your carriage has come. I should conceal the fact if my conscience would let me, but I suppose you must go, if you really are to take that wretched daybreak train."

Mayne had risen, and now stood looking down at the girl.

"Are you going to leave town to-morrow?" he asked, very quietly.

The girl wavered for an instant.

"No," she said, slowly, looking with desperate steadfastness at her hostess. "I have changed my plans for to-morrow. I have—postponed my going."

"Oh, dearie, I'm so glad! For how long?"

The girl rose, swaying somewhat unsteadily.

"I—can't say—now. I must go home! Thank you, Rhoda, for letting me come in, in this way. But now I think I am—tired."

"Let me take you to your carriage," said Mayne. His face seemed to have grown thin, but it was radiant with a light that was almost visible.

In silence she let him place her cloak about her shoulders. In silence she yielded to his guiding arm down the snowy steps. But as he stood bareheaded and silent at her carriage-step, she leaned forward impetuously and pleadingly.

"You mustn't misunderstand! I am only—only waiting to see. It doesn't mean—"

He laughed.

"It means—everything! It means sun, moon, and stars,—heaven and earth—the past and future of all the worlds! It means—that I shall see you to-morrow!"



# In Western Camps\*

BY THE RT. REV. ETHELBERT TALBOT, D.D., LL.D.

Bishop of Central Pennsylvania

AS Bishop of Wyoming and Idaho my Sundays, during the summer months, were usually passed in the mining-camps of Idaho. At Challis, Bay Horse, Clayton, Silver City, Idaho City, Placerville, Murray, Wallace, Wardner, and many others, services were held annually, and in some of these places churches were erected and clergymen maintained. In those days the visit of a bishop was an occasion of unusual interest. The camps, as a rule, were far from a railroad, and the annual visit of the bishop brought into the life of the place a new interest, which, for the time being, was all-absorbing. Especially was this the case where, as often happened, the bishop was the only minister of any religious body who visited the settlement from year to year. If any of the young people were looking forward to being married, the important question was, "When is the Bishop coming?" He could not be expected to make so long a journey simply to perform the ceremony, but it was often possible to so time the event as to have it coincide with his visit, and hence it was desirable that the date of his coming should be widely published in the local papers some months in advance. Then there were the children to be baptized, when a feast was generally given and the neighbors invited to be present.

I recall very vividly my first visit to a certain mining-camp. It involved a stage ride of seventy-five miles over a rough mountain road. I reached the place about sundown on Friday evening. As I alighted from the stage-coach in

front of the hotel, a little man demurely presented himself. He extended his hand and asked, "Is this the Bishop?" "Yes," I replied. "Well, Bishop, I am Brother May, the new minister. I arrived only yesterday. I am so glad to see you, Bishop; for this is the most God-forsaken hole I ever struck." "Oh, well, do not be discouraged, my good brother," I answered, "for if it is such a place as you describe, you and I are much needed here, and we shall find plenty of work to do. I shall see you a little later, and we shall have a good talk." So I passed on into the hotel.

As I registered my name, I noticed, behind the counter, all the attractive paraphernalia of a first-class saloon. I was dusty and tired and hungry. After having made myself somewhat presentable, I was soon eagerly paying my respects to the various dishes set before me in the dining-room. Hunger is, indeed, the best sauce, and how I did relish the food in the mining-camps after those stage rides over the mountains! Dinner over, I returned to the hotel office. There I found Brother May awaiting me. I offered him a cigar, but he declined, with a look of some surprise that a bishop should be addicted to such a vice. I proposed a stroll up the canyon, for, after sitting on the stage-coach all day, I felt the need of a walk. Brother May was very communicative. He proceeded to tell me the story of his life. He said he had been living in San Francisco; that as a boy he had been apprenticed to a printer, and had learned to set type, and might have done well, but had fallen into bad company and acquired the habit of drink; that he had also been addicted to gambling; that he had gone from bad to worse, until finally he had lost his position and his friends and was an outcast. About that time there was a great revival in the city. He dropped in one night and became

\* Bishop Talbot (now of the diocese of Central Pennsylvania) was the first Bishop of the missionary district of Wyoming and Idaho, which was established in 1886. For eleven years he carried on his work in the far West, journeying constantly over wide and wild territory, meeting at every turn unusual adventure.—EDITOR.



BISHOP TALBOT ON A MISSIONARY JOURNEY

interested. He was gradually led to see the evil of his way, and determined, with God's help, to lead a new life. His conversion was so unmistakably the work of the Spirit of God that he felt he must consecrate the remainder of his days to the preaching of the gospel. He was over thirty years of age. He had no time to lose. The authorities of his church advised him to go to some theological seminary and prepare himself; but he told them that he knew the story of the cross and the love of God, and felt eager to proclaim the message to men. He asked for no large place, no important church. Indeed, he begged them to send him to the most neglected and sinful place to be found. "And so, Bishop," he said, "they sent me here. I came only yesterday. This is my first charge, and my church has certainly sent me to the most God-forsaken hole it could find." I again tried to reassure him, and suggested that while, as he said, there were many saloons in the camp, it was not strange that such a situation should obtain, as there was no church and no minister before he came. I also expressed the hope that he would find the people kindly and warm-hearted and ready to cooperate with him in his efforts to do them good. But he evidently considered the prospect almost hopeless. We arranged that I should preach in the dance-hall on the morning and evening of the approaching Sunday, and that he should hold forth at four o'clock

in the afternoon. I told him that at my eleven-o'clock service I should take pleasure in announcing his appointment, and also formally introduce him to his flock and ask him to say a word to them. This conversation took place Friday evening.

After enjoying a good, refreshing night's sleep I found myself ready on Saturday morning to prepare for my Sunday duties. First of all, it was important to make sure of my congregation. I had come so far that I did not like the idea of a mere handful of women and children. I longed to get hold of the men. The main street seemed full of miners. It was pay-day, and the place presented a sort of holiday appearance. It occurred to me that it was a good opportunity to become acquainted. As I walked down the street, I saw advancing toward me an elegantly dressed gentleman, with large diamonds shining upon his spotless linen. There were seven saloons in a row. As I drew near my handsome young friend and was about to extend my hand, he surveyed me, concluded I was a parson and might wish to interview him on some subject with which he was not familiar, and suddenly disappeared into one of the saloons.

The experience was a little discomfiting, but I summoned up courage and determined to try again. The next man was in his shirt-sleeves, but had an open, frank countenance. I assumed as gracious and friendly an aspect as I could



command and was about to greet him, when he too darted into a saloon. Twice defeated, I went back to the hotel, and asked Colonel Burns, the proprietor, to let me have some large writing-paper. In bold hand I wrote out a few notices. I announced that, as Bishop of Idaho, I had come to the camp, and would preach the next morning, Sunday, at eleven o'clock and in the evening at eight; that both services would be in the dance-hall. All were cordially invited to attend. Then the Colonel let me have some tacks. I put up a notice at the hotel, at the post-office, at the large store, and at the blacksmith's shop. I then stood off and looked to see if any one would read my notices. But, alas! there were already so many notices ahead of mine! One announced an exciting horse-race Sunday afternoon, a second a mine to be sold, a third a ranch to be rented, etc., etc. I soon discovered

that my method of advertising was not likely to be successful. What more could I do? As I walked by the saloons, I observed that they were full of men. If only I were not a bishop, I reflected, the problem would be easy of solution; for then I could go into the saloons where the men are and deliver my invitation in person; but how would it look for a bishop to

visit such places, even with the best of motives? At last I became desperate. I selected the first saloon in the row. I went in. I introduced myself to the proprietor. I told him I was the

Bishop of Idaho, and had come in to pay my respects to him. He met me very cordially. "Why, Bishop, I am proud to know you. What will you have?"

I thanked him and told him I should be greatly indebted to him if he would kindly introduce me to those gentlemen, pointing to a large room back of the saloon, where the men were gathered. "Do you mean the boys in the pool-room?" he asked. "Yes, I presume I do." Thereupon he came out from behind the counter, put his arm in mine in a familiar way, as though we had been boon companions all our lives, and escorted me to the open doorway of the pool-room. "Boys," he cried out, "hold up the game. Put up

the chips just a minute. This is the Bishop right among us, and he wants to be introduced." With a politeness and courtesy which would have done credit to any drawing-room in New York or Boston or Philadelphia, the men rose from their seats and welcomed me. I said briefly: "Excuse me, gentlemen; I do not wish to interfere with your pleasure or your



BISHOP TALBOT

A photograph taken while on a hunting-trip



amusement. I have just come in to pay my respects to you. I am the bishop, and am going to hold services in the dance-hall to-morrow morning at eleven and in the evening at eight, and I shall be very glad to see you there." I remember that one of them, evidently speaking in a representative capacity, thanked me for letting them know, and asked me again the hour, and assured me they would all be present. In this way I visited all the seven saloons in the row. Everywhere I was treated with the most respectful consideration, and I did not hear one word that could have offended the most delicate conscience. When I had completed the round, I felt that I was reasonably sure of a goodly number of men as my hearers.

Coming out of one of the saloons, I suddenly encountered on the street my little friend Brother May, the new minister. He gave me a look of commingled surprise and pity, and with it a slight touch of scorn; but no words were exchanged between us. When, after my visitation of the saloons, I returned to my hotel, I found Brother May with his face buried in a newspaper. He hardly deigned to speak to me. He had been greatly shocked at seeing me emerge from a saloon. His ideals of the episcopal office had received a terrible blow. I asked him some question. He hardly vouchsafed a reply. I tried him again. At last he put down his paper, and looking at me with a much-aggrieved expression, said, "Look here, Bishop; didn't I see you coming out of a saloon?"

"Yes, Brother May, you did, and if you had watched me, you would have seen me coming out of seven." "Well," he continued, "all I have to say is I am sadly disappointed in you. My heart had gone out to you, and I was thanking God for sending you to this awful place, and now to think of a bishop going into one of those hells!" I tried to explain to my reverend little brother that I had visited more saloons that day than in all of the days of my life before; that I was not a drinking man, and regretted the evils of strong drink as much as he or any man could, but that I had come to get hold of those men; that I only visited the camp one Sunday a year, while he would have an opportunity every week to talk

to them. Gradually it dawned upon him that my act was, after all, susceptible of a charitable interpretation, though he could not justify it; nor could he agree with me in thinking that my efforts to secure the presence of the men would prove successful, but felt sure they would not come out, no matter what they promised,—in short, that I had hopelessly impaired my influence with them. I could only ask him to wait and see. It was clearly evident that Brother May's faith in me had been subjected to a severe test, and had almost reached the breaking-point.

That evening we gathered together a few good people and practised some familiar hymns. A young woman was found who played the little organ. The morrow came—a bright and beautiful Sunday. As the hour of service approached, I could see that a great crowd was gathering. I had already put on my robes, and was seated on the platform of the dance-hall, where also the organ and the choir were placed. As the men filed in, they occupied every available space. I invited some to sit on the edge of the high platform. Others took advantage of the fact that the windows were opened and stationed themselves there. A large number had to stand near the doorway; but from the beginning to the close of the service a hushed and entirely reverential demeanor characterized the assembly. They listened most patiently to all I had to say. There was something peculiarly solemnizing and inspiring in those manly and earnest faces as they seemed to respond to the appeal I was making. After I had finished the sermon, I introduced Brother May. I told the men that while the church I had the honor to represent had not yet seen its way to send them a minister, yet I rejoiced that Brother May, representing another religious body, had come; that he was present in the congregation, and I was glad to introduce him; that he was to preach that afternoon at four.

Then Brother May arose. He was extremely short of stature, and had a long black mustache, curled up at the ends. He wore a bright-green cutaway coat, a blue waistcoat, and red necktie. His boots had high heels, tapered after the cowboy fashion. All eyes were instantly



fastened upon him. A stillness that was painful fell upon the scene. Brother May stood near the platform. Instead of turning around and facing the people, he stood sidewise, looking at them over his shoulder. "Yes, brethren, as the Bishop has said, I am here, and I am here to stay. I have come to preach the gospel, and my first sermon will be at four o'clock here in this place. I want you all to be on hand, for God knows you need the gospel. Just think of it; you have seven saloons here in this camp. Seven dens of hell! The fact is, this is the most God-forsaken hole I ever struck." He sat down. There was no audible expression of dissent, but I could feel that my little brother had forfeited his opportunity to commend himself to the people. I was sorry.

Another hymn was given out, and I was about to dismiss the congregation with my blessing, when Colonel Burns, my landlord, stepped forward, and in a low but distinct voice said, "Bishop, haven't you forgot somethin'?" "What do you mean?" said I. "Why, the hat," replied the Colonel. "Excuse me," I answered; "you are right. I had quite forgotten the collection." "I thought so," said the Colonel. "It won't do to forget the hat, for yesterday was payday, and these boys have a lot of money, and if you don't get it the saloons will, and it is much better for you to have it. Now, Bishop, if you will allow me, I will run that part of the business myself."

"Very good," I said. "Have you any suggestions, Colonel?"

"Only this, Bishop: I wish you would give us about five hymns."

"Five!" I exclaimed. "You surely do not mean five hymns."

"Yes, Bishop," he replied. "I want plenty of time. I do not want to be crowded. The boys are a little slow on collections."

I stepped over to the organ and arranged with the young woman who was playing for us to give us five familiar hymns. We started in. The Colonel presented the hat to the man immediately on my left. He was sitting on the edge of the platform. He brought out a silver dollar, called a "wheel" in the language of the camp. The second and third men to whom the hat was

passed followed the example of the first, each giving a dollar; but the fourth man seemed nervous, and hesitated while he fumbled in his pocket. After considerable delay he brought out a quarter.

"Oh, put that back. Come now, Bill," said the Colonel, "the Bishop is not after small game to-day. White chips don't go here. He wants a wheel out of you. Hurry up."

"But, Colonel," said the man, "I hain't got no wheel; I'm busted."

"Oh, what you givin' us?" said the Colonel. "Borrow one from Jack. Jack will loan you one."

I was not supposed to hear this dialogue, but the Colonel evidently took no pains to conceal what was going on. After some little parleying, Jack loaned his neighbor a "wheel," and the hat passed on. I can remember the Colonel, when he reached the crowd standing at the door, held out the hat with one hand, while with the other he expostulated with the men. The hymns were being rapidly used up, and at last the Colonel returned to the platform with the hat. His face beamed with satisfaction. After the service I asked him why it took him so long. "Oh," he replied, "Bishop, you see, I 'sized' up every feller accordin' to his pile. I know these boys. Most on 'em grub with me. I made one feller cough up a ten-dollar gold piece, and you will find a good many fives in the hat. Let's count it." I need not say that the collection was a generous one.

At four o'clock I went to the hall to help and hear Brother May. As yet no one had come. At length a few women and children and one old man straggled in. Brother May preached on the "Rose of Sharon." It was his maiden effort. The afternoon was very warm, and the perspiration poured forth as my little friend labored with the text. He was thoroughly discouraged, and could not understand why the hall was not full. I ventured to suggest that I feared he had not been very tactful in the morning when he told them that their town was the most "God-forsaken hole" he had ever seen. I learned afterward that Brother May remained at the camp only about three weeks. At the end of that time a committee waited on him. The spokesman said, "Brother May, we un-



INDIAN TEPEES NEAR AN IDAHO MINING-CAMP

derstand you don't like our camp." "No," said Brother May; "it is the worst I ever struck." "Well, Brother May, would you like to shake off the dust of our camp and leave us for better diggin's?" "You bet I would," was the reply. "Well, will you leave if we give you seventy-five dollars?" "Sure I will." "Will you leave by to-morrow's stage?" "I certainly will." "Then here's your money." And Brother May departed for parts unknown.

To return to our Sunday's work. That evening there was another service and another great crowd. I begged the men to do something toward securing a minister and building a church. I reminded them that they had had no one to bury their dead, minister to their sick and wounded, baptize their children, administer the holy communion and preach the gospel. I told them I would be glad to cooperate with them in any effort they might make. When Monday morning came, a committee waited on me with a petition signed by more than a hundred miners, begging me to stay over and give them another talk that night. I consented, and the dance-hall was again com-

pletely filled. Tuesday morning, just before I took the stage, a committee came to me from a neighboring saloon with a subscription paper. One of the committee said:

"Now, Bishop, you have been going for us about not having a preacher. Here is a proposition. If you will stay here, and rustle up this preachin' business, and be our parson, we will stand by you to the tune of \$2000 a year. Here it is down in black and white. This is all gilt edge."

Of course I was surprised and gratified. I replied that while I felt much complimented by their offer, it was evident they did not understand the nature of my office; that I was a bishop, and had to go from place to place, and could tarry nowhere long; that I was on my way to the next camp; but I added, "With this liberal offer of \$2000 a year, I can send you a first-class man." They hesitated and seemed a little embarrassed. After some consultation one of them said:

"Bishop, that was not the deal. The boys subscribed this for you. If you can't come, we will have to make a new



deal." With that they again disappeared into the saloon. Returning in a few moments, the spokesman said:

"Bishop, here is a new list. If you will send us a first-rate man, a good talker and a good mixer, we will guarantee him at least \$1000 a year. Tell him, Bishop, there will be no trouble about money. He sha'n't be allowed to suffer. We boys will treat him white. Only, please remember," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "don't send us no stick."

They had not forgotten Brother May's rebuke, and were not willing to take any chances. The term "good mixer" was new to me then, but I learned it meant the qualities of good-fellowship and sympathy and fraternity. The successful man of God in the mining-camp need not lose his dignity or self-respect, but it is of vital importance that he be a man among men, and, above all, possess the capacity of loving men, and with the aid of that gift know how to reach their hearts.

The palmy days of the stage-coach in the Rockies have now passed away. The advent of the railroad has left comparatively small distances to be compassed by this primitive mode of locomotion. The day when six horses were the regulation number gradually gave place to that of the four-horse team; and now two horses sleepily plod along, and carry the mail and such occasional passengers as may be compelled to travel in this way. In my early days in Wyoming and Idaho there were some superb outfits and many interesting and enjoyable features. Runaways, breakdowns—narrow escapes of various kinds—often occurred, recalling the epitaph once found on an old gravestone:

Weep stranger for a father spilled  
From a stage-coach, and thereby killed.  
His name, Jay Sykes, a maker of sassengers,  
Slain with three other outside passengers.

The long distances through a country almost entirely uninhabited exposed the passengers to hold-ups by the "road-agents," as the highway robbers are called out West. Especially was this the case when large sums of money had to be sent through Wells-Fargo's Express Com-

pany, or bars of gold and silver had to be carried from the mines. The robbers were wonderfully astute, and generally managed to know just when the consignments were made. At such times it was the custom of the stage company to have one or more fearless men, well armed, ride with the driver; but men who embark in the hazardous calling of the road-agent are very desperate, and take fearful risks when a rich haul is in sight. In these encounters it is simply a question as to which party shall get "the drop" on the other; for, however brave a guard may be, it would be sheer foolhardiness to refuse to throw up his hands when he found himself and companions suddenly covered by three or four deadly Winchesters. Again and again one desperate road-agent has been known to rob a stage-coach full of passengers and compel the driver to throw out the bullion and express-box, while those within the stage, though armed, have meekly looked on in amazement. I usually found it convenient, through the advice of my friends, to make my journeys when the stage did not carry such tempting booty; so it was never my fate to be held up, though frequently the stage which just preceded or followed mine was robbed. Therefore I never had Bishop Kemper's experience in the early days of Kansas. The bishop was the victim of a hold-up one night when he was the only passenger. The driver told the road-agent, who had covered him with a six-shooter, that his only passenger was a bishop. "Well," said the robber, "wake up the old man. I want to go through his pockets." When the bishop was aroused from a sound slumber and realized the situation, he gently remonstrated with the man behind the gun. He said: "Surely you would not rob a poor bishop. I have no money worth your while, and I am engaged in the discharge of my sacred duties." "Did you say you were a bishop?" asked the road-agent. "Yes, just a poor bishop." "What church?" "The Episcopal Church." "The hell you are! Why, that's the church I belong to. Driver, you may pass on."

When spring approached and the heavy snows in the mountains began to melt, there was more or less danger in

fording the rivers. The Platte River in Wyoming was particularly treacherous in this respect. When I reached this river at one time on my way to Douglas, I was riding a bronco. The stream looked angry and swollen, and I was debating in my mind whether or not I should plunge in and swim my horse across. Just then a kindly ranchman came upon the scene. He remonstrated with me; he said my bronco was rather small for a man of my size; that the current was swift, and that he thought it would be unsafe to try it. But I said, "I must get to Douglas to-night." "Well," he replied, "I have a boat here, and will row you over, and we will lead the bronco." Accordingly we secured a rope, which we tied around the bronco's neck, placing the saddle and bridle in the boat. We then pulled out, but the bronco would not budge; and all the purchase we could get on him from the boat was unavailing. The ranchman suggested that we should row down the edge of the river and lead him until the bank should get so steep there would be no standing-ground for him. "Then," he added, "we can yank him in." That change of tactics was entirely successful, for we both took hold, and by a united pull brought him into the swift current. My companion was a good oarsman, and he struck out bravely, but it was soon evident that the bronco was making straight for the canoe. The ranchman became somewhat excited lest the pony should capsize us. "Beat him back, beat him back with the other end of the rope! There ain't no room in here for three." I landed several blows on the head of the determined little beast, but they did not seem to discourage him; and it required our combined effort to pilot that frail little craft to the other shore without being upset.

Those of my readers who have ever been at Lewiston, Idaho, will remember that just across the river Clearwater, which flows by the town, is an enormous and most dangerous mountain. If one can keep the road and has a good team, it is safe enough; but there are several places, called "hogbacks," where the road is barely wide enough to allow another team to pass; while on either side of this narrow driveway the mountain

so suddenly recedes that a misstep must precipitate driver and team to imminent destruction. With this inviting prospect on the other side of the river, I found it necessary one dark night to cross the Clearwater and set out for the railway station some miles beyond. The clergyman at Lewiston had a fine pair of horses, which, while full of life, were gentle and trustworthy. On reaching the river, which the clergyman had forded a few days before, we found it unexpectedly swollen. A rope ferry regularly plied across the river, the boat usually landing at the far side of a little island, which teams could reach by fording when the stream was normal. My companion's eyesight was somewhat defective at night, and he did not observe that the river had risen so high as to entirely submerge the island. After hailing the boatman and giving him the signal to come over for us, we waited until we could see the light on the boat, which was approaching the spot where the island was supposed to be. We then drove in. We had not advanced far before I heard frantic screams from the boatman. "Go back; for God's sake go back or you'll drown." Meanwhile the buggy seemed to be fairly throbbing under the power of the current, and our horses had almost lost their footing. I begged my brother to turn round; but he would not. I then snatched the reins from him and got the horses round just as the boat came upon us. The captain said: "Well, parson, one more step and you and the Bishop would have been swept in. Were you trying to drown him?" The experience was one that I did not soon forget.

It was rather curious, and interesting to those who believe in thought transference or mental telepathy, that both my wife and daughter—the former being at that time in Missouri and the latter at school in Pennsylvania—were suddenly awakened that night out of sound sleep by the vivid and painful impression that I was drowning. They agree that the sensation was not in the least like an ordinary dream.

After we had been ferried safely over, we came to the mountain. The wind was howling, and almost blew the buggy off the hogback. Our lantern, suspend-



ed from the dashboard, had been blown out. It was pitch dark. Suddenly I felt the buggy sliding down-hill and the horses gradually following. I jumped out, caught the horses by their bridles, and feeling my way back to the road, recovered the trail. When with great difficulty we had relighted our lantern, we found that we had been slipping over the edge of a precipice, and that a few more steps would have hurled us down hundreds of feet.

These are some of the perils by the way which added zest to one's travels, but which it is more pleasant to describe than to experience.

I must be allowed here to pay my grateful tribute to the respectful kindness and consideration always shown me by the stage-drivers. I cannot say that I never heard an oath; but again and again when one slipped out, most gracious apologies have followed. Bishop Clarkson's experience was never mine, but I can fully sympathize with his dilemma.

It seems that on one occasion the bishop was due to preach at a certain town on the prairies of Nebraska. It was in the spring, and the mud was up to the hubs in places. Already it was growing dark, and the lights of the village which the bishop was trying to reach seemed still a long way off. He became

a little nervous lest he should be late for his appointment. Just then they encountered a mud-hole, and the stage-coach stuck fast. The driver laid on the lash, but in vain; the horses would not move. The bishop was on the box with the driver, who was getting desperate. Unable to stand it longer, he turned to the bishop and said, "Do you see those wheelers looking back at me?" "Yes, Harry; what does that mean?" "Bishop, you know I have always tried to treat you right, and I respect your cloth; but do you say you want to preach in that there town to-night?" "Of course I do, Harry. Why don't you whip your horses?" "Whip 'em, Bishop! Ain't I been a-whippin' of 'em my level best? Do you say that you must preach there to-night?" "Of course I must." "Well, Bishop, I ask it just once. You see, these horses are used to my style of talkin' to 'em. I know it's a bad habit, and I know it's wrong, but will you please give me a dispensation just this one time? If you will, I'll get you there or bust. What do you say, Bishop?" The bishop felt the case to be extreme. "Well, Harry, I suppose I'll have to. Fire away this one time." Harry ripped out an oath, and the horses got down on their haunches, cleared the mud-hole, and just in time landed the bishop in town.

## Sanctuary

BY ETHEL A. MURPHY

INTO thy lap, O Night, I fling me down,  
 My broken body and my baffled soul,—  
 Let me forget the runners and the goal,  
 And the set faces straining toward the crown,  
 The quickly-fading wreath of men's renown;  
 Into thine arms, O Night, thy still control,  
 I give my spirit trembling with the roll  
 Of the great earth-din, seared by failure's frown.  
 Gone is the haughty lust for high command,  
 Gone the imperious rage for place and name;  
 As a child's toys from out its listless hold:  
 Lay on my throbbing lids thy healing hand,  
 And piteous, draw around my spirit's shame,  
 The blessed oblivion of thy mantle's fold.



## The Recrudescence of Madame Vic

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

WHEN Madame Vic—widow of the responsible Monsieur Vic, late a baker of substance in the Rue Bausset—described herself as a helpless dove vainly beating against the bars of her cage, it is of a certainty that she used figures of speech with a free tongue. One who is a widow, and appreciably above forty, and a Marseillaise, undoubtedly may claim without challenge a resemblance to creatures of various sorts widely distributed throughout the animal kingdom: but for one so conditioned to claim a resemblance to a dove, and specifically to a helpless dove, is to put a strain dangerously close to the breaking-point upon both the politeness and the imagination of even the Provençaux.

As to her alleged beating against the bars of her cage, that was another matter. There were facts in the case of Madame Vic which gave a colorable quantity of truth to her despairing metaphor. Moreover—and this made them harder to deal with—these facts were legal facts: constituting, precisely, the substance of the late Monsieur Vic's will.

"It is not, Monsieur," Madame Vic declared warmly—addressing herself to Monsieur Peloux, as that respected notary carefully refolded the will whereof the reading had been as a discharge of thunderbolts—"that I desire to marry again all in a moment. In truth, after so bitter an experience in matrimony, it is most reasonable—so far from again taking risks of evil—that I should seek to retire myself from the world altogether and become a nun."

"I beg of Madame that she will not become a nun," interposed Monsieur Peloux with a polite gallantry; and added, with a gallantry more subtle, the sententious abstraction: "The convent is the refuge of the ugly and the old."

"It is not, I say, that I desire impetuously to hurl myself into another marriage," Madame Vic continued, acknowledging the notary's handsome speech with an enchanting smile; "it is that I resent having put upon me the insolent command that I am not to marry at all. That—"

"Madame is not wholly accurate in



her statement of facts," interrupted Monsieur Peloux, speaking with a notarial precision. "Under the terms of Monsieur Vic's will Madame is free—as free as air—to marry instantly the whole world." Monsieur Peloux waved his hand briskly and expansively: in a manner at once indicative of great rapidity of action, of atmospheric freedom, and of the terrestrial extent of Madame Vic's matrimonial possibilities.

"And having instantly with the freedom of air married the whole world—what?" Madame Vic asked with a poignant bitterness; and with a like poignant bitterness herself answered: "I receive again precisely the dot that I brought to this boweless man of stone when in my young innocence I so disastrously wedded him! Precisely that! Not one sou more! All the fruit of my ceaseless toils and of my vigilant economies is wasted. All that justly is mine is snatched away from me. I am left to starve!"

"Pardon—but Madame evidently has not grasped with exactness the conditions which the will imposes upon her. They are both curious and unusual, these conditions. Moreover, being set forth in the language of the law, she reasonably may find them obscure. With Madame's permission, I will present them to her clearly, in plain words."

"Monsieur is amiable," Madame Vic replied with a cold civility. "Of a truth, this will—which Monsieur says is curious and unusual, and which I say is monstrous and abominable—is not a hidden mystery. Even my poor wits, which Monsieur no doubt rightly estimates as of a childish weakness"—Monsieur Peloux here made gestures expressive of deprecation—"can make meaning, but not reason, of it. Conceivably however, for the convincing of Monsieur that all is made clear to my meagre understanding, it may be well that he puts these despicable orderings and commandings into, as he phrases it, plain words."

Having thus spoken, Madame Vic ostentatiously disposed herself in an attitude of attention, and emphasized her attentiveness by holding her head a little on one side. With her head that way, even in her anger, Madame Vic distinctly was pleasing to contemplate. She was

tall and well rounded and superbly blond, this justly disconsolate widow: of a type—the blending of the fair Phokaian and the massive Roman strains—that is uncommon in Marseille, and therefore is the more appreciated in the rare instances when it arrives. Moreover, she still was on the safe side of the catastrophe that was indicated as imminent by the luxuriant fulness of her bloom. Very soon, beyond question, the fall of the petals would begin: but for the moments remaining before that disaster overtook her she had the alluring charm—to pursue the botanical simile—of a lavishly exuberant rose.

In the interest of truth farther to pursue the simile, there were thorns about Madame Vic which equally had reached a very full development. As Monsieur Peloux knew—in common with the world in general—this interesting widow was endowed with an exceptionally high temper and with a most vigorously stubborn will. The fact also was notorious that she had exhibited these characteristics freely in a consistent effort to lead the late Monsieur Vic a dog's life of it; and had succeeded only partially in her strenuous undertaking because that resolute baker had been endowed with a still higher temper and a still more stubborn will of his own.

Monsieur Peloux was of an age, and also of a gravity, but within his body of a notary still was his heart of a man. Forgetting about the thorns—which Monsieur Vic most distinctly had remembered when framing his punitive testament—Monsieur Peloux could not but feel as he regarded Madame Vic, and especially as he regarded her blond head so felicitously at odds with the perpendicular, that a rank injustice had been put upon her under cover of the law. Obviously, to place any restrictions upon the prompt remarriage of such a widow—so nicely balanced upon the very apex of maturity; and so soon, toppling thence, to begin her sad progress down the declivity of age—was to do her a substantial wrong.

However, as Monsieur Peloux reflected with satisfaction, it was no affair of his. He was the exponent of the laws, not the maker of them; and in the present instance—since the will was not of his drawing—he was not even colorably re-

sponsible for the injury that their too harsh application would set in train. It was therefore as the law's exponent—speaking in the calm voice of the notary, but with an inflection now and then which betrayed his heart of a man—that he set forth freed from legal verbiage the meaning of Monsieur Vic's malevolent testament in these terms:

"So long as Madame remains unmarried out of loving regard for the memory of her late husband"—as this phrase was uttered, and subsequently repeated, Madame Vic disturbed the pleasing poise of her head by tossing it angrily—"the whole of the property possessed by her late husband remains absolutely her own. To her belong without restriction the bakery and the business of the bakery; the moneys invested in securities; the three considerable properties here in Marseille; the pleasing bastide on the hillside above St.-Barthélemy; the vineyard at Cassis. In a word, Madame is the possessor of a fortune that will make her very much more than comfortable to the end of her days." At this point the notary paused.

"Monsieur will have the goodness to continue. If my poor intellect is not at fault there remain other conditions even more odiously insulting than the one which Monsieur has stated. That one is bad enough. It is in a convent, as Monsieur will observe, that I am to enjoy this fine fortune: most of which is of my own making—the fruit, as I have said, of my commendable toils and of my not less commendable economies—and all of which, without any conditions whatever, justly should be mine."

"To my regret," said Monsieur Peloux with feeling, "Madame's late husband, in point of fact, has seen fit to impose other conditions which do materially restrict her freedom of action in the enjoyment of her inheritance." Monsieur Peloux, his heart of a man asserting itself, heaved a sympathetic sigh.

"Stated in the fewest words," he continued, "the farther provisions of Monsieur Vic's will are to this effect: If Madame, out of loving reverence for the memory of her late husband, remains unmarried for the term of five years she still shall possess, should she then remarry, three-fourths of the entire estate.

Should she marry at the end of three years, one-half of the estate still will be hers; and should she remarry at the end of one year, one-quarter. But should she marry at any time within the year immediately following her late beloved husband's decease, thereby bringing a scandal upon his memory and a disgrace upon—It is needless to pain Madame by repeating the precise wording. In its essence, the meaning is that should Madame remarry within a less period than one year she receives again only her marriage portion and the entire estate is lost to her. As a whole, the property goes to Monsieur Alexis Vic—"

"That unspeakable person no longer is alive," interrupted Madame Vic in tones of satisfaction. "His quarrellings with Monsieur Vic were malignant: growing out of his effrontery in opposing, because of what he had the temerity to declare was regard for his cousin's welfare, Monsieur Vic's marriage. As I perceive now, had his interested slanderings been successful, I should have been spared an age of misery. Not being successful, a breaking of relations with him followed of necessity. The partnership in the bakery was dissolved before my calamitous wedding took place. Since that deplorable event occurred, twenty years ago, we have had no word with him or with his. They went to Aix—he and his camel of a wife and his ugly little boy—and set up there a contemptible bakery of their own. I have been told that since his death his disgrace of a son has been making ducks and drakes"—Madame Vic's phrase was *faire des ricochets*—"of their pittance of a property. It is a providence that his odious plannings to prevent his cousin's marriage, and so to secure to himself his cousin's fortune, have not arrived. Thinking that matter over will give him a bad quarter of an hour in—in wherever he deserves to be!"

"But in effect," said Monsieur Peloux, "his plans have arrived—that is to say, they will arrive should Madame make effective by remarrying within the ensuing year the most drastic and the most regrettable of the provisions of Monsieur Vic's will. She will observe, farther, that should she remarry at the end of the respective terms of one year, of three years, and of five years, the bequests of



three-quarters, of one-half, and of one-quarter of the estate to Monsieur Alexis Vic become operative."

"But Monsieur does not understand. As I have but just now told him, that animal—and equally his camel of a wife—no longer remains alive."

"But Madame does not understand. The bequest—my late honored colleague Maître Berteaud was not one to make a mistake so glaring—of course is to Monsieur Alexis Vic and to his heirs. The property—proportionally, or wholly, or not at all: the matter will be governed by Madame's own actions—will revert to, or will be lost to, Monsieur Alexis Vic's heirs."

"It will go to that profligate reptile of a son?"

"Precisely to—I accept Madame's terms of characterization—that profligate reptile of a son."

Having thus completed his exposition of the law, Monsieur Peloux remained sympathetically silent. Really, in the circumstances, there was nothing for him to say.

Through some painful moments Madame Vic also was silent—in bitterness of spirit contemplating her own disastrously narrow shoes. She could see no way to widen them: and when at last she spoke it was to utter the words which already I have quoted—with the admission that two-thirds of her metaphor put a strain upon even Provençal imagination and politeness—to the effect that she was a helpless dove beating against the bars of her cage.

That opinions should be divided in the case of Madame Vic was reasonable: there was much to be said on both sides. Equally was it reasonable that the line of cleavage should follow the line of sex; that the men should endorse approvingly, and that the women hotly should fly out against, Monsieur Vic's Parthian methods: which settled a score of twenty years' standing by inflicting a wound that rankled before it killed. In Marseille—a city where tongues wag easily—the vigorous interchange of these diverse opinions followed as a matter of course.

"It is an abomination in the sight of men and angels that such wickedness should be permitted," declared Madame

Gauthier, a clear-starcher of position, addressing herself to Monsieur Fromagin, proprietor of the flourishing *Épicerie Russe*. "The atrocity of a will like that is beyond the limits of a dream. Madame Vic has had heaped upon her a whole mountain of wrong!"

Monsieur Fromagin chuckled. "What the angels may think about that matter," he answered politely, "Madame of course is in a better position than I am to know. But when it comes to the men, and especially"—here his politeness wavered—"to the married men, the case is different. Not one of us but holds, as I do, that Monsieur Vic most intelligently has served his widow a fit sauce to the roast that has been his unhappy portion through an age of miserable years." Broadly generalizing, and throwing his politeness to the winds bodily, Monsieur Fromagin added: "Widows, at the best, are menaces to the peace of society. They become a shade less dangerous when fitted with close collars and held by short chains."

"Madame Vic slaved constantly for that wretched old man's good and happiness—and every one of the years of misery that she gave him was most richly deserved!" Madame Gauthier responded: speaking with such heat—because of Monsieur Fromagin's infamous generalizations in the matter of widows—that she neglected to weigh, and still less to balance, her angry words.

Without pausing to adjust her conflicting contentions—obviously so radically opposed to each other that if either stood the other must fall—she continued: "It is known throughout the whole universe that Monsieur Vic led that martyred woman a life of weepings; that his ceaseless severities embittered every moment of her anguished days. Monsieur is pleased to assume to express the opinions of the married men upon this legalized iniquity. His dispositions and his experiences being known, those opinions are what I should expect of him. For me, I speak for the unfortunate married women: who can hope to find—from the trappings of a malignant cruelty to which they are subjected unremittingly—only in sorrowing widowhood a sombre refuge in which to pass the bitter remnant of their agonized lives."





ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

MONSIEUR FROMAGIN, LEFT ALONE AMONG HIS ÉPICERIES, CHUCKLED AUDIBLY



Madame Gauthier's pointed reference to the grocer's dispositions and experiences made the matter at once personal. As was notorious, Monsieur Fromagin's relations with Madame Fromagin were of a sort to make gall and wormwood seem sweet by comparison. When other matters of talk languished, the quarrellings of this couple afforded always a relishing topic of conversation in the Rue Bausset. Madame Gauthier's thrust, therefore, distinctly was a touch—but in making it she had opened her guard. Having been herself thrice married, her observations upon widowhood were ill-advised.

Discreetly ignoring her touch, Monsieur Fromagin took advantage of her opening. "It is curious to observe," he said, again in the tone of one who generalizes broadly, "how rigorously those trampled-upon unfortunates confine themselves—when they have achieved it—to the sorrowing widowhood that alone affords them, as Madame remarks with propriety, a sombre refuge for the bitter remnant of their agonized lives. From that sombre refuge, as Madame conspicuously is in a position to affirm with authority, all the forces of nature are powerless to drag them forth! If I am not in error, Monsieur Vic's will precisely safeguards his sorrowing widow in that sombre refuge where alone, by Madame's own showing, all that is to be hoped for of restful tranquillity is to be found. Also, if again I am not in error, Madame Vic has begun to take her own just precautions to secure herself against the dangerous host of suitors who plan to lure her from her present security into fresh matrimonial pains. It is no doubt as a protector against their aggressive wooings that the handsome young contre-maître for the bakery has been hired."

Monsieur Fromagin also had made a touch—and had lost it by failing to come instantly to a recover. His dragging in of Madame Vic's new foreman was one of those mistaken after-thrusts which too often spoil a fine assault at arms. It gave Madame Gauthier the opportunity to slip over the sharp attack upon herself by parrying neatly the attack upon her friend.

"Monsieur's conceptions of the conduct of a bakery are original," she observed reflectively. "No doubt he would have

Madame Vic do her own bakings with her own hands. That would be excellent. It is work in which affluent women, owners of bakeries, habitually engage!" In Madame Gauthier's voice there was a fine note of scorn.

"I would have her, for the sake of that propriety to which she is a stranger," Monsieur Fromagin replied with a judicial severity, "employ as a contre-maître a man of a suitable appearance and of a suitable age."

"Monsieur himself, for example?" Madame Gauthier asked sweetly. "It is an arrangement that would be ideal! Many times the thought has occurred to me that Monsieur would be admirable as the almoner of a convent. For him to be the contre-maître in Madame Vic's bakery would be better still. His suitability of age and of appearance equally are unimpeachable. Scandals seeking to approach that bakery would draw back appalled!"

"Madame's parcels are tied and at her service," Monsieur Fromagin responded coldly—and added with a suave venom: "Madame's championship of Madame Vic's—shall we say?—eccentricities, is just. In what remains of Madame's life, even though that remnant is not excessive, events may continue to occur. It is reasonable that she should defend well what so frequently has been her own position—and what not impossibly may be her position on occasions yet to arrive. For me," Monsieur Fromagin's tone became offensively cordial, "my good-will is extended always to Madame's husbands; and shall continue to be extended to them always—as Madame, bravely emerging from her successive sombre refuges in sorrowing widowhood, adds to the series and her interesting panorama is prolonged."

Madame Gauthier, carried by her anger beyond all bounds of polite expression, committed the tactical error of lapsing into gross personalities. "At least," she exclaimed in a voice shrill and quivering, "there has not been included in that series a disgustingly ugly old bald-headed man more repulsive than all the beasts of prey—and that, Monsieur, every bit of it, is what you are!"

Having given vent to this ill-judged outburst—whereof the reckless violence

was a proclamation that she was routed—Madame Gauthier snatched up her parcels and went out from the *Epicerie Russe* with the bunglingly vibrant motion of a furiously enraged hen.

Monsieur Fromagin, left alone among his *épiceries*, chuckled audibly. The outcome of the encounter distinctly was refreshing to his self-respect. In his debates of a similar character with Madame Fromagin the laurels almost uniformly went the other way.

In the matter of Madame Vic's *contre-maître*, the consensus of opinion in the Rue Bausset was in line with the views expressed sarcastically by Monsieur Fromagin. Excepting only a few kindly—or, as in the case of Madame Gauthier, interested—apologists, the dwellers in that thoroughfare held that Madame Vic had challenged sharply the conveniences by hiring to direct the practical workings of her bakery a foreman at once so handsome and so young. The apologists made the point that the very youth of the *contre-maître*—he was no more than eight-and-twenty—saved the situation; to which the counterpoint was made that precisely because of his youth the situation was so compromised as virtually to be lost.

The affair being of a piquancy that would have aroused a community the most phlegmatic, the community directly affected by it—among the Marseillais a fight between sparrows will cause a commotion—fairly was set by the ears. As the passing of time gave opportunity for developments which indicated the approach of a crisis, the excitement became intensified. By the third quarter of Madame Vic's first year of probation the whole of the Rue Bausset was in ferment. Wagers for and against her winning through that year were made freely. At the *Cercle Fraternel des Fils de Phocée*—to cover all the contingencies of Monsieur Vic's testament—a tombola was arranged. So far as the Rue Bausset was concerned, a municipal election, with a Red mayor in candidacy, could not have made a greater stir.

Had the outcome of the matter rested solely with Madame Vic—her intentions, admittedly, being obvious—popular interest would have languished. There would

have been no wagering. The tombola tickets would have been left unbought. It was the *contre-maître* who held the stage. What were his intentions in the premises was an open field for guesswork—and the lively zest of uncertainty remained until they should appear.

"It is credible, most easily credible, that Madame Vic should seek to ensnare her handsome young *contre-maître* into a marriage of misery," declared Monsieur Brisson, proprietor of the *Pharmacie Centrale*, as he prepared for Madame Chabassu her accustomed soothing-potion—to which she habitually had recourse (always a long while after Monsieur Chabassu had perceived that it was urgently necessary) when her nervous irritability fairly had passed endurable bounds. "That part of the matter," Monsieur Brisson continued, "makes itself. The part that is incredible beyond imagining is that the *contre-maître* should suffer himself to be ensnared!"

Actually, Madame Chabassu held this same opinion—but being naturally remonstrant, and most remonstrant when suffering an access of nerves, she promptly scouted it. "Since Madame Vic is neither infirm because of age, nor conspicuously displeasing in appearance," she said with energy, "I am at a loss to perceive why this marriage—more, that is, than marriages in general—should be fraught with misery. Equally am I at a loss to perceive—since the *contre-maître*, while not old, has arrived at years of discretion—in what respect the possible bridegroom is to be regarded as ensnared. Perhaps Monsieur will have the goodness to explain?"

"My explanation is made by an appeal to Madame's intelligence. Is happiness likely to arrive when an old woman marries a very young man?"

"It is not necessary that Monsieur should put a strain upon my intelligence by inviting me to consider abstractions. At the moment, we are speaking of Madame Vic and of her *contre-maître*. Madame Vic, if Monsieur will suffer me to contradict him flatly, is not an old woman; neither is her *contre-maître* a very young man."

"I would draw Madame's attention to the fact that such disparity of years as exists between these two renders their



marriage not less repulsive than absurd. The immutable laws of society forbid a union so malevolently grotesque."

"Monsieur's knowledge of the immutable laws of society," Madame Chabassu replied dryly, "no doubt is in excess of mine. But I would point out to him that when a man, let us say of Madame Vic's moderate years, marries a somewhat younger woman, let us say of the age of the *contre-maitre*—the two having in prospect a competence, perhaps affluence—I have yet to learn that misery is prophesied as the outcome of the marriage, nor is it usual to suggest that the young woman has been ensnared."

Not being prepared to deal offhand with Madame Chabassu's cleverly massed sophisms, Monsieur Brisson passed them over and attacked her argument in its more obviously weak point. "Did the competence to which Madame refers have even a prospective existence, I should not have the temerity to oppose her reasonings. As matters actually stand, I venture to recall to her memory the use that Love habitually makes of the window when Poverty appears at the door. Even were this marriage less revolting in its essence, that substantial objection to it still would remain."

"Monsieur forgets that even her husband's atrocious will cannot deprive Madame Vic of her portion. It is not a large portion, I admit; but, in connection with what the *contre-maitre* himself will possess, it is to be considered. The *contre-maitre*, as is well known, confidently asserts that he is about to inherit a fortune equal to the fortune which Madame Vic, conceivably, may forfeit in whole or in part."

"It is my conviction," said Monsieur Brisson earnestly, "that the *contre-maitre* is of unsound mind. Assuredly, this fortune that he talks about is no more than air. As for Madame Vic's portion, it is—as Madame herself just now has stated—the merest trifle. Briefly, should success attend Madame Vic's brazen wooing of this unfortunate young man—whose mental derangement makes him all the more an object of pity—she will have lured him to a dismal life of poverty with a soon-to-be-decrepit old woman, who has a fiend's temper and the stubbornness of ten thousand mules. Her

shameless doings, Madame, bring a black scandal upon your sex."

By thus in a manner involving Madame Chabassu in the matter, Monsieur Brisson went too far. He invited the personal rejoinder that he received.

"It is evident that Monsieur's conceptions of Madame Vic's character have undergone a change. Little birds have whispered that he himself forced proposals of marriage upon her almost on the day of Monsieur Vic's funeral—certainly before the publication of Monsieur Vic's will. I do him the justice to believe that he would have been less precipitate had he known the conditions which the will imposed."

In referring the announcement of this fact to the whisperings of little birds, Madame Chabassu had spoken with restraint. Actually, Madame Vic herself had proclaimed it, and in terms that had sent a wave of laughter throughout the whole length of the Rue Bausset.

Denial being impossible, Monsieur Brisson had open to him only the course that he took lamely. "My compassionate sorrow for that unhappy old woman," he replied, "I admit led me into an indiscretion. Mercifully, I escaped great misfortune. It is in keeping with your known character, Madame, that you refer in terms of derision to an act that was prompted by my goodness of heart."

"My known character is none of your affair, Monsieur," Madame Chabassu answered angrily. "It is not a public matter—as are your merciless dealings with unhappy old women, whom you habitually poison remorselessly by scores!"

Monsieur Brisson visibly shuddered and paled. He was not in the habit of poisoning old women remorselessly by scores; but, undoubtedly, one old woman really had been poisoned by a mistake of his making—and the blight that had fallen upon the *Pharmacie Centrale* as the result of that unfortunate error had brought him into very narrow shoes. It was, indeed, in the hope of mending his broken fortunes that his precipitate proposal to Madame Vic had been made.

Having controlled his shudder, but remaining pale, the *pharmacien* replied to Madame Chabassu's taunt with a coarse violence which put him in the wrong. "Madame will do well to reserve her in-



sults for her unfortunate husband. The withering abasements which she puts upon that pitiful man are known to the whole city—equally to his and to her own disgrace. Madame's presence pollutes my respectable premises. She is ordered, I say ordered, to depart!"

"It is with pleasure that I act upon Monsieur's polite suggestion," Madame Chabassu answered affably. "No doubt Monsieur contrives his poisonings more agreeably when alone." And having fired this parting shot she retired from the pharmacy in good order—conscious that she retained possession of her banners and her drums.

Discreetly ignoring the spirited gossip concerning her indiscretion, Madame Vic maintained in the midst of all the outcry that there was about her an admirable attitude of dignified calm. Conceivably, her calmness was less real than assumed. Certainly, as time went on, even casual observers perceived in her manner an unaccustomed suave tenderness; and careful observers farther perceived an unaccustomed softness in her exceptionally fine—but normally a little too keen—blue eyes.

Monsieur Peloux, whose observations of Madame Vic were of a critical nicety, regarded these phenomena with interest. Being of a reticent habit, and of a profession that discourages tattling, he made no audible comment upon them; but the deductions which his intelligent mind drew from such exhibitions of unusual, and even unnatural, tenderness found expression now and then in a half-cynical smile. The point toward which she was heading he perceived clearly. What would happen to her when she got there he found less clear. But certainly, he reasoned, should the young baker be, as the old baker had been, a man of domineering temperament and pig-headed obstinacy, then would her venture land Madame Vic—who possessed precisely the same pleasing characteristics—in a veritable bed of thorns. With a fortune in hand, she would have a young husband to some extent in hand also; but the matter would take another color if in her haste to gain her young husband she should cast her fortune to the winds. Monsieur Peloux's smile over this combination of possibilities, as I have said,

was only half cynical. There seemed to him to be a touch of pathos in Madame Vic's eagerness to clutch at her fleeting chances of happiness—and all for love to hold her bakery, and the remainder of her substantial possessions, well lost!

The possible saving grace in the situation—upon which Madame Vic relied confidently, but upon which the professionally distrustful notary refused to place any reliance whatever—was the positive and persistent assertion of the *contre-maitre* (touched on by Madame Chabassu in the course of her animated conversation with the *pharmacien*) that he himself was about to inherit a fortune that would range him effectively in the world. Beyond this broad generalization he refused pointblank to go. Even Madame Vic—when matters had got to a pass when they could talk freely—could not wring from him a more definite statement than that the fortune which he stood to win certainly would equal the fortune which she stood to lose.

The vagueness of the *contre-maitre's* profession, Monsieur Peloux argued, made it ridiculous.

The sincerity of tone and manner that accompanied it, Madame Vic argued, made it as credible as though the fortune had been exhibited concrete in houses and lands.

Actually, this intelligent widow was of a thrifty habit and had a marked aptitude for affairs. Temporarily, without doubt, the admirable normal adjustment of her reasoning faculties was disturbed by the too free play of her emotions. But, in spite of such disturbance, had she not been convinced of the truth of the *contre-maitre's* professions—had she for one moment believed that her choice lay between a marriage sauced with poverty, and celibacy sauced with a comfortable amount of wealth—her emotions instantly would have been ousted by her rallying reason, and the *contre-maitre* would have been whistled down the wind. She distinctly did not believe that these displeasing alternatives confronted her. On the contrary, she believed—even allowing for the loss of her inheritance—that love and riches smilingly approached her hand in hand. Undoubtedly, too, the resolute reticence of the *contre-maitre* in regard to the riches counted with her





MONSIEUR BRISSON VISIBLY SHUDDERED AND PALED

for almost as much as did his conspicuous lack of reticence—he was a most refreshingly energetic lover—in regard to the love. From a feminine standpoint, the element of mystery gave zest to her venture by casting over it the alluring glamour of romance.

Monsieur Peloux—institutively distrustful mysteries and having no feeling for romance—would have none of all this airily fanciful reasoning. In the privacy of his own mind he admitted that young men have been known to be infatuated—such was the impolite word that he used in his thought—with elderly women; and even, after marriage, to remain infatuated with their elderly wives. But he argued that such cases are unusual; and he farther, and more to the heart of the matter, argued that Madame Vic's most marked characteristics were not of the sort—when revealed by intimate acquaintance—to invite infatuation: still less to encourage even a very

thoroughgoing variety of that form of temporary madness to endure. He decided, therefore, that the contre-maitre was playing, for his own purposes, a game of some sort that in the end must work Madame Vic harm.

Acting on this conclusion, and speaking in the capacity of her legal adviser, he ventured to urge his interesting client to save at least the beggarly fourth of her inheritance by rounding out the first and the shortest of Monsieur Vic's several probationary terms. His disinterested attempt to minister to Madame Vic's welfare was so ill received that he was forced to abandon it: with the reflection that when a woman fairly grips the bit between her teeth—and notably when the woman, being no longer young, takes to bit-biting in love matters—there is nothing left but to drop the reins.

A month less than the full year sequent to the removal of Monsieur Vic



from his respectable bakery in the Rue Bausset to his respectable lot in the Cemetery of Saint Pierre, Monsieur Polverel—favorably and widely known throughout the Midi in commercial circles—came in the course of his commercial travellings to Marseille. As always, he stopped at the Grand Hôtel du Paradis. To his surprise, politely concealed, he found Monsieur and Madame Chabassu, the host and hostess of that well-conducted establishment, actually laughing together: precisely as though family jangles in the Grand Hôtel du Paradis were quite unknown. In justice to the worthy Chabassu the fact must be stated that these little domestic disamenities never were of his provoking. It was Madame Chabassu who had always the sharpened tongue.

"There is news to tell Monsieur that is supremely amusing," Chabassu declared delightedly while still shaking the commercial traveller's hand. "It is the most exquisite pleasantry that ever has been known in the Rue Bausset. Monsieur will laugh over it until he cries!"

"What has happened is droll beyond imagining," struck in Madame Chabassu, in haste to be first to tell about it. "The marriage between Madame Vic and her young contre-mâître has arrived!"

"Good!" replied Monsieur Polverel. "It is what I looked for. My wager was well taken. I have won my ten francs. Truly, the joke is excellent. And the contre-mâître? He marches well in the leading-strings held by his elderly bride?"

"It is the contre-mâître who holds the leading-strings," Chabassu chuckled. "How the elderly bride marches in them is another affair!"

Monsieur Polverel looked puzzled. That he should look puzzled was what was expected of him. Monsieur and Madame Chabassu laughed.

"Ah, he is a deep one, the contre-mâître," said Chabassu with conviction. "He follows well his race! That sharp young man, Monsieur, wisely made his sacrifices—that nothing might be left to chance. By marrying Madame Vic himself, and within the year, he composed the whole matter in a manner the most secure. The old Vic himself must be grinning by the hour over it, the old Vic—up there in the Cemetery of Saint Pierre!"

"That the contre-mâître is—as the old Vic was—a brute and a deceiver, is unquestionable," Madame Chabassu interposed. "They say that when Madame Vic made her outcry at the Mairie he was as the old Vic alive again! He took her aside and whispered to her—what cruelties he uttered were not heard, but they may be imagined—and she went pale suddenly, and then was silent and cowed. Precisely the same used to happen when things came to a grave issue in the old Vic's time. When the old Vic's temper was up he was as an incarnate fiend! As for that part of the matter, it is outrageous. But it is to be supposed"—Madame Chabassu here pointedly addressed Monsieur Chabassu—"that thou shouldst find such deceivings and such cruelties amusing—thou!"

Monsieur Polverel opened his mouth to speak, but opportunity for speech was not given him.

"My angel," said the excellent Chabassu, "it is not I who would smile at such matters did they arrive in the ordinary way. Deceivings are not to my liking; and as to harshness, thou knowest that even when that nimble tongue of thine goes too quickly I am patient with thee—being sure always of the goodness of thy good heart."

"I will admit," replied Madame Chabassu guardedly, "that thou art not a brute always."

"My treasure, thy abounding merits so endear thee to me that I should be not less than a wild beast were I other with thee than considerably tender. Wert thou, as Madame Vic is, overbearing and ill-tempered thou wouldst find me a very different man!" These resolute words were spoken by the brave Chabassu in a tone of menace that caused Madame Chabassu to smile tolerantly; and that compelled Monsieur Polverel—to whom the customs of the family were no secret—to disguise a sudden snicker with an equally sudden and rather awkward cough.

"But in this case of Madame Vic," Chabassu continued, "it is altogether another affair. Her old first husband, assuredly, put severities upon her; but that she invited them by provoking him beyond all endurance is known to the whole world. Of a certainty, her young second





"WHAT HAS HAPPENED IS DROLL BEYOND IMAGINING"

husband—whom she has taken in such unseemly haste—is but helping with his fresh severities to settle what Monsieur Vic looked upon, his will proves it, as an unsettled score."

"My good Chabassu," urged Monsieur Polverel, "I am in a sea of bewilderments. Tell me—"

"In taking any husband, in haste or slowly," said Madame Chabassu, going off at a tangent hotly, "the common decencies of life required that she should have commanded her wedding breakfast of us—here in the Grand Hôtel du Paradis. To command her breakfast of

Monsieur Brégaillon was to affront us openly. For years we have bought our bread from the Vic bakery. We buy our bread from the Vic bakery no more! I will not deny that in the case of a woman so perfidious her old husband was justified in setting for her a snare."

Again Monsieur Polverel opened his mouth—and again closed it as Chabassu took the word.

"As ever, thou bright star of my affections, thou hast reason. Into the snare that rightly, as thou sayest, was set for her, she walked with her eyes open and of her own free will. That bombshells





THEN, AT LAST, MONSIEUR POVEREL SAW DAYLIGHT

of retribution—of retribution the most complete and the most astonishing—instantly should explode around her was no more than she deserved. Her conduct in the matter of the breakfast was a hideous treachery. It is fitting that upon a woman capable of that treachery an outraged heaven should descend punishments the blackest and the most severe. What has happened”—Chabassu spoke with the air of one whose advice an outraged heaven had asked and taken—“has my approval, all entire!”

“M’sieu-Madame,” Monsieur Polverel asked in tones of earnest entreaty, “I beg of you that this enigma may be made clear to me without more words. How is it possible that the contre-maître has gained anything for himself by marrying Madame Vic? How is it possible that he holds that violent woman in leading-strings? In what manner can he be settling Monsieur Vic’s scores? What are the bombshells of retribution which have exploded? Why should Monsieur Vic be grinning over it all in his grave? In

a word, M’sieu-Madame, what is the explanation of this maze of mysteries and contradictions—in which everything is as unreasonable and as impossible as in the most defiantly incredible of dreams?”

“The explanation, Monsieur,” Chabassu answered, his fine stomach shaking with the laughter that gurgled in his voice, “is of a simplicity. At the Mairie, when they signed upon the register—not one moment sooner: the revelation came as a bolt of thunder—Madame Vic discovered that in spite of her new marriage she still carried her old name!”

The expression of hopelessness upon Monsieur Polverel’s face became almost pathetic. “In one more moment, my good Chabassu,” he said in a tone of despondent weariness, “I shall go entirely mad!”

“Surely Monsieur must understand?”

“I understand nothing. It is impossible of such confusions to make either head or tail.”

Madame Chabassu came to Monsieur Polverel’s rescue. “It was the young Vic



whom Madame Vic married. Absolutely, the young Vic himself! And now Monsieur perceives?"

"The young Vic?" queried Monsieur Polverel. "How then could it be the contre-maître? I do not perceive at all!"

"It is that, Monsieur," put in Chabassu, "which makes the matter so entirely droll. The two—the young Vic and the contre-maître—identically are one. In marrying her contre-maître, Madame Vic married precisely the heir under Monsieur Vic's will to whom was to fall everything should she marry any one at all within the year!"

Then, at last, Monsieur Polverel saw

daylight. He slapped his thigh resoundingly and laughed as only a commis-voyageur can laugh. "That young Vic," he said brokenly, but in tones of deep conviction, "is the most perfect of farceurs!"

"Absolutely, it is a joke of the most refined completeness," Chabassu responded. "Madame Vic, again being married, again is bridled and bitted. At the end of the venture she finds herself, in the essence of the matter, where she was at the start!"

"And she remains—" began Monsieur Polverel.

"As always," Chabassu interrupted with a chuckle, "she remains—Madame Vic!"

## To-day

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

WHERE hast thou gone, my Day?  
 I meant to follow,  
 Extracting from thine every hour its sweet;  
 But thou, beguiling hope with pledges hollow,  
 Art flown on wingèd feet.

Hardly I greet thy morn,  
 The glory dwindles;  
 And as I plan thy moments with delight,  
 The evening-primrose in my pathway kindles  
 Her taper for the night.

Ah, too precipitate!  
 Might I not linger  
 To gather a stray blossom by the way,  
 But pointing onward with thy warning finger,  
 Thou must outstrip me, Day?

Gladly I welcomed thee,  
 An eager lover  
 Who deemed he knew each fleeting moment's cost.  
 Is there no way, no method, to recover  
 The treasure I have lost?

Ah, no! From Time, alas!  
 One may not borrow;  
 Nor move him what is squandered to restore.  
 The tide flows back, and there may dawn a morrow;  
 Thee I shall find no more.

# The Long-lost Mani Bible

DISCOVERY OF MANUSCRIPTS IN CHINESE TURKESTAN

BY MAURICE BLOOMFIELD, Ph.D., LL.D.

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ORIENTAL scholars all over the world have fallen into the agreeable habit of meeting once in every three years in some attractive city, usually a seat of learning. These meetings go by the name "International Congress of Orientalists." The last two congresses, the thirteenth and fourteenth, took place respectively at Hamburg in Germany and at Algiers in French Africa. Both congresses were memorable for a certain shift of the centre of gravity of interest. Ordinarily western Asia and Egypt, India and Persia, hold the attention of these learned gatherings almost exclusively; at the last two meetings far-off East Turkestan, or Chinese Turkestan, decidedly held the centre of the stage.

Orientalists, as well as geographers, had not failed to note with ever-growing interest the accounts of travels in Central Asia which had taken place during the last thirty years or more. The reports of such eminent travellers and pioneers as Przevalski, Schlagintweit, Rockhill, Sven Hedin, and Klementz addressed themselves with special force to students of India, because they fairly reeked of Buddhism, and all Buddhism is Hindu. Descriptions of cities and temples, half buried in the sands of the desert in the great Tarim basin, finally aroused a degree of interest bordering on excitement in Russia and British India, and latterly also in Germany. Central Asia, especially East Turkestan, has been for some years, and is to-day, in the foreground of Oriental studies.

In 1900 the British government of India sent Dr. A. M. Stein on his memorable expedition from Kashmir to Khotan in the western part of Chinese Turkestan, not very far to the southeast of its capital city, Kashgar. At various points in the vicinity of Khotan, Dr. Stein un-

dertook those remarkably successful excavations which are now known of all men through his own story in the very interesting book *Sand-buried Cities in Khotan* (London, 1903). Buddhist statues and frescos; votive tablets, containing pictures of Buddhist sacred history; manuscripts in ancient Hindu character, made of paper and leather; above all, many wood tablets with covers, which were used as vehicles for private and official correspondence and for legal documents—these were the objects that were easily fetched from the desert sands blown by the winds over the home of an ancient civilization.

Dr. Stein's discoveries made memorable the congress of 1902 at Hamburg; another Turkestan expedition, more than anything else, irradiated the congress at Algiers in April, 1905. In 1903 the German government sent an expedition under the lead of Dr. Alfred Grünwedel, one of the directors of the Berlin Museum of Ethnology, to Turfan, in the extreme east of Chinese Turkestan. This is the original home of the tribes whom the Chinese designated as Hiun, or Hun; the name is rendered in Sanskrit as Huna, in Greek as *Xouvoί*, and survives in English as Hun. Dr. Grünwedel reached Turfan by way of Mongolia, making this considerable city in the northeast of the country headquarters for his operations, just as Dr. Stein had operated in the southeast. Turfan—a city of about 50,000 inhabitants—may be found in lat. 43° by long. 91°, about thirteen degrees due north of no longer mysterious Lhasa, the capital of Tibet.

Dr. Grünwedel himself was not present at Algiers; the Berlin Ethnological Museum was represented by Dr. F. W. K. Müller, an eminent Orientalist of the younger generation. His Algiers address, and his printed reports concerning the



most important find at Turfan, are the base of the following statement. In the latter days of the past summer (1905) I passed several weeks at Berlin. Both Dr. Grünwedel and Dr. Müller devoted much of their valuable time to quenching my strong thirst for Turfan antiquities. Untiringly they exhibited and explained the large mass of manuscripts and archaeological finds, most of which were at that time not yet prepared for public exhibit.

The expedition returned with great booty. The sand-buried ruins in the vicinity of Turfan yielded in the first place, as was to be expected, Buddhist temples full of statues, frescos, and fragments of Buddhist manuscripts. Many of these are in Berlin, being fitted for exhibition. The frescos, now set in frames of white plaster, are especially beautiful, recalling in their art, though not in subject-matter, the Pompeian frescos of the Naples Museum. But the great find at Turfan is of another sort. It consists of the enormous number of about 800 fragments of manuscripts, more or less extensive, written in an alphabet which is a modification of the Syriac script that goes by the name of Estraggelo. The modifications of this alphabet are quite serious. Some of the Syriac letters are wanting; others are modified in form; and there are also some new letters. Yet the character is unmistakably Estraggelo. It happens that the texts contain several times, for reasons which will appear later, the names of the Archangels Raphael, Gabriel, Michael, and Sarael. Now the letters needed to write these names involve little or no modification of the ordinary Estraggelo: every reader of Syriac recognizes them at once.

These manuscripts are written for the most part on paper, but one is on silk, and a few are on white kid. These last were found in old shoes, being cut into the shape of a foot, and laid on the inner soles of the shoes, so as to strengthen the foundation. They are all written carefully and distinctly, with calligraphic chapter initials. Each page, in the manner of modern books, has at the top a heading, stating the contents of the page, in yellow, green, blue, or red. Some few contain miniatures of exquisite work-

manship. The lines are in general very short; this is a noticeable peculiarity of the entire collection. For instance, one of the fragments which contains the names of the angels distributes the lines as follows:

ORIGINAL.	TRANSLATION.
dêv Yaqob prêstag	the demon, Jacob the angel
Khvadây Bar Sîmûs	the Lord Bar Simus
Qaptinûs qêrdagâr	Qaptinus the mighty
Rûpaêl Gabraêl	Raphael Gabriel
Mikhaêl Saraêl	Michael Sarael
Narsûs Nastiqûs	Narsus Nastiquis

But, be it understood, the character, and that alone, is Syriac. The majority of the texts are written in a medieval Persian dialect to which the name Sogdian has been given provisionally. Quite a number are written in Turkish. Of the Turkish texts, a number are written in the variety of Estraggelo described above; but there are also others written in an Uigurian alphabet, and again others in the variety of Hindu alphabet that goes by the name of Brahmî. However, the interest of the outside world is engaged by the novel variety of Estraggelo character which may fitly go by the name of Manichean Estraggelo. For the texts are throughout of Manichean origin: *the 800 fragments are remnants of the long-lost Manichean literature*. Such as they are they contain the sole remnants of the Manichean Bible. Our knowledge of Mani and the Manicheans up to this time was at second hand: reports of Oriental writers and Christian Church Fathers.

As regards the exterior of the manuscripts, their careful script and fond ornamentation, an Arabic writer, Al-Gahiz (died 859 A.D.), states that the Zandiks, or Manicheans, "were bent upon spending dear money upon clear white paper and shiny black ink, and that they put much stress upon their beauty and ornamentation." St. Augustine, in a polemic against Faustus, the African Manichean, zealously addresses the Manicheans: "As beautiful and big and precious as your books are—burn all these parchments, together with their elegant covers exquisite with illumined leather," to wit: *tam multi et tam grandes et tam pretiosi codices vestri—incendite omnes illas membranas elegantesque tecturas decoris pellibus exquisitas*.



The fragments reveal in the clearest imaginable manner why the early Church regarded Mani, or Manichæus, as Antichrist, and thundered forth its anathemas against him, his father, his mother, and his followers. St. Augustine, in the tract just mentioned, reports that Mani in his epistles (of which he wrote many) described himself as the Apostle of Jesus Christ—*omnes ejus epistolæ ita exordiantur: Manichæus, Apostolus Jesu Christi*. One of the Estraggelo fragments headed with the word *Evangelîônîg*—that is, “Gospel (of Mani)”—bears out Augustine’s statement: “An Mânî Prêstag îg Yîsô”—“I Mani, the Apostle of Jesus.” But this seemingly modest subordination is cancelled by all kinds of statements which ascribe to Mani the most superlative qualities and divine origin: “An angel came from the Paradise of Light, of distinguished name, elect, the God Mar Mani.” Or, “I bless God Mani, the Lord, I revere thy great shining majesty.”

Mani is frequently addressed as, or identified with, the Saviour: “Mayest thou come, my Saviour, life-giving God, Mar Mani, in the midst of the three sons of God!” Another time: “Mar Mani, O God, save me, O God, do thou save me!” And still more fervently: “Amen to thee, first-born Angel, God, Mar Mani, our Saviour.” “He came from the Gods, Mar Mani, the God of brilliant glory, to the Paradise where the wind wafts lovely fragrance.”

Other passages are of great interest because they couple the name of Mani with that of Christ in a different way, and, in fact, seem to identify them completely: “Holy Jesus, forgive my sins! God, Mar Mani, forgive my sins! Holy God, O Light, see me, O Strength, O Wisdom! O God save me!” In two other passages Christ is called “Virgin of Light,” Yîsô Qanîgrôshan: the identification of this theological conception with Mani as God and Saviour is again complete: Mar Mani, Jesus, Virgin of Light, Mar Mani, create peace in me, O bearer of light! Mayest thou release my soul from this born death!” The other passage is even more ecstatic: “O Mani, son of the Gods, Lord, quickener of faith, great, elect, to thee I make obeisance! Radiant of countenance mayest thou become, Mani, Lord, life-giver! He quick-

ens the dead and illumines the dark. Guide me, O Mani, Lord, and Virgin of Light, answer me through thy lustre! O luminous Mani, Lord of increasing glory, life-giver, protect me in my corporeal state! Jesus, O Lord, release my soul from this born death, release my soul from this born death! Glorious is thy radiant throne.”

Mani, as we have seen, has the fixed name Mar Mani (Mârî Mânî in the original). Mârî is the Aramean word for “my Lord,” familiar to English readers through the New Testament expression *maranatha*, “the Lord has come” (I. Cor., xvi. 22). The Mandeans, another gnostic sect, knew him by the same name, which, there transcribed in Hebrew letters, reads מַרְמָנִיָא = *mâr mânî*.

Two Oriental writers, Ephraem the Syrian and Al Beruni, report that Mani came from Babel\* (Babylon). This is verified explicitly in a hymn of the Estraggelo manuscripts, in which Mani is made to say of himself: “Sprung I am from the land of Babel. I have come from the land of Babel to sound a call into the world.” In another fragment Mani states that he is “a physician come from the land of Babel,” meaning a spiritual healer. In addition to Babel, the land of Chorassan is frequently mentioned in these fragments. Chorassan is well known in Manichean tradition as the refuge and gathering-place of the Manicheans, after they were persecuted and driven out from Persia under the rule of King Bahram I., in the year 276 A.D.

In addition to the close juxtaposition, or perhaps father blending, of Jesus’ name with that of Mani, Jesus is frequently spoken of as “Friend” (Persian *ariyâ-mân*). This combination is probably due in part to a more or less loose identification of Jesus with the Persian abstract divinity Airyama Ishya, literally “Friend of one’s wishes.” The complete mix-up of Christian and Persian religion, which is the most remarkable feature of Manicheism, places Jesus in other very questionable company, in addition to Mar Mani: “Jesus, O Lord, O Full Moon of growing glory! . . . Jesus, God and Vahman! Lustre, God! We praise God Narêsap, Lord Mani we will bless.” The exact bearing of this passage is by



no means clear, but Vahman (Vohu Manah, or "Good Spirit") and Narêsap are Persian divinities. Elsewhere Jesus is mentioned in connection with the Zoroastrian genius of holy learning, Srôsh, and the Yazatas, or Angels. Another time he appears with the "leaders of the Mazdayasnian (Zoroastrian) faith," and yet again with Zarvan (Zrvan), a philosophical personification of "Time," quite familiar in the sacred texts of Zoroaster.

The two chief divinities of the dualistic Zoroastrian faith, Ormuzd and Ahriman, in a way hold their respective positions. Ormuzd (Oharmîzd) is the god of Good, head of the Yazatas, or Angels; Ahriman (Aharmên) the god of Evil, head of the Devils (Dêvs and Pairikâs; also the dragon Azdahag, or Azi Dahaka, the Mazanian). In the final judgment good men become "pure and are led up to the sun and the moon, and to the Nature of Ormuzd the Divine." On the other hand—again the curious mixture of Christianity and Zoroastrianism—a pious Manichean calls upon the strong Angels, the mighty, Raphael, Michael, Gabriel, and Sarael, to protect him from all tribulation, and evil Ahriman. Another passage of a polemic character has a rod in pickle for those that claim that Ormuzd and Ahriman (good and evil) are brothers. In fact, the passage attacks the Zoroastrian faith in general through its outward symbol, fire-worship: "Furthermore, also they who adore the burning fire, from that they may themselves know that their own end will be in fire. And they say that Ormuzd and Ahriman are brothers, and in consequence of this word they come to destruction." The Zoroastrian faith (*dên mazdês*) is contrasted with the Manichean religion, which is technically called the "holy religion" (*dên yozhdahr*).

The same passage polemicises against Christianity with quite praiseworthy impartiality. And, furthermore, idolatry, which is wholly repugnant to Mani's doctrine, also comes in for a share of reprobation: "They call upon the son of Maria, the son of Adonai . . . they the wicked of rights shall go to hell, for by them themselves wickedness is perpetrated. . . . Then at the end (the final judgment) all shall come that adore

idols, on yonder day, the last, and go to perdition."

Mani's hostility towards Christianity is interesting because Mani himself is identified with Jesus. It becomes even more so when we find that the Estraggelo manuscripts contain fragments of the Gospels, and that these are likely to have formed part of the Manichean canon. They are not in the exact form of the canonical four Gospels, but appear to be closest to the apocryphal Gospel of St. Peter. Students of the New Testament will regret the fragmentary character of these texts. But such as they are they are plainly authentic. The following fragments speak for themselves:

. . . In truth he is the Son of God. And Pilate (Pilatîs) answered thus: "I truly have no share in the blood of this Son of God." The Centurions and soldiers (*qatriônân vâ îstratiôtân*) then received a command from Pilate: "Keep this secret." . . . On Sunday at the call of the birds came Maria, Salome . . . they brought fragrant herbs and nard; they came close to the grave . . .

Another fragment reads thus: . . . As did Maria, Salome, and Arsaniâh (Arsinöe?), when the two Angels spake to them: "Think of the word of Jesus, as he instructed you in Galilee: 'They will surrender me and crucify me, on the third day I shall rise from the dead. . . . Go to Galilee and report to Simon.'" . . .

A long series of pieces under the title, "The coming of the Son of Man," is practically identical with Matthew xxv. 31 ff. It winds up with the words, . . . The Lord will say: "That which ye did to the pious that did ye to me."

In general the manuscripts contain, in addition to these snatches from the New Testament, remnants headed with the word Shâpûrakân, the name of Mani's most celebrated work, his Gospel (see above), his Epistles, and fragments of Manichean cosmology, hymnology, polemics, and chronology. As a specimen of this more independent literature I shall pick out the following legend, mere snatch though it is:

The King of Kings Sapoors (Shâpûr of Persia, crowned in 242 A.D.) had two brothers, Meshvan, the lord, and Mihirshah by name. And he was hostile to the wonderful religion of the Apostle of



Light (Mani). He had planted a garden, beautiful, gorgeous, and vastly large, so that there was not its equal. Then the Apostle, when the hour of redemption had come, arose and stood before Mihirshah, who was in the garden rejoicing at a great feast. . . . Then the King spake to the Apostle: "In paradise, which thou dost extol, is there perchance a garden like mine?" Then the Apostle punished this faithless speech; at once, by his might, he showed him the Paradise of Light with all Gods and divine Entities and the immortal Breath of Life. . . . Although he (the King) lay unconscious for three hours, yet what he saw he retained in his heart. Then the Apostle laid his hand upon his head, and he returned to consciousness. When he had risen he sank upon his knees before the Apostle, and seized his right hand. . . .

Mânî, or, as he is called by Occidental writers, Manes or Manicheus, was born in Babylon in the year 216 of our era. His father, Patak or Patekios, a man of strong religious temperament, joined the company of the so-called Mughtasilah, or "Baptists," a puritan ascetic sect of Gnostics in southern Babylonia. Within this community Mani received his own early religious training until his twelfth year. At that time, the legend has it, the boy Mani had already emancipated himself from this Baptist religion. An angel Eltaum brought a direct revelation from the King of Light. After this he labored for twelve years to perfect himself before publishing to the world his highly composite system. The climax of his life seems to have come in his twenty-eighth year, when he formally expounded Manicheism before the Persian King Shâhpûr (Sapores) the First. This event is narrated in Mani's most famous work, the *Shâhpûrakân*—that is, the book devoted to King Shâhpûr. He claimed to be the ambassador of the True God, the last and most perfect messenger whom Divine Wisdom had sent into the world. Just as Buddha had come to the land of India, Zarathushtra to the land of Persia, and Jesus had gone into the lands of the West, so Mani claimed to carry prophecy into the land of Babylon. In Persia, however, his religion always led a precarious existence, and he was finally, in the year 276, when sixty years of age,

executed and flayed at the command of King Bahram I., because his doctrine was hostile to Zoroastrianism, the Persian national religion. The Persian priests denounced him as "Apostle of the Devil."

The religion which he founded was fundamentally gnostic, rooted in the ancient cosmology of his birth-land, Babylon. His notions of the origin and evolution of the world are fanciful and attractive, though inclining to garishness. The religion of Mani has been described as "a gorgeously glowing nature and world poem." The fundamental conception of the divine power, as reflected through the universe and in man, is light in distinction from darkness. Mani's system, gnostic at the root, is crossed with the Persian doctrine of dualism, the eternal conflict between light and darkness. Also, it has absorbed many of the minor myths and doctrines of the religion of Zoroaster. Especially the notions of the hereafter are largely Persian. Idolatry is considered abominable. The ethics of Manicheism are blameless; summed up, like those of Zoroaster and Buddha, in the triad, good thoughts, good words, and good deeds.

Through the door of dualism Christianity enters into the system. The dualistic doctrine assumes that good and evil, or light and darkness, are both primeval, but at the same time in eternal conflict with one another. Jesus is conceived as a spirit of the sun who has come into the world in order to shine upon the good creatures of light, and to remind them of their origin. Salvation depends upon Christ's doctrine as taught by Mani, his Apostle and *alter ego*. We have seen how freely Zoroastrian as well as Christian ideas are draughted into the service of Manicheism. The Estraggelo fragments show clearly that Christian and Zoroastrian influences have not been overrated by the Oriental and Occidental writers, to whom we owe our knowledge of Manicheism. On the other hand, Manicheism is by no means a Zoroastrian schism or sect, as is sometimes assumed even by scholars of high standing.

When Christian belief had overcome in the fourth century the old Greek and Roman gods, Hellenic religion, essentially still the Homeric theology, passed



into ridicule. Kingsley's novel *Hypatia* sketches well the old Pantheon's struggle for existence when already in its final agony. Ancient philosophy, especially Neo-Platonism, was a more dangerous rival. The spread of the worship of the Persian god Mithra or Mithras—he also is mentioned in the Estraggelo fragments—threatened for a time to Mithraize the world, as Renan puts it. But during its entire history the early Church encountered no more dangerous rival than Mani and his doctrines. After Mani's execution his adherents fled in large numbers to Chorassan and Turkestan, to India and even to China. On its way westward this religion passed from Persia and Babylon into Syria and Palestine; thence into Egypt and into the Roman lands along the north coast of Africa. Africa became the centre of Occidental Manicheism. In the days of Augustine it flourished there exceedingly. This illustrious Father of the Church, during nine years of his earlier life, was a believer in Mani's doctrines. Later on, disappointed, he turned to Christianity and became a bitter critic of Manicheism, and the chief champion of Christianity in its struggle against Manicheism. Augustine's above-cited tract, "Thirty-three Books against Faustus," is one of the foremost sources of information on Mani's religion. Faustus and Felix were contemporary leaders of Manicheism with whom Augustine disputed hotly; Felix professed himself convinced by Augustine's eloquence, and embraced Christianity.

In the year 930 of our era a strong Turkish tribe, the Tuguzguz, in the vicinity of China, together with their Khan, or ruler, were still adherents

of Mani, though the Turks in general had become Moslems. This monarch of the Far East had occasion to threaten Abulhassan Nasr, the ruler of Chorassan, who tried to wipe out Manicheism in Samarkand, with measures of retribution upon the Mohammedans in Turkestan. A Persian writer, Kardîzî, or Gurdêzî, reports of the Tuguzguz that they assembled in the house of the Prefect daily, 300 or 400 in number, and recited with a loud voice the books of Mani. One of the Estraggelo fragments contains a Manichean prayer for a Turkish Khan, who is addressed as Tengrî Khân Kûl bilgâ Khân: "May the guardians and protectors, the Gods, the shining, and the Angels rejoice thee at all times! Thy throne shall gain in strength; rejoicing mayest thou live to an old age!" A Chinese inscription, found at a place called Kara Balgassun, mentions the name of Mani as Mo-ni. As late as the tenth century the Arabic historian Massudi mentions the existence of Manichean Turks in Kûsân; and a Chinese ambassador, Wang Yen-tô, speaks of "Persian" religions and their Mani temples in Kautshang. Kûsân, or Kautshang, is a town in the neighborhood of Turfan, the scene of the discoveries described in this article.

Ten days after I left Berlin, about the middle of September, 1905, Dr. Grünwedel started for a second expedition to Turfan, sustained by a grant of 83,000 marks from the German government. The prayer of all those who are interested in the history of religion and human ideas will be that he may bring with him from the heart of Asia more and fuller records of Mani and his strikingly picturesque doctrines.





# The Hands of the Faithful

BY ALICE BROWN

“NO,” he said to the florist, “don’t do them up. I’ll take them as they are.”

He walked out into the May sunshine with the pink roses, vaguely feeling that they ought to add something to the richness of the day. It was, in his weak state, that of a man just recovering from illness, as if he craved some stimulant to waken in him a zest for that joy of life which had for the time escaped him. This, he told himself, must be a moment of great happiness. He had met death and been reprieved, he was engaged to Rose Cameron, and he was going to see her for the first time after her return from that unavoidable absence in Europe, an interval covering very accurately the period of his illness. He was glad she had been away. No comfort her presence could have lent him would have compensated for the irritation of knowing she saw him at his worst. At forty-six one needed all the small bravery of life to keep him in countenance. Last, in reviewing his reasons for present jubilation, he was a great author, a European review had lately told him, and before his illness the scene of another novel had flamed before him, the map of a country yet to be explored.

And after rehearsing all his pretexts for throbbing veins and high anticipation, the day still found him cold.

There was one strange feature of this walk, the goal of his desire: step by step went with him the memory of Anne De Lisle, the woman he had loved in youth, and whose death had not, so he had felt for years, left him free to love again. In that early relation there had been, as later knowledge tested it, something pathetically unfulfilled. He had loved her, but he had loved himself more. His own hopes, his prospects, his discouragements—those were what they had both dwelt on, and he sometimes wondered, in the silence left by her loss, if she had missed

a comprehension or a tenderness he might have given. They had been absorbed in the book of his life; but there was her book also to read, and of that, until her death, he hardly turned a page. After that blinding moment, it was different. The pages then were sodden with his tears. He adored the memory of her, and out of a passionate ideal constructed a new loyalty. She had made him, this absent woman; she had bent his life. For out of his failure to her he had awakened to a poignant sense of the imperious rights of souls. Even his work stood secondary to that. He valued it, he had great zest in doing it; but always it slipped down a step in the scale compared with human needs and services. This conviction went so far that when his own command of the written word seemed most precious, something within him was sure to rise and blast the brave assurance in favor of the great give and take of actual life. Though a great author, he lacked the comfort of it, the bravado another man, not maimed by failure at the start, might have taken for a cordial. The world, too, was more his admirer than his friend. It had wearied of his persistent seclusion, his refusal to consider his work more awe-inspiring than that of the man who builds a bridge or digs a garden-bed. He had weighed its platitudes and knew, he thought, how exactly its interest in his intentions shrank beside its vanity in exploiting him. He would have none of it; and so, having for twenty years advertised himself as a recluse, the world had grown tired and had run after rushlights that were at least willing to burn. Through all this he and the woman had seemed to be living alone and together working out a daily task; but when Rose Cameron dawned upon him like a sunrise in her young splendor, he wondered, with a force amounting to conviction, if he had waited only for that. The



interval between loving and loving again seemed, by a fertile inspiration, to be not alone an observance due the woman who had gone. It was a part of a consistent faithfulness, and in it partook also the woman who had come. Not only had these cloistered years been given to mourning; they seemed now a germinative pause before new bloom.

To-day, as Anne De Lisle still paced beside him, he pondered a little at the still presence. He had been accustomed to think she came when there were arduous things to bear; but this was joy before him. Yet she had come, and he wondered with awe whether some things, begun as this was, had to be eternal. Then he mounted the steps and was directed, with a flattering haste showing he was expected, up the stairs and into the library, where Rose awaited him. She was standing by the window where she must have watched his coming—a slender shape in white, her girl face provocative of tender interest as when he saw it first. The round contour of her cheek and chin, the shadowing of the soft dark hair, the eyes with their frank challenge veiled by lavish fringes,—he looked at her, and forbore to speak. He had forgotten, questioning his own wasted face in the mirror, these last months, what youth was like. Between them the roses were laid on the table, he had touched her hands and found them cold, and still, as he remembered a moment after, when they sat looking at each other, he had not kissed her. He broke into his little humorous laugh.

"Perhaps it's because you seem too precious," he said.

"What?" she asked.

He leaned forward and laid a hand over hers lying on the table—a living model on the dark wood. "You don't seem to belong to me yet," he added, in a kind of tender apology. "I must get used to it again."

A great blush rose and overwhelmed her, brow and all. The first thrill of life he had known for months surged up responsive, as he felt his power to move her. She spoke with what seemed a careful tenderness to match his own.

"You have been very ill?"

"Forget it," he admonished her, smiling at the phrase. "I mean to."

She raised her brows in a pretty begging for indulgence.

"I couldn't come. You knew that."

"Indeed I did," he answered, heartily. "And it was better not. I didn't know I had so much vanity; but I'm afraid I couldn't have stood seeing you—or having you see me—while I was being oiled up to run again."

"That's not right," she said, gently, adding with an anxious note he liked: "But you *are* running again?"

"Oh yes! Walking, rather." Then he said more gravely, with a wistful tenderness suited to her youth so generously pledged to him: "I'm afraid I shall only walk, now, Rosamond. I'm going to be an old fellow before long. I hadn't thought of it before this knock-down, I give you my word. If I had—I hope I should have raised the courage to keep away from you."

She spoke with passionate reassurance.

"It doesn't alter you. It's you—you we care about—all of us."

He rose and came a step nearer her, holding out his hands.

"Come, Rose," he said, smiling at her with eyes softened at her tone. "Come. I told you I must get used to you."

She had risen also with his movement, and upon the echo of his words came her sudden backward step, the repelling motion of her hands, involuntarily outstretched, and her sudden cry, "No, no!"

In that instant she had changed. Her girlish sweetness had given place to a woman's passion. It was as if he had seen the bud of maidenhood flame suddenly into bloom. But it was a strange new flower, not, his senses told him, for him to gather. He stood there with his hands outstretched, in the involuntary hope of soothing her through patience.

"Come, dear," he said again. "Don't be cruel to me."

"Am I cruel?" she cried, in swift self-blame. "Yes, you think so, too. You are right. I am cruel."

He had time, even in that moment of bewilderment, for a little side-track of wonder over the new tones in her voice. He had known her sweet, bewildering, gentle mocking, but not thus—a woman with the notes of life at her command, and all life's challenges flashing in her eyes and fixed in the curves of her grief-





*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"YOU DON'T SEEM TO BELONG TO ME YET"







shadowed mouth. His hands dropped at his side.

"What is it, Rose?" he asked, with the grave gentleness that had brought about their intimacy. "You've got something to tell me."

"No!" she cried—"no!" and then she added slowly, "You force the truth from me."

"No," he assured her; "believe me, no. There's nothing you need tell me."

"Yes," she returned. She had paled, and the darkness of her hair had given her face a tragic outline. "You don't mean to, but there's something in you that demands the truth. I came home meaning not to tell you—to live it out alone."

He felt a sudden sickness, and accepted it with the patience of those who have often entertained the pangs of life.

"Sit down, dear," he said, grasping at some practical ease for both of them. "We can talk better so."

He took his own chair as he spoke, without waiting for her, because the weakness of his state reminded him anew how ill-equipped he was for any shock. She came slowly forward and stood by the mantel, resting her arm upon it and bowing her head upon her hands. Her shoulders trembled.

"Don't," he whispered.

After a moment she raised her head again and turned upon him the dry passion of a face forbidden tears.

"No," she answered, with a determined quiet, "I won't. Do you think I forget how weak you are? I seem to, but I don't."

He made an impatient gesture of the hand.

"Drop that," he commanded, frowning. "We must get at the sense of this. What is the matter?"

Her lips noiselessly formed the answer, "Nothing," and left the word unsaid.

"Don't tell me that," he insisted, with a calculated sternness. "Something happened to you while you were abroad."

She shook her head.

"Don't, child. I shall find you out. What happened?"

"We mustn't talk of these things," she burst forth. "Can't you see how shocking this is—to see you pale and

miserable, and to know—not to have self-control enough to keep from troubling you?"

He sat regarding her in deep consideration, his brows drawn together over the problem of her misery. Suddenly his face cleared. A smile illumined it.

"Why, child," he said, "I know. You don't care about me any more. You've found it out, and you're afraid to tell me."

She bent her face to her hands and broke into tears. In that moment of her veiled vision he braced himself against the blow of a surprise that seemed incredible. In spite of all his disadvantages, once she had seemed to love him he had never reflected that she could do anything else. Indeed, it came to him now that until this shock of illness, reminding him that he was mortal, he had never thought of life or any of its possibilities as weakening for years to come. Yet in a moment he saw youth on one side of the world and himself, very much alone, on the other. There was a barrier between.

"Don't cry, child," he counselled, when he could summon voice and felt the victory of finding it would serve. "You mustn't cry."

"No," she choked, into her handkerchief, and he cursed his state anew, knowing what pity moved her.

"Now," said he, "let's talk it over. It's a simple matter. You make it terribly complex."

She turned on him her sodden face, quivering in its determination not to break again.

"I can't think of anything worse," she said, "now, when you're ill, to make a scene—"

"If you say anything more or think anything more about my being ill, you will compel me to damn my illness. I've done that quite frequently of late. However, I shall bless it if it causes you to estimate me better, or brings about a fuller understanding between us. I think you rather want to take off the little ring, dear, don't you?"

She looked at the blue stone where it shone dark against her finger. She could not answer.

"Want me to?" he asked. "Just be sure you don't care, dear, and won't re-



gret it. Then pull it off and you'll feel better."

Involuntarily she obeyed him, and held it, hesitating, in the hollow of her hand.

"I wish you needn't give it back to me," he said, tentatively. "Can't you wear it on another finger? No, I suppose not. Or keep it in your trinket-box among other things? Can't you, dear?"

"I'll send it to you," she said, almost inaudibly, and laid it on the table between them.

He laughed. "Bless you, child, no! I can't let you play sense to my sensibility. There!" He took the ring and dropped it in his waistcoat pocket, where it seemed to burn him. Then he turned to her, and spoke with a beguiling warmth. "Who is he, Rose? Don't you want to tell me?"

Imperious life had flooded back into her face. "It isn't possible," she said, in a tone where hope struggled unwillingly against beautiful desire.

"What isn't possible?"

"That things should seem so tragic and yet be so—sweet."

The last word was almost a pathetic prayer to him to let them be sweet in spite of all.

"My dear Rose," he said, didactically, "I have a clever friend who tells me there wouldn't be any tragedies if everybody had common sense. I have common sense. I reek with it. You just play my way. Now"—he leaned forward, coaxing her—"who is he?"

Her lips opened, against preconceived resolve. To her, also, the incredible was happening. Here was a dear confidant miraculously made out of anticipated grief.

"I used to know him here," she breathed. "We met at dancing-school when we were children."

"Saxe King!"

"Yes. He is studying in Germany. We saw a lot of each other at the *pension*. I told him about you, I was so proud. He was kind to me—kinder because you were sick and I was worried. Then, one night—" her voice faltered.

"Don't tell me, child," he said, compassionately.

"Yes, I must tell you." Again her cheeks were flaming. "I want you to

know what kind of girl I am. He kissed me. He wasn't to blame. He forgot. I forgot, too. Then I knew there was nothing like it—like him. But I was a traitor."

"Dear child!" he said. "Don't spoil it thinking foolish thoughts. Why, it's morning with you! You're Juliet at the casement. Write to him, dear. Tell him the balcony 'll be ready by the time he comes. Tell him we've put up the staging to-day, and the vines and things will be set out to-morrow."

He rose, steadying himself, as he did so, by the table. She crossed the pace between them swiftly.

"Oh," she cried, "how good you are! How good! how good!" Then a shade of bewilderment mingled with her hope. "Why," she said, "I never thought. You don't mind a bit. Perhaps you didn't care for me. Didn't you care at all?"

He was looking at her gravely, but in her wonder she forgot to note how pale he was. A smile touched his lips and eyes—a smile she had perhaps never seen there.

"Dear," he said, "I care for you very much. But there are a great many things I can't tell you and that you can't see perhaps until you 'come to forty year.' Things are harder then—and they are easier. But you write to him, child, you write to him."

She gave him both hands impetuously, and he raised them together to his lips. Then he got out of the room, knowing that she was standing there quite still, his roses forgotten almost beneath her hand. He went down-stairs and out into the street, and remembering suddenly that she had watched his coming and might also see him go, he straightened his shoulders and walked off buoyantly. Once round a shielding corner, he faltered, rested a moment for breath, and then turned down to the wider thoroughfare where he could take a car. Thereafter all he could remember of the ride was that the car was crowded, and that a woman holding a baby—an angelic-looking child—sat next him, and that he, vaguely irritated and compassionate because the child's legs hung uncomfortably, put his hand down at his side and gathered up the little feet, supporting





*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"I'LL SEND IT TO YOU," SHE SAID, ALMOST INAUDIBLY





them. At his own corner he released them gently and got out, and no one saw his service.

It was in his own library that he sat down to think, and realize that he had nothing left for action, only for the reflections that are like broken shards, vivid and keen-edged, but not to be cemented into any whole. At first he could scarcely tell how deep his wound was, or whether it bled too much. It must bleed a little, he told himself. He must be hurt. Yet how much he hardly knew, or whether the crimson flow was weakening his heart. That night, with the habit of those whom life has tutored, he was able to sweep his mind clear of harassment and to sleep, and the next morning dawned with the fiat that a new phase of life must begin. Holiday was over; now he must work, and accepting the decree, he sat down at his table for the first time since his illness and tried to begin his beautiful book. An hour's futile phrasing, and he laid down his pen and tore the page. He knew, he thought, his doom, and desolation fell upon him. The genius, whatever it was, that had brooded over him and moved his pen to action, had left him.

Thereafter for days he took himself to the library with a regularity which lulled his good attendant into the belief that he had assumed the old habit of work, too soon, perhaps, and yet not dangerously, since at night it left him calm. But he was not writing as of old; he was taking an inventory of his life. The long nights were not renewals; they were still, lucent expositions of what he had experienced and felt. He went back to the beginning, to the day of Anne De Lisle, and now, with a quickened sense of his own abortive deeds, he confirmed that older certainty that his relation to her, cut short by death, had been his first significant failure. He even nursed a pang at wondering how much sooner she had died because he had not understood and answered her in the vague stirrings of her virgin life. Then his work: whatever it had been, the human intention in it had not told. It was neither great enough to bear him to the zone of admirations outside criticism, nor, he told himself, did it reach the heart. If it had reached the heart as warm as it

had left his own, there would be signs of it: flowers growing along the way, a bird in the thicket, the sound of moving streams. The universe had closed to him. He felt muffled, condemned to dwell forever in one spot of mental aridness, while other younger feet could press through other portals to the dawn.

Then he came to what had seemed speciously the crown of his whole life: Rose Cameron. He stripped the mantle from that dream and flayed it to the bone. At first he had been drawn to her by her dewy worship of what she called his genius, and then some light in her pure eyes had hinted at a worship of himself. Again he saw the dawn. Sleeping germs rose up in him and flowered; it was like youth, multiplied a thousand-fold in the rich soil of manhood, and he believed in miracles. The miracle was that one could lose youth and have it, see love go and then recall it in another form, mourn and be gloriously comforted. Now in his pitiless self-scrutiny he saw that, too, for what it was. What she called his genius had overdazzled her. To find it at her feet and not accept it would have been disloyalty to the sum of great things as she saw them. He was a hero, and she longed to gird him with the sword. But at quicker footfall, a young voice calling, she had broken these slight loyalties and fled. That, too, was failure.

He seemed to be the victim of some great reaction, unguessed in its inexorable poise and swing until to-day. In his youth he had chosen life, as he saw it through the medium of ambition, and real life, in the woman who might have made it for him, had escaped him. Then he had chosen the life of love, and his work, mysteriously his through some divine decree, had also fled away and left him poor.

All through these days of dumbness, when he was not slipping the beads of remembered folly, he was sitting in his muffled stillness listening to the closing of the doors of life, or, as it seemed to him at times, stumbling about like a child, shut up for reasons, and reaching up to try one door after another, to find them fast. He took an inventory of what was left him. There was very little. The house where the doors had closed in



upon him he had furnished himself, and he had a dull sense that he should get no comfort out of it. And outside life was going on, burgeoning and swelling, and somehow, for no reason he knew, save that these were his waning years, hereafter he was not going to be able to smell or gather. The game was over before he fairly knew it had begun.

There one evening at his table Dr. Gardner found him, and after glancing at the untouched paper and dry pen, said, in what seemed an incidental kindness, "Maynard, why didn't you send for me?"

Maynard roused himself out of his mental swoon. He performed the usual small hospitable offices to the extent of a pipe and a glass. But Dr. Gardner pushed them away and continued looking at him.

"Why didn't you?" he reiterated.

"I've been very well," said Maynard. At last he was patient with his state, because it no longer moved him. "I'm weak, that's all."

"Put away your writing and come into the air," said the doctor, again in the voice of one who found something fragile before him, a bubble of life, ready to escape him at a touch.

Maynard shook his head.

"I don't seem to want to. Too much trouble," he continued, looking neutrally before him.

"You've had some kind of a setback," said Gardner at last, in his impersonal voice. "Don't you think you'd better tell me?"

Then Maynard did look up, with a smile, languid enough but warmed by something of his old sunshine.

"Hands off, old man," he said. "You've got a streak of woman in you. That's why your sympathy is so beguiling. But don't you let me tell. I can't stand it."

At that moment the man came in and laid a stack of letters down before him. There were so many that some of them fell almost into his hand, and he drew it away to give them room. He looked at them idly.

"What an extraordinary mail!" he commented.

"Have you seen the papers lately?" asked Gardner, with a quickening in his

voice. The color had risen to his face with the potential wisdom of the message he had brought.

"No; I don't read, these days."

"The amount of it is, some busybody has found out about your illness, garnished it up, and sent it to the papers. They're full of it."

"Oh no," said Maynard, whimsically, "not that, I guess. I'm not so important as all that."

"You'd better read them. Or—look at your mail. Read that."

Maynard put out his hand and with a random choice took up a letter. It was a poor little letter, in a feeble script. There was no signature, but it was a woman's hand, formed in country schools in older days. She had seen the news of his illness in the paper. It had been a shock to her, and she wanted to express, though late, her gratitude for all he had given her. She was thankful he was better. Yet, when he should die, "they will meet you and praise you," she wrote, "those who have come through much tribulation."

He laid down the letter. There was a blur before his eyes.

"Those who have come through much tribulation," he repeated. "That's a good line, Gardner." Suddenly with a sweep of the hand he pushed the letters over to his friend. "Open them, will you?" he begged, in a fever. "Are there more like that?"

Gardner began with a subdued haste, as if they were medicinal, reading a line here, a name there. They were of all sorts, from the almost forgotten school-mate, separated from his fellow in the throng, to the critic of a later day, but they were, as if by an amazing intention, in one key. The world was sorry because he had been so near the leaving of it. And like those who, tongue-tied in daily life are yet shaken into outcry by a common danger, these men and women voiced their gratitude, and it might be, Maynard dared to think, their love. This was the fellowship he had created for himself, or that God, through giving him a gift, had created for him. He sat there with a hand shading his eyes, while Gardner, reading, glanced up, from time to time, to see if there had been enough. Maynard spoke at last.





*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

HE WAS TAKING AN INVENTORY OF HIS LIFE





"That 'll do. I'll go through the rest to-morrow. They're curiously alike, Gardner."

"Yes, curiously. It seems to be affection. I won't say gratitude, because you don't like that. But it's a thing so foreign to this modern world that it's a miracle. It seems as if these people had been standing apart from you to give you breathing-room, not crowding, as if to let your arm have play. Doesn't it seem so, Maynard?"

Maynard nodded, his hand before his eyes. The doctor went on slowly, partly as if he sought out the right word to fit his patient, and partly because the moment really seemed to him amazing. "I never saw anything of the kind. It looks as if you had been, not ignored, but hedged about because you were so precious—a seed in a garden-bed, when there's no other seed exactly like it. I never heard of such a thing, in these days of hounding men to death because they have a gift. Usually, you know, it's—well, it's as if nature gave some of you a present and shut it up in your hand, and then the crowd runs after you and tumbles over you and tries to get a sight of it, as hens chase down one that's got a bug too big to swallow. But they've stood back. They've given you air. And now, when they think you've stumbled, they can't be quick enough with the glad hand."

Maynard had risen and walked to the window. He stood there with his back to his friend, and Gardner had a vague reflection of what he must be thinking, though not with the clarified vision that tingled over Maynard's nerves. He knew that Maynard in that instant saw himself, not as a suffering atom, but a citizen of worlds. The man had been sitting at his loom in darkness, and now a wind had risen and turned the fabric to the sun.

Maynard was speaking.

"Did you ever think we get to a place sometimes where we—we can't live unless somebody lives for us? We haven't breath enough. Somebody's got to pump it in. We haven't blood enough. Somebody's got to open a vein."

"Precisely."

"In the beginning our mothers live for us. We're fed. Then we think we

feed ourselves. We get arrogant, and it isn't till we stumble that we know how weak we are, and then we find—God, man! it's fellowship. With their hands they bear us up—"

He stopped, and Gardner, watching him, did not speak. Maynard walked back to the table with a firmer step than he had taken for many days. He stood there, resting a hand on the blank pages at his place.

"I've got to get to work," he said, imperatively.

"You shall."

"You must police me a little, see that I don't go too fast—"

"I will. You've had some knock-down. I don't know what it is, and it isn't necessary I should. But it's bruised you. That's temporary, however. Mind me, and you shall sit here at your desk—"

"When?"

"To-morrow, for ten minutes. The next day, ten. In six months, your old four hours. Now you'll take some drops I have here and go to bed."

Before the sedative got its grip, Maynard, lying, hands crossed and will quiescent, was conscious of thoughts so comforting that they seemed like actual visitants—men and women who wished him well. They gave him a smiling sense that the world was richly peopled. When he had been most bereft, they made it apparent to him that he had been still companioned. When he had seemed to himself too poor a thing to be cast outside on the refuse-heap of abortive life, they had wrapped him in a mantle woven, they told him, by his own hands, and led him forth with pæans and rejoicing. Mysteriously among them was Anne De Lisle. She had been with him through it all, when his will swung from attainment to the human and back again to his dear task. Some beautiful poise had been kept because her hands had steadied it. That the slender threads of his own life had penetrated the life outside him was because she had helped to make them hold. It had ended by being her most beneficent gift to die that he might live, and she had been glad to offer it.

Then as the soothing drug laid firmer fingers on him, he saw himself as if for the moment he were detached from all his old desires. He seemed to be



marching in a procession, the innumerable throng of silent and absorbed artificers. They were on their way to a temple—what temple he did not know; but as he tried to fix it, his drowsy mind insisted upon abstract definition in the words “one far-off divine event,” and he accepted it as quite satisfactory to know that and no more. Each one of the workmen carried something, as if it were a gift intrusted to him to bear safely to the temple. At first it seemed to him that only the favored ones had gifts, and then he knew that all created things held something precious, and must guard

it, whether it was the mother who must shield her child, or the poet who must keep the rhythm of his song, or the beetle that had shewn upon its wings. He did not clearly see how, but it was apparent to him, in the way of the vision, that there was more than this: for everybody was guarding not only his own gift, but the gift of everybody else. It was a web of service, a harmony of multitudinous notes, and all mysteriously for the temple.

And through the surge of deepening peace was the certainty that in the morning he should begin his beautiful book.

## Kinship

*BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE*

**I**F life should give me all, and take my pain;  
 If every secret longing of my heart  
 That in my loneliness I tell apart  
 Were so to be fulfilled—tell me, what then?

If all my dreaming should be dream no more.  
 If I accomplished what I strove to do,  
 And roses blossomed on my branching rue,  
 And my fair hopes came true forevermore?

What then, what then? If Love should come in might  
 And with his sunshine drive all cloud away;  
 If sorrow nevermore should come my way,  
 And all that seems so wrong at last be right?

Tell me, what then? Ah, lonely then for aye!  
 Left with no longing, with no pain or doubt,  
 Alien to all the suffering about—  
 Forgetting how to dream, or do, or die.

# Ibex-shooting in the Mountains of Baltistan

BY JOSEPH CLARK GREW

FAR up in northern India, if you pass the first spurs of the Himalayas that rise gradually from the Punjaub, cross the great valley of Kashmir, and then again ascend and descend another mountain range that cuts off all behind it from the world below, you will come upon a country that for richness in all natural gifts, for healthfulness of climate, and for purity of atmosphere few parts of the world can rival, none certainly can surpass. You will find, if you are an artist or photographer, scenes of beauty and grandeur to inspire masterpieces; birds, flowers, rocks, if you are a scientist; tempting heights, if a mountaineer; native life, if you care to study; pleasing valleys, if you come to rest. But come as a lover of sport and you will have found the greatest resource the land can boast—a supply of game, both big and small, scattered over all the country from the lowest valleys to the topmost crags and snows. He is indeed fortunate who finds himself free to shake the burning dust of the plains from his feet and turn northward for a summer of shooting in the mountains of Baltistan.

The hot weather in Calcutta was at its height when April found us with our last preparations made for the trip northwards. I was glad that night, as we took the Punjaub express in Calcutta station, not to be numbered among those who had come down to see their friends off to the hills, who were themselves to stay behind, with two full months to look forward to before the welcome breaking of the rains would bring relief. Our short experience of that heat-parched city, its sleepless nights and furnace-breathed days, made doubly attractive the prospect of what awaited us and gave us no desire to prolong our stay.

There followed three interminable days of railway travel, fiery, sweltering days with the thermometer at 107 in our compartment and the breathless air enveloping us like a steaming blanket; two more days of dashing up into the mountains in that graceless vehicle the tonga, which for perfect discomfort is surpassed only by the Irish jaunting-cart, and then, one crisp, keen, glorious morning, which brought recollections of late October days at home, we awoke in the Dâk Bungalow at Baramulla, 7000 feet above the sea, to find the whole great valley of Kashmir spread out in all its freshness before us.

At our backs was the rugged mountain pass through which we had come in the night, before us a vast stretch of meadowland, brilliantly green, the blue Jhelum River winding in its midst, and around it, in a mighty panorama, the snowy summits of the Himalayas, with not even in the farthest distance a suspicion of haze to dull the clearness of the picture.

After a hot breakfast, prepared and served by the Chowkidar, we were off again, dashing down the long poplar-lined road that leads to the capital of Kashmir.

It is a gay sight that greets the traveller as he rattles over the bridge into Srinagar—that delightful Venice of the north, with its canals, its bridges, its old rickety houses jutting out over the river, and behind them its great lawns and chenar groves. Merchants are paddling up and down in their “doongas,” displaying or delivering their wares; barges and ponderous house-boats are making for the country; English residents are skimming by in their light “kishtis,” their Kashmirian crews, in bright uniforms, moving together in per-



fect stroke. The sun seems to be always shining, the water sparkling, the natives laughing. Everything is bright, merry, and full of life.

On the evening of May 11, with everything finally in readiness for a start, we shoved off from the shore of the canal in Srinagar, and taking a glad leave of the crowd of merchants, coolies, and shikaris, clamoring up to the last moment for custom or employment, headed toward the Sind Valley, the road into Baltistan.

We were in two "doongas"—long, narrow boats with straw mattings at the sides to keep out the wind and rain—and a kitchen-boat for the supplies and servants. The next day about noon we reached our first halting-place, a village of a few little huts, called Gandarbal, and were obliged to spend the night, sending ahead a letter to the Tehsildar of the

district to have forty coolies ready to take our outfit over the Zogi La Pass.

The route northwards is divided into stages or marches of from twelve to eighteen miles each, as a coolie, with his load, can travel only this distance in one day. Fresh coolies can generally be secured at the beginning of each stage, but in the approach and crossing of the Zogi Lā there are no villages large enough to supply them, which necessitates the employment of permanent ones for the five days' trip.

The coolies had arrived at dawn on the following day. Camp was broken, the luggage divided equally among them, and before the sun was well up we started on our first stage.

I may say that in point of size the personnel of our outfit, as I looked back and saw the cavalcade forming in single file behind us, fairly took my breath

away. Kadera But and Salia Melik, our two venerable chief shikaris, headed on horseback what might have been called their respective companies; Sidka and Lussoo, the chota, or assistant shikaris, acted as their lieutenants; the seven or eight naukar, or servant coolies, who, unlike the relays of village coolies, were to serve as permanent camp servants, performed the duties of non-commissioned officers; while under their able guidance and the persuasion of several stout sticks our horde of forty-odd villagers composed the rank and file of this imposing if diminutive army. The two tiffin coolies, following close at our heels with their lunch-baskets, were certainly entitled to the regard usually accorded to color-bearers; and as for the commissariat, to leave nothing to be



THE REST-HOUSE AT NATAYUM





COOLIES CARRYING BAGGAGE

desired in this military showing, the cook and my old Cingalese servant Thomas ably represented that indispensable department.

The road led between rice-fields and was muddy from recent rains, but no such petty annoyance could prevent our enjoying the surrounding scene: ahead lay the entrance to the Sind Valley, flanked on one side by towering snow mountains, on the other by deodar-clad hills, and at their base were many little native huts with grass-grown roofs, while blue and white irises dotted the river bank in profusion. At noon we reached the village of Kangan, the end of the first march, but as the coolies did not arrive till afternoon, it was impossible to push on. A spot was chosen on the smooth lawn beside the village for the tents to be pitched when they should arrive, and after lunch, or "tiffin" (each sportsman has a tiffin coolie, who accompanies him with lunch, camera, dry socks, and such other things as may be needed on the march), we lay down on the porch of a native house, and rather wearied from our first walk, were quickly asleep.

In the morning our trail led up the valley, still following the course of the Sind River, now rocky and turbulent, and of a beautiful opalescent color from the snow and glacial streams which supplied it. The middle of the day was excessively hot—a great change from the frosty early morning air,—but we rested an hour for tiffin under a great chenar-tree beside a brook, and in the afternoon pushed on to Goond, the end of the stage. Here we took our last view of the valley of Kashmir, framed in a vista of blossoming apricot-trees, meadow-land, forest, and river.

Two more stages were to bring us into surroundings as desolate and wintry as the present landscape was warm and beautiful. Baltal, directly beneath the Zogi La Pass, was reached after a march of ten miles, the whole trail across snow, or mud where the snow was melting, and colored glasses were most necessary to protect the eyes from the glare. There was no village at Baltal—only a low windowless hovel, called a "rest-house."

We were up at 4.30 to attack the pass before the sun should soften the snow. After two hours of climbing—a long





A NATIVE-BUILT ROPE BRIDGE IN BALTIKISTAN

snow arête—apparently the top of the pass was reached, and from here on the going was level or slightly down-hill. It was well toward dark when the welcome village of Matayun appeared ahead in the distance.

A few straggling buildings, built of stones in the shape of hollow squares, with courtyards inside and flat roofs, composed the village of Matayun. None of these had windows, and the filth within, where several natives lived, was enough to disgust the most hardened. We had some food on the top of one of these buildings in the teeth of a bitterly cold wind which had sprung up toward the end of the march, and then repaired to the usual "rest-house," where a fire had been prepared.

The following day brought us down below the snow-line, the trail leaving the gorge in which we had been since Sonamarg, and broadening out into a wide, brown plain, with the few scattered huts of Dras at its feet, the Dras River flowing through it, and superb snow mountains all around. Since from here on we could secure fresh coolies at the be-

ginning of each stage, we paid off the thirty-seven who had taken our outfit over the Zogi La—eighty cents apiece, with eight cents as a present, or "bak-sheesh," for the full trip of five days. On figuring up our entire service expenses, I found that for the forty-eight men, two-thirds of whom would be dispensed with on reaching our new camp, my share amounted to \$2 70 a day. Let one consider that a first-rate guide in the Maine woods at home is alone paid at the rate of three dollars a day.

The remainder of the journey to our first shooting-grounds was to be much less wearisome, since from now on the road led down into the valleys of Baltistan, bringing us among a new people and continually unfolding sights and scenes of the greatest interest.

The native Baltis are a wild-looking race; their heads are shaved on top and at the back, but at the sides their black hair is allowed to grow long and falls in unkempt locks; their dress is a single tunic of the roughest puttoo of the country—a coarse material which resembles sackcloth in texture. Their houses, in





STARTING ACROSS THE BRIDGE

the smaller villages, are often mere caves in the ground, with a hole leading straight down for entrance, or else low huts of stone, seldom higher than a man's height, with flat mud roofs, windowless, and with but a single opening in the roof for the smoke of their fires to pass through. Yet with all their rough exterior they are invariably respectful to the white man, and never pass without the customary raising of the hand and "Salam, sahib," to which the white man answers, "Salam"—that is, "Peace."

The villages, which come at intervals of a few miles down the valley, lie each beside a mountain stream; for, as the river-basin narrows, the soil becomes dry and barren, and no vegetation can live without the necessary furrow irrigation. The wheat is cultivated in little terraces, banked by stone walls from the river to half-way up the mountainsides. Each village is an orchard of apricot and mulberry trees, which adds to the pleasant effect; and very refreshing it is, after tramping for hours through barren ravines and over hot, stony cliffs, to drop down into one of these villages, nearly

drown one's self in the icy stream, and then lie back at ease on a cool lawn, shaded by these fruit-trees, to watch the tents pitched and supper prepared.

At the end of our second stage from Dras, on turning suddenly into a narrow and wild ravine of the Dras River, we came upon a little cleared space on the very edge of a precipice, where a Balti polo game was in full swing. Some eight or ten natives, in their long puttuo coats, were tearing up and down the field on shaggy little ponies, with rude, short mallets, and chasing a rough-hewn ball. A small crowd of natives watched the game from a large rock, which formed a sort of grand stand, while a flute and drum supplied weird native music for the occasion; and as we took our seats on the rock the players, seeing their audience increased by two weary but appreciative sahibs, went at it with vim, and gave as fine an exhibition of polo as the primitive quality of field, sticks, and ball would allow—a strange scene to find in such a wilderness. The game finished, a native dance was performed for our further amusement, and we were



then ceremoniously escorted by the Lumbardar, who was captain of one of the teams, to the serai, or rest-house, of the village, where the usual gifts of nuts

and long enough to be swung from cliff to cliff across this great river, is a source of wonder. Yet there it swings, with three strands of twisted twigs, one for each hand to grasp, one to guide the feet, sagging gracefully from the tops of the mighty cliffs that flank the river, occasionally swaying slightly in the wind, but firm and safe as a bridge of rock and iron. The sensation when one has felt one's way to its centre and stands looking down at the torrent swirling a hundred feet below is, to say the least, a strange one. I was glad enough to creep across unencumbered; to have had to lug the heavy loads our coolies carried would have been a handicap which I should as gracefully as possible have declined.

A twenty - six - mile march on the following day brought us to Par-kutta—a village rather larger than the others through which we had passed,—and as we entered it an amusing scene greeted us. Under an enormous chenar-tree in the centre of the town and completely



VIEW FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE BRIDGE

and dried apricots were brought us. The ripe apricot is too small to make a good fruit, but dried and pressed into balls of a dozen or so each, they form what is known as "kobani"—an indigestible but very delicious sweetmeat.

At the end of a long march of thirty-one miles the following day—four hours in the morning over a bad trail of difficult climbs and steep descents and seventeen miles in the afternoon to Tarkutti—we came upon our first "rope bridge" across the Indus. The ingenuity of the natives in making such a bridge with no material but twisted twigs, strong enough to hold the weight of any number of coolies with their loads

shut off from the outside world by the dense foliage of the fruit-trees, was a little round cleared space, where, apparently, all the villagers were gathered in a circle, five or six deep, and with shouting, clapping, and the usual discordant Balti music, were beating time for six men dancing in the centre. These, with waving riding-whips, singing and laughing, careered madly round in the space cleared for them. I soon discovered from the Rajah of the district, who lives here, that they were the victorious team of the afternoon's polo match, celebrating their victory; and not only had the men turned out to cheer them, but the housetops near by were



crowded with women and children—all showing their enthusiasm in the most vociferous manner. Indeed, it was not unlike a college football triumph at home, and away out here in the heart of Asia it seemed strange and picturesque. As we dismounted, there was at once a respectful silence, and the Rajah, coming out of the circle and salaaming, led us under the tree, where a shawl and chair were at once brought. He then offered us cigarettes, which we felt out of courtesy bound to accept, though they were exceedingly vile, and ordered the festivities to proceed. After the main dance was finished, each of the players danced alone, retiring in turn as he finished and salaaming to us. The music was afforded by six tomtoms, three flutes, and a big horn, which as usual created the most painful discords imaginable, and the natives howled in unison. It then occurred to us that we were ravenously hungry, having had nothing to eat for eight hours; and as the luggage was still some distance back on the road, we intimated to his Highness the Rajah that anything eatable would be

most acceptable. Tea was at once brought in an enormous samovar—a kettle heated by coals in a chamber inside—and wheat cakes, which we gratefully received, and did not stand on much ceremony about falling to. The inner man having been temporarily satisfied, we repaired to our camp-ground, where the Rajah sat with us till the tents were pitched, smoking from a water-pipe held by a kneeling servant, and would not go even when we were most anxious to take our evening tub before dinner, though he looked at us in an appealing sort of way as if he too were quite ready to leave. Finally an interpreter came from the Rajah's house and whispered that his Highness had been awaiting our gracious permission to leave during the last half-hour. We gave it without delay, and are now wiser on points of Balti etiquette.

On the following morning the Rajah again appeared, no longer in his bright green riding-suit, English tan boots, and brilliant golf-stockings, but in white robes, and red slippers which turned up at the ends like the bow of a gondola. Having no extra knives, we were at a



A NATIVE DANCE



loss to know what sort of a present to give him, but at last tried ten shot-cartridges, which he received with the most evident delight, and we took leave at once.

As we proceeded down through the valleys we were, it seemed, moving gradually from winter to spring and from spring to full-blown summer—as mellow and fragrant a summer as ever made life doubly worth living. The wheat was higher in the fields, the apricot blossoms had given place to full-formed fruit, the birds were of the most brilliantly colored plumage and seemed to fill everything with their song. Every village was a little paradise in itself. And though the midday was as warm as could be without making our marches uncomfortable, the nights and early mornings were always crisp and delicious.

At last, after sixteen long days of marching, in which time we had accomplished two hundred and seventy-six miles, we found ourselves at the mouth of the valley of the Basha River, where our first shooting was to be found.

Ibex-stalking is not easy, for the habits of the animals are all conducive to their safety, and their senses of sight, smell, and hearing are very acute. Before sunrise they graze down to the slopes, but as the sun grows hot they ascend again to the snow, where they sleep in inaccessible positions during the day, always with one or more females posted as sentinels. Towards four in the afternoon they again graze downward till dark. The whole success of a stalk depends, of course, on getting behind a ridge to leeward of the herd, and having them graze to within range, or else on following them carefully from ridge to ridge as they move off. If they remain out in the flat ground, approach is absolutely impossible. The game-laws of Kashmir allow six to each gun.

It was a great pleasure to feel a gun in one's hands again: a two weeks' march to one's shooting-grounds whets one's keenness for the sport as nothing else can do. Kadera and Sidka, my shikari and chota shikari, were moving about camp before the first appearance of dawn; I awoke to the welcome sound of a crackling fire and dressed at once, my teeth chattering in the cold morning

air. A cup of steaming coffee, and we started single file for the head of the valley, where during the past few days several herds had been marked down. As we entered the upper section, the big mountain at its head was beginning to glow; the hillsides on the right were emerging from shadow, and gradually we could make out several dark spots about half-way up to the first ridge. They were the big herd of ibex which for two days past we had been watching eagerly from a distance, hoping vainly to see them move into a position where stalking would be possible. Now I saw at once that they were headed straight up toward the ridge which topped the first spur of the mountain; behind this there was a declivity; if they should disappear behind it, a successful stalk might be made, for the wind was towards us.

With the greatest caution we crept along the base of the mountain, crouched painfully, but not daring to let ourselves be seen for a second. A single glimpse of us would send the whole herd dashing off in a panic to their mountain retreats. When immediately below them, we halted, and without a whisper or motion waited and watched. They were maddeningly slow in their ascent to the ridge. This formidable mountainside which they were taking so deliberately and easily now would, I knew, have to be covered by us at top speed when once the last of the herd had disappeared, and the prospect made me doubly impatient to be off.

A full hour of shivering in the gully passed. Then the leader of the herd reached the top. He stood for a moment outlined against the sky, his great ridged horns curving gracefully over his back—I could see that they were over forty inches,—looked steadily over the ridge for several minutes to make sure that all was safe ahead, then turned to call his herd and disappeared. Without moving from my crouched position, I carefully removed all unnecessary clothing, shed my fur gloves, and slipped a cartridge into each barrel of the .450 cordite express. There might be no time for loading at the top. Kadera held the 30-40 Winchester, whose magazine was full, and started to follow my example of slipping a cartridge into the barrel, but





SEARCHING FOR GAME

I motioned him to stop. Put anything into the hands of an excited Kashmirian but a loaded gun. One by one the rest of the herd stood outlined on the ridge and dropped out of sight, but the stragglers were slow, and without the fur coat my joints were already stiffening with cold. I moved slightly to ease my position—there was a scurry above us, and the straggling cows dashed over the ridge. No time for regret! If I had spoiled the stalk, there would be ample opportunity for remorse afterwards; now my only object was to get up to the ridge in the least possible time, and we started.

In the first five minutes of dashing up a mountainside, no matter in how good condition is the hunter, his breath leaves him utterly, his throat seems pulled together as if by a strangling rope, and his chest feels like caving in. He tells himself that he cannot possibly do it, that he must slow up or choke, and the surer he is that he has taken his last step, the harder he goes at it. The second five minutes are easier; his muscles limber up, his throat loosens, his breath comes more regularly; in the third five minutes he has no desire to stop. But

this is just where a rest is necessary, for there is no use in coming on the game with the heart pounding like a trip-hammer. He must stop and imagine himself anywhere but about to reach, in the next minute, the point on which the whole success of his stalk depends. If he can do this, he will have almost immediate control of nerves and muscles.

I waited, then crept to the ridge and peered over. Two hundred and fifty yards away, filing slowly up a shale cleft in the mountain and totally unaware of our presence, were the whole herd, broadside on. With the telescope it was easy to pick out several fine heads, but they were shifting like a kaleidoscope, and at that distance we could hardly choose among them. It was fairly safe, though, to pick out any dark-colored buck. I rested the express carefully on the ridge, sighted, and fired. The buck I had aimed at stopped short, shot through the hind quarters; the second barrel sent him dashing off down the shale. The herd had split up and were dashing off in every direction, some tearing down the slope, starting small avalanches of shale and rocks in their flight, others



making for the cliffs and scrambling up as only a goat can climb. Here was my second chance. I was sitting astride the ridge now. Kadera and Sidka had gone completely crazy with excitement; they were pounding me on the back and shouting: "Bara wallah, bara wallah, sahib! Maro!" ("Big one, big one, sahib! Shoot!") Needless to say their exhortations made shooting for the moment a physical impossibility, nor were they conducive to perfect coolness on my part. I seemed to see a regular kaleidoscope of "bara wallahs" in every direction. Then I managed to calm Kadera slightly, and taking the Winchester from him, held it on a buck who was trying to scale the apparently sheer face of a precipice to the left. He would have got up it, too, if I had waited a moment longer, but the first shot brought him tumbling, and he fell sheer twenty yards, quite dead. Another was still in sight far up the cliff, scrambling, slipping, leaping. I took the express and fired again, but it was a hard shot. The second barrel caught him amidships as he reached the level, and he made off, badly wounded.

The result of this first stalk was not all that could be desired, since of my three animals only one lay dead, and it was impossible to say how far the others might go before they dropped. Following a newly wounded ibex through the mountains is useless, for he will quickly distance the hunter and make for some inaccessible cliff before resting, but if allowed to go unwatched the chances are in favor of his soon lying down in a place whither he may later be tracked. But the first excitement of the hunt makes one keen for more.

The 1st of June dawned as all days in that wonderful country seemed to dawn, in a flood of sunlight, cloudless, and crisply cold. But before the great mountain at the valley's head had received the first tints of morning we were crouching behind a spur of the glacier and searching with the glasses the surrounding heights. It was but a few moments before a large herd was found far across on the steep mountainside which rose to the north, and though a full half-mile of serried glacier lay between, it seemed advisable to undertake

the work and make our second stalk in country as yet undisturbed by firing.

The crossing was rather more than I had bargained for; again and again an impossible crevasse or an ice-covered slope that led to the edge of some ugly break in the glacier necessitated a retracing of our steps and a new start, and only at the end of two hours did we reach the farther side, weary and dripping.

A steep ascent of the mountainside followed, and once at the top, a sheltering tree afforded a few moments' rest, where we could observe the game unnoticed. The heads that appeared on that open mountain slope were larger than any we had yet run across. The larger bucks were all of the darkest brown, their horns curving magnificently over the backs and their beards hanging long and shaggy.

Before we had watched ten minutes the whole herd moved off behind a ridge, but as usual a solitary female was left posted, and the slightest movement from behind our tree would have spoiled it all.

The longed-for moment came after an impatient wait, the cow slowly moving behind the ridge, leaving a clear but hazardous slope for us to cross in order to get within range. It was surprising to me how we kept from slipping, but something on the plan of a hundred-yard dash and a rather studied nonchalance respecting the precipice just below brought us to the ridge without a stumble, and we dropped over.

The next five minutes made all the weary miles and days of travelling worth while many times over. My first impression was that we had somehow fallen in the very midst of a perfectly tame herd of the largest ibex on record, for the animals appeared so thunderstruck at seeing us quietly and suddenly drop in among them that for a moment they remained perfectly motionless. Then, of course, there was a scurry, and the sport began.

My first buck dropped before he had covered ten yards, and a careful shot from a knee rest brought down another that had gone but a short distance farther—two forty-inch heads. I was now allowed but one more by law and was unwilling to fire at any ordinary-sized head; several bucks were still in sight, but they





THE BIG IBEX; LENGTH OF HORNS FORTY-FOUR INCHES

were scattered and were tearing up the mountainside at a rapid pace.

Kadera had, however, stopped my hand after the first two successful shots and pointed to a ridge far above, from behind which in a moment dashed a magnificent animal, with horns very much larger than any I had yet noticed. As I found afterwards, he had been crouched behind a rock when we had first come upon the herd, and it was for this reason I had not aimed at him at once. Though still not too late, the mark was a small one. Some six shots ploughed up the sand about him; then he stumbled, but regained his feet and was immediately lost to sight behind a ridge.

The account of how that superb animal was tracked by his blood trail far into the mountains, how his horns were found to measure fully forty-four inches from base to tip, and how we returned at dusk across the glacier to camp, worn out by the hardest of stalks, but happy in the realization of complete success, would be, I fear, of less interest in the recounting than was the experience itself. To complete the satisfaction, a telegram was found awaiting me at camp from the secretary of the Game Association in Srinagar, stating that the Basha Nullah could rightly hold two guns, and that we were justified in having claimed our share of the valley.





# The Awakening

OF HELENA RICHIE

BY MARGARET DELAND

## CHAPTER IX

THE parting at the Stuffed Animal House the next morning was dreary enough. The day broke heavy with threatening rain. The man, after that brief flaming up of the embers of burned-out passion, had fallen into a weariness which he did not attempt to conceal. But the woman—being a woman—still tried to warm herself at the poor ashes, wasting her breath in a sobbing endeavor to blow them into some fitful ardor. There was a hurried breakfast, and while waiting for the stage, the desultory talk that skims over dangerous subjects for fear of getting into discussions for which there is no time. And with it the consciousness of things that burn to be said—at least on one side.

"I'm sorry I was cross last night," she murmured once, under her breath.

And he responded courteously, "Oh, not at all."

But she pressed him. "You know it was only because I—love you so? And to make a joke of—"

"Of course! Of course! Helena, when is that stage due? You don't suppose the driver misunderstood, and expects to take me on at the Tavern?"

"No; he was told to call here. . . . Lloyd, it's just the same? You haven't—changed?"

"Certainly not! I do hope he hasn't forgotten me? It would be extremely inconvenient."

She turned away and stood looking out of the window into the rain-sodden garden. Mr. Pryor lighted a cigar. After a while she spoke again. "You'll come soon? I hope you will come soon! I'll try not to worry you."

"Of course," he assured her; "but I trust your cook will be well next time, my dear."

"Give me a day's notice, and I will

have another cook if Maggie should be under the weather," she answered eagerly.

"Oh, that reminds me," he said, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, he went out to the kitchen. When he came back, he went at once to the window. "I'm afraid that stage-driver has forgotten me?" he said frowning. But she reassured him—it really wasn't time yet; then she leaned her cheek on his shoulder.

"Do you think you can come in a fortnight, Lloyd? Come the first of May, and everything shall be perfect. Will you?"

Laughing, he put a careless arm around her, then catching sight of the stage pulling up at the gate, turned away so quickly that she staggered a little.

"Ah!" he said in a relieved voice.—"Beg your pardon, Nelly;—there's the stage!"

At the door he kissed her hurriedly; but she followed him, bareheaded, into the mist, catching his hand as they went down the path.

"Good-by!" he called back from the hinged step of the stage. "Get along, driver, get along! I don't want to miss my train in Mercer. Good-by, my dear. Take care of yourself."

Helena standing at the gate, followed the stage with her eyes until the road turned at the foot of the hill. Then she went back to the bench under the silver poplar and sat down. She said to herself that she was glad he was gone. His easy indifference to the annoyance to her of all these furtive years, seemed just for a moment unbearable. He had not shown a glimmer of sympathy for her position; he had not betrayed the slightest impatience at Frederick's astonishing health, so contrary to every law of probability and justice; he had not even understood how she felt at taking the friendship of the Old Chester people on false pretences

—oh, these stupid people! That dull, self-satisfied, commonplace doctor's wife, so secure, so comfortable, in her right to Old Chester friendships! Of course, it was a great thing to be free from the narrowness and prejudice in which Old Chester was absolutely hidebound. But Lloyd might at least have understood that in spite of her freedom, the years of delay had sometimes been a little hard for her; that it was cruel that Frederick should live, and live, and live, putting off the moment when she should be like—other people; like that complacent Mrs. King, even; (oh, how she disliked the woman!)—But Lloyd had shown no spark of sympathy or understanding; instead he had made a horrid joke. . . . Suddenly her eyes, sweet and kind and shallow as an animal's, clouded with pain, and she burst out crying—but only for one convulsive moment. She could not cry out here in the garden. She wished she could get into the house, but she was sure that her eyes were red, and the servants might notice them. She would have to wait a while. Then she shivered, for a sharp wind blew from across the hills where in the hollows the snow still lingered in grimy drifts, icy on the edges, and crumbling and settling and sinking away with every day of pale sunshine. The faint fragrance of wind-beaten daffodils reached her, and she saw two crocuses, long gold bubbles, over in the grass. She put the back of her hand against her cheek—it was hot still; she must wait a little longer. Her chilly discomfort made her angry at Lloyd, as well as hurt. . . . It was nearly half an hour before she felt sure that her eyes would not betray her and she could go into the house.

Somehow or other the empty day passed; she had Lloyd's novel and the candy. It was cold enough for a fire in the parlor, and she lay on the sofa in front of it, and read and nibbled her candy and drowsed. Once, lazily, she roused herself to throw some grains of incense on the hot coals. Gradually the silence and perfume and warm sloth pushed the pain of the last twenty-four hours into the background of her mind, where it lay a dull ache of discontent. By and by even that ceased in physical well-being. Her body had her in its

grip, and her spirit sunk softly into the warm and satisfied flesh. She bade Sarah bring her dinner into the parlor; after she had eaten it she slept heavily. When she awoke in the late afternoon, she wished she could sleep again. All her thoughts ran together in a lazy blur. Somewhere, back of the blur, she knew there was unhappiness; so this was best—to lie warm and dull by the fire, eating candy and yawning over her book. When she thought at all, it was about her food, and she wished impatiently, that Maggie would get well.

The next few days of indolence and apathy, were given up to sleeping and eating. But at the end of the week the soul of her stirred. A letter from Lloyd came saying that he hoped she had the little boy with her, and this reminded her of her forgotten promise to Dr. Lavendar.

But it was not until the next Monday afternoon that she roused herself sufficiently to give much thought to the matter. Then she decided to go down to the Rectory and see the child. It was another dark day of clouds hanging low, bulging big and black with wind and ravelling into rain along the edges. She hesitated at the discomfort of going out, but she said to herself dully, that she supposed she needed the walk. As she went down the hill, the mist thickened into rain, which soaked her cloak, and made Dr. Lavendar reproach her for her imprudence.

"And where are your gums?" he demanded. When she confessed that she had forgotten them, he scolded her roundly.

"I'll see that the little boy wears them when he comes to visit me," she said, a comforted look coming into her face.

"David? David will look after himself, like a man, and keep you in order, too. As for visiting you, my dear, you'd better visit him a little first. I tell you—stay and have supper with us to-night?"

But she protested that she had only come for a few minutes to ask about David. "I must go right home," she said nervously.

"No, no! You can't get away,—oh!" he broke off excitedly—"here he is now!" Dr. Lavendar's eagerness at the sight of the little boy who came running up the garden path, his hurry to



open the front door and bring him into the study to present him to Mrs. Richie, fussing and proud, and a little tremulous, was touching, if she had chanced to notice. But she did not notice—the child absorbed her. She could not leave him. Before she knew it, she found herself taking off her bonnet and saying she would stay to tea.

"David," said Dr. Lavendar, "I've got a bone in my leg; so you run and get me a clean pocket-handkerchief."

"Can I go up-stairs like a crocodile?" said David, gravely.

"Certainly, if it affords you the slightest personal satisfaction," Dr. Lavendar told him; and while the little boy crawled laboriously on his stomach all the way up-stairs, Dr. Lavendar talked about him. He said he thought the child had been homesick just at first; he had missed his sister Janey; "he told me 'Janey' gave him 'forty kisses' every night," said Dr. Lavendar; "I thought that told a story—" At that moment the crocodile, holding a handkerchief between his teeth, came, rapidly, head foremost, down-stairs; Dr. Lavendar raised a cautioning hand;—"Mustn't talk about him, now!"

There was a quality in that evening that was new to Helena; it was dull, of course;—how very dull Lloyd would have found it! A childlike old man asking questions with serious simplicity of a little boy who was full of his own important interests and anxieties;—the feeding of Danny, and the regretful wonder that in heaven, the little dog would not be "let in."

"Who said he wouldn't?" Dr. Lavendar demanded, fiercely, while Danny yawned with embarrassment at hearing his own name.

"You read about heaven in the Bible," David said, suddenly shy; "an' it said outside were dogs;—an' some other animals I can't remember the names of."

Dr. Lavendar explained, with a twinkle that shared with his visitor the humor of those "other animals" itemized in the Revelations. It was a very mild humor; everything was mild at the Rectory; the very air seemed gentle! There was no apprehension, no excitement, no antagonism; only the placid commonplace of goodness and affection.

Helena could not remember such an evening in all her life. And the friendship between youth and age was something she had never dreamed of! She saw David slip from his chair at table, and run around to Dr. Lavendar's side to reach up and whisper in his ear;—oh, if he would but put his cheek against hers, and whisper in her ear!

The result of that secret colloquy was that David knelt down in front of the dining-room fire, and made a slice of smoky toast for Dr. Lavendar.

"After supper you might roast an apple for Mrs. Richie," the old minister suggested. And David's eyes shone with silent joy. With anxious deliberation he picked out an apple from the silver wire basket on the sideboard; and when they went into the study, he presented a thread to Mrs. Richie.

"Tie it to the stem," he commanded. "You're pretty slow," he added gently, and indeed her white fingers blundered with the unaccustomed task. When she had accomplished it, David wound the other end of the thread round a pin stuck in the high black mantel-shelf. The apple dropped slowly into place before the bars of the grate, and began—as everybody who has been a child knows—to spin slowly round, and then, slowly back again. David, squatting on the rug, watched it in silence. But Mrs. Richie would not let him be silent. She leaned forward, eager to touch him—his shoulders, his hair, his cheek, hot with the fire.

"Won't you come and sit in my lap?"

David glanced at Dr. Lavendar as though for advice; then got up and climbed on to Mrs. Richie's knee, keeping an eye on the apple that bobbed against the grate and sizzled.

"Will you make me a little visit, dear?"

David sighed and looked at Dr. Lavendar. "I seem to visit a good deal; I'd like to belong somewhere."

"Oh, you will, one of these days," Dr. Lavendar assured him.

"I'd like to belong to you," David said thoughtfully.

Dr. Lavendar beamed, and looked proudly at Mrs. Richie.

"Because," David explained, "I love Goliath."

"Oh," said Dr. Lavendar blankly.



"It's blackening on one side," David announced, and slid down from Mrs. Richie's knee to set the apple spinning again.

"The red cheek is beginning to crack," said Dr. Lavendar, deeply interested; "smells good, doesn't it, Mrs. Richie?"

"Have you any little boys and girls?" David asked, watching the apple.

"Come and climb on my knee and I'll tell you," she bribed him.

He came reluctantly; the apple was now spinning briskly under the impulse of a woolly burst of pulp through the red skin.

"Have you?" he demanded.

"No, David."

Here his interest in Mrs. Richie's affairs flagged, for the apple began to steam deliciously. Dr. Lavendar, watching her with his shrewd old eyes, asked her one or two questions; but, absorbed in the child, she answered quite at random. She put her cheek against his hair, and whispered, softly: "Turn round, and I'll give you forty kisses." Instantly David moved his head away. The snub was so complete that she looked over at Dr. Lavendar, hoping he had not seen it. "I once knew a little baby," she said, trying to hide her embarrassment, "that had curly hair the color of yours."

"It has begun to drip," said David briefly. "Does Alice live at your house?"

"Alice!"

"The gentleman—your brother—said Alice was nineteen. I thought maybe she lived at your house."

"No, dear. Look at the apple!"

David looked. "Why not?"

"Why, she lives at her own house, dear little boy."

"Does she pay you a visit?"

"No. David, I think the apple is done. Why didn't you roast one for Dr. Lavendar?"

"I had to do it for you because you're company. Why doesn't she pay you a visit?"

"Because—oh, for a good many reasons. I'm afraid I must go home now."

The child slipped from her knee with unflattering haste. "You've got to eat your apple first," he said, and ran to get a saucer and spoon. With great care the thread was broken and the apple

secured. Then David sat calmly down in front of her to watch her eat it; but after the first two or three mouthfuls, Dr. Lavendar had pity on her, and the smoky skin and the hard core were banished to the dining-room. While the little boy was carrying them off, she said eagerly, that she wanted him.

"You'll let me have him?"

"I'm going to keep him for a while."

"Oh, do give him to me!" she urged.

"Not yet. You come here and see him. I won't make ye eat a roast apple every time." He smiled at her as he spoke, for she was clasping her hands, and her leaf-brown eyes were eager and shining.

"I must have him! I *must*!"

"No use teasing—here comes Dr. King. He'll tell you I'm an obstinate old man. Hey, Willy, my boy! Ain't I an obstinate old man?"

"You are," said William. He had walked in unannounced, in good Old Chester fashion, and stood smiling in the doorway.

"Oh, plead my cause!" she said, turning to him.

"Of course I will. But it isn't much use; we are all under his heel."

They were standing, for Mrs. Richie had said she must go, when Dr. Lavendar had an idea: "Would you mind seeing her home, Willy?" he said in an aside; "I was going to send Mary, but this is a chance to get better acquainted with her—if you're not too tired?"

"Of course I'm not too tired," the doctor said eagerly, and went back to the fireside where Mrs. Richie had dropped on her knees before David. "I'm going to walk home with you," he announced. She looked up with a quick protest, but he only laughed. "If we let you go alone, your brother will think we have no manners in Old Chester. Besides I need the walk." And when she had fastened her cloak, and kissed David good night, and thrown Dr. Lavendar an appealing look, William gave her his hand down the two steps from the front door, and then made her take his arm. Dr. Lavendar had provided a lantern, and as its shifting beam ran back and forth across the path, the doctor bade her be careful where she stepped. "These flagstones are abominably rough," he said;



"I never noticed it before. And one can't see in the dark."

But what with the lantern and the stars, there was light enough for William King to see the stray curl that blew across her forehead—brown, was it? And yet, William remembered that in daylight her hair was too bright to be called brown. He was solicitous lest he was making her walk too fast. "I don't want your brother to think we don't take care of you in Old Chester," he said; and in the starlight he could see that her face flushed a little. Then he repeated some Old Chester gossip, which amused her very much—and held his breath to listen to the delicious gayety of her laugh.

"There ought to be a better path for you up the hill," he said; "I must speak to Sam Wright about it." And carefully he flung the noiseless zigzag of light back and forth in front of her, and told some more stories that he might hear that laugh again.

When he left her at her own door, she said with a sudden impetuous timidity, "Dr. King, *please* make Dr. Lavendar give me the little boy!"

"I *will*!" he said, and laughed at her radiant face.

It seemed to the doctor as he went down the hill, that he had had a most delightful evening. He could not remember what they had talked about, but he knew that they had agreed on every point. "A very intelligent lady," he said to himself.

"William," said Martha, looking up from her mending as he entered the sitting-room, "did you remember to tell Davis that the kitchen sink leaks?"

"Oh!" said the doctor blankly; "well—I'll tell him in the morning." Then, smiling vaguely, he dropped down into his shabby old easy chair, and watched Martha's darning-needle plod in and out. "Martha," he said after a while, "what shade would you call your hair if it was—well, kind of brighter?"

"*What?*" said Martha, looking at him over her spectacles; she put up her hard capable hand and touched her hair softly, as if she had forgotten it. "My hair used to be a real chestnut. Do you mean chestnut?"

"I guess I do. It's a pretty color."

Martha looked at him with a queer

shyness in her married eyes, then tossed her head a little and thrust her darning-needle into the gray stocking, with a jaunty air. "That's what you used to say," she said. After a while, noticing his tired lounge in the old chair, she said kindly, "Why did you stay so long at Dr. Lavendar's, Willy? You look tired. Do go to bed."

"Oh," William explained, "I didn't stay very long; he asked me to see Mrs. Richie home. She had taken tea with him."

Martha's face suddenly hardened. "Oh," she said coldly. Then, after a short silence, "Mrs. Richie's hair is too untidy for my taste."

When Dr. Lavendar went back into the study, David in profound meditation was curled up in the slippery leather chair—a strip of cowhide stretched the length of the frame that strained and creaked whenever the occupant moved.

"What are you thinking about so hard?" Dr. Lavendar said.

"Yesterday. After church."

"Thinking about yesterday?" Dr. Lavendar repeated puzzled. David offered no explanation, and the old minister searched his memory for any happening of interest after church, but found none. He had come out of the vestry and in the church David had joined him, following him down the aisle to the door and waiting close behind him through the usual Sunday greetings: "Morning, Sam!" "Good morning, Dr. Lavendar." . . . "How are you, Ezra? How many drops of water make the mighty ocean, Ezra?" "The amount of water might be estimated in tons, Dr. Lavendar, but I doubt whether the number of minims could be compu . . ." "Hullo! there's Horace; how d'ye do, Horace? How's Jim this morning?"—and so on—the old friendly greetings of all the friendly years. Surely nothing in them to make the child thoughtful?

Suddenly David got up and came and stood beside him.

"What is your name?"

"N. or M." Dr. Lavendar replied.

"What, sir?" said David in a troubled voice; and Dr. Lavendar was abashed.

"My name is Edward Lavendar, sir. Why do you want to know?"





*Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark*

HER SEWING WAS A PATHETIC BLUNDER OF HASTE AND HAPPINESS





"Because, yesterday everybody said 'Dr. Lavendar.' I didn't think Doctor could be your front name. All the other people had front names."

"Well, I have a front name, David, but you see, there's nobody in Old Chester to call me by it." He sighed slightly, and then he smiled. "The last one who called me by my front name is dead, David. John was his name. I called him Johnny."

David looked at him with wide eyes, silent. Dr. Lavendar took his pipe out of his mouth, and stared for a minute at the fire.

"I should think," David said sadly, "God would be discouraged to have *everybody* He makes, die."

At that Dr. Lavendar came quickly out of his reverie. "Oh, it's better that way," he said, cheerfully. "One of these days I'll tell you why. What do you say to a game of dominoes?"

David squeaked with pleasure; he pulled up the round table close to Dr. Lavendar's elbow and poured the dominoes out with a joyful clatter. For the next half-hour they were both very happy. They discussed the relative merits of standing the dominoes upright, or putting them on their sides, and Dr. Lavendar built his fence in alternate positions, which was very effective. It was so exciting that bedtime was a real trial to them both. At the last stroke of eight, David clenched both hands.

"Perhaps the clock is fast?"

Dr. Lavendar compared it with his watch, and shook his head sympathetically. "No; just right. Tumble 'em back into the box. Good night."

"Good night, sir," David said, and stood hesitating. The color came and went in his face, and he twisted the top button of his jacket with little nervous fingers.

"Good night," Dr. Lavendar repeated, significantly.

But still David hesitated. Then he came and stood close beside Dr. Lavendar. "Lookie here," he said tremulously, "I'll call you Edward. I'd just as lieves as not."

There was a full minute's silence. Then Dr. Lavendar said, "I thank you, David. That is a kind thought. But no; I like Dr. Lavendar as a name. So

many boys and girls have called me that, that I'm fond of it. And I like to have you use it. But I'm much obliged to you, David. Now, I guess we'll say good night? Hey?"

The child's face cleared; he drew a deep breath as if he had accomplished something. Then he said good night, and trudged off to bed. Dr. Lavendar looked after him tenderly.

## CHAPTER X

APRIL brightened into May before David's visit to the Stuffed Animal House. Dr. Lavendar had his own reasons for the delay, which he did not share with anybody, but they resulted in a sort of intimacy, which Helena, eager for the child, could not refuse.

"He needs clothes," Dr. Lavendar put her off; "I can't let him come to you till Mary gets his wardrobe to rights."

"Oh, let me get his little things!"

—Now, who would have supposed that Dr. Lavendar was so deep! To begin with, he was a man; and an old man, at that; and with never a chick or a child of his own. How did he know what a child's little clothes are to a woman?—"Well," he said, "suppose you make him a set of night-drawers."

Helena's face fell. "I don't know how to sew. I thought I could buy what he needed."

"No; he has enough bought things, but if you will be so kind, my dear, as to make—"

"I will!" she promised eagerly, and Dr. Lavendar said he would bring David up to be measured.

Her sewing was a pathetic blunder of haste and happiness; it brought Dr. Lavendar and David up to the Stuffed Animal House very often, "to try on." David's coming was always a delight, but the old man fretted her, somehow;—he was so good! She said so to William King, who laughed at the humor of a good woman's objection to goodness. The incongruity of such a remark from her lips was as amusing as a child's innocently base comment.

William had fallen into the habit of drawing up and calling out "good morning" whenever he and his mare passed her gate. Mrs. Richie's lack of common



sense seemed to delight the sensible William. When he was with her, he was in the frame of mind that finds everything a joke. It was a demand for the eternal child in her, to which, involuntarily, she responded. She laughed at him, and even teased him about his shabby buggy or his regular calls on Mrs. Drayton, with a gayety that made him tingle with pleasure. She used to wonder at herself as she did it—conscious and uneasy, and resolving every time that she would not do it again. She had none of this lightness with any one else. With Dr. Lavendar she was reserved to the point of coldness, and with Sam Wright's Sam, matter-of-fact to a discouraging degree.

She did not see Sam often in the next month. Benjamin Wright had ceased to find the boy's calf-love—which he had recognized long before the parents did—amusing. And, in consequence, on Sunday nights he detained his grandson to listen to this or that drama or poem until the boy could hardly hide his impatience. When he was free and could hurry down the hill road, as often as not the lights were out in the Stuffed Animal House, and he could only linger at the gate and wonder which was her window. When he did find her, he had an evening of passionate delight, even though occasionally she snubbed him lazily.

"Do you go out in your skiff much?" she asked once; and when he answered, "No; I filled it with stones and sunk it, because you didn't like rowing," she spoke to him with a sharpness that surprised herself, though it produced no effect whatever on Sam.

"You are a very foolish boy! What difference does it make whether I like rowing or not? I don't govern my likes and dislikes by boy's ideas."

Sam smiled placidly, and said he had had hard work to get stones enough to fill the skiff. "I put them in," he explained, "and then I sculled out in mid-stream, and scuttled her. I had to swim ashore. It was night, and the water was like flowing ink, and there was a star in every ripple," he ended dreamily.

"Sam," she said, "if you don't stop being so foolish, I won't let you come and see me—"

"Am I a nuisance about my drama?" he asked with alarm.

"Not about your drama," she said significantly; but Sam was too happy to draw any unflattering deductions.

When old Mr. Wright discovered that his stratagem of keeping his grandson late Sunday evenings had not checked the boy's acquaintance with Mrs. Richie, he tried a more direct method. "You young ass! Can't you keep away from that house? She thinks you are a nuisance!"

"No, grandfather," Sam assured him earnestly, "she doesn't. I asked her, and she said—"

"Asked her?" roared the old man. "Do you expect a female to tell the truth?" And then he swore steadily for a minute. "I'll have to see Lavendar," he said despairingly.

But Mr. Wright's cause was aided by some one stronger than Dr. Lavendar. Helena's attention was so fixed on the visitor who was coming to the Stuffed Animal House that Sam's conversation ceased to amuse her. Those little night-drawers on which she pricked her fingers interested her a thousand times more than did his dramatic visions. They interested her so much that sometimes she could almost forget that Lloyd Pryor's visit was delayed. For though it was the first of May, he had not come again. "I am so busy," he wrote; "it is impossible for me to get away. I suppose David will have his sling all ready for me when I do arrive?"

Helena was sitting on the porch with her clumsy needlework, when Sarah brought her the letter, and after she had read it, she tore it up angrily. "He was in Mercer a week ago; I know he was, because there is always that directors' meeting on the last Thursday in April, so he must have been there. And he wouldn't come!" Down in the orchard, the apple-trees were in blossom, and when the wind stirred, the petals fell in sudden warm white showers; across the sky, from west to east, was a path of mackerel clouds. It was a pastel of spring greenness—a dappled sky, apple blossoms, clover, and the river's sheen of gray-blue. All about her were the beginnings of summer;—the first exquisite green of young leaves; oaks, still white and crumpled from their furry sheaths; horse-chestnuts, each leaf drooping from its stem like a hand bending at the



wrist; a thin flicker of elm buds, still distrustful of the sun. Later, this delicate dance of foliage would thicken so that the house would be in shadow, and the grass under the locusts on either side of the front door fade into thin, mossy growth. But just now it was overflowing with May sunshine. "Oh, he *would* enjoy it if he would only come," she thought. Well, anyhow, David would like it; and she began to fell her seam with painstaking unaccustomed fingers.

The child was to come that day. Half a dozen times she dropped her work to run to the gate, and shielding her eyes with her hand looked down the road to Old Chester; but there was no sign of the jogging hood of the buggy. Had anything happened? Was he sick? *Had Dr. Lavendar changed his mind?* Her heart stood still at that. She debated whether or not she should go down to the Rectory, boldly, and find out what the delay meant? Then she called to one of the servants who was crossing the hall, that she wondered why the little boy who was to visit her did not come? Her face cleared at the reminder that the child went to school in the morning.

"Why, of course! I suppose he will have to go every morning?" she added ruefully.

"My," Maggie said smiling, "you're wan that ought to have six!"

Mrs. Richie smiled, too. Then she said to herself that she wouldn't let him go to school every day; she was sure he was not strong enough. She ventured something like this to Dr. Lavendar when, about four o'clock, Goliath and the buggy finally appeared.

"Strong enough!" said Dr. Lavendar. "He's strong enough to study a great deal harder than he does, the little rascal! I'm afraid Rose Knight will spoil him; she's almost as bad as Ellen Bailey. You didn't know our Ellen, did ye? No; she'd married Spangler and gone out West before you came to us. Ah, a dear woman, but wickedly unselfish. Rose Knight took the school when Spangler took Ellen." Then he added one or two straight directions: Every school-day David was to come to the Rectory for his dinner, and to Collect Class on Saturdays. "You will have to keep him at his catechism," said Dr. Lavendar; "he is rather weak on the long answers."

"Oh!" Helena said, rather startled; "you don't want me to teach him—things like that, do you?"

"Things like what?"

"The catechism, and—to pray, and—"

Dr. Lavendar smiled. "Ye can teach folks to say their prayers, my dear, but nobody can teach 'em to pray. Only life does that. But David's been taught his prayers; you just let him say 'em at your knee, that's all."

David, dismissed to the garden while his elders talked, had discovered the rabbit-hutch, and could hardly tear himself away from it to say good-by. But when Dr. Lavendar called out that he was going, the little boy's heart misgave him. He came and stood by the step of the buggy, and picked with nervous fingers at the dry mud on the wheel,—for Dr. Lavendar's buggy was not as clean as it should have been.

"Well, David?" Dr. Lavendar said cheerfully. The child with his chin sunk on his breast said something. "What?" said Dr. Lavendar.

David mumbled a word or two in a voice that seemed to come from his stomach; it sounded like, "Like you best." But Dr. Lavendar did not hear it, and David ran swiftly back to the rabbits. There Helena found him, gazing through two large tears at the opal-eyed pair behind the wooden bars. Their white shell-like ears wavered at her step, and they paused in their nibbling; then went on again with timid, jewel-like glances in her direction.

Helena, at the sight of those two tears, knelt down beside the little boy, eager to be sympathetic. But he did not notice her, and by and by the tears dried up. After she had tried to make him talk of Dr. Lavendar, of school, of his old home, without drawing anything more from him than "yes, ma'am," or "no, ma'am," she gave it up and waited until he should be tired of the rabbits. The sun was warm, the smell of the crushed dock leaves heavy in the sheltered corner behind the barn; it was so silent that they could hear the nibbling of the two prisoners, who kept glancing at them with apprehensive eyes that gleamed with pale red fires. David sighed with joy.

"What are their names?" he said at last in a low voice.



"They haven't any names; you can name them if you like."

"I shall call them Mr. and Mrs. Smith," he said with decision. And then fell silent again.

"You came to Old Chester in the stage with Mr. Pryor," she said after a while; "he told me you were a very nice little boy."

"How did he know?" demanded David.

"He is very nice himself," Helena said smiling.

David meditated. "Is that gentleman my enemy?"

"Of course not!"

"I'm glad."

"Mr. Pryor is nobody's enemy," Helena told him reprovingly.

David turned silently to his rabbits.

"Why did you think he was your enemy?" she persisted.

"I only just hoped he wasn't; I don't want to love him."

"What!"

"If he was my enemy, I'd have to love him, you know," David explained patiently.

Helena in her confused astonishment knew not what to reply. She stammered something about that being wrong; of course David must love Mr. Pryor!

"They ought to have fresh water," David interrupted thoughtfully; and Helena had to reach into the hutch for a battered tin pan.

She watched him run to the stable and come back, holding the pan in both hands and walking very slowly under the mottled branches of the buttonwoods; at every step the water splashed over the rusty brim, and the sunshine, catching and flickering in it, was reflected in a rippling gleam across his serious face.

All that afternoon he permitted her to follow him about. He was gently polite when she spoke to him, but he hardly noticed her until, as they went down through the orchard, his little hand tightened suddenly on hers, and he pressed against her skirts.

"Are there snakes in this grass?" he asked timorously. "A snake," he added, looking up at her confidingly, "is the only insect I am afraid of."

She stooped down and cuddled him reassuringly, and he rewarded her by snuggling up against her like a friendly

puppy. She was very happy. As it grew dusk and cool, and all the sky was yellow behind the black line of the hills, she lured him into the house, and watched him eat his supper, forgetting to eat her own.

When she took him up-stairs to bed, Dr. Lavendar's directions came back to her with a slight shock—she must hear him say his prayers. How was she to introduce the subject? The embarrassed color burned in her cheeks as she helped him undress and tried to decide on the proper moment to speak of—prayers. But David took the matter into his own hands. As he stepped into his little night-clothes, buttoning them around his waist with slow precision, he said:

"Now I'll say my prayers. Sit by the window; then I can see that star when I open my eyes. It's hard to keep your eyes shut so long, ain't it?" he added confidentially.

Helena sat down, her heart fluttering in her throat. David knelt beside her, shutting first one eye and then the other. "'Now I lay me—'" he began in a businesslike voice. At the Amen he opened his eyes and drew a long breath. Helena moved slightly and he shut his eyes again; "I've not done yet.

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,  
Bless Thy little lamb to-night—'"

He paused and looked up at Mrs. Richie, "Can I say colt?" Before she could reply he decided for himself. "No; colts don't have shepherds; it has to be lamb."

Her silent laughter did not disturb him. He finished with another satisfied Amen. Helena put her arms about him to raise him from the floor, but he looked up, aggrieved.

"Why, I've not done yet," he reproached her. "You've forgot the blessings."

"The blessings?" she asked timidly.

"Why, of course," said David, trying to be patient; "but I'm most done," he encouraged her. "'God bless everybody—' Dr. Lavendar taught me the new blessings," he interrupted himself, his eyes snapping open, "because my old blessings were all gone to heaven. 'God bless everybody; Dr. Lavendar, an' Mary, an' Goliath—'" Helena laughed. "He





*Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark*

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

HE FOUND MR. WRIGHT TOTTERING ABOUT HIS GARDEN-PATHS





said I could," David defended himself doggedly—"an' Danny, an' Dr. King, an' Mrs. Richie. And make me a good boy. For Jesus' sake Amen.' Now I'm done!" cried David, scrambling happily to his feet.

"And—Mr. Pryor, too? Won't you ask God to bless Mr. Pryor?"

"But," said David, frowning, "I'm done."

"After this, though, it would be nice—"

"Well," David answered coldly, "God can bless him if He wants to. But He needn't do it just to please me."

## CHAPTER XI

WHEN Dr. Lavendar left David at the Stuffed Animal House, he didn't feel, somehow, like going home; the Rectory would be so quiet. It occurred to him that, as he was on the hill, he might as well look in on Benjamin Wright.

He found the old gentleman in his beaver hat and green serge dressing-gown, tottering up and down the weedy driveway in front of his veranda, and repeating poetry:

"O great corrector of enormous times,  
Shaker of o'er rank states, thou grand  
decider  
Of dusty and old titles, that healest with  
blood—

Hello! 'Bout time you came to see me. I suppose you want to get some money out of me for something?"

"Of course; I always want money out of somebody for something. There's a leak in the vestry roof. How are you?"

"How do you suppose I am? At eighty-one, with one foot in the grave! Ready to jump over a five-barred gate?"

"I'm seventy-two," said Dr. Lavendar, "and I played marbles yesterday."

"Come in and have a smoke," the older man said, hobbling on to the veranda, where four great white columns, blistered and flaked by time, supported a roof that darkened the shuttered windows of the second story.

He led the way indoors to the dining-room, growling that his nigger, Simmons, was a fool. "He *says* he closes the shutters to keep the flies out; makes the room as dark as a pocket, and there ain't

any flies this time of year, anyhow. He does it to stop my birds from singing; he can't fool me! To stop my birds!" He went over to one of the windows and pushed the shutters open with a clatter; instantly a twitter ran from cage to cage, and the fierce melancholy of his old face softened. "Hear that?" he said proudly.

"I ought to come oftener," Dr. Lavendar reproached himself; "he's lonely."

And, indeed, the room with its mammoth sideboard black with age and its solitary chair at one end of the long table, was lonely enough. On the walls, papered a generation ago with a drab paper sprinkled over with occasional pale gilt medallions, were some time-stained engravings: "The Destruction of Nineveh"; "The Trial of Jeannie Deans"; "The Death-bed of Washington." A gloomy room at best; now, with the shutters of one window still bowed, and the faint twitter of the canaries, and that one chair at the head of the table, it was very melancholy.

"Sit down!" said Benjamin Wright. Still in his moth-eaten high hat, he shuffled about to fetch from the sideboard a fat decanter with a silver chain and label around its neck, and two tumblers.

"No," said Dr. Lavendar; "I'm obliged to you."

"What, temperance?" snarled the other.

"Well, I hope so," Dr. Lavendar said, "but not a teetotaler, if that's what you mean. Only I don't happen to want any whiskey at five o'clock in the afternoon."

At which his host swore softly, and lifting the decanter, poured out two good fingers.

"Mr. Wright," said Dr. Lavendar, "I will be obliged if you will not swear in my presence."

"You needn't talk to me," cried Benjamin Wright, "I despise this damned profanity there is about."

"So do I."

The very old man snorted. "I am always scrupulously particular in my language, sir, before females and parsons. Well;—I wanted to see you, because that jack-donkey, Sam, my grandson, is causing me some anxiety."

"Why, Sam is a good boy," Dr. Lavendar protested.

"Too good. I like a boy to be human



at twenty-three. He doesn't know the wickedness of the world."

"Thank God," said Dr. Lavendar.

"Dominie, ignorance ain't virtue."

"It's a fair substitute. I wouldn't want one of my boys to be able to pass an examination on wrong-doing."

"But you want him to recognize it when he sees it, don't you?"

"If he knows goodness, you can trust him to recognize the other thing. Teach 'em goodness. Badness will label itself."

"Doesn't follow," Benjamin Wright said. "But you're a parson; parsons know about as much as females—good females. Look here! I have reasons for saying that the boy ought to get out of Old Chester. I want your assistance."

"Get out of Old Chester!—to see how wicked the world is?"

Mr. Wright shook his head. "No; he could see that here—only the puppy hasn't got his eyes open yet. A little knocking about the world, such as any boy ought to have, will open 'em. Besides, he's got—well, he's got some truck he's written. It isn't entirely bad, Lavendar, and he might as well try to get it published, or, maybe, produced in some theatre. So let him go and hunt up a publisher or a manager. Now, very likely, his—his *mother* won't approve. I want you to urge—her, to let him go."

"Travelling might be good for Sam," said Dr. Lavendar; "I admit that—though not to learn the wickedness of the world. But I don't know that it would be worth while to take a journey just on account of his writing. He could put it into an envelope and mail it to a publisher; he'd get it back just as soon," Dr. Lavendar said chuckling. "Look here, what's the matter? I can see you're concerned about the boy."

"Concerned?" cried Benjamin Wright, pounding the table with his tumbler and chewing orange-skin rapidly. "I'm damned concerned."

"I will ask, sir, that you will not swear in my presence."

Mr. Wright coughed. "I will endeavor to respect the cloth," he said stiffly.

"If you will respect yourself, it will be sufficient. As for Sam, if there's anything wrong, his father ought to know it."

"Well then, tell his—*mother*, that there is something wrong."

"What?"

Mr. Wright got up, and clasping his hands behind him, shuffled about the room. Instantly one of the canaries began to sing. "Stop that!" he said. The bird quivered with shrill music. "Stop! You! . . . There's no such thing as conversation, with these creatures about," he added in a proud aside. "Did you ever hear such singing?"

Dr. Lavendar, unable to make himself heard, shook his head.

"If you don't stop," said Mr. Wright, "I'll wring your neck!" and as the bird continued, he opened the door. "Simmons! You freckled nigger! Bring me the apron." Then he stamped, and cursed the slowness of niggers. Simmons, however, came as fast as his old legs could carry him, bearing a blue gingham apron. This, thrown over the cage, produced silence.

"There! Now, perhaps, you'll hold your tongue? . . . Lavendar, I prefer not to say what is wrong. Merely tell Sam's—*mother*, that he had better go. If—she is too mean to provide the money, I will."

"Sam's father is not too mean to do anything for Sam's welfare; but of course, a general accusation is not convincing; should not be convincing—Why!" said Dr. Lavendar, interrupting himself, "bless my heart! I believe you mean that the boy is making sheep's-eyes at your neighbor here on the hill? Is that it? Why, Benjamin, the best way to cure that is to pay no attention to it."

"Sir," said Mr. Wright, sinking into his chair breathlessly, and tapping the table with one veined old finger; "when I was a young man, it was not thought proper to introduce the name of a female into a discussion between gentlemen."

"Well," Dr. Lavendar admitted, "maybe not—when you were young. But all of us young folks in Old Chester know perfectly well that Sam is smitten, and we are ignoring it."

"What! His—*mother* knows it?"

"His father knows it perfectly well," said Dr. Lavendar, smiling.

Mr. Wright got up again, his fingers twitching with impatience. "Lavendar," he began—another bird trilled, and snarling with annoyance, he pulled the



blue apron from the first cage and threw it over the second. "These creatures drive me distracted! . . . Lavendar, to get Sam out of Old Chester, I might almost consent to see his—his—his *mother*, if there was no other way to accomplish it."

At that Dr. Lavendar stopped smiling. "Benjamin," he said solemnly, "if any foolishness on the part of the boy brings you to such wisdom, the hand of the Lord will be in it!"

"I don't want to see—her!" cried Benjamin Wright; "but Sam's got to get away from this place for a while, and if you won't persuade his—*mother* to allow it, why I might be driven to seeing—her. But why shouldn't he try to get his truck published?"

Dr. Lavendar was very much moved. "If you'll only see your son," he said, "this other business will straighten itself out, somehow. But—" he paused; "getting Sam's play published isn't a very good excuse for seeing him. I'd rather have him think you were worried because the boy had an attack of calf-love. No; I wouldn't want you to talk about theatrical things," Dr. Lavendar ended thoughtfully.

"Why not?"

"Well, the fact is, Samuel has no sympathy with dramas or playhouses. I do not myself approve of the theatre, but I am told respectable persons have adopted the profession. Samuel, however, can't find any good in it."

"He can't, can't he? Well, well; it was efficacious—it was efficacious!"

"What was efficacious?"

Benjamin Wright laughed loudly. "You don't know? He never told you?"

"You mean what you and he quarrelled about? No; he never told me."

"He was a fool."

"Benjamin, if you were not a fool at twenty-four, you missed a good deal."

"And now he objects to theatrical things?"

"He objects so intensely," said Dr. Lavendar, "that, anxious as I am to have you meet and bring this foolish and wicked quarrel to an end, I should really hesitate to have you do so, if you insisted on discussing that subject."

Benjamin Wright lifted one trembling fist. "It was efficacious!"

"And you would give your right hand to undo it," said Dr. Lavendar.

The very old man lowered his shaking right hand and looked at it; then he said sullenly, "I only wanted his own good. You ought to see that—a parson!"

"But you forget; I don't know what it was about."

Mr. Wright's face twitched. "Well," he said spasmodically, "I'll—tell you. I—"

"Yes?"

"I—" his voice broke, then he coughed, then he tried to laugh. "Simple enough; simple enough. I had occasion to send him to Mercer. He was to come back that night." Mr. Wright stopped; poured some whiskey into his glass, and forgetting to add any water, drank it at a gulp. "He didn't come back until the next afternoon."

"Yes. Well?"

"In those days I was of—of somewhat hasty temper."

"So I have heard," said Dr. Lavendar.

Benjamin Wright glared. "When I was young, listening to gossip was not thought becoming in the cloth. When he came, I learned that he had stayed over in Mercer—without my consent, mark you—to go to the theatre!"

"Well?" said Dr. Lavendar. "He was twenty-four. Why should he have your consent?"

Mr. Wright waved this question aside. "When he came home, I spoke with some severity."

"This quarrel," said Dr. Lavendar, "is not built on such folly as that."

Benjamin Wright shook his head, and made a careless gesture with his trembling hand. "Not—entirely. I reprov'd him, as I say. And he was impertinent. Impertinent, mind you, to his father! And I—in those days my temper was somewhat quick—I—"

"Yes?"

But Mr. Wright seemed unable to proceed, except to say again, "I—reprov'd him."

"But," Dr. Lavendar protested, "you don't mean to tell me that Samuel, just for a reproof, an unkind and unjust reproof, would—why, I cannot believe it!"

"It was not unjust!" Benjamin Wright's melancholy eyes flamed angrily.



"I know Samuel," said Dr. Lavendar. "He is obstinate; I've told him so a hundred times. And he's conceited—so's everybody, more or less; if in nothing else, we're conceited because we're not conceited. But he's not a fool. So, whether he is right or not, I am sure he thinks he had something more to complain of than a good blowing-up?"

"In a way," said the old man, examining his ridgy finger-nails and speaking with a gasp, "he—had. Slightly."

Dr. Lavendar's stern lip trembled with anxiety. "What?"

"I—chastised him; a little."

"You—*what*?"

Benjamin Wright nodded; the wrinkled pouches under his eyes grew dully red. "My God!" he said plaintively; "think of that—a hasty moment! Thirty-two years; my God! I—spanked him."

Dr. Lavendar opened his lips to speak, but found no words.

"And he was offended! Offended? What right had *he* to be offended? I was the offended party! He went to a low theatre. Apparently you see nothing wrong in that? Well, I've always said that every parson had the making of an actor in him. It's a toss-up—the stage or the pulpit. Same thing at bottom. But perhaps even *you* won't approve of his staying away all night? Smoking! Drinking! He'd been drunk. He confessed it. And there was a woman in it. He confessed that. Said they'd all 'gone to supper together.' Well; I suppose you'd have had me smile at him, and tuck him up in bed to sleep off his headache, and give him a stick of candy? That wasn't my way. I reprov'd him. I—chastised him. Perfectly proper. Perhaps—unusual. He was twenty-four, and I laid him across my knee, and—well; I got over it in fifteen minutes. I was, perhaps, hasty. My temper in those days was not what it is now. But I forgave him in fifteen minutes; and he had gone! He's been gone—for thirty-two years. My God!"

He poured out another finger of whiskey, but forgot to drink it. A canary-bird chirped loudly, then lapsed into a sleepy twitter.

"I was well rid of him! To make a quarrel out of a thing like that—a joke, as you might say. I laughed, myself,

afterwards, at the thought of it. A fellow of twenty-four—spanked! Why didn't he swear and be done with it? I would have reprov'd him for his profanity, of course. Profanity in young persons is a thing I will not tolerate; Simmons will tell you so. But it would have cleared the air. If he had done that, we'd have been laughing about it, now;—he and I." The old man suddenly put both hands over his face, and a broken sound came from behind them.

Dr. Lavendar shook his head, speechlessly.

"What's the matter with you?" cried Benjamin Wright, pulling off his hat and banging it down on the table so fiercely that the crown collapsed on one side like an accordion. "Good God! Can't you see the tomfoolery of this business of thirty-two years of hurt feelings?"

Dr. Lavendar was silent.

"What! You excuse him? When I was young, parsons believed in the Ten Commandments; 'Honor thy father and thy mother—'"

"There is another scripture which saith, 'Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath.' And when it comes to the Commandments, I would commend the third to your attention. As for Samuel, you robbed him."

"Robbed him?"

"You took his self-respect. A young man's dignity, at twenty-four, is as precious to him as a woman's modesty. You stole it. Yes; you robbed him. Our Heavenly Father doesn't do that, when He punishes us. We lose our dignity ourselves; but He never robs us of it. Did ye ever notice that? Well; you robbed Samuel. My—my—*my*!" Dr. Lavendar sighed wearily. For, indeed, the matter looked very dark. Here was the moment he had prayed for—the readiness of one or the other of the two men to take the first step towards reconciliation. Such readiness, he had thought, would mean the healing of the dreadful wound, whatever it was; forgiveness on the father's part of some terrible wrongdoing, forgiveness on the son's part of equally terrible hardness of heart. Instead he found a cruel and ridiculous mortification, made permanent by thirty-two unpardoning years. Here was no sin to command the dreadful dignity of



repentance, with its divine response of forgiveness. The very lack of seriousness in the cause made the effect more serious. He looked over at the older man, and shook his head. . . .

How could they pay their debts to each other, this father and son? Could Benjamin Wright return the self-respect he had stolen away? Could Samuel offer that filial affection which should have blessed all these empty years? A wickedly ludicrous memory seemed to forbid the solemnity of a reconciliation; below any attempt the father might make, there would be a grin, somewhere; below any attempt the son might make, there would be a cringe, somewhere. The only possible hope was in absolute, flat commonplace. Play-writing, as a subject of conversation, was out of the question!

"Benjamin," he said with agitation, "I thank God that you are willing to see Samuel; but you must promise me not to refer to Sam's play. You must promise me this, or the last end of the quarrel will be worse than the first."

"I haven't said I was willing to see him," Mr. Wright broke out; "I'm *not* willing! Is it likely that I would hanker after an interview? All I want is to get the boy away from Old Chester, and to do that, I would even— But if you will tell his—relatives that, in my judgment, he ought to go away, that is all that is necessary."

"No! You must urge it yourself," Dr. Lavendar said eagerly. "Put it on the ground of calf-love, if you want to. I'll tell Samuel you want to get Sam out of town because you're afraid he's falling in love with Mrs. Richie; and you'd like to consult him about it."

But the old man began a scrabbling retreat. "No! No!" he said, putting on his hat with shaking hands. "No; don't tell anybody anything. I'll find some other way out of it. Let it go. Seeing his—relatives is a last resource. If they are so virtuous as to object to plays, I'll try something else. *Object?*" he repeated. "Gad-a-mercy! My discipline was successful!" He grinned wickedly.

Dr. Lavendar made no reply. The interview had been a strain, and he got up a little feebly. Benjamin Wright, as he saw him to the door, swore again at

some misdemeanor on the part of Simons, but was not rebuked.

The old minister climbed into his buggy, and told Goliath to "g'long." As he passed the Stuffed Animal House, he peered through the little dusty window of the hood; but David was not in sight.

## CHAPTER XII

"I THINK," said Dr. Lavendar, as he and Goliath came plodding into Old Chester in the May dusk, "I think I'll go and see Willy. He'll tell me how much Sam's love-making amounts to."

His mind was on the matter to such an extent that he hardly heard Mary's anxious scolding because he looked tired; but his preoccupation lifted at supper, in the consciousness of how lonely he was without David. He really wanted to get out of the house and leave the loneliness behind him. So after tea he put on his broad-brimmed felt hat and tied a blue muffler around his throat—Dr. Lavendar felt the cold a good deal; he said it was because the seasons were changing—and walked wearily over to Dr. King's house. That talk with Benjamin Wright had told on him.

"Well," he said, as the doctor's wife opened the door; "how are you, Martha?"

"Very tired," said Mrs. King. "And dear me, Dr. Lavendar, you look tired yourself. You're too old to do so much, sir. Come in and sit down."

"I'll sit down," said Dr. Lavendar, dropping into a chair in the parlor; "but don't flatter yourself, Martha, that you'll ever be as young as I am!" ("He *is* failing," Mrs. King told her husband afterwards. "He gets his words all mixed up. He says 'young' when he means 'old.' Isn't that a sign of something, William?" "It's a sign of grace," said the doctor, shortly.)

"I want Willy to come over and give my Mary a pill," Dr. Lavendar explained. "She is as cross as a bear, and cross people are generally sick people—although I suppose that's Mary's temperament," he added sighing.

Martha shook her head. "In my judgment *temperament* is just another word for temper! I don't believe in making excuses for it. That's a great trick of William's, I'm sorry to say."



"I should have thought you'd have cured him of it by this time?" Dr. Lavendar murmured; and then he asked if the doctor was out.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. King, dryly; "Willy always manages to get out in the evenings on one excuse or another. You'd think he'd be glad of a restful evening at home with me, sometimes. But no; William's patients need a surprising amount of attention, though his bills don't show it. When Mrs. Richie's cook was sick—just as an instance,—he went six times to see her. I counted."

"Well; she got well?" said Dr. Lavendar.

"Got well? She'd have got well if he hadn't gone near her."

Dr. Lavendar chuckled. Martha began to stroke the gathers on a bit of cambric with a precise needle that suddenly trembled.

"Of course, the woman herself was not to blame; it's only just to say that. And there's one thing about me, Dr. Lavendar; I am *always* just. No; she was not to blame; it was Mrs. Richie who sent for William. She is the most helpless woman I ever saw, for her years;—she is at least forty, though she uses sachet-powders, and wears undersleeves all trimmed with lace, as if she were sixteen! I don't want to find fault, Dr. Lavendar, but I must say, flatly and frankly, that I wouldn't have trusted that little boy to her."

"Oh," said Dr. Lavendar, "I trusted *her* to the little boy! She'll be so busy looking after his sleeves, she'll forget her own."

Mrs. King sniffed, doubtfully. "I'm sure I hope you are right; but in my opinion, she's a very helpless and foolish woman;—if nothing worse. Though according to my ideas, the way she lets Sam Wright's Sam behave *is* worse!"

Dr. Lavendar was suddenly attentive. "How does she let him behave?"

"Well, he is so daft over her that he neglects his work at the bank to write verses. Why doesn't she stop it?"

"Because," said William King, appearing in the doorway, smelling honestly of the barn and picking off a straw here and there from his sleeve; "she knows nothing about it."

Dr. Lavendar and Martha both looked up, startled at his tone.

"Women," said the doctor, "would gossip about a—a clam!"

"I am not gossiping!" Martha defended herself; but Dr. Lavendar interrupted her, cheerfully.

"Well, I am. I came over to gossip with William on this very subject.—Martha, will you let him put a match to that grate? I declare, the seasons are changing. When I was your age it wasn't cold enough to have a fire in May.—Look here, Willy, what do you mean by saying Mrs. Richie doesn't know Sam's sentiments?"

"I mean that women like Mrs. Richie are so unconscious, they don't see things like that. She's as unconscious as a girl."

"Tck!" said Martha.

"A girl!" said Dr. Lavendar.—"Say a tree, or a boy; but don't say a girl. Why, William, everybody sees it. Even Benjamin Wright. Of course she knows it."

"She doesn't; she isn't the kind that thinks of things like that. Of course, some women would have discovered it months ago; one of your strong-minded ladies, perhaps—only Sam wouldn't have been spoony on that kind."

"Well!" said Martha, "I must say, flatly and frankly—"

But William interrupted her—"To prove what I say: she lets him come in and bore her to death, just out of kindness. Do you suppose she would do that if she knew he was such an idiot as to presume to—to—"

"Well," said Dr. Lavendar, "as there is so much ignorance about, perhaps Sam doesn't know he's lost his heart?"

But at that William laughed; "*He* knows! Trust a young fellow! That's just the difference between a man and a woman, sir; the man always knows; the woman, if she's the right kind, doesn't—until she's told."

"Tck!" said Martha.

Dr. Lavendar looked down at the bowl of his pipe; then he said meekly, "I was under the impression that Eve ate her apple before Adam had so much as a bite. Still, whether Mrs. Richie knows the state of Sam's affections or not, I do wish she would urge him to put his mind on his work. That's what I came



in to speak to you about. His father is all on edge about it, and now his grandfather has taken it into his head to be worried over it, too. But you know her better than the rest of us do, and I thought perhaps you'd drop a hint that she would be doing missionary work if she'd influence the boy to be more industrious."

"I'll go and talk it over with her," Martha volunteered. "I am always ready to advise any one."

William King got up and kicked at a lump of coal in the grate. "I am sure you are," he said dryly; "but no talking over is necessary. I shall probably be going up the hill in a few days, and I'll say a word if Dr. Lavendar wants me to. Nothing definite; just enlist her sympathy for his father—and get her to protect herself, too. He must be an awful nuisance."

"That's it!" said Dr. Lavendar. "I'd do it myself, but you know her better than I do. I'm getting acquainted with her through David. David is really a remarkable child! I can't tell you how I miss him." And then he began to relate David's sayings, while Martha sewed fiercely, and William stared at the hearth-rug. Dr. Lavendar watched them with swift glances over his spectacles; before he finished his stories, he had wrung a reluctant laugh from the doctor, and Mrs. King did not sew so fast. Then he went home, not much rested by his call.

But the result of the call was that at the end of the week Dr. King went up to the Stuffed Animal House.

"We are shipwrecked!" cried Mrs. Richie, as she saw him coming down the garden path towards the barn. Her face was flushed and gay, and her hair, shaken from its shining wreath around her head, hung in two braids down her back. She had had a swing put up under the big buttonwood beside the stable, and David, climbing into it, had clung to the rigging to be dashed, sidewise, on to the rocks of the carriageway, where Mrs. Richie stood ready to catch him when the vessel should drive near enough to the shore. In an endeavor to save himself from some engulfing sea, which his playmate had pointed out to him, David had clutched at her, breaking the top hook of her gown and tearing her collar

apart, leaving her throat, white and round, open to the hot sun. Before the doctor reached her, she caught her dress together, and twisted her hair into a knot. "You can't keep things smooth in a shipwreck," she excused herself, laughing.

David sighed, and looked into the carriage-house. In that jungle—Mrs. Richie had called it a jungle—were wild beasts; there were also crackers and apples,—or to be exact, breadfruit and citrons,—hanging from what George called "harness-racks," though of course, as thoughtful persons know, they were trees; David was to gather these tropical spoils, and then escape from the leopard, the shark, the crocodile! And now here was Dr. King, spoiling everything.

The doctor sat down on a keg and looked at the two, smiling. "Which is the younger of you?" he said. It came over him, in a gust of amusement, what Martha would say to such a scene, and he laughed aloud.

"Dr. King," said David, in a small distinct voice, "won't Jinny run away, if you leave her so long at the gate?"

"Oh, David!" cried Mrs. Richie, horrified. But the visitor threw back his head with a shout.

"That's what my wife would call speaking 'flatly and frankly'! Well, Mrs. Richie, I never wrote a better prescription in my life. You look like a different woman, already."

And, indeed, the youth in her face was as careless as David's own. But it flagged when he added that he hoped her brother would not think the care of David would be too much for her.

"Oh, no," she said, briefly.

"I feel like saying 'I told you so'! I knew you would like to have a child about."

"I do, but he is a tyrant. Aren't you, David? I have to get up for breakfast!"

"Terrible," said William delightedly.

"Why, but it *is*. I don't know when I've done such a thing! At first I thought I really couldn't. But I couldn't leave you all by yourself, down-stairs; could I, David?"

"I'd just as lieves," said David, gently.

"Oh, how like your sex!" Helena cried.

"What do you suppose I've come for?" Dr. King began in the bantering tone



one uses to a child. "I've come to get you to exert your influence to improve business. *Business!*" he repeated, delighted at his own absurdity; "a lady who finds it hard to get up in the mornings."

She looked at him ruefully; "I'm lazy, I am afraid."

"No, you're not—it's a very sensible thing to do, if you are not very strong. Well, I must tell you what we want; Sam Wright is anxious, because young Sam neglects his work at the bank, and—"

"But he doesn't like business," she explained with a surprised look; and William laughed with pleasure.

"So that's a reason for not attending to it? Unfortunately, that's the young man's own point of view. He's a queer youngster," William added in his kind voice.

"I don't think it's queer not to like disagreeable things," Helena said.

"Well, no; but all the same, we've got to stand them. Sam has no patience with anything disagreeable. Why, when he was a little fellow—let me see, he was younger than David; about four, I think—he scratched his finger one day pretty severely; it smarted, I guess, badly. Anyway, he roared! Then he picked up a pair of scissors and ran bawling to his mother; 'Mamma, cut finger off! It hurts Sam—cut finger off!' That's been his principle ever since: 'it hurts—get rid of it.'"

"I don't blame him in the least," Helena protested gayly; "I'm sure I've wanted to 'cut finger off.' And I have done it, too!"

"Well," said the doctor with great pretence of gravity, "I suppose, then, we'll have to tell old Mr. Wright that nobody must ever do anything he doesn't want to do? It appears that he's worried, too, because the young gentleman isn't industrious. The fact is, he thinks Sam would rather come up here than work over his ledgers," he teased.

At which she jumped to her feet with a nervous gesture of her hands. "But I wish he wouldn't come. I don't want him to come. I can't help it; indeed I—I can't help it!" She spoke with a sort of gasp. Instantly David, who had been lounging in the swing, slipped down and planted himself directly in front of her,

his arms stretched out at each side. "I'll take care of you," he said protectingly.

William caught his breath. No one could have heard the frightened note in her voice without understanding David's impulse. The doctor shared it. Evidently Sam had been making love to her, and her very innocence made her quick to feel herself rebuked! William felt an ardent desire to kick Sam Wright's Sam.

But Mrs. Richie was herself again; she laughed, tho' not quite naturally, and sat down in the swing, swaying slightly back and forth with an indolent push of her pretty foot. David lounged against her knee, eying the doctor with frank displeasure. "I am sure," Mrs. Richie said, "I wish Sam would attend to his ledgers; it would be much better than making visits."

"Dr. King," David inquired, gently, "are you going pretty soon?"

The laugh that followed changed the subject, although warm in William's consciousness was the thought that she had let him know what the subject meant to her, and that he shared a secret with her. She had told him, indirectly perhaps, but still told him of her troubles with young Sam. It was as if she had put out her hand and said, "Help me!" Inarticulately, he felt what David had said, "I'll take care of you!" And his first care must be to make her forget what had distressed her. He said with the air of one imparting interesting information, that sometime in the next fortnight he would probably go to Philadelphia on business. "Can I do any errands for you? Don't you ladies always want ribbons, or something?"

"Does Mrs. King let you buy ribbons for her?" Helena asked indolently.

"Ribbons! I am to buy yarn, and some particular brand of lye for soap."

"Lye! How do you make soap out of lye?"

"You save all the"—William hesitated for a sufficiently delicate word—"the—fat, you know, in the kitchen, and then you make soft soap."

"Why! I didn't know that was how soap was made."

"I'm glad you didn't," said William King. "I mean—it's disagreeable," he ended weakly. And then, to David's

open joy, he said good-by and jogged off down the hill, leaving Mrs. Richie to her new responsibilities of discipline.

"Now, David, come here. I've got to scold you."

David promptly climbed up into the swing and settled himself in her lap. Then he snuggled his little nose down into her neck. "I'm a bear," he announced. "I'm eating you. Now, you scream and I'll roar."

"Oh, David, you little monkey! Listen to me; you weren't very polite to Dr. King."

"O-o-o-o-o!" roared the bear.

"You should make him feel you were glad to see him."

"I wasn't," mumbled David.

"But you must have manners, dear little boy."

"I have," David defended himself, sitting up straight. "I have them in my head; but I only use them sometimes."

Upon which the disciplinarian collapsed; "You rogue!" she said; "come here, and I'll give you 'forty kisses'!"

David was instantly silent; he shrank away, lifting his shoulder against his cheek and looking at her shyly. The childish loyalty made her eyes sting; "I won't!" she reassured him, tenderly.

But she said to herself she must remember to repeat the speech about manners to the doctor; it would make him laugh.

William laughed easily when he came to the Stuffed Animal House. Indeed, he had laughed when he went away from it, and stopped for a minute at Dr. Lavendar's to tell him that Mrs. Richie was just as anxious as anybody that Sam Wright should attend to his business. "*Business!*" said the doctor, "much she knows about it!" And then he added that he was sure she would do her part to influence the boy to be more industrious. "And you may depend upon it, she won't allow any love-making," said William.

He laughed again suddenly, aloud, as he ate his supper that night, because some memory of the afternoon came into his head. When Martha, starting at the

unusual sound, asked what he was laughing at, he told her he had found Mrs. Richie playing with David Allison. "They were like two children; I said I didn't know which was the younger. They were pretending they were shipwrecked; the swing was the vessel, if you please!"

"I suppose she was trying to amuse him," Mrs. King said. "That's a great mistake with children. Give a child a book, or put him down to some useful task; that's my idea."

"Oh, she was amusing herself," William explained.

Mrs. King was silent.

"She gets up for breakfast now, on account of David; it's evidently a great undertaking!" the doctor said humorously.

Martha held her lips hard together.

"You ought to hear her housekeeping ideas," William rambled on. "I happened to say you wanted some lye for soap. She didn't know soap was made with lye! You would have laughed to hear her—"

But at that the leash broke. "*Laughed?* I hope not! I hope I wouldn't laugh because a woman of her age has no more sense than a child. And she gets up for breakfast, does she? Well, why shouldn't she get up for breakfast? I am very tired, but I get up for breakfast. I don't mean to be severe, William, and I never am; I'm only just. But I must say, flatly and frankly, that ignorance and laziness do not seem *funny* to me. Laugh? Would you laugh if I stayed in bed in the mornings, and didn't know how to make soap, and save your money for you? I guess not!"

The doctor's face reddened and he closed his lips with a snap. But Martha found no more fault with Mrs. Richie. After a while she said in that virtuous voice familiar to husbands, "William, I know you don't like to do it, so I cleaned all the medicine-shelves in your office this morning."

"Thank you," William said, curtly; and finished his supper in absolute silence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



# The University of Geneva

BY CHARLES F. THWING, LL.D.

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UNIVERSITIES, like poems and pictures, are largely determined in their character by their environment. Given a location wherein great history has been making for two thousand years; where Germany, France, and Italy unite as on neutral territory; a spot which Ruskin calls the "most lovely and the most notable, without any possible dispute, of the European universe"; given, too, a climate in which, as say the guide-books, "the heat is always bearable and the cold is never excessive"; and given, also, a people whose fathers have won their political independence, and are able to maintain their political rights rather by the sufferance of the European concert than by the force of their own arms; a city which M. Guizot used to say represented one of the two ecclesiastical centres of Europe; a city, moreover, whose people have been called the most cultivated of the world, whose social relations are simple, free at once from the extremes of both luxury and poverty; a people, furthermore, small in numbers, as compared with the population of metropolitan cities; a community, also, progressive without radicalism, one whose religion is both Protestant and Catholic, in whom also is found the heritage of great respect for education,—given all of these conditions:—what shall be the type of the university that shall emerge? How far forth shall early conditions determine future and ultimate development? The early people of Geneva, says John Morley, "had a zeal for religion, a vigorous energy in government, a passion for freedom, a devotion to ingenious industries, which marked them with a stamp unlike that of any other community." The type, indeed, shall not be an Oxford, for Oxford is the home of the Middle Ages and the nurse of high and narrow traditionalism. Neither shall it be a Leipsic or a Berlin,

for the university on the Spree represents imperialism in scholarship. Nor shall it be a St. Petersburg, for the university on the Neva stands for limitations in undergraduate movement and student life. Rather the result shall be an illustration of the Aristotelian doctrine of the golden mean—a university in which students shall neither be so numerous as they are in Berlin nor so few as they are in Rostock; in which professors shall belong to the great third estate of scholarship and teaching; in which the courses of instruction shall embody the large historic movements of learning and of tuition; and in which student life shall be simple without plainness, and dignified without luxuriousness. Such, indeed, is the result as embodied in the University of Geneva.

Behind this result, at present obtaining, lies a prolonged and pregnant history. This history begins, for our present purpose, with John Calvin, under whose guidance and inspiration Geneva founded, in 1559, an academy having the four faculties of Philosophy, Jurisprudence, Theology, and the Natural Sciences. It is to the disadvantage of Calvin that the greatness of his fame as a theologian has obscured his merits as an educator and administrator. Of him a writer of the traditions and beliefs of George Bancroft could say:

"Calvin was the father of popular education, the inventor of the system of free schools. . . . The Pilgrims of Plymouth were Calvinists; the best influence in South Carolina came from the Calvinists of France. William Penn was the disciple of the Huguenots; the ships from Holland that first brought colonists to Manhattan were filled with Calvinists. He that will not honor the memory and respect the influence of Calvin, knows but little of the origin of





THE UNIVERSITY OF GENEVA

American liberty." In the regard which Calvin paid to education, elementary and advanced, he was simply illustrating and promoting the intellectual movement which preceded, accompanied, and followed the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century. The principles upon which the academy of Calvin at Geneva was founded were logically and pedagogically sound, and its methods of administration efficient. The general course of study was not unlike that prevailing to-day in the best fitting schools, omitting the sciences and the modern languages. The Greek and Latin authors read then are the ones which are still read, and the order of reading was that which yet obtains. The students in Calvin's institution were obliged to follow a strict regimen. The rules governing their behavior were more personal than emerged in the history of Harvard College, almost one hundred years after. Cards, dancing, banquets, "*les réunions joyeuses inter pocula*" were prohibited.

Even the freedom of "drinking punch in a sober manner," which was later allowed to Harvard men, was denied to the Genevese student. The moral and ecclesiastical beliefs, too, to which the teachers were obliged to assent were stiff, although not unreasonable, seen in the light of the religious methods of the second half of the sixteenth century. Anabaptists, as well as Romanists, were not to be suffered to ravage the sheepfold of the true faith. Great names adorned the history of the institution at the beginning and for more than a century and a half. The greatest of these names, after that of Calvin, was Besa, who was his successor in the Chair of Theology, in whose arms he died and who for forty-one years was a teacher. From many parts and for diverse purposes, came those who were enrolled upon the teaching staff. Thomas Cartwright and Andrew Melville came from England as lecturers. From Germany, as well as from France, also were called professors.



Joseph Justus Scaliger, acknowledged as the chief scholar of his time, here lectured for two years, from 1572 to 1574. Isaac Casaubon filled the Chair of Greek from 1582 to 1596. Charles

fluence was strong. From both Geneva and from the State of Virginia came intimations of a willingness to transplant the faculty of the university to the New World. Jefferson had given up his



HENRI FREDERIC AMIEL

Frederick Necker was a Professor of Law from 1725 to 1762. Jacob Vernet served in the Chair of Literature from 1739 to 1756, and in that of Hebrew from 1756 to 1786. Horace Benedict de Saussure was Professor of Philosophy for almost a quarter of a century, beginning his term in 1762.

In the last years of the eighteenth century occurred a singular episode in the history of the university. Political disturbances were ravaging the academic establishment. The professors were dissatisfied with their environment. It was a time in America when the French in-

idea of trying to develop the old William and Mary College into a State university. Correspondence between Jefferson, Washington, and representatives of the university at Geneva shows that had the people of Virginia favored the scheme, the Academy of Calvin might have become the University of Jefferson. Among the teachers whom it was proposed should come to America were Mouchon, Pictet, Senebier, Bertrand and L'Huillier, Prévost and De Saussure. These men were distinguished largely for their researches in mathematics and in the physical and natural sciences. But the conservative Virginians thought the scheme too expensive. The appeal which Jefferson made to Washington for support did not receive encouragement. The sober-minded Washington doubted the wisdom of bringing a body of foreigners into America who might not be familiar with the language and whose political environment was unlike our own. He also believed that if foreigners were to be elected as professors they should not all hail

from a single nation. The verdict of Washington restrained the enthusiasm of Jefferson. Presently the project came to an end. Jefferson had to wait more than a quarter of a century before founding a university, one into which he did finally bring several great men and foreigners. The Academy at Geneva was thus privileged to pursue its normal and historic development. In the year 1873, more than three centuries after the foundation of the Academy, the university was finally and formally established.

The physical conditions were and are not without a certain general relation to

the great principle of Aristotle of the golden mean. On one side of a noble park stand the buildings erected thirty years ago. The main entrance is made through the Bastions, symbol of rest and of pleasure. The rear walls abut on the public street, significant of human relationships. Near by is the noble theatre. The buildings are three, built on as many sides of the square, yet so united as to appear as one. The architecture is of the German type, of strength and of plainness. In the central hallways reminders of the University of Berlin emerge. The lecture and other rooms, too, represent the German type. Much, also, of the physical apparatus seems to have a certain heaviness indicative of Teutonic origin. If the Germans, by the way, are greater than the Americans in forming theories of the great laws of nature, in making instruments to present these theories and to illustrate these laws the new people over the seas are far more apt.

A similar large and common character is manifest in the courses of instruction which are offered the students. Unique courses are seldom proposed. I find, for instance, no such affluence of offerings of courses in the mathematical and physical sciences as Harvard University sets forth in these departments. Leaving out certain subjects offered by the *privat doctents*, the better denominational colleges of Illinois, of Minnesota, or of Iowa are giving as full instruction to their students in the great scientific subjects as the University of Geneva. The comparison to the American college cannot be so fully or advantageously extended as to cover the *sciences sociales*. The historical grammar of the Romance languages, the classification and general history of the sciences—historical and geographical—and Egyptology, represent courses, too, which are not given in the larger share of the American colleges.

Yet the place occupied by the "Seminary" in Geneva is one which represents an opportunity seldom offered to the American student. The opportunity is becoming open to him, and as he proves himself more worthy of the closer personal association which it represents, and more able to discuss the problems which it formally and informally offers, it will

become his privilege more constantly and in larger relations.

The type of theology which is taught in the lecture-rooms of the university is not what would be called in New England "Calvinistic." Although Dean Montet, Professor Chantre, and other members of the faculty of theology still think of themselves as the spiritual descendants of John Calvin, yet the kinship is one rather of atmosphere than of specific beliefs. The rallying cries are "essential religion," "spiritual Christianity," "vitality and breadth," and "freedom of thought." The ideal conception, both theological and political, is found in the free church in the free state. The members of the faculty find their theological associates in such scholars and teachers as Otto Pfleiderer and Adolf Harnack of Berlin, Professor J. Eslin Carpenter of Oxford, Dean Fremantle of Ripon, Professor Oort of Leyden, and in leaders of the liberal movement in religion of the United States, such as Professor Francis G. Peabody of Harvard, and Dr. Samuel A. Eliot.

Forces which make a college valuable to a student are numerous and diverse in origin and application. Among such forces are the personality of the teacher, and, to a degree, his reputation, the formation of the habit of work, the enrichment of friendship, and a deepening acquaintance with humanity. The personalities who constitute the faculty of Geneva and of the other Swiss universities do not, or cannot, lay claim to such eminence as belongs to Haeckel at Jena, to Weissman at Freiburg, in Baden, or to several of the great men at Berlin. The most famous member of the staff of Geneva of recent decades was, of course, Amiel.

But the fame of Amiel is not primarily academic. He belongs to humanity and not to the plane-trees. Amiel died in 1881. One of his students said to me recently that his college lectures were comparatively without interest. The number of his students was small. Purposely, he declined to impress either his personality or his message upon his auditors. His respect for their individuality was so great that he refused to ask them to accept of his own. "He protects the intellectual freedom . . . of his students



with the same jealousy as he protects his own. There shall be no oratorical device, no persuading, no cajoling of the mind this way or that." Mrs. Ward also says in her preface to his *Journal*, "As a professor he made no mark." She further quotes one of his students as saying: "His pupils at Geneva never learned to appreciate him at his true worth. We did justice, no doubt, to a knowledge as varied as it was wide, to his vast stores of reading, to that cosmopolitanism of the best kind which he had brought back with him from his travels; we liked him for his indulgence, his kindly wit. But I look back without any sense of pleasure to his lectures." For, in the academic lecture he was a different being from the writer of the *Journal Intime*. *Schema-tismus* took the place of interpretation, intellectual framework of speculation, and formal presentation of formal truth stood in the stead of expositions of the relation of man to the two worlds of the finite and the infinite between which he ever moves. It was not until after the publication of a few of the seventeen thousand pages of his manuscripts that his students and the Genevese realized that their city had had its Dante. In the university signs of his presence are not lacking. A noble bust stands near the entrance to the Aula—a bust which conveys an impression of spirit, vigor, and the alertness of a doer in the world's work far more impressively than any one of the several photographs which I have seen intimates.

But an environment historic and vital may, in certain respects, have an influence as valuable as is the influence of personality. An environment—noble, impressive—touches the student of the University of Geneva. For here Rousseau labored to make the community, as well as Calvin the church, democratic. Here the cause of international arbitration began its great and enlarging history and achieved one of its greatest results, settling grave questions touching England, the United States, and the world, in what is known as the Geneva Award. Here the Red Cross movement had its origin, and here, too, the cause of minority representation in political bodies—a cause which is sure to have its revival—took its beginning. Amiel says,

under date of the 6th of July, 1880, "Geneva is a caldron always at boiling-point, a furnace of which the fires are never extinguished. Vulcan had more than one forge, and Geneva is certainly one of those world-anvils on which the greatest number of projects have been hammered out. When one thinks that the martyrs of all causes have been at work here, the mystery is explained a little; but the truest explanation is that Geneva,—republican, protestant, democratic, learned, and enterprising Geneva—has for centuries depended on herself alone for the solution of her own difficulties. Since the Reformation she has been always on the alert, marching with a lantern in her left hand and a sword in her right."

Personalities many and great have their association for the student in this academic neighborhood. The streets are generally named after the great men of Geneva. For it is not simply the city of Calvin and of Rousseau, it is the city of Voltaire, of Madame de Staël, of Necker, and of men as diverse as Sey, the political economist, of Ampère, and of Albert Gallatin. Here Guizot spent his early life; here John Knox preached two years, and hither in 1829 came Sir Humphry Davy to die, having as his companion his "greatest discovery," Faraday. Time would fail one to tell of Victor Cherbuliez, of Wagner—who here wrote a part of his *Valkyrie*,—of musicians, of statesmen, of poets, like Byron, whose personalities or works are associated with the little city and make it of inspiring and achieving force for the student. This influence of atmosphere belongs to all the students in at least some degree. It also serves to unite the diverse conditions of men and women who hither come into the academic community. For the community is composed of both men and women, of students of the summer schools as well as of the more regular matriculants, and of hearers—a form of the university community which exists in many Continental universities in a larger degree than in the United States, and which is worthy of a more careful elaboration. The summer school in the French language and literature appears of special significance. It is designed particularly for foreign teachers



who give instruction in this language and who are staying in Geneva a few weeks. Into this community come constantly foreigners of many nationalities, among whom Russians are conspicuous. For Geneva is a city of refugees. It occupies a place such as Holland's cities filled three hundred years ago. The university partakes of the freedom and hospitality of its community. Many Germans matriculate for a semester to learn French, the Russians to learn medicine, and the Americans—not many—to learn a bit of many things, or, less often, much of one.

Geneva is only one of the universities of its little Switzerland. Basel, founded in 1460; Lausanne, founded as an academy in 1537, and as a university in 1890; Zürich, founded in 1832; Bern, founded in 1834; Freiburg, founded in 1889—have each secured a high educational place, though in its historic impressiveness Geneva is unique. But Geneva and her five companions are noble illustrations of

the spirit and power of democracy. Their support is derived largely from the cantons in which they are located. Although the constitution of 1848 authorized the federal government to erect and to maintain a polytechnic school and university, the university has not been established. The cantons support their universities with a willingness which is as great as obtains in the States of the American Union touching their respective State universities. The University of Zürich is maintained by a commonwealth of but three hundred and fifty thousand people, and within an area of less than seven hundred square miles. Basel, with a population of less than one hundred thousand, supports its university. They are examples of the power of an enlightened democracy which interests itself in the highest education. This interest is not confined, either, to the cause of liberal learning. For the technical schools of Zürich are among the best of the world.



CHATEAU OF VOLTAIRE AT FERNEY, NEAR GENEVA





STATUE OF ROUSSEAU

The republic of the United States and the republic of Switzerland are alike in their belief in the necessity of the highest education for the highest life of the people. The spirit of Geneva and the spirit also of every worthy university town is well indicated in an inscription which is cut in a stone tablet, placed in the centre of the outer wall of the build-

ing, to the effect that in the dedication of this building to the higher studies the people of Geneva acknowledge the benefits conferred by an institution which guarantees the fundamental principles of liberty. This sentiment, liberally translated from the French, is only a modern version of the Hebrew principle, "Where there is no vision the people perish."

## At the Wind's Will

*BY MILDRED HOWELLS*

LIKE autumn leaves we whirl and dance,  
Blown by the wayward wind of chance,  
Along life's path in antics droll,  
Yet dreaming we ourselves control.  
Wisely we prate of mind and will.  
Striving with cunning phrases still  
The wind's dominion to deny;  
But when it drops, how still we lie!



# The Averted Stepmother

BY MARIE MANNING

THEODORA might never have realized that she was "The Lady of the House" had she not read this comprehensive distinction on the cover of a circular on the hall table. A letter had always seemed to her the most mysterious and desirable thing in the world. Day after day, as far back as she could remember, she had examined the mail on the hall table in the hope of finding one for Miss Theodora Tryon, but no one seemed to have anything to communicate to her, either of a business or social nature, and she had reached the age of "seven, goin' on eight," without ever having had a letter. To-day, however, marked an epoch in her life. She had gone to the hall table, merely as a matter of form, and had spelled out three letters for Charles Tryon, Esq.;—a magazine in a wrapper had borne the family name and the house address; then she had turned to the strange envelope and read, "To the Lady of the House," and in a flash of delightful surprise realized that it was intended for herself. In thinking it over it pleased her better that the unsealed envelope should designate her by her title rather than her name; it seemed more of an honor to be "The Lady of the House" than to be Mr. Tryon's little girl.

Theodora took her mail and went on the back porch to read it. Picky, who was waiting for his customary after-breakfast frolic, looked jealously at the scrap of paper that was absorbing his little mistress to the exclusion of those attentions that he had grown to regard as his due. He waited his opportunity, crept into her lap, and shivered sympathetically,—Picky could shiver sympathetically whenever he elected, even as certain ladies of the stage may weep at will, for Picky was black-and-tan. Furthermore, it might as well be stated first as last, Picky's life was one of falsehood and deceit. For while he answered

to the masculine pronoun, dropped a nose on his paws at "Down, sir," rushed from the most engaging of bones at Theodora's "Here, sir," Picky was as true a lady as ever dreamed of romance and said no when she meant yes.

Primarily Theodora had had nothing to do with this deception as perpetrated upon an unsuspecting world; her grandmother had begun it during those anxious days when Picky's hopes of joining the family circle hung in the balance. Grandmother Tryon was against it from the beginning. Picky had no ancestry, was a foundling, in fact, but Theodora had coaxed her father into saying yes, and grandmamma had finally come to change the pronoun that she employed to designate Picky from "it" to "he." Old Mrs. Tryon's philosophy was bound on the four corners by elegance, dignity, complacency, and a profound disbelief in everything north of the Mason and Dixon line. In accordance with Grandmamma Tryon's code of manners all dogs were "he," while all cats, both stern and gentle, were designated by the feminine gender, for some oblique reason of decorum known only to herself,—which in the case of Alcibiades, her own individual cat, constituted no inconsiderable slur on the sacred pronoun. Picky had served the days of his probation with so much tact as to attain to a family membership in good and regular standing. He had witnessed great changes during his three years' residence, and was already giving himself the airs of an old retainer. Grandmamma Tryon no longer went about jingling her keys and lowering a voice to a terrifying whisper when things did not suit her. Theodora had cried a great deal when grandmamma had first gone away—she had tied a black bow about Picky's neck, and then locked him in the garret lest her father should notice it and rob him of his trapping of woe as one unworthy to mourn.



Then Theodora became "The Lady of the House," albeit she was unaware of the dignity until that very morning.

She spelled through her circular—it was a cordial invitation to buy a sewing-machine on the instalment plan. She thought it very civil of them to be so concerned with her predicaments about sewing. It was strange, too, that they should have known what a state her clothes were in since Grandmamma Tryon had gone. Could Aunt Winship have spoken of it to strangers? Aunt Winship was her father's sister, and she was always driving over from Greenville to urge that Theodora be sent to boarding-school. Theodora's father then promised to see about it immediately, and thought of it no more when Aunt Winship's back was turned. Hideous as the thought of boarding-school was, there was one more dreadful still, and that was the fear of a stepmother. She had never heard of such a thing in Grandmamma Tryon's time, but shortly after she became "The Lady of the House" and seemed disposed to defer to her own inclinations in such matters as going to bed and the amount of face-washing to be endured, Lucinda, the colored housemaid, who also performed such casual valeting for Theodora as the fastening of back buttons and the braiding of pigtails, had taken it upon herself to insert a few burs in the complacently worn mantle of authority.

"You-all sutney do need a stepmother, de way you-all ack, hollerin' fit to kill w'en I combes de tangles out'n yo' har an' not lettin' me wash yo' face in de cornders."

To which Theodora inquired, with a conspicuous lack of interest, "What is a stepmother?"

"Lordee! doan' you-all know what a stepmother is?—no wonder you ack so ornary. A stepmother—a stepmother—" Cindy rolled her eyes; her powers of speech seemed to stop short of describing anything so dreadful. "A stepmother," she repeated, "hit's de lady er gemman marries to beat de fust wife's childun."

Theodora would have explained it herself on the ground that she was "a nervous child," but after Lucinda's definition of a stepmother she felt suddenly frightened and ill.

"What mek you tak' s'long to git yo' shoes off? Dem laces tied into knots agin?" Cindy inquired, when the quiet from the foot of the bed had been prolonged to a suspicious length.

"I'm not feeling overwell, thank you, Cindy." And Theodora presented a straight little back for the last of the unbuttoning.

"I knows w'at's de matter wif you-all; you's a chicken-hearted, da's w'at's de matter; w'at I done tole you 'bout'n a stepmother made you 'fraid."

"It never. And I ain't going to say my prayers out loud to you to-night; I'm going to say 'em to God." She put her head in the bedclothes and was quiet a long time. This was no time for baby prayers like "Now I lay me," with a calamity like a stepmother at hand. Scraps of Bible readings and sermons that she had heard came floating to her mind, and from them she finally constructed the following prayer: "God of wrath, let a wind come upon this house and blow it down, or let Picky and me be slain for a sacrifice, but never let me have a stepmother. Amen." She waited till Cindy's footsteps died away, then crept to the back stairs and whistled softly for Picky, who, knowing full well that he was a contraband, was in hiding. Theodora clasped the possible sacrifice to the divine wrath in her arms and cried over him. But Picky, knowing nothing of these things, merely shivered ecstatically at having eluded Cindy.

Theodora could not remember having heard of this terrifying creature that was likely to invade their home at any moment until Cindy had spoken of her; after which dread awakening there were reminders of the menace on every side. The fairy-book that had been sent by the aunt in New York abounded in stories of stepmotherly torture. At least half the tales seemed to begin, "Once on a time there lived a beautiful princess who had a cruel stepmother," and the development of the tale more than justified the second wife's qualifying epithet. All Cinderella's troubles rose through a stepmother, as did those of the little princess in "The Seven Brothers." And these victims, reasoned Theodora, usually had some kindly disposed fairy godmother who intervened when matters really be-



came too bad, and bore off the long-suffering one with all the paraphernalia of splendid climax. Theodora's god-mother had been the aunt in New York that sent the fairy-book; was she, then, herself a fairy? The question grew too importunate to be trifled with longer, and one day Theodora asked her father, "Is Aunt Eliza a fairy?"

"No, my dear," he had answered, looking up from the newspaper; "your aunt Eliza is a Daughter of the Revolution."

"Now, father, if anything dreadful was to happen to me, could Aunt Eliza come here an' turn a punkin into a carriage 'n' bear me away?"

And her father, his mind still intent on the newspaper, had answered vaguely, "No; even Eliza's talent for organization stops short of the pumpkin."

So Aunt Eliza was no fairy; Theodora might expect the worst! The world seemed a different sort of place after this. Sometimes, even in sunny daylight, it had the creepy feeling of the long passage under the back stairs at twilight, when a lurking spectral hand seemed to lie in wait for an unwary ankle. Then the stepmother feeling would grip her with a hideous goblinry, and she would spend whole days in a sort of numb panic, which Cindy called "bein' good,"—as a result of which there was no diminution of the housemaid's stepmotherly chronicles, that the work of chastening might go on. Sometimes the little girl wondered if Cindy could be telling her the truth. Aunt Sally, the cook, had more than once said in Theodora's presence that Cindy "war natchral bohn triflin'," and this had not been without its undermining effect. Aunt Sally's words carried weight; she was a member of the church, "a daughter of Zion," and furthermore she enjoyed so lively a fear of hell that when she got angry she did not flounce like Cindy, but only complained of a "mizry" in her head, and wrapping a towel round it, sang sad hymns. These sterling qualities made the cook a person of consequence in Theodora's eyes, and she determined to consult her in regard to the pending plague.

"Mawnin', little mistis. You-all find yo'se'f well dis mawnin'?" Aunt Sally had inquired, as Theodora came into the kitchen after breakfast. "You-all 'mem-

bers dis yere is bakin'-day and wants er piece er dough, I raiken?"

"No, Aunt Sally, I don't want any dough," she said, with the conscientious abstraction of one whose thoughts were on weightier themes; "I just wanted to ask you who made stepmothers?"

"Gawd, He done mek 'em, chile, but sometimes hit look lak He kinder slack wif His jawb."

The Lady of the House left untouched the scrap of dough that Aunt Sally had thrust toward her as a propitiatory offering suggested by impending tribulations, and put the question,

"Does every one who is like me have to have a stepmother, Aunt Sally?"

"Dey ain't 'bleeged ter, but most in gininally dey does. You see, widdermen is powerful he'pless; or dat's de 'scuse dey meks fo' takin' wives secondly and sometimes thudley—"

"But, Aunt Sally, I am the 'Lady of the House'; I am really and truly; it said so on a letter that came to me to-day, asking me to buy a machine."

"Umph—um!" Aunt Sally made the absolutely untranslatable sound in her throat that only a negro can make, expressive of an amused incredulity. "Hit sholy am agreeable to me if yo' pa am done satisfied."

Theodora cast aside the bit of dough that she had been modelling into a little man, with more or less streaked results, and stood up as straight and tall as her limited stature would permit,—somewhat straighter and taller, in fact, than she really was, for with her dignity at the bar Theodora did not hesitate to employ the aid of tiptoes.

"You sholy am growin'; but de question am, is a growin' chile everyt'ing?" inquired Aunt Sally, with the disquieting interrogation of age. The Lady of the House left her little dough man on the kitchen table, though she had pinched a set of buttons down his corpulent body during the anxieties of the discussion. Picky was on the step waiting to contribute any shiver in the emotional gamut that the situation might call for. Theodora had barely spoken to him when he shivered sympathetically.

"Now you come with me," she admonished him, with the maternal brevity of one who expects instantaneous obedience



and no questions asked. They walked down the road, a sedate little girl and a sedate little black-and-tan. Picky would have loved to show off and pretend that there were wild beasts in the hedge and that he had run them to cover and merely waited the word from his little mistress to shake them to death, but there was about Theodora a something on this occasion that made him hesitate,—and Picky was nothing if not sympathetic. Theodora, after her talk with Aunt Sally, felt cruelly the need of the friendly word that only Jennie McGuffey could supply.

Theodora and Jennie were "bosom friends," but not always had the course of true love run even as smoothly as at the present time. In Grandmamma Tryon's day the friendship had presented, outwardly, the reserved amenities of alien social classes. Theodora, driving beside her grandmother in the old-fashioned chariot, would bow primly to Jennie swinging on the front gate. The stolen confidences of the wood-pile, in which everything from fairies, grown-ups, dolls, Picky, the younger McGuffeys, and the reality of Santa Claus was discussed, never for a moment troubled Grandmamma Tryon, for the significant reason that she never dreamed of such a thing as an intimacy between her granddaughter and one of the McGuffeys. Even now that The Lady of the House was practically her own mistress, the McGuffey friendship was not a wholly approved estate, and few things were harder for her than Cindy's supercilious, "Whut mek you-all play wif dat low-down w'ite trash fo'? Dey is po' w'ite, dem Guffeys, da's whut dey is—po' w'ite, an' I'm gwinter tell yo' pa."

"Now, Cindy, Jennie is one of nature's aristocrats," Theodora would loyally insist; she had heard her father employ the term, and forthwith demanding an explanation, had subsequently adopted the phrase as a really handsome ornament to her vocabulary.

Nature's aristocrat lived in a frowsy shingled house at the turn of the road, that swarmed with children who looked as if they had swapped clothes entirely in the interests of the comic element. On seeing the McGuffeys, who numbered nine strong, one was conscious of an irresistible impulse to undress them and

redistribute the garments with some scheme of proportion relative to the container and the thing contained. Jennie was chief of the McGuffeys. She was conjointly the mainstay of the family and the menace of the neighborhood. No one dared resent any act of vandalism on the part of the eight remaining McGuffeys if Jennie, the ninth and greatest of these, was there to resent it. The rest of the family had no apparent interest in household concerns. Their relationship to the frowzy house was analogous to that of boarders—dissatisfied boarders who intended to make a change as soon as they could escape with their trunks. They slept in the beds made by Jennie's busy if not wholly capable hands, they ate the meals that her vagrant fancy prompted, they wore the clothes that she patched with the bravado of a crazy-quilt, but they accepted it all in the protesting spirit of those whose domesticity is ladled out at so much a week.

In the mean time, Jennie's household cares did not hamper to any extent her fine untrammelled vocation for mischief. Between the hectic intervals of cooking and bed-making she found ample opportunity to pour a can of kerosene into the cistern of some neighbors of whom she disapproved, and gave other evidences of a gift too harrowing to chronicle in detail. Mrs. McGuffey referred to Jennie's dual personality as "bright-minded." She diagnosed it thus, and stopped at the diagnosis, as conservative physicians deal with diseases on which there are few scientific data. She heaped domestic tasks on Jennie, that the scantier leisure might present fewer opportunities for the pursuit of mischief. For this reason it was more difficult to obtain an interview with the "bright-minded" daughter of the house than with a member of the family belonging frankly to the leisure class. Mrs. McGuffey had a way of standing between Jennie and the outer world, in the interests of neighborly peace. The proper mode of procedure therefore in this delicately diplomatic business of interrogating Jennie was for Theodora and Picky to hang about in the offing until noticed by one of the leisure-class McGuffeys who did not hesitate to make terms with his sister's confederates for the delivery of messages.



Jennie came from the back of the house furtively. Picky wagged his tail with a frankly restrained heartiness; it was no time for foolish enthusiasms.

"What d'you know?" demanded Jennie, who had no appetite for acquired facts at large, as an outsider might have gathered from the query, but who wanted without circumlocution the latest information on the subject then absorbing them—namely, stepmothers.

"I think I'm going to get one," and Theodora's eyes began to fill.

"Baby! Baby! Cry-baby!" Jennie flung at her, not with the intention of adding insult to injury, but that the scornful epithets might prove a counter-irritant to the tears. "Course you'll get one 'f you begin to cry. It's like bein' afraid of gettin' a whippin'; *then* you get it every time." Jennie seemed to speak from a ripe human experience, which undeniably carried weight.

"What would you do, then, if you stopped now and never cried the least little teeny mite?" meekly demanded the disciple.

"I'd never let her ketch me,—never be took alive!" dramatically announced Jennie, who, despite her multifarious duties, sometimes found time to read her brothers' *Dandy Dick Detective* stories.

"But I don't see how I can help it if she just comes."

"Well, you are a silly!" and Jennie sniffed contemptuously. "Act so mean that she'll be scairt to come; a lot of grown people are 'fraid of children when they're plum wicked. D'you think if mommer died-an'-went-to-heaven that we'd have a stepmother?"

"No, indeedy," said Theodora, with deep conviction. "But, oh, Jennie, you don't have to act as wicked as you do sometimes, 'cause your mamma is alive."

"I could be a heap wickedder 'n I am if I tried. Pshaw! I'm not really wicked; I'm only mischeevyus," Jennie announced, not without pride.

"I'll try just as hard as ever I can to be bad,—real, sure-enough bad."

"No one can do more'n that," commended Jennie, who was not without a sincere affection for platitude.

"Jennie! You Jennie!" came in accusing accents from the house. "What are you doin'?"

"Pickin' up chips to light the fire," the daughter of the house called, suiting the action to the word, and at the same time admonishing Theodora: "You get over the fence, right quick now, and I'll hand you Picky; our cat's humpin' her back at him, an' the first thing you know there'll be trouble."

Besides the trusty daughter of the house of McGuffey and the equally trusty black-and-tan, Theodora had another friend, who perhaps in a way was more to her than either of these. There was in this third friendship an essence more subtly penetrant than the rugged attributes furnished by "nature's aristocrat" and the faithful Picky. This third friend was qualified not only by traits of character, but by a cruel similarity of their sorrows, to sympathize with Theodora in the impending crisis,—he knew all about step-troubles, this little boy who lived in a book in Uncle Bushrod's room. Theodora, in her capacity of Lady of the House, was fond of prowling about this unused room that had always exercised a peculiar fascination for her. She had been favorably impressed with the appearance of the book from the beginning,—its mottled russet back had a certain tempting quality, like a pear flaunting its charms from a low-hanging bough. "You'd better bite and see how good I am" was written all over it—and Theodora had bitten. The pictures lured her on,—the very first one, of the old lady in the coal-scuttle bonnet peering through the latticed window of the little cottage snuggled in vines, made her feel that she wanted to know the people that lived there. And that other enchanting one of the little boy visiting in the boat-house, occupying a chair of honor while his nurse's relations looked at him admiringly—for the little boy who lived in the brown book was none other than David Copperfield, and Theodora was discovering him entirely alone.

She had spelled her way into a very considerable share of David's fortunes before she realized the bond between them. And then it was that she began to taste for the first time the sweets of real companionship. Jennie might call her "baby" and even worse, for crying, but what did Jennie really know about this



menace that hung about her from morning till night? And Picky, what could he know about this frightful creature that might give him away without a word? Dogs didn't have stepmothers; what could they know? But David, who had had Mr. Murdstone, knew, and Theodora would spell and spell, while the letters danced through the quivering rainbow of tears. And when the dusk crept in at the windows and she could see to spell no more, Theodora would put her wet cheek against the brown cover of the book and whisper into the pages, "Poor David; poor little David."

There was an indefinable charm about these visits to David in Uncle Bushrod's room. The place had a quality, too subtle for definition perhaps, that the rest of the house lacked—a feeling of pleasant surprise. Something like waking up in a strange delightful place was part of it; a sense of freedom from intrusion was another ingredient; and there were many more that were perhaps all the better for the reason that Theodora did not quite understand their witchery. The room was still arranged as the young soldier had left it when he went to give his life for the lost cause. Grandmamma Tryon in her day would never let it be disturbed but for the weekly sweeping and cleaning, and Cindy, the superstitious, would not have dared to arrange a piece of furniture differently from the way it had been placed in "ole mis's time fo' fear dat she come back an' ha'nt." There was a faded green carpet on the floor that looked like moss when the sunlight showed every tiny twig in the fairy forest. The furniture was stiff and plain, and there was nothing else but the shelves of books and the daguerreotype on the mantel that Theodora would look in at one angle and see nothing, but at another showed a pretty lady with curls. It was significant of Theodora's sensibility that she never let Picky come into Uncle Bushrod's room and that she had never mentioned this retreat to Jennie.

These were some of the diametric influences at work in the life of Theodora when Aunt Winship drove over from Greenville with thrilling news not only for the Lady of the House, but also for the retainers below-stairs. Theodora's

father, who had been away from home for quite a while, was to return with some guests; among them, Miss Virginia Foster, who was going to be Theodora's new mamma.

"My stepmother, you mean, don't you?"

"It's quite the same thing," Aunt Winship announced, with some degree of asperity. But there was no time for hair-splitting distinctions in regard to titles; the entire house had to be overhauled according to Aunt Winship's ideas, and Theodora had to be fitted to innumerable pretty dresses and frilly aprons, which would have been a joy, indeed, had they not been mingled with that draught of universal bitterness, the stepmother. At night, with her head buried in the pillows, she prayed wicked secret prayers: "Dear Lord, help me to be bad—so awful bad that no one will be my stepmother, for Christ's sake. Amen." Besides the appeals for divine aid in the paths of evil, Theodora found herself greatly sustained by Jennie, who proved to be not only a tower of strength, but also a storehouse of resource. Jennie plumbed the depths of wickedness into abysses compared to which the episode of the kerosene and the neighbor's cistern was but a merry prank. Theodora listened to these proposed rites that were to avert the source of all evil with the reverence of a young devotee serving the first weeks of her novitiate. And going home, she prayed nightly for strength to be the handmaiden of the "bright-minded" McGuffey, her works and inspirations. Not that the devilment proposed by Jennie appealed to her in the least; she regarded the various recipes for grown-up torture that she was to practise as soon as the enemy arrived with positive aversion, but if a stepmother was to be forestalled by these means, she must be the last to show the white feather.

She used to take her difficulties to David in the faded green room, and when it grew too dark to spell his story she would talk to him about her predicaments. It was very wicked to do all the mischievous things that she was rehearsing under the management of Jennie, but wouldn't he have done them too if they could have kept away Mr. and



Miss Murdstone? and David, in some wholly delightful make-believe way, always assured her that his conduct would have been precisely the same under the circumstances, had the inspiration only occurred to him. The little boy in the book was a great comfort to The Lady of the House in this stormy season; and when Cindy called her down-stairs to supper, she never failed to kiss her favorite picture of him—the one where he dines alone, at the inn, on his way to school and the obliging waiter eats his dinner—a tender “good night.”

Theodora hardly knew herself after Aunt Winship had dismissed her as “finished,” and told her to go into the drawing-room and wait for the guests. Such a frilly and beribboned Theodora as she saw in the looking-glass—a Theodora with curls and the shiniest of little black slippers. You would never have believed her capable of all the naughtiness that lay in wait for the unsuspecting company. And Picky, too, had a vague baffled feeling, with a pink ribbon bow knotted under his left ear. He did not know just what sort of a shiver a pink bow demanded. They settled themselves at the front drawing-room window, primed to the verge of utter wretchedness, unhappy but determined. The carriage was already at the door. Theodora's father handed out first an elderly lady, then a half-elderly lady, and lastly a very pretty young lady, who stepped briskly like a boy, and had little rippling dark curls under her fur cap.

“That is going to be your new mamma, Theodora,” said Aunt Winship, who, at a judicious point of vantage behind the muslin curtains, was managing to see a great deal.

The Lady of the House concentrated her powers of vision on the prospective stepmother, and when she caught her eye she made first a “plain face,” then a “brownie face,” when she found that no one else had noticed. Far from being offended, the young lady in the fur cap only smiled back, and when Theodora responded with a still more terrible “brownie face,” to show that absolutely no quarter might be expected, the prospective stepmother answered back by wrinkling up her own short and wholly adorable nose. But The Lady of the

House was not to be placated, and presently when she was introduced to Miss Virginia Foster, who stooped to kiss her, Theodora whispered in her ear, “I hate you; I hate you.” But evidently Miss Foster was a person of unbounded amiability, for instead of resenting this, she rippled out the merriest kind of a laugh and said, “I'm sorry, Theo, I can't say the same for you, but really I love you already.” Later, in the course of human events, when the company began to stumble into one infant pitfall after another, and there could no longer be any doubt as to the source of all the practical jokes in which none of the grown-ups saw the faintest trace of humor, Aunt Winship, with many apologies, finally bore her culprit niece to bed, insisting that she had never known her to behave like this before.

Theodora lay in her little white bed, and her heart thumped with the excitement of the day. Picky, still baffled by his pink bow and the additions to the family circle, stirred uneasily at the sound of a light footstep. “'Sh-sh-sh!” said somebody, pausing at the nursery door, and Theodora knew by the long slender figure that stood framed in the lintel that the enemy was at hand. “Go away, go away; I hate you.” And she sat up very straight, fearing that even now the Murdstone tortures might begin.

“Please don't hate me, Theo. I know what you think, and it isn't true; really it isn't, dear.” The enemy evidently intended to stay, for she settled herself comfortably on the floor beside Theodora's crib, quite unmindful of her beautiful white dress, and continued as if the welcome from The Lady of the House had been most cordial. “I know you think I came here to be your stepmother”—at the mere thought of this the enemy again rippled into a delicious laugh. “Indeed I did not, Theo; that is a romance of Aunt Winship's brain. If you weren't so little I could tell you—as I fear I shall have to tell Aunt Winship—that I have quite other plans. Don't you believe me, dear?”

Theodora was silent. In all her councils of war with Chief-of-staff McGuffey she had never considered the possibility of the enemy's absolute denial of the intention of crime. They had never done



it that way in the story-books; neither had the strategist McGuffey suggested even the chance of it. Nor were the stepmothers of her imagination and Jennie's, against whom she had so desperately fortified herself, beings of youth, beauty, and prettily affectionate ways. Was this but a stepmotherly trap, warier and subtler than any devised by tellers of fairy-tales? She looked at the young woman with wide, frightened eyes. Picky rumbled in his throat a note of unmistakable warning.

"Don't you believe me?" repeated Miss Foster, and very tenderly she took the little girl and the protesting Picky in her arms. "If we're ever to be friends, you know," she added, lightly, "it's time you knew that I really do always speak the truth."

To the abstract situation Theodora had been hardly equal; but to the comfort of being held with such tender strength in Miss Foster's warm young arms she succumbed at a stroke. Of course it was all Aunt Winship's mischief-making, after all, as the chief-of-staff, with all her astuteness, might have known. When had Aunt Winship ever come to soothe one to sleep in this beautiful fashion? And Theodora was so tired, so unresisting.

"Of course I believe you," the child said, sleepily; and then she murmured, as Miss Foster thought, quite out of the land of dreams, "On your way down-stairs—tell David—tell him it's all right." Picky looked from his little mistress to Miss Foster and shivered intelligently.

## A Memory

BY EMILY SARGENT LEWIS

MY Mother died when I was four,  
That's why I can't remember more  
Of what she used to do and say  
So long ago—I'm six to-day.

I know one day she climbed with me,  
Way up into the apple-tree,  
The flowers fell down upon us so  
We laughed and played that they were snow.

And then I used to help her fill  
The blue jar on her window-sill  
With crackers—just for my own self—  
It's high up now upon the shelf.

Her hair was very black. I think  
Her dress was almost always pink.  
If God would let her come to-day  
I'm sure I'd know her right away.

# The Anatomy of a Steel Rail

BY HENRY COOK BOYNTON, S.D.

Department of Mining and Metallurgy, Harvard University

WHO would ever think, to look at a dull fragment of iron or steel, that such a piece of metal had an internal history! But if this same inert, apparently insensible, piece of metal be polished and suitably prepared for examination under a microscope, its internal organism is more clearly and surely shown than the interior skeleton of a man when pierced by the X-ray.

However shapeless or structureless this piece of iron or steel seems to be, it is now perfectly easy to show by a proper treatment what the metal is composed of, how it was treated, and what makes it good or bad; in fact its entire "family skeleton" can be exposed with the greatest of ease. If it was created good, and has since degenerated through hard usage or abuse, or if it was predestined to be bad all its life, these properties and a great many more can be shown with an ordinary compound microscope.

It was only a few years ago that any intelligent engineer would have said, "If you will tell me the chemical composition of your metal, I will tell you whether it is of good or bad quality." This statement has been lately proved to be absurd. He might just as well have said, "If you will tell me how much carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, etc., there is in a certain man's body, I can tell you if he is a good healthy fellow."

Many times lately has the engineer's statement

been disproved. A boiler explodes and scalds many men, an apparently sound rail breaks under the load of the "Lightning Express" and hundreds are hurled to destruction; yet chemical analysis of both the defective metals used showed them to have been apparently reputable; they had the requisite amounts of carbon, manganese, and silicon, and not too much sulphur or phosphorus, but just like many a person who mingles with his associates for years, and some day suddenly is found to be "bad," so did these metals outwardly and inwardly, as far as the chemist was concerned, appear to be fulfilling their duties as respectable adjuncts to our civilization.

But take the bad boiler-plate or the defective rail and prepare it for examination under the microscope, and the whole reason for its failure to do its duty becomes as clear to the trained metallurgist—the man who studies the internal architecture of metals—as that the arsenic which the physician finds in the stomach of the lifeless patient was the cause of his death.

To elaborate a little farther, let us take a steel rail, a plain every-day steel rail such as is used on all our railroads to hold up the daily loads of human beings and freight transported from one place to another. This rail is the band which joins one State to another, the East with the West, and one country with its neighbor. This rail was shaped

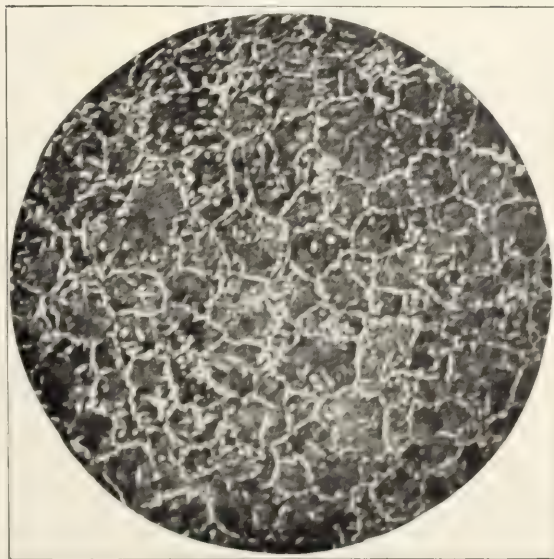


Fig. 1.—Steel rail of good quality, magnified 100 diameters. Rolling finished at the right temperature



from a huge white-hot piece of steel by being passed successively through properly shaped rolls. Suppose we saw out of the centre of this rail a small specimen, about a one-half-inch cube, and explain

persons, with the same powder.) This whole operation of polishing, when done by an expert, occupies only about fifteen minutes.

Emerging from the rouge treatment, the metal stands forth in its best clothes, with not a spot or scratch to mar its silvery-white and mirror-like face. Like the ordinary working-man with his overalls off, a clean shave, and his best clothes on, you would hardly recognize the plain, ordinary workaday steel rail with its old coat of brown or black.

But some one may ask, "Why do we seldom see steel with this silver-white color?" We do occasionally, as in razors, knives, etc., but ordinarily the moisture in the air so quickly attacks such a polished surface that if unprotected it speedily gains a coat of iron oxide or rust. A metallurgist keeps all his polished specimens of iron or steel in a desiccator, a receptacle which is kept free from moisture by some chemical that absorbs water, and in this way the prepared faces keep bright and untarnished for months and sometimes years.

Now that our nicely polished steel is ready to have its picture taken, it must be given a little treatment to make visible under



Fig. 2.—Ten-ton Bessemer Converter in full blast, making ten tons of rail steel in ten minutes

how it may be treated to bring forth its internal skeleton.

After cutting out our specimen with a steel saw, the piece must be ground to a plane surface on an emery-wheel, given a second and smoother finish on another wheel fed with flour-emery, lastly receiving its final polish on two wooden wheels covered with the finest and smoothest broadcloth and fed respectively with a paste of tripoli and rouge powder. (It is a curious fact that the piece of steel receives its final preparation for inspection exactly like some

the microscope just what its interior architecture really is, just as the expert photographer suggests "Be natural" to his patrons.

The treatment consists simply in subjecting our piece of rail to the action of some reagent, some chemical compound, or to any treatment which will attack the different components of our metal to a different degree, and which will make each one stand out plainly from his fellows. Such a treatment is generally an "etching," and in the case of our steel rail we immerse it for a few seconds in



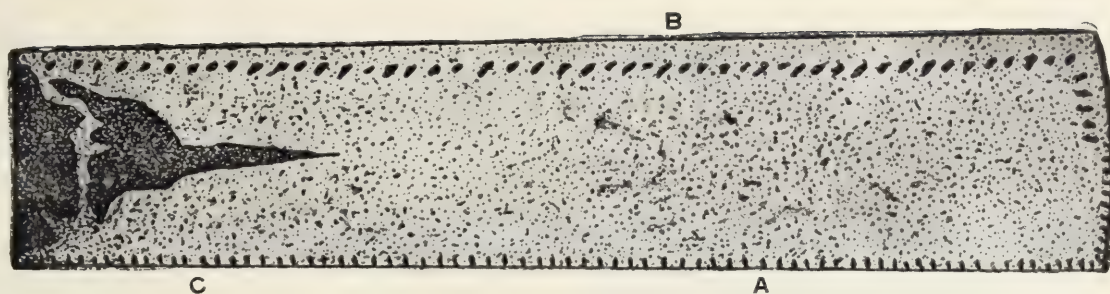


Fig. 3.—Longitudinal section of steel ingot, showing a "pipe" at C, and blow-holes at A and B. (Diagram from Howe's *Metallurgy of Steel*)

a solution of nitric acid and alcohol. The acid first attacks the junctions of the different grains in the metal, then the grains themselves, coloring some brown or black, but leaving others white. Then our rail stands out in its true colors; it has lost some of its previous polish, but its whole true framework, its structure, lies plainly before us. But to the ordinary observer the polished surface of the metal shows practically no change; its polish is a little less brilliant, and only a slight grayish appearance is visible to the unaided eye.

"How then," says the layman, "can you tell if that was a good or a bad rail?" Then comes the microscope, that simple instrument which has revealed so many wonders. It enables the expert physician to tell the difference between the blood of a human being and that of other animals; the mineralogist, to discriminate between very minute particles of quartz or diamond; the zoologist, to watch the embryonic development of the starfish; and it now permits the metallurgist to study the anatomy of so apparently lifeless a thing as a piece of steel.

With a vertical illuminator, or kind of reflector which takes the light rays from any source and bends them through a right angle, and then permits the observer to look through it down on to the polished surface of metal—equipped with such a reflector attached to an ordinary microscope, and with a number of different lenses called objectives and eyepieces, the metallurgist can look at his piece of rail under a linear magnification of forty to a thousand diameters. This means that if a spot measuring one-hundredth of an inch across be magnified one hundred diameters, the original spot would appear to the eye of the observer one inch in diameter.

Can you conceive of anything in that rail that could escape the trained eye when under a magnification of one thousand diameters? It would have to be more elusive than the tiny germs which medical men look for as the cause of most of our contagious diseases, than the 500,000 bacteria in a cubic centimeter of the ordinary milk we drink.

By throwing the structure which we see under the microscope upon a ground glass in a special camera, and then substituting a photographic plate for the ground glass, a picture can be obtained in the usual way of photography. Such a portrait of our rail may be seen in Fig. 1, which is a fair average sample of a good steel rail.

By examining this picture a little more closely, we notice light and dark areas; the former are the pure iron grains, or ferrite, as the metallurgist calls them, and the latter "pearlite," because it looked like mother-of-pearl to the person who first discovered it. The ferrite makes the rail tough to resist fracture, and the pearlite is the part of the metal which contains the carbon and which makes the rail hard and stronger than iron and enables it to wear well under the friction of the car-wheels. The metallurgist at a glance knows this to be the normal structure of a *good* steel rail such as

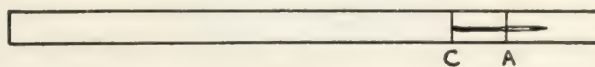


Fig. 4.—Diagram of the pipe in a "bloom," a partially rolled steel ingot

daily and hourly fulfils its duty all over the world.

But let us return to the rail which broke, which could not stand the speed of the express-train, and as a result a



hundred or more innocent passengers were either killed or injured. This rail outwardly had the appearance of respectability; the section boss had tested it

when some crisis demands extra energy to resist an apparently overwhelming pressure, he collapses while his associate who has more potential energy weathers the blow.

The rail which is put in a critical place, as for example on a very sharp curve, is seldom found wanting, for the very reason that only the best selected stock is used for such a locality, and a dangerous curve is always assiduously watched by the section-man and the division superintendent.

The faulty rail, however, on the straight track, which got slipped in with the good ones, is the one to be dreaded, for after leaving the mill there is no possible way to distinguish this physically incompetent piece of steel from its good neighbors.

For a better understanding of some of the imperfections of rails let us digress a little to explain the birth of the rail. The steel for a rail

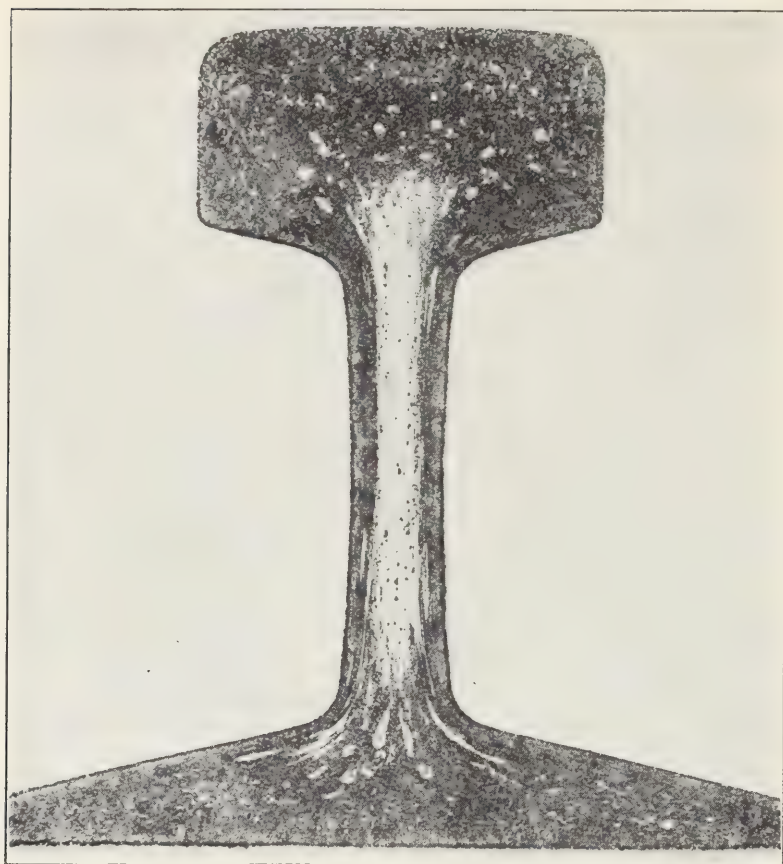


Fig. 5.—Etched section of a bad rail, showing the "pipe." (The light area is the revealed "pipe")

with his sledge many times; it had held up bravely under many a train; but suddenly it "went bad."

A good steel rail on the open road will stand at least ten years of active service, years during which the swiftest passenger-trains with the heaviest of all cars, the "Pullmans," go pounding across the joints. The freight-trains with their more ponderous engines and more heavily loaded cars seldom break a rail, on account of their much slower rate of speed; for the ordinary steel rail, good or bad, will sustain ten times the load put upon it if this be applied slowly; but the high speed of the heavy passenger-train is apt to make the bad rail succumb to the sudden shock of the gigantic monster which hammers down upon it. How similar is this property to the traits of man. An individual may do his work satisfactorily when no difficulties confront him, but when put to a great test,

is made from a molten mass of cast iron, or pig-iron, which is iron containing a large amount of impurities, the most notable of which is carbon. This cast iron is run, white hot and liquid, from a blast-furnace into a Bessemer converter, through the bottom of which air under pressure is blown in large quantities. The impurities in the pig-iron are burned by the oxygen in the air-blast, and pass off as gases or rise to the top of the refined metal as slag, essentially a silicate of iron. Fig. 2 is an illustration of a Bessemer converter in full blast.

The whole operation of converting ten tons of cast iron into steel takes only about ten minutes, and when complete the molten mass is made to absorb the required amount of carbon to give the necessary strength to the rail by adding spiegeleisen or ferromanganese, both alloys of iron and manganese containing carbon.



We now have a molten mass of steel, which is poured into iron moulds to solidify. When cool the moulds are stripped off and we have left large masses or ingots of steel, and this steel is only an alloy of iron and carbon with a few impurities present in very small quantities. From one of these ingots several rails may be made by reheating and passing it through suitably shaped rolls.

I have shown here in Fig. 3 a diagram of a longitudinal section of one of these ingots. It is not at all homogeneous, as can readily be seen, and has a cavity or "pipe," above C, which is caused by the unequal cooling of the sides and the top. The black spots near the edge, A and B, are called blow-holes and are caused by imprisoned gas; they are subsequently closed by the rolling, so that they are not detrimental to the quality of the steel rail.

Now here comes a secret: this "pipe" cavity should be all cut off, as a rail which is rolled from the end of the ingot containing this pipe is sure to be faulty, for it will always contain this cavity, which will be but imperfectly closed by the rolling and only elongated. To be absolutely sure that all the pipe is removed, from twenty to forty per cent. should be cut from the top end of each ingot. Of course the rail manufacturer is very loath to waste so much of his steel, for it means that the butt ends of all these ingots will have to be remelted to be of any use.

Let us suppose, for sake of illustration, that only ten per cent. is cut from the top of each ingot, which is often the case; a "pipe" rail then goes out to the stock pile with the good ones. Such a rail is like a false-hearted apple; it may look fair and sound on the outside, but internally—well, the expert metallurgist alone can detect it.

The microscope, however, is generally resorted to too late to save the lives of the poor unfortunates who happen to be on the train when one of these rails fail to do its duty. But the microscope will show the defects of this deceptive steel if the rail be examined before it goes upon the market, and if all railroads refused to buy rails from a company which occasionally lets such poor

stock slip in with the good, the manufacturers would be forced to use more care in filling their orders.

Of course I do not mean to convey the idea that all railroad accidents result from faulty rails, but if the selling of a defective rail were made a crime to the maker, it would help to lessen the avoidable chances for an accident, the conditions of which are under our control. We might then with our famed progressiveness as a nation more nearly approach the enviable record of Great Britain with her minimum of deaths from railway travel.

But now suppose we have before us a fractured rail broken by the impact of a heavy train going at a high rate of speed? Suppose we polish it and examine it in just the same way that we did our good rail? What shall we find?

We may find a partially welded pipe, which, it goes without saying, is a source of weakness. This cavity, which originated in our ingot when rolled, will look like the diagram in Fig. 4. It can be readily seen that the long bloom, as it is called, should be cut at C, and the butt sent to be remelted; but if cut at A, as often happens, the end of one rail, just

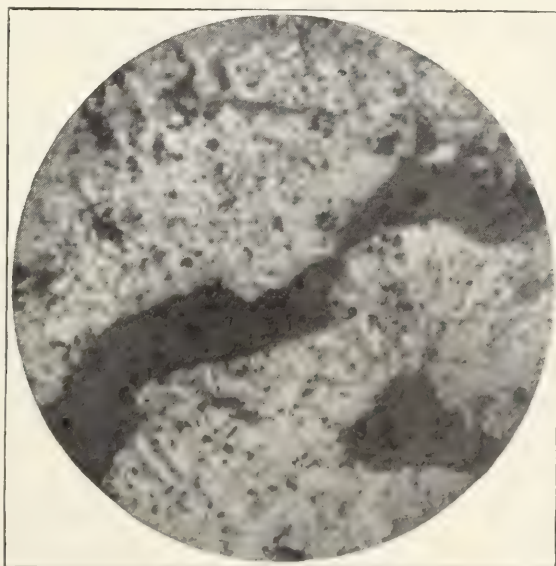


Fig 6.—Section of a steel rail containing too much sulphur. The dark areas are the sulphur flaws. Magnified 100 diameters

where great soundness is desired (near the joint), will be very weak.

Such a pipe will be revealed almost instantly by etching a cross-section of the



rail and examining under the microscope; in fact in some cases the microscope is wholly superfluous, for the defect and the reason for the disaster will be visible to the naked eye. See Fig. 5.

Let us go back to our ingot once more; at the foot of the pipe—the part which solidifies last, since top and sides cool first—here will be most of the impurities in the steel, the most deleterious of which are phosphorus and sulphur. Now a few tenths of a per cent. of phosphorus or sulphur in a steel rail will make it “bad.” These seemingly infinitesimal amounts of sulphur make a rail snap suddenly if worked hot; and worse yet, phosphorus will cause a fracture from a sudden shock when the metal is cold. Therefore phosphorus and sulphur are the evil associates which a steel rail must be without to be classed as “good.”

So, you see, if no more than the “pipe” be removed, the segregation of impurities at the bottom of this cavity might cause the rail to snap as instantly if the load of the train above hammered down too suddenly as if it contained the pipe. Such a rail can generally be detected only by the etching method and the microscope. Fig. 6 shows a rail with a great many sulphur flaws present, the dark areas representing the flaws.

Moreover, a rail low in phosphorus or sulphur, which contains no traces of a pipe or segregation, may prove defective.

Chemical analysis again fails. The composition of the rail is normal. What then is the matter? On polishing and etching

and examining under the microscope the structure seen in Fig. 7 is brought to light. To the inexperienced it looks all right, but to the steelman it shows that the rolling of the rail was finished at too high a temperature, that the grains of the steel are too large, and long experience has shown that these large grains produce brittleness, and when the greatest

toughness combined with strength is required, the finest possible grains should be sought for. This may be accomplished by continuing the rolling down to a certain “critical temperature,” below which no crystallization takes place when the rails cool after rolling. Such a structure is seen in Fig. 1. Such a rail will be strong, yet tough, and will resist sudden shocks.

But a word more; I do not intend to convey the meaning that the microscope is the telescope by which all the ills prevalent in metals can be viewed face to face; but as used by the scientific man, together with his indispensable etching compounds, this same microscope is able in many cases to give a clear clue to the sins of our metals and their makers.

(The author is much indebted to Professor Albert Sauveur for the loan of several of the illustrations, and also for very valuable advice and assistance in preparing this article.)

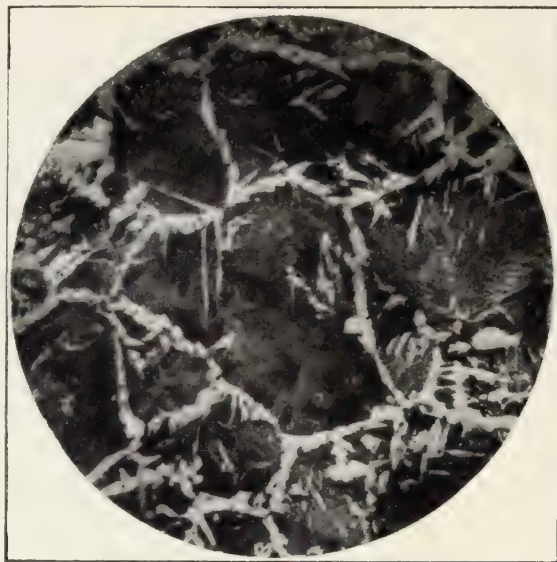


Fig. 7 —Steel rail, magnified 100 diameters. Made of good steel, but rolling finished at too high a temperature



# The Desert

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

NOW mark you, God made Him an Eden, of old,  
And made Him a man and a maid;  
He gave them to live in His garden of love,  
To live with Him there unafraid.  
They ate of the fruits and the honey,  
They took of the knowledge and lust,  
Then fled from the punishment bitter  
And humbled themselves in the dust  
To pray and beseech Him for mercy,  
As all of the penitent must.

Then, mark you, God made Him a mountain,  
And, mark you, He made Him a sea,  
But life took its root on the topmost crag,  
Where it seemed no life could be,  
And life was aswarm in the deepest cave  
That the ocean could fill with His tears,  
And the cries and prayers and moans arose  
From it all, to seek His ears—  
The cries and prayers and moans of things  
Alive and filled with fears.

And God was beseeched from morn till night,  
And beseeched from night until day  
By things that plead to save their lives  
The while they fought for prey;  
And nowhere peace from the wails and moans  
Could God in His anguish know  
Till He made Him a place, a desolate place,  
Where naught of Life may grow—  
A desert as bare as the new-made air,  
To which He may sometimes go.

Then hark you, beware of the desert  
Where only God may bide—  
God all alone, and nothing of Life  
In that desolate region wide.  
No insect, bird or snake is there,  
No animal, grass, or stone,  
And all of the man who ventured to cross  
Is a whitened and crumbling bone;  
For this is the desert that God has made  
*As a place to be alone!*



# The Conquered

BY ELIZABETH MOORHEAD

“NO, you didn’t see me at church yesterday,” explained Mrs. Andrews. “And I wasn’t sick nor tired out; I hadn’t any such good excuse. I did what I’ve never done before and what I thoroughly disapprove of—I left my own church and went to hear another preacher!” Her tight little mouth snapped shut in lines of an imperturbable complacency. She had spoken with emphasis and deliberation, as one should who has carefully weighed her words and calculated their probable effect. Then, with elaborate unconcern she applied herself to the affair of the moment. Picking up a roll of red flannel, she shook out a clumsy little garment, surveyed it contemptuously, and began to trim it into shape as if wholly absorbed in her appointed task.

A wave of half-frightened curiosity ran over the little gathering. For the Ladies’ Benevolent Society had always prided itself on its loyalty. Its interests seldom strayed beyond the limits of the parish; it went faithfully to prayer-meeting of a Wednesday night, and it considered a church supper or a Sunday-school fair the most exhilarating of festivities. That the minister should be the object of an admiring and reverential regard, accepted unquestioningly as an element in the natural order of things, was part of its tradition. If any recalcitrant member ever harbored a feeling of discontent, she would preserve a discreet silence in public, venturing to voice her sentiment only in the bosom of her family. Hence Mrs. Andrews’ open statement had the dignity of a pronouncement; it produced the thrill of the unexpected, and the current of detraction, hitherto dammed by habit, began to flow irresistibly.

“Well, you had a lucky escape—that’s all I have to say.” Mrs. Porter sprang to the charge. “It was worse than usual. Forty-five minutes did Mr. Maxwell

preach, by John Porter’s own watch, and when he got through you couldn’t have told what he’d been talking about!” She spoke recklessly, with a sense of guilt. There was something revolutionary in this candid expression of secret opinion; it was like dishonoring the flag of one’s country.

“Of course you went to hear Dr. Cameron, Mrs. Andrews?” a pretty young woman queried. “My husband and I heard him Sunday night a week ago. Isn’t he *great*? His church was crowded to the door, and he simply swept us all off our feet. *He* can preach, there’s no doubt of that,—he’s so uplifting.”

“Indeed he can!” was the fervent reply. “We heard an elegant discourse yesterday morning. The South End Church is in luck to get such a man; it was running down fearfully, but he’s building it right up. Oh, there’s no question about it, to my mind—a young unmarried man is what every church needs,—some one thoroughly up-to-date, who knows all the new ways of parish work and can draw in the young people.”

There was a murmur of dissent from some of the more conservative spirits.

“A good wife is the making of a minister, according to my way of thinking,” said one.

“I’m sure I don’t know how we’d get along without Mrs. Maxwell,” added another.

Emboldened by this temporary reaction in favor of existing conditions, a quiet little woman spoke up from her corner:

“I thought parts of Mr. Maxwell’s sermon were real sweet. It was too long, but what he said about children in the home was just beautiful.”

“That was his subject, you know, Mrs. Andrews,” Mrs. Porter elucidated. “*The Ideal Home*. He’d said it all before, a dozen different times, of course. His text was from the 127th Psalm—”

“He read it with such feeling,” the

protesting little woman urged. "It brought tears to my eyes to hear him and to think he'd no little ones of his own."

"Yes, that is a pity, I've always thought. They're both so fond of children, and my boys do say Mr. Maxwell has a regular knack in the Sunday-school—if he can't preach a sermon," Mrs. Porter conceded.

"He brought my Tommy into the church," a repentant voice sounded. "I'll always be grateful to him for that, and I ought to be ashamed to go back on him."

"Well, he's driven my boy away." Mrs. Andrews was implacable. "James simply *won't* go to church. He says it bores him to death and makes him cross for the rest of the day. He says he gets lots more good out of reading a book at home."

Some of the women looked their doubt as to whether the rebellious James invariably substituted a book for the sanctuary, and the frivolous young married woman said with a giggle:

"My husband says he doesn't mind going to church at all when Mr. Maxwell preaches; he can just settle back in his pew for a comfortable nap and feel sure he's not missing anything."

"Do you s'pose Mrs. Maxwell knows it—how people are beginning to feel?"

"*Beginning to feel!*" Mrs. Andrews scouted the suggestion. "Bless your heart, they've felt so for six years or more,—they're only just beginning to have courage to say what they think. And of course she knows. Mrs. Maxwell's far too clever a woman not to understand everything that goes on in this parish,—she'd sense it quickly enough even if she never heard a murmur. Besides, with her brains, of course she knows her husband can't preach—"

"Poor soul! I declare, sometimes I feel sorry for her."

"It's not her you need feel sorry for—*she'll* always get along,—it's him. For I must say, a better, kinder man never lived—"

"Hush! here she comes," a startled voice warned them.

The women bent over their sewing, their chatter suddenly ceasing as the minister's wife pushed open the outer door

and entered the overheated church parlor. She brought with her an atmosphere of freshness and vitality, of large and wholesome things. She was a tall woman, holding herself nobly; not beautiful, but her stately head wore a crown of rich brown hair, and her irregular features were illumined by a peculiarly warm and tender smile—a smile not of eyes and lips alone—which shone softly through the whole face like the outer breaking of an inner light. She flashed it now upon the little group of benevolent workers. Not one of them was woman of the world enough to cover the sudden silence by an instant change of topic, and all were conscious of a momentary awkwardness as they greeted her. But if she saw it she did not allow it to affect the cheerfulness of her manner, and the slight quiver of her sensitive lips passed unnoticed.

She apologized for her tardiness. "I was detained unexpectedly,—Mr. Maxwell needed me. He is not well; I feel quite worried about him. He has been troubled with severe headaches lately, and last Sunday he was wretched." A flush rose to her cheek, and she added with perceptible effort: "He preached with great difficulty."

There was an embarrassed pause. Then the quiet little woman in the corner rushed to the rescue.

"I thought Mr. Maxwell's sermon was sweet," she reaffirmed earnestly. "Part of it—that part about children—just went to my heart."

His wife threw her a grateful glance.

"Mr. Maxwell always speaks from his heart." Then, being the president of the society, she took up the gavel, called the meeting to order, and proceeded to conduct its business with quiet decision and efficiency. A close observer might have detected that her attitude to the women about her had a certain aloofness in spite of its friendliness. Cordial and sympathetic in her relation to all, she was intimate with none, and perhaps they instinctively cherished underneath their admiration that indefinable resentment which the lower often feels toward the more highly developed type.

Her quick, competent fingers soon finished the piece of work she had undertaken, and she excused herself early. As



she stepped outside the door she drew in a long whiff of the sparkling air, apparently for pure delight in breathing. She was vibrant with health and energy, responding in every nerve to the delicious autumnal tang in the air, to the sunset fires still lingering on the horizon, to the quiet beauty of her surrounding. It satisfied all her æsthetic instincts, this home of hers—the vine-covered parsonage under the shadow of church and parish-house, set back from the street in an expanse of close-trimmed turf. She lifted her head to the spire cutting the transparent twilight sky. How she loved the church!—winter or summer, under its veil of russet or pale-green leafage it always gratified both heart and eye, appealing to that artistic sense which in her was inseparable from religious emotion.

Now, in the gathering dusk, a pale band of light streamed out from the lamp in her sitting-room, and she saw her husband's figure at the window as he drew down the shade. Her bright look faded, and a sigh caught her unawares. She stopped on the threshold to compel her features to their usual serenity.

He was lying on a couch as she entered, his face turned from the light. She quickly pulled off her coat and gloves, then bent over him, laying cool firm fingers on his forehead.

"How good your touch is, Anne! For me there is healing in it, always."

"This evening, I hope so," she answered, lightly. "For you know we have an engagement; we're to dine at the Bradleys' to meet Dr. Cameron and his mother."

He sat up, running his fingers through his grizzling hair in dismay.

"I'd forgotten all about it. Why, Anne, I'm not fit to go; you'll have to excuse me, dear." And he lay down again.

She hesitated, then spoke very gently: "I think, if you possibly can, you must go, David,—for many reasons. It would be a discourtesy to Dr. Cameron and to the Bradleys to leave them in the lurch at the last moment."

"But you can go, dear; you'll explain how it is. My head is really very bad just now—"

"I'm so sorry!" Tenderness was in her tone and touch, but still she persisted. "But I mustn't go without you. The Bradleys are very formal, and this is to be quite an affair. They couldn't fill your place so late, and I should be a superfluous woman. Dinner engagements are serious matters, you know, dear." After years of city life she still found it necessary to exhort him as to the importance of certain social usages.

"Well,—if you think I really ought, I'll 'make an effort,'" he quoted from his favorite author, with an attempt at humor. "But I'll be a death's-head at the feast, I'm afraid—"

"You needn't say much," she consoled him, having gained her point. "I'll do the talking for both of us—"

"As usual," he interpolated.

"And you can have an hour's rest before you need begin to dress. Lie here quietly; I'll shade the light and give you a dose of bromide. Don't worry; the Bradleys are going to send for us, and I'll call you in plenty of time. Everything will be ready for you; I'll lay out your clothes and put in all the buttons."

Dropping a kiss on his cheek, she hurried away. But an hour later, after he had struggled into his evening clothes, he was manifestly too ill for farther exertion. Faint and trembling, he leaned his head against Anne's shoulder as the Bradleys' carriage was announced, and she herself, recognizing the inevitable, bade him stay at home and go to bed. So she perforce drove away to the dinner alone. She was not seriously disturbed by his condition; her own perfect health debarred her from full understanding of physical suffering; besides, other cares pressed much more heavily upon her mind. It was true that she felt the situation in her husband's church and realized the inadequacy of his preaching as no one else could do. She was so keenly alive to the atmosphere of criticism that every speech, every whisper, seemed to touch some sore spot in her consciousness. What he might see or feel she did not know; the subject was an impossible one between them—a living wound which they instinctively avoided. At times she suspected that



his uncertain health was merely the indication of mental worry, and, secure in her own vigor and strength of will, she almost resented his headaches as a form of moral cowardice. She longed to spur him on to fresh endeavor. She was so used to spurring and prodding, poor Anne! As she looked back over the years it seemed to her she had done little else.

Born and bred in the same country town, they had made a boy-and-girl marriage while they were still ignorant of life and of themselves—two simple creatures driven together by the urge of youth and sex, which in their case was subtly disguised and sublimated by an infusion of religious sentiment. They had been blissfully unconscious of those latent diversities of capacity and temperament which the inexorable years were to develop and reveal. Anne became zealous, ambitious, her resources increasing, her points of contact multiplying; David rested content to do the day's work. And as time went on, the element of condescension in her affection grew into a nagging pain to the woman. Her eager spirit never ceased its restless beating against the dead wall of her husband's limitation.

A certain youthful spiritual ardor had helped him through the early years of his ministry and won for him his place in a growing and important church. She had glowed with pride when this call came, throwing herself into the new work with all the force of her nature, despising nothing as too small which might contribute to David's success, yet rejoicing in the opportunities of a wider field. How she had hoped that he might make himself a power in the city's life! She pressed him into civic and social movements, urging him to join clubs and unions, to speak here and there, to meet all the eminent teachers and reformers of the day. And always, with the same sweet gentleness, he yielded to her urging. But little by little she recognized that the various boards and committees to which he had been appointed at his first coming were dropping him from their rolls, and that his name appeared with less and less frequency on programmes of public speaking. In all serious discussions among ministers and scholars he would lean back in his chair,

listening with a vague, pleased smile, taking no part, though on such occasions she would try nervously to be at his elbow that she might help him over hard places with her nimbler tongue and wit. She prodded him intellectually, she talked over his sermons, suggesting texts and ideas; she bought those modern theologico-scientific works which dispose so readily of all the problems of the universe, laying them open before him on his study table. He would pick them up idly, turn them over with mild curiosity, then put them down unread. His Scotch-Irish tradition held him in the path of a rigid orthodoxy, and he felt no need of compromises and adjustments, satisfied to preach the doctrines of his church as he had received them from his fathers. So Sunday after Sunday he stood in the pulpit, reading his carefully written platitudes in simple fashion, and during the week he went about among his parishioners, faithfully paying his official calls, never deaf to any cry of suffering, and with a great heart of sympathy for sickness and poverty and age. And gradually all relation with the world of intellectual endeavor ceased; dinner invitations became few, and their engagements narrowed down to quiet tea-drinkings with the plainer folk of the parish.

The Bradleys, being people of social import, had brought together a more brilliant company than the Maxwells were usually asked to meet. Anne, as she entered the drawing-room, was conscious of a novel sense of freedom. It was distinctly pleasant to be able to let herself go without feeling obliged to strain a nervous ear and eye in her husband's direction. The Reverend David was so apt to drop all conversational responsibility and to sit in benignant silence, contributing nothing.

Anne explained his illness, uncomfortably aware of the polite incredulity and suppressed vexation in Mrs. Bradley's face as she accepted his apologies. Not that she really regretted the minister's absence,—it was merely the hostess's annoyance that her invitation, given with a sense of patronage, should be so little appreciated. Anne felt that she must do her best to efface the apparent slight. Her eyes shone, her ready smile came and went; she was quick of tongue, and



she knew that the men at the table were inwardly dubbing her a charming woman. The young minister, Dr. Cameron, sat opposite to her, and several times she caught his amused, interested glance while she argued, half laughing, half in earnest, with her neighbor—a prosperous elderly iron manufacturer who had waxed eloquent over the charms of the simple life as he sipped his champagne and did full justice to a redundant menu. Having achieved wealth and position by a lifetime of hard work, he was now ponderously asserting his belief that the secret of human welfare lay in submission.

"This is especially true of a woman's lot, of course," he added. "For you must admit that your lives are shaped without your volition—you take the things that offer, not the things you would choose."

"What a paralyzing notion! If we do, it's a fault, not a virtue. There's a dynamic quality even in women, and I believe thoroughly in our right to fight for personal happiness. We aren't insistent enough in our demands; we've grown into that bad habit of acquiescence which you're advocating until we've lost sight of our claim on the universe. Surely fulness of life is our inheritance, and what we need is to learn how to grasp it, —else why are we here?" She delivered her fiat triumphantly.

Dr. Cameron, his strong, handsome young face alive with response, leaned across the table.

"Isn't happiness, like truth, a process rather than a definite accomplished fact? —a struggle, a going on? I've a fancy we can't always recognize either."

"Oh, I know your theory," cried Anne. "But I don't, I won't accept it. A mirage, always eluding us, luring us on to the unattainable;—no, that's too attenuated for any really vital human being. I should lose my respect for the reality of life if I let myself believe in anything so shadowy. I want something fundamental, permanent, positive,—I want to be able to stop at a given moment and say: *Now* I am alive in every part of me, I am happy!"

"Like another Faust, you wish to seize 'the moment flying.'" Dr. Cameron smiled at her half compassionately. "But that preceded final ruin, you remember."

"Ah, I don't mean to *delay* the moment necessarily,—merely to recognize it when it comes. For that's the real secret of satisfaction, after all,—a fully awakened consciousness."

"Isn't that the highest form of consciousness which feels the beauty of the undeveloped, the incomplete?"

But she shook her head, smilingly unconvinced. "No, no; you can't upset my faith in the possibility of fulfilment,—here and now, on this much-maligned old earth of ours." Then, as the talk drifted into other channels she leaned back in her seat, fanning herself lightly and studying the faces around the table. This was her rightful sphere, she felt, among people of brains and culture,—the sphere in which she was truly herself and at home.

But her nature was too large for petty envy, and when the women were alone in the drawing-room after dinner she was able to say with the utmost sincerity to the young man's mother:

"I am so glad to meet you and your son, Mrs. Cameron. I went to his installation and sat just behind you, though of course you didn't see me. I watched your face while he was speaking—he was so fine, so earnest—and I knew how you felt. I think your heart must have been ready to break with pride and joy." Impulsively she put out both hands to the older woman, her smile almost trembling into tears. Few people could resist that look of Anne Maxwell's, and Mrs. Cameron did not try. She returned the hand-clasp warmly.

"My dear, you are right. It was one of the good moments of life. I *was* proud,—and happier than I can express—just a foolish, fond, uplifted old woman, forgetting everything but her boy and his noble work. And I hope the same happiness may be yours some day,—if you have a son?" And Anne, moved suddenly beyond the power of speech, could only shake her head in a silent negative.

The Reverend David was better the next day, and through the week he went about his parish work in his usual manner. But Anne, watching him closely, noted that anxious lines were beginning to mar the calm benignity of his face and that his step dragged heavily. Feeling that



the situation was practically non-existent so long as definition were avoided, she assumed a light and artificial air which effectually precluded the possibility of any confidence on her husband's part. She was therefore wholly unprepared to face an issue when he burst into her little sitting-room on Saturday morning with a most uncharacteristic impetuosity. He had gone to his study an hour earlier, and she had imagined him patiently toiling over his sermons.

"Anne, I've something to tell you," he said, seating himself in a low chair beside her, determination in his whole bearing despite the trembling of his voice and hands. "Anne, it's bad news. I've just heard from one of our trustees that the Bradleys are leaving the church. They mean to give up their pew, and they're taking their letters to Dr. Cameron's."

A pause. Then Anne spoke, and the cool indifference of her tone held no suggestion of wounded feeling.

"Well, since they wish it, let them go. Certainly we don't want unwilling people in our congregation. And the Bradleys are worldly,—we've always known that,—not the right stuff to build with."

"The Bradleys have contributed more, financially, than any other one family. That must be considered; it ought not to count, but it *does*, unfortunately,—especially with the trustees. And last spring the Dales and the Enrights left, too."

She looked at him in surprise. He was gripping the arms of the chair with nervous fingers. Evidently he had gathered up all his forces for the effort of facing facts squarely. And she felt a sudden thrill of respect for his unlooked-for strength.

His eyes were on hers as he continued: "The church is not prospering; there is no vitality, no interest. You know it, I know it, the trustees know it. Something must be done, and I've made up my mind to do the one necessary thing. I am going to offer my resignation."

This she had certainly not expected! She sat dazed, blankly confronting him, struggling with the unwelcome idea, deprived of all power of expression.

"I have been thinking of this for a long time—all through the autumn, in fact,—and I've been making inquiries.

I can get a position as secretary on one of the mission boards, and I'll give up preaching altogether." Actually there was a certain zest and hopefulness in his expression. He looked up brightly, as if anticipating some agreeable and inspiring possibility. Then his eyes returned to her face. "Anne, poor girl, it's hard for you,—I realize that—it means giving up our home, living on a smaller salary,—everything will be different. Oh, my dear, please say something!" He finished desperately, alarmed at her hard fixed look.

"The house and the salary—they're not worth considering, not for a moment, in comparison with other things," she said, slowly. "You wrong me when you speak of them. But your high calling, David,—what of that?"

"Preaching isn't the only good work in the world." He grew lame and inexpressive.

"No, but it's *your* work—your chosen work. Oh, David, I cannot let you abandon it; I should be weak and cowardly if I gave my consent."

"Isn't there courage—a poor sort of courage, perhaps,—in being able to give up when it's necessary?"

"Not for you—not for you!" She sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing, her voice ringing. "No, no, never, David! Your work is part of you—you *can't* give it up without surrendering your best self. Why, dear, don't you remember our early days?" Coming close to him, she laid her arms about his neck in an exquisite tenderness. "That was what first drew me to you—your earnestness and consecration. We dedicated ourselves to the work together. I was so happy because your calling was one I could share; I was never shut out from any part of it. To give it up!—it's monstrous, it's incredible—I could as easily tear out my heart." She quivered with passionate feeling. "All the hopes of my life are bound up in it. I had such faith in you, I have longed to see you grow in honor and usefulness,—oh, make me *proud* of you, David!"

He took her appealing hands in his. "Poor Anne! I wish I could—I wish from my heart I could!"

"You can, you must! It's not too late. I know how you feel,—you're tired



and discouraged—but I'll stand by you and help you through this hard time. All churches have their periods of apathy and dissatisfaction; the only way is to ignore it, to go on bravely and faithfully. We'll fight the battle together, and if there's any virtue in our united strength, we'll conquer!"

So he yielded. "Very well, then, we'll stay and face it. But I wish I could believe that it's the best way."

"It is best. I have no doubt—I know!" And in her triumph she did not notice how the light had faded and the old fagged look had come back to his face.

The Reverend David astonished his hearers on Sunday. He seemed worn and tired as he took his place in the pulpit, but his sermon had an unusual freshness and vigor. It was original; it struck a new note. Anne became at once aware of the responsive attitude of the congregation; it was delightful to see their eager surprised attention. Mrs. Andrews unfolded her disdainful lips, wishing in her heart that she had brought the rebellious James; Mr. Porter sat upright and forgot to look at his watch; and the young Benedick in his corner wakened from slumber. The peroration was positively kindling, read in the rich full voice which was nature's greatest gift to the Reverend David. Anne's own eyes brimmed as she raised her head after the benediction.

They were lingering at the church door, he and she together, when one of the elders joined them.

"That was a beautiful sermon, Mr. Maxwell,—a very fine discourse indeed, sir. I've never heard you preach anything I liked better."

Anne looked at David in sudden anxiety. Why hadn't she prepared for this contingency by swearing him to secrecy? She trembled at his reply.

But in him there was no hesitation. He had only one thought, and his answer came with the utmost simplicity and directness.

"Ah, it was a good sermon, Mr. Knight! My wife wrote it, every word of it. I was ill yesterday—another of my bad attacks,—and she came to my rescue, as she always does. She's my better half in every sense of the word." His mild blue eyes beamed as they rested upon

her, and he laid his hand on her shoulder in all the pride of possession. No hurt feeling, no envy in his tone—nothing but delight in her ability. Not even a consciousness of the criticism his avowal might possibly awaken. Anne gave him an affectionate glance. How could she have imagined, even for a moment, that he would be guilty of subterfuge? Everything was clear and straightforward to David.

But she herself was painfully conscious of the strictures of the congregation. The story of the sermon became common property, of course, as she knew from half-laughing innuendoes, sometimes open allusions. She realized that instead of sustaining and helping her husband, she had merely placed him in a false position, impossible of explanation. Yet it had happened naturally enough. She had written the sermon without his knowledge, and as he found himself physically incapable of completing his own he had consented to accept her work, saying when she had finished reading it to him:

"Thank you, Anne. It would be a pity—yes, it would be *wrong*—to keep back such a sermon as that."

But when she rather timidly proffered her help for the following Sunday, he declined emphatically.

"No; I was willing once, in a time of emergency, but I can't do it again. A man must stand on his own feet and do his own work, no matter how poorly. It's my responsibility; nobody can lift it from me,—not even you, dear." His lips closed tightly in a sort of nervous determination and his forehead gathered into the strained puckers she was beginning to dread.

A few days later she was somewhat disconcerted when he failed to come into the dining-room at their luncheon hour, for his exactitude and punctuality seldom wavered. After waiting fifteen minutes she hurried to the study in vague alarm. There was no answer to her knock. She pushed open the door and saw him bowed over his desk,—utter dejection in every line of his figure, his gray head dropped in his arms.

"David, what is the matter? David!" She ran to him and knelt by his chair.

He raised a piteous stiffened face, trying to force a smile.





*Drawn by Christine S. Bredin*

"WE'LL FIGHT THE BATTLE TOGETHER," SHE SAID



"It's come at last, dear,—what I've been fearing,—that's all. They want me to resign. Read this letter, Anne."

He pushed a sheet of paper toward her and watched her with apprehensive eyes as she unfolded it. It was an official-looking document, signed by one of the oldest and most influential of the elders. She read it aloud slowly:

"MY DEAR MR. MAXWELL,—It becomes my painful duty, in behalf of the Session, to apprise you of the fact that we have recently conferred together as to the condition of affairs in the church, and have arrived at the conclusion that radical change is necessary for our best good. You are no doubt aware of the present state of inactivity and lack of interest, and are unquestionably troubled by it; perhaps, in your eagerness to fulfil your responsibilities and acquit yourself of your duty, you have not seen what is evident to others—that churches, like secular institutions, lose their effectiveness by running too long in the same grooves, and are sometimes awakened to new life by reconstruction and readministration. This is equally true of the individual: a man works with redoubled efficiency when he finds a fresh field for his labors.

"Conditions have greatly changed since you came to us. The needs of the church have multiplied and grown complex, and to meet them satisfactorily a different quality of ministry is required. It would seem, therefore, that the time had come when a severance of our connection might conduce to our mutual advantage in the end, painful though the idea of separation may be.

"Believe me, my dear Mr. Maxwell, this opinion of the Session implies no want of attachment to you personally, or of recognition of the great and good work you have done among us. It is merely our regretful acknowledgment of the mutability of human conditions and requirements. Should you agree with our conclusions and take the step of asking to be relieved of the charge, we shall of course make it our business to see that your immediate future is comfortably provided for, and that some honorable post is secured for you at no distant date.

"With prayerful good wishes and unchanging esteem and regard, I am,

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM KNIGHT."

Anne put down the letter, staring fixedly before her. So this was to be the end of her struggle—humiliation, bitter and stinging. Her whole being was shaken with a tumult of rage and revolt. The pompous phrases, which in another connection would have moved her to ridicule, lashed her in the face like whips of scorn. She sat silent, not daring to speak until she should be able to control the anger that surged in her. Her husband's labored breathing made no impression on her brain; she was so absorbed in her own pain that she forgot his share in it—until a sudden heavy thud recalled her. David had slipped from his seat and lay in a huddled unconscious heap on the floor.

The weeks that followed were the hardest of Anne Maxwell's life. David's overstrung nerves had at last snapped under the long strain to which they had been subjected. Now the tension was relaxed, the cords slackened, and his collapse was complete. He lay tossing on a sick-bed. The singular form of his malady was his terrified shrinking from his wife; her appearance sufficed to throw him into a panic of restlessness, and finally doctor and nurse were obliged to refuse her admittance to the room.

The days passed wearily. His life was never endangered, but she was torn with anxiety as to his mental condition. Cut off from her usual activities, she roamed about the house, busying herself with trivial cares and ceaselessly occupied with the same round of bitter reflection. She upon whom he had once leaned for support was worse than useless—something to be avoided, a menace, a positive danger. Life seemed flat and unprofitable, devoid of significance, without dignity or purpose. The present fiasco was a stultification of all her years of striving. It was such a cheap, paltry failure—almost funny;—she could readily imagine how the outer world would smile. An inconsiderable minister, asked to resign because his people were bored by his dull sermons! There was no distinction in



meeting such a situation as this;—she could better have borne a tragedy. Well, everything she had grasped at evaded her; the full realization was never hers. What was the inner meaning of things if hope were given only to be denied, desire to be unfulfilled, faculty to remain forever unexpressed? Why should one always be hurt in the tenderest spot? Why must she suffer humiliation who had felt within herself such unbounded capacity for the rapture of gratified pride—who had thrilled over the mere dream of her husband's achievement? Then an old pain awoke—her disappointed mother-instinct. Why should such power of love and tenderness find no outlet? She searched vainly for a thread of rationality in the tangle of her existence.

She was indulging in these ruminations as she dusted her husband's study one morning. His shelves being always a miracle of order and precision in arrangement, her attention was easily caught by a faded book-mark hanging out from the leaves of a fat green volume—the *American Anthology*. The Reverend David had never been a student of poetry, except of a simple didactic kind, his imagination stopping short at an appreciation of Whittier and Longfellow. So, in affectionate half-pitying curiosity, she took the book down, wondering what poem had caught his fancy. It opened at the following lines, which were heavily underscored and blurred:

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell  
in the Battle of Life,—  
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who  
died overwhelmed in the strife; . . . .  
. . . . The hymn of the low and the humble,  
the weary, the broken in heart,  
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely  
a silent and desperate part;  
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches,  
whose hopes burned in ashes away,  
From whose hands slipped the prize they  
had grasped at—

She could read no farther. A great sob shook her, and for the first time she found the relief of tears. David, poor inarticulate David! He had suffered, then, even as she. How little she had known him—how little they had known each other, since he had never turned to

her for sympathy in what must have been to him the long ordeal of life. He had kept his disappointment and his self-distrust locked in his own dumb breast. No wonder he shrank from her now.

The sense of her pitiless lack of comprehension tempered the rebellion of her mood. She was bending over the tear-stained poem, inexpressibly shaken in her self-confidence, when a summons came from the nurse. For David had passed the crisis of his illness; his strength was returning, and with it his mental balance. The first evidence of this was his demand for his wife.

He lay among his pillows, wan and white, but the light of reason shone in his blue eyes, and his smile had its old sweetness as he lifted his hand in welcome. Anne folded her own over it, and fell on her knees at his bedside.

"David! my dear, dear David!"

His first speech was characteristic in its practical simplicity.

"Well, dear,—it must be the secretaryship, after all, I guess. A long rest in the South, somewhere, as soon as I'm able to be about; then we'll settle ourselves and take up the burden again. Poor Anne! poor girl!"

"Don't!" she implored,—“don't speak of that, don't think of that! You must rest and get well—that is all I care for.”

"I *must* speak," he said, resolutely, though his voice was feeble. "There are things that must be said between us, and the sooner the better. It has all been such a mistake, Anne, from the beginning. I've been guilty of the sin of presumption; I was not called to high service—only the humble task is mine—" He paused painfully, and she, recognizing the solemnity of his mood, did not interrupt him, but listened with bent head.

"I can't preach—I was never a preacher. The will to do isn't enough—it takes so many gifts to be a preacher!" There was something of the old whimsicality in his voice and smile. "I'm only an everyday man fitted for commonplace work,—but, oh, it's been a long, hard road I've had to travel before I could come to this!"

Still speechless, she tightened her clasp of his hand.

"But giving up isn't the hardest part of it," he went on presently, his voice deepening in fervor. "Anne, it's the



wrong I've done you. *That* has tortured my conscience. I ought never to have let you marry me—I ought to have seen. You are a wife for a great man; you should have the best that life can give,—and I—I've lagged behind you, dragging you back,—oh, don't I know it! haven't I felt it! That day I read your sermon—it was a kind of a transport and a pain to me—I didn't always understand what you'd written, dear; it passed me. My thought follows yours so slowly. I've hurt you cruelly; I've taken your life and spoiled it. Forgive me, dear, for I have nothing in the world to give you but a heart of love—"

Her face was hidden against his pillow, and in the moment which followed she fought her battle in silence. She saw the future stretching before her in long reaches of monotonous days, with lesser means and smaller opportunity. She went down into the depths of self and buried there all the fair misleading hopes and dreams of her life. Then, in

a sudden illuminating flash of consciousness, she realized that never till that moment had she truly loved her husband. Even this—the most intimate and personal of feelings—had not come to her finished and complete; she too had travelled a weary road to reach it. Her restless ambition, coercing him to tasks beyond his strength, had stood as a barrier between their souls. Goaded to his hurt, he no longer needed her as his stimulus; henceforth a closer, tenderer duty was hers—to be his refuge and solace. And, after all, she had her woman's portion; she was rich in the inexhaustible treasure of his truth and faithfulness.

He was gazing at her with hungry eyes, and in answer she broke into a sob which had a ring of triumph under its pain. She folded him in her arms with a great pity and tenderness, lulling him like a child on her breast.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, we love each other,—and that is enough."

## Astraea

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

SINCE I avail no more, O men! with you,  
 I will go back unto the gods, content;  
 For they recall me, long with earth inblent,  
 Lest lack of faith divinity undo.  
 I served you truly while I dreamed you true,  
 And golden pains with sovereign pleasure spent:  
 But now, farewell! I take my sad ascent,  
 With failure over all I nursed and knew.

'Are ye unwise, who would not let me love you?  
 Or must too bold desires be quieted?  
 Only to ease you, never to reprove you,  
 I will go back to heaven with heart unfed;  
 Yet sisterly I turn, I bend above you,  
 To kiss (O with what sorrow!) all my dead.

# New York Revisited

BY HENRY JAMES

## II

MY recovery of impressions, after a short interval, yet with their flush a little faded, may have been judged to involve itself with excursions of memory—memory directed to the antecedent time—reckless almost to extravagance. But I recall them to-day, none the less, for that value in them which ministered, at happy moments, to an artful evasion of the actual. There was no escape from the ubiquitous alien into the future, or even into the present; there was an escape but into the past. I count as quite a triumph in this interest an unbroken ease of frequentation of that ancient end of Fifth Avenue to the whole neighborhood of which one's earlier vibrations, a very far-away matter now, were attuned. The precious stretch of space between Washington Square and Fourteenth Street had a value, had even a charm, for the revisiting spirit—a mild and melancholy glamour which I am conscious of the difficulty of "rendering" for new and heedless generations. Here again the assault of suggestion is too great; too large, I mean, the number of hares started, before the pursuing imagination, the quickened memory, by this fact of the felt moral and social value of this comparatively unimpaired morsel of the Fifth Avenue heritage. Its reference to a pleasanter, easier, hazier past is absolutely comparative, just as the past in question itself enjoys as such the merest courtesy-title. It is all recent history enough, by the measure of the whole, and there are flaws and defacements enough, surely, even in its appearance of decency of duration. The tall building, grossly tall and grossly ugly, has failed of an admirable chance of distinguished consideration for it, and the dignity of many of its peaceful fronts has succumbed to the presence of those industries whose foremost need is to make "a good thing" of them. The good thing is doubtless being made, and yet

this lower end of the once agreeable street still just escapes being a wholly bad thing. What held the fancy in thrall, however, as I say, was the admonition, proceeding from all the facts, that values of this romantic order are at best, anywhere, strangely relative. It was an extraordinary statement on the subject of New York that the space between Fourteenth Street and Washington Square *should* count for "tone," figure as the old ivory of an overscored tablet.

True wisdom, I found, was to let it, to make it, so count and figure as much as it would, and charming assistance came for this, I also found, from the young good-nature of May and June. There had been neither assistance nor good-nature during the grim weeks of mid-winter; there had been but the meagre fact of a discomfort and an ugliness less formidable here than elsewhere. When, toward the top of the town, circulation, alimentation, recreation, every art of existence, gave way before the full onset of winter, when the upper avenues had become as so many congested bottle-necks, through which the wine of life simply refused to be decanted, getting back to these latitudes resembled really a return from the North Pole to the Temperate Zone: it was as if the wine of life had been poured for you, in advance, into some pleasant old punch-bowl that would support you through the temporary stress. Your condition was not reduced to the endless vista of a clogged tube, of a thoroughfare occupied as to the narrow central ridge with trolley-cars stuffed to suffocation, and as to the mere margin, on either side, with snow-banks resulting from the cleared rails and offering themselves as a field for all remaining action. Free existence and good manners, in New York, are too much brought down to a bare rigor of marginal relation to the endless electric coil, the monstrous chain that winds round the general neck and



body, the general middle and legs, very much as the boa-constrictor winds round the group of the Laocoon. It struck me that when these folds are tightened in the terrible stricture of the snow-smothered months of the year, the New York predicament leaves far behind the anguish represented in the Vatican figures. To come and go where East Eleventh Street, where West Tenth, opened their kind short arms was at least to keep clear of the awful hug of the serpent. And this was a grace that grew large, as I have hinted, with the approach of summer and that made in the afternoons of May and of the first half of June, above all, an insidious appeal. There, I repeat, was the delicacy, there the mystery, there the wonder, in especial, of the unquenchable intensity of the impressions received in childhood. They are made then once for all, be their intrinsic beauty, interest, importance, small or great; the stamp is indelible and never wholly fades. This in fact gives it an importance, when a lifetime has intervened. I found myself intimately recognizing every house my officious tenth year had, in the way of imagined adventure, introduced to me—incomparable master of ceremonies after all; the privilege had been offered, since, to millions of other objects that had made nothing of it, that had gone as they came; so that here were Fifth Avenue corners with which one's connection was fairly exquisite. The lowered light of the days' ends of early summer became them, moreover, exceedingly, and they fell, for the quiet northward perspective, into a dozen delicacies of composition and tone.

One could talk of "quietness" now, for the shrinkage of life so marked, in the higher latitudes of the town, after Easter, the visible early flight of that "society" which, by the old custom, used never to budge before June or July, had almost the effect of clearing some of the streets, and indeed of suggesting that a truly clear New York might have an unsuspected charm or two to put forth. An approach to peace and harmony might have been, in a manner, promised, and the sense of other days took advantage of it to steal abroad with a ghostly tread. It kept meeting, half the time, to its

discomfiture, the lamentable little Arch of Triumph which bestrides these beginnings of Washington Square—lamentable because of its poor and lonely and unsupported and unaffiliated state. With this melancholy monument it could make no terms at all, but turned its back to the strange sight as often as possible, helping itself thereby, moreover, to do a little of the pretending required, no doubt, by the fond theory that nothing hereabouts was changed. Nothing *was*, it could occasionally appear to me—there was no new note in the picture, not one, for instance, when I paused before a low house in a small row on the south side of Waverley Place and lived again into the queer medieval costume (preserved by the daguerreotypist's art) of the very little boy for whom the scene had once embodied the pangs and pleasures of a Dame's small school. The Dame must have been Irish, by her name, and the Irish tradition, only intensified and coarsened, seemed still to possess the place, the fact of the survival, the sturdy sameness, of which arrested me, again and again, to fascination. The shabby red house, with its mere two stories, its lowly "stoop," its dislocated ironwork of the forties, the early fifties, the record, in its face, of blistering summers and of the long stages of the loss of self-respect, made it as consummate a morsel of the old liquor-scented, heated-looking city, the city of no pavements, but of such a plenty of politics, as I could have desired. And neighboring Sixth Avenue, overstraddled though it might be with feats of engineering unknown to the primitive age that otherwise so persisted, wanted only, to carry off the illusion, the warm smell of the bakery on the corner of Eighth Street, a blessed repository of doughnuts, cookies, cream-cakes and pies, the slow passing by which, on returns from school, must have had much in common with the experience of the shipmen of old who came, in long voyages, while they tacked and hung back, upon those belts of ocean that are haunted with the balm and spice of tropic islands.

These were the felicities of the backward reach, which, however, had also its melancholy checks and snubs; nowhere quite so sharp as in presence, so to speak,



of the rudely, the ruthlessly suppressed birth-house on the other side of the Square. That was where the pretence that nearly nothing was changed had most to come in; for a high, square impersonal structure, proclaiming its lack of interest with a crudity all its own, so blocks, at the right moment for its own success, the view of the past, that the effect for me, in Washington Place, was of having been amputated of half my history. The gray and more or less "hallowed" University building—wasn't it somehow, with a desperate bravery, both castellated and gabled?—has vanished from the earth, and vanished with it the two or three adjacent houses, of which the birthplace was one. This was the snub, for the complacency of retrospect, that, whereas the inner sense had positively erected there for its private contemplation a commemorative mural tablet, the very wall that should have borne this inscription had been smashed as for demonstration that tablets, in New York, are unthinkable. And I have had indeed to permit myself this free fantasy of the hypothetic rescued identity of a given house—taking the vanished number in Washington Place as most pertinent—in order to invite the reader to gasp properly with me before the fact that we not only fail to remember, in the whole length of the city, one of these frontal records of birth, sojourn or death, under a celebrated name, but that we have only to reflect an instant to see any such form of civic piety inevitably and forever absent. The form is cultivated, to the greatly quickened interest of street-scenery, in many of the cities of Europe; and is it not verily bitter, for those who feel a poetry in the noted passage, longer or shorter, here and there, of great lost spirits, that the institution, the profit, the glory of any such association is denied in advance to communities tending, as the phrase is, to "run" preponderantly to the sky-scraper? Where, in fact, is the point of inserting a mural tablet, at any legible height, in a building certain to be destroyed to make room for a sky-scraper? And from where, on the other hand, in a façade of fifty floors, does one "see" the pious plate recording the honor attached to one of the apartments look down on a responsive

people? We have but to ask the question to recognize our necessary failure to answer it as a supremely characteristic local note—a note in the light of which the great city is projected into its future as, practically, a huge continuous fifty-floored conspiracy against the very idea of the ancient graces, those that strike us as having flourished just in proportion as the parts of life and the signs of character have *not* been lumped together, not been indistinguishably sunk in the common fund of mere economic convenience. So interesting, as object-lessons, may the developments of the American gregarious ideal become; so traceable, at every turn, to the restless analyst at least, are the heavy footprints, in the finer texture of life, of a great commercial democracy seeking to abound supremely in its own sense and having none to gainsay it.

Let me not, however, forget, amid such contemplations, what may serve here as a much more relevant instance of the operation of values, the price of the as yet undiminished dignity of the two most southward of the Fifth Avenue churches. Half the charm of the prospect, at that extremity, is in their still being there, and being as they are; this charm, this serenity of escape and survival positively works as a blind on the side of the question of their architectural importance. The last shade of pedantry or priggishness drops from your view of that element; they illustrate again supremely your grasped truth of the *comparative* character, in such conditions, of beauty and of interest. The special standard they may or may not square with signifies, you feel, not a jot: all you know, and want to know, is that they are probably menaced—some horrible voice of the air has murmured it—and that with them will go, if fate overtakes them, the last cases worth mentioning (with a single exception,) of the modest felicity that sometimes used to be. Remarkable certainly the state of things in which mere exemption from the "squashed" condition can shed such a glamour; but we may accept the state of things if only we can keep the glamour undispelled. It reached its maximum for me, I hasten to add, on my penetrating



into the Ascension, at chosen noon, and standing for the first time in presence of that noble work of John La Farge, the representation, on the west wall, in the grand manner, of the theological event from which the church takes its title. Wonderful enough, in New York, to find oneself, in a charming and considerably dim "old" church, hushed to admiration before a great religious picture; the sensation, for the moment, upset so all the facts. The hot light, outside, might have been that of an Italian *piazzetta*; the cool shade, within, with the important work of art shining through it, seemed part of some other-world pilgrimage—all the more that the important work of art itself, a thing of the highest distinction, spoke, as soon as one had taken it in, with that authority which makes the difference, ever afterwards, between the remembered and the forgotten quest. A rich note of interference came, I admit, through the splendid window-glass, the finest of which, unsurpassably fine, to my sense, is the work of the same artist; so that the church, as it stands, is very nearly as commemorative a monument as a great reputation need wish. The deeply pictorial windows, in which clearness of picture and fulness of expression consort so successfully with a tone as of magnified gems, did not strike one as looking into a yellow little square of the south—they put forth a different implication; but the flaw in the harmony was, more than anything else, that sinister voice of the air of which I have spoken, the fact that one *could* stand there, vibrating to such impressions, only to remember the suspended danger, the possibility of the doom. Here was the loveliest cluster of images, begotten on the spot, that the preoccupied city had ever taken thought to offer itself; and here, to match them, like some black shadow they had been condemned to cast, was this particular prepared honor of "removal" that appeared to hover about them.

One's fear, I repeat, was perhaps misplaced—but what an air to live in, the shuddering pilgrim mused, the air in which such fears are not misplaced only when we are conscious of very special reassurances! The vision of the doom that does descend, that had descended all

round, was at all events, for the half-hour, all that was wanted to charge with the last tenderness one's memory of the transfigured interior. Afterwards, outside, again and again, the powers of removal struck me as looming, awfully, in the newest mass of multiplied floors and windows visible at this point. *They*, ranged in this terrible recent erection, were going to bring in money—and was not money the only thing a self-respecting structure could be thought of as bringing in? Hadn't one heard, just before, in Boston, that the security, that the sweet serenity of the Park Street Church, charmingest, there, of aboriginal notes, the very light, with its perfect position and its dear old delightful Wren-like spire, of the starved city's eyes, had been artfully practised against, and that the question of saving it might become, in the near future, acute? Nothing, fortunately, I think, is so much the "making" of New York, at its central point, for the visual, almost for the romantic, sense, as the Park Street Church is the making, by its happy coming-in, of Boston; and, therefore, if it were thinkable that the peculiar rectitude of Boston might be laid in the dust, what mightn't easily come about for the reputedly less austere conscience of New York? Once such questions had obtained lodgment, to take one's walks was verily to look at almost everything in their light; and to commune with the sky-scraper under this influence was really to feel worsted, more and more, in any magnanimous attempt to adopt the æsthetic view of it. I may appear to make too much of these invidious presences, but it must be remembered that they represent, for our time, the only claim to any consideration other than merely statistical established by the resounding growth of New York. The attempt to take the æsthetic view is invariably blighted sooner or later by their most salient characteristic, *the* feature that speaks loudest for the economic idea. Window upon window, at any cost, is a condition never to be reconciled with any grace of building, and the logic of the matter here happens to put on a particularly fatal front. If quiet interspaces, always half the architectural battle, exist no more in such a structural scheme than



quiet tones, blest breathing-spaces, occur, for the most part, in New York conversation, so the reason is, demonstrably, that the building can't afford them. (It is by very much the same law, one supposes, that New York conversation cannot afford stops.) The building can only afford lights, each light having a superlative value as an aid to the transaction of business and the conclusion of sharp bargains. Doesn't it take in fact acres of window-glass to help even an expert New-Yorker to get the better of another expert one, or to see that the other expert one doesn't get the better of *him*? It is easy to conceive that, after all, with this origin and nature stamped upon their foreheads, the last word of the mercenary monsters should not be their address to our sense of formal beauty.

Still, as I have already hinted, there was always the case of the one other rescued identity and preserved felicity, the happy accident of the elder day still ungrudged and finally legitimated. When I say ungrudged, indeed, I seem to remember how I had heard that the divine little City Hall had *been* grudged, at a critical moment, to within an inch of its life; had but just escaped, in the event, the extremity of grudging. It lives on securely, by the mercy of fate—lives on in the delicacy of its beauty, speaking volumes again (more volumes distinctly, than are anywhere else spoken) for the exquisite truth of the *conferred* value of interesting objects, the value derived from the social, the civilizing function for which they have happened to find their opportunity. It is the opportunity that gives them their price, and the luck of there being, round about them, nothing greater than themselves to steal it away from them. They strike thus, practically, the supreme note, and—such is the mysterious play of our finer sensibility!—one takes this note, one is glad to work it, as the phrase goes, for all it is worth. I so work the note of the City Hall, no doubt, in speaking of the spectacle there constituted as “divine”; but I do it precisely by reason of the spectacle taken *with* the delightful small facts of the building: largely by reason, in other words, of the elegant, the gallant little structure's sit-

uation and history, the way it has played, artistically, ornamentally, its part, has held out for the good cause, through the long years, alone and unprotected. The fact is it has been the very centre of that assault of vulgarity of which the innumerable mementos rise within view of it and tower, at a certain distance, over it; and yet it has never parted with a square inch of its character, it has forced them, in a manner, to stand off. I hasten to add that in expressing thus its uncompromised state I speak of its outward, its æsthetic character only. So, at all events, it has discharged the civilizing function I just named as inherent in such cases—that of representing, to the community possessed of it, all the Style the community is likely to get, and of making itself responsible for the same.

The consistency of this effort, under difficulties, has been the story that brings tears to the eyes of the hovering kindly critic, and it is through his tears, no doubt, that such a personage reads the best passages of the tale and makes out the proportions of the object. Mine, I recognize, didn't prevent my seeing that the pale yellow marble (or whatever it may be) of the City Hall has lost, by some late excoriation, the remembered charm of its old surface, the pleasant promiscuous patina of time; but the perfect taste and finish, the reduced yet ample scale, the harmony of parts, the just proportions, the modest classic grace, the living look of the type aimed at, these things, with gayety of detail undiminished and “quaintness” of effect augmented, are all there; and I see them, as I write, in that glow of appreciation which made it necessary, of a fine June morning, that I should somehow pay the whole place my respects. The simplest, in fact the only way, was, obviously, to pass under the charming portico and brave the consequences: this impunity of such audacities being, in America, one of the last of the lessons the repatriated absentee finds himself learning. The crushed spirit he brings back from European discipline never quite rises to the height of the native argument, the brave sense that the public, the civic building is his very own, for any honest use, so that he may tread even *its* most expen-



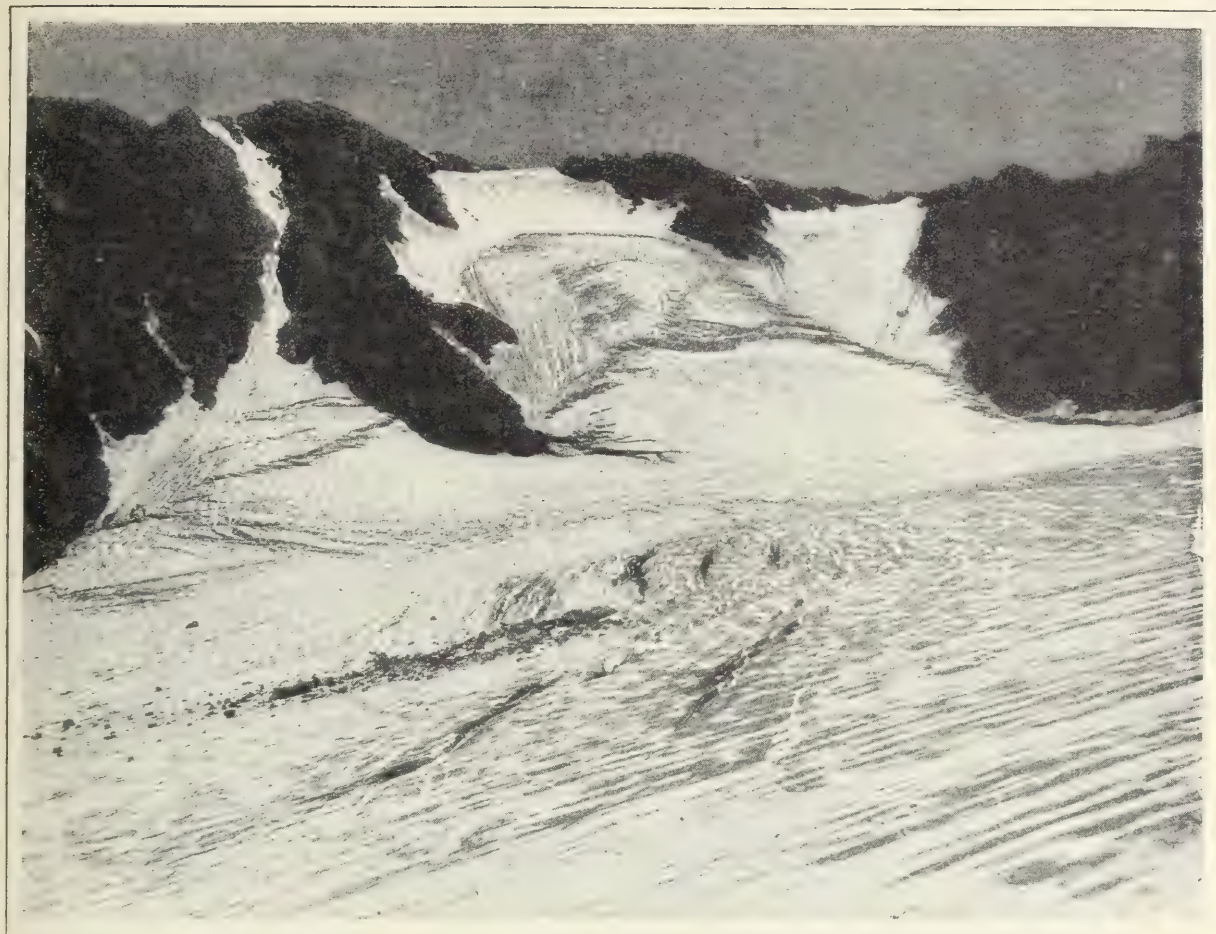
sive pavements and staircases (and very expensive, for the American citizen, these have lately become,) without a question asked. This further and further unchallenged penetration begets in the perverted person I speak of a really romantic thrill: it is like some assault of the dim seraglio, with the guards bribed, the eunuchs drugged and one's life carried in one's hand. The only drawback to such freedom is that penetralia it is so easy to penetrate fail a little of a due impressiveness, and that if stationed sentinels are bad for the temper of the freeman they are good for the "prestige" of the building.

Never, in any case, it seemed to me, had any freeman made so free with the majesty of things as I was to make on this occasion with the mysteries of the City Hall—even to the point of coming out into the presence of the Representative of the highest office with which City Halls are associated, and whose thoroughly gracious condonation of my act set the seal of success upon the whole adventure. Its dizziest intensity, in fact, sprang precisely from the unexpected view opened into the old official, the old so thick-peopled local, municipal world: upper chambers of council and state, delightfully of their nineteenth-century time, as to design and ornament, in spite of rank restoration; but replete, above all, with portraits of past worthies, past celebrities and city fathers, Mayors, Bosses, Presidents, Governors, Statesmen at large, Generals and Commodores at

large, florid ghosts, looking so unsophisticated now, of years not remarkable, municipally, for the absence of sophistication. Here were types, running mainly to ugliness and all bristling with the taste of their day and the quite touching provincialism of their conditions, as to many of which nothing would be more interesting than a study of New York annals in the light of their personal look, their very noses and mouths and complexions and heads of hair—to say nothing of their waistcoats and neckties; with such color, such sound and movement would the thick stream of local history then be interfused. Wouldn't its thickness fairly become transparent? since to walk through the collection was not only to see and feel so much that had happened, but to understand, with the truth again and again inimitably pointed, why nothing could have happened otherwise; the whole array thus presenting itself as an unsurpassed demonstration of the real reasons of things. The florid ghosts look out from their exceedingly gilded frames—all that *that* can do is bravely done for them—with the frankest responsibility for everything; their collective presence becomes a kind of copious telltale document signed with a hundred names. There are few of these that at this hour, I think, we particularly desire to repeat; but the place where they may be read is, all the way from river to river and from the Battery to Harlem, the place in which there is most of the terrible town.







ARAPAHOE GLACIER, SEPTEMBER 2, 1902

## A Colorado Glacier

BY JUNIUS HENDERSON

Curator of the Museum, University of Colorado

**A**GES ago, when the climate of the Rocky Mountain region was very different from that of the present day, when the annual snowfall greatly exceeded the annual loss by melting and evaporation, snow accumulated to an enormous depth along all the higher portions of the range. As the snow continued to pile up and pressure increased, it formed ice, which began to flow slowly to lower levels. The glaciers thus formed extended their icy tongues down preexisting mountain gorges, sometimes for many miles, until they reached levels where the mean annual temperature was sufficient to melt the ice as rapidly as it moved downward. The ice reached a thickness of hundreds, sometimes even thousands,

of feet, as shown by perched boulders, glacial scratches and *roches moutonnées*. These ice-streams greatly modified the valleys in which they flowed, changing their V shape, characteristic of stream-formed gorges, to the U shape of glacial valley topography. They rounded off angular rocks and produced on a grand scale the *roches moutonnées* typical of glaciated mountain regions. They built great moraines, well defined and having steep sides, as would be expected in a region where valleys were bordered by precipitous cliffs and material was so abundant and accessible. Then the climate again changed and the glaciers slowly retreated, until now they are represented chiefly by remnants of *névé* rest-





A VIEW OF GOOSE LAKE

*Roches moutonnées*, with Arapahoe Cirque in the background

ing in the arms of glacial cirques at altitudes of from 12,000 to 14,000 feet above sea-level.

It had long been supposed that no true glaciers remain in the Rockies south of Wyoming, a supposition now known to be incorrect. North of Long's Peak two ice-fields have been described and referred to as glaciers by men whose determinations are entitled to considerable weight, though on the whole they partake more of the nature of *névé* and are so considered by some geologists. This difference of opinion is entirely excusable on the ground that the dividing line between *névé* and glacier is indistinct, "the one passing into the other by insensible gradation." However, explorations carried on in the last five years have brought to light an ice-stream which is so distinctly a glacier as to leave no chance for a dispute as to its character. It has been visited by experienced geologists, mapped, photographed and thoroughly studied.

Arapahoe Glacier is about a mile long, and is situated amid scenery as inspiring as any in the southern Rockies. It occupies an amphitheatre or glacial cirque upon the east side of the Arapahoe Peaks, the peaks and their thin, sharp, serrated connecting ridge forming the semi-circular rim of the cirque, the ridges running eastward from the north and south peaks forming the walls of the ancient glacial valley. The highest point on the rim of the cirque is 13,700 feet above sea-level.

The glacier once extended down North Boulder Valley about eight miles, and has left in its retreat a great network of moraines to delight the student of glacial geology, and a magnificent chain of glacial lakes to please the eye of the landscape artist. Upon the banks of one or another of these lakes our annual exploring expeditions have camped in early September for a number of years, living close to Nature, surrounded by scenery



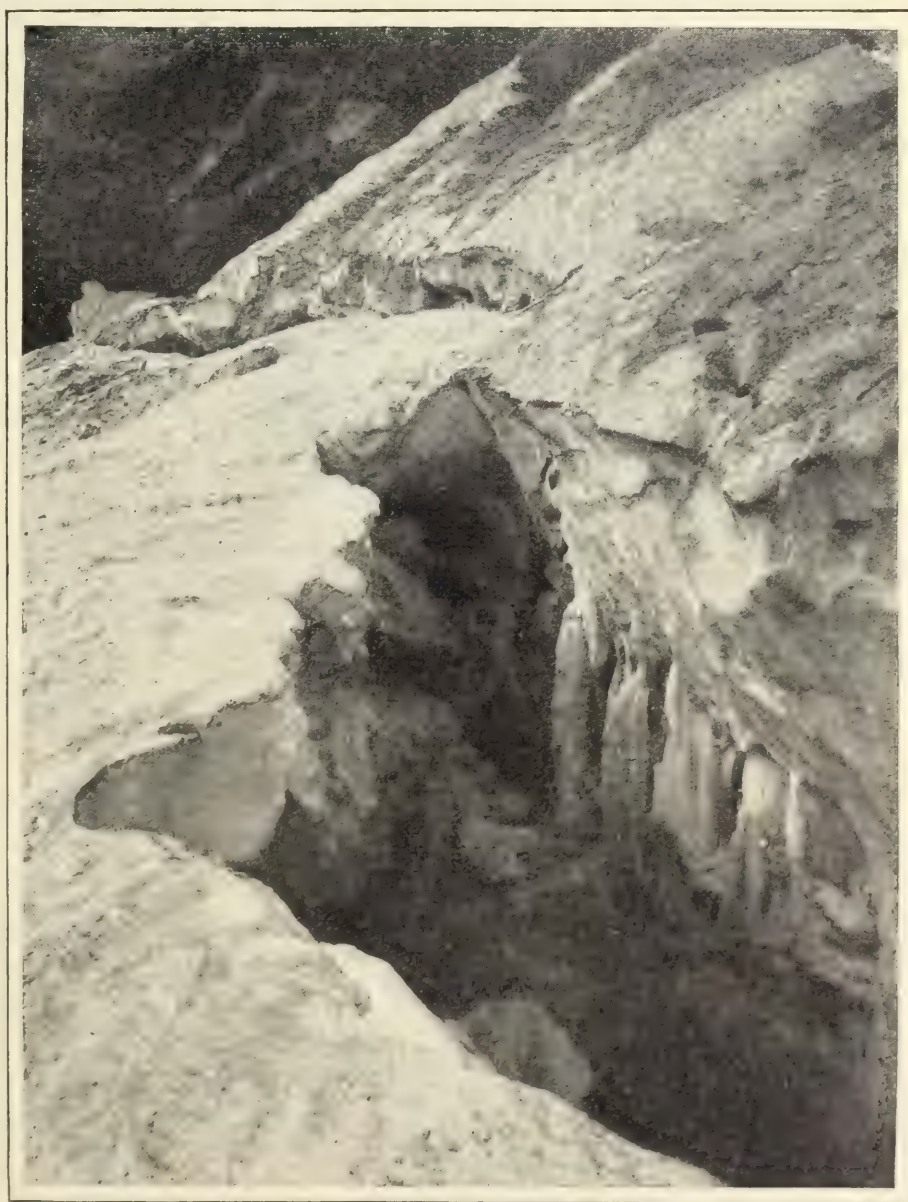
which in a large measure compensated for the hardship of climbing rugged peaks and picking our way through an untrodden wilderness of stunted conifers, huge boulders, high precipices, and deep canyons. At night the music of a dozen waterfalls lulled us to sleep as we stretched our weary limbs upon beds of fragrant fir and spruce boughs. Among these peaks the fauna and flora are quite different from those of lower levels, and the trees tell in unmistakable language of deep snows and continual west winds, in some cases growing flat upon the rocks, in others holding their heads erect but throwing their branches out horizontally to the eastward, in order to oppose the least possible resistance to the wind.

On the ice we find all the phenomena of well-defined alpine glaciers the world over, but the first evidence of present glacial work we noticed in the stream and lakes fed by the melting ice. The lakes most remote from the glacier were clear as crystal; but as we approached the ice, the water took on at first a greenish tinge, gradually deepening and whitening as we progressed, until at the end of the ice-tongue we found it milky white, made so by the contained sediment or "rock-flour" ground from its granitic bed by the moving ice-stream.

The next thing to attract attention was the perfect freshness of the terminal moraine. All along the valley we had passed and crossed ancient moraines

from which the fine mud had been removed by the storms of centuries, but here at the present terminus is a heterogeneous mixture of wet materials varying from the finest silt to boulders weighing many tons, looking as if the mass had just been deposited there by a gigantic steam-shovel. The lake for which it operates as a retaining dam is evidence of a recent recession of the ice front. The moraine is the omnivorous recipient of everything that falls upon or into the ice, in addition to the rock-flour and other material carried along beneath it.

Another striking feature of the glacier is the stratification and banding of the ice, characteristic of all glaciers. These were once supposed to be distinct features due to two very different causes, but in the light of recent investigations this



THE "BERGSCHLUND," ARAPAHOE GLACIER



may be doubted without danger of being considered a heretic. It seems quite possible that the banding and stratification, considered as a whole, simply represent successive seasons or falls of snow, first

away from the *névé*. Its crevassing systems, too, are very definitely outlined. Where the ice flows over a sudden change in the slope of the valley floor, yawning crevasses are opened to unknown depths

by the stretching of the ice. They vary from a few inches to many feet in width, and are often several hundred feet in length. In making his way amid the maze of crevasses a sudden slip may plunge the explorer to an instant death; and, be it remembered, ice does not afford the most secure foothold in the world, so that a slip is altogether too easy. Furthermore, caverns sometimes form with but a thin covering of ice, and a heavy fall of moist snow, drifting with the wind, often covers crevasses of sufficient width to engulf a human being. Such covered crevasses are particularly apt to occur early in the sea-



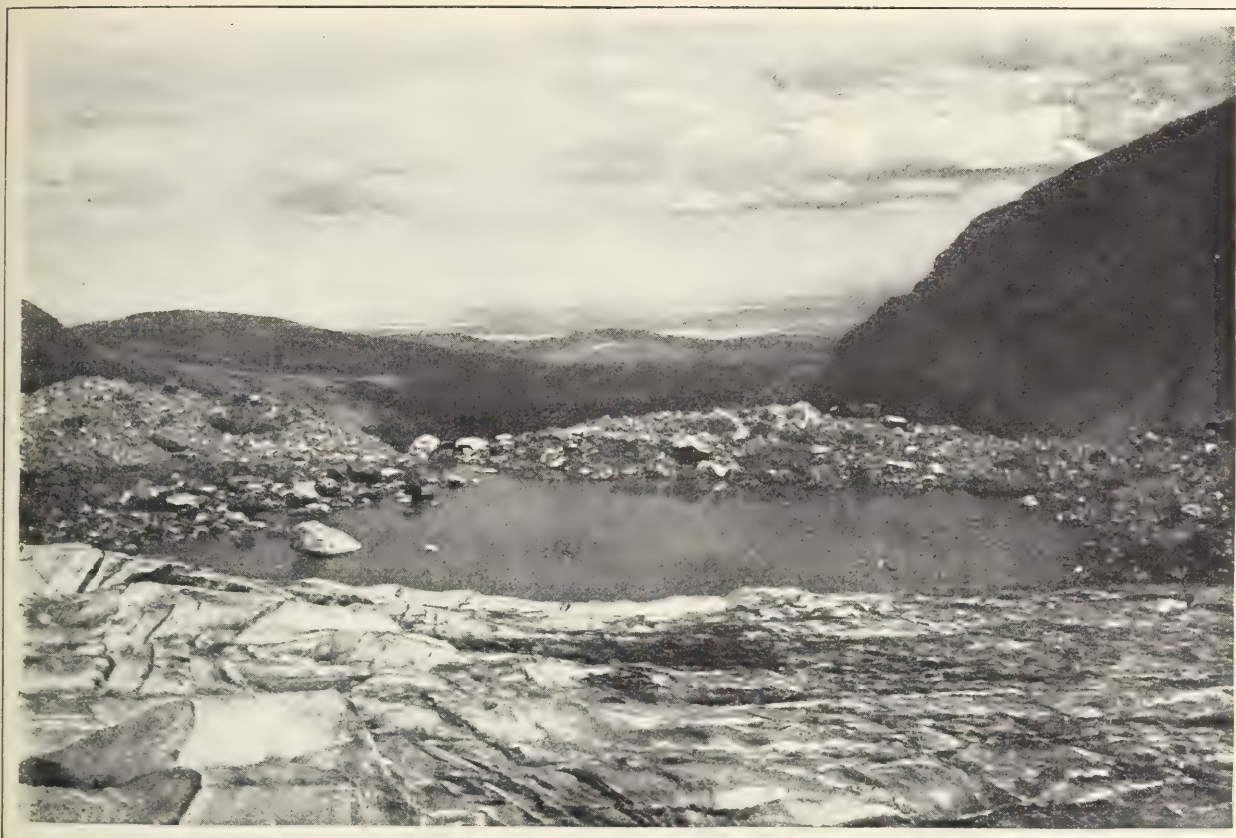
A CREVASSE ON ARAPAHOE GLACIER

appearing in a poorly defined way in the *névé* and acquiring better definition with the downward progress of the ice. Another feature which serves to distinguish glacier-ice from *névé* is the distinct granular crystalline structure.

Arapahoe Glacier is remarkable in the definite symmetry of its *Bergschlund*, the great semicircular crevasse extending across the face of the ice-stream and marking the point where the glacier proper, by accelerated movement, breaks

son, before the preceding winter's snows have been melted back. Men have unconsciously and unconcernedly crossed Arapahoe Glacier on what they supposed was solid ice, where a few weeks later the melting of the slight crust of frozen snow exposed the *Bergschlund* twenty feet in width. In the Swiss Alps at least one instance is known where a man has fallen into a crevasse, and his body has been carried downward and years later deposited on the terminal moraine. On





LAKE DAMMED BY PRESENT TERMINAL MORAINES OF ARAPAHOE GLACIER

Ice-tongue extends into lake. Photographed August 30, 1902

the terminal moraine of Arapahoe Glacier we recently found the carcass of a mountain-sheep melting out of the ice, where it had been in cold storage for many years, perhaps even centuries. The most reasonable supposition, in view of all the circumstances, is that it broke through or slipped into a crevasse and was carried downward to the terminus by the movement of the ice. Crevasses may open slowly and quietly, or with astonishing suddenness. The writer was once treated to a perfect cannonading upon Arapahoe Glacier, the ice cracking almost beneath his feet several times in succession, with thunderous roars, forcibly reminding him that he had business imperatively requiring his instant presence elsewhere.

Another source of danger from which there have been some narrow escapes at the terminus of Arapahoe Glacier is the instability of boulders upon the fresh moraine. On ancient mountain moraines one may generally feel safe in trusting his weight upon the edges of large boulders, because they have been for ages settling into more and more secure positions. On fresh moraines, however, they

are often deposited in nicely balanced positions, or reduced to such condition by the washing away of the finer materials around them, so that the slightest pressure may overturn boulders weighing several tons. For this reason experienced glacialists avoid the fresh deposits whenever practicable, and when forced upon them, proceed with the utmost caution.

No measurements were necessary to convince our first exploring party that the ice was moving. To the student of glacial phenomena the evidence on every hand was as easily read as a printed page and as convincing as a mathematical demonstration, but it remained to determine the rate of movement. Consequently, on a later visit, we set up the instruments on the granitic north wall and placed a line of zinc tablets across the face of the ice. Returning exactly one year later, we found that the tablets had moved in amounts varying from 11.15 feet at a point 300 feet from the edge, to 27.7 feet at a point near the centre.

The existence of this glacier within a few miles of civilization for so long a time before recognition of its true char-





SILVER LAKE, WITH ARAPAHOE IN THE DISTANCE

acter seems rather astounding. Hundreds of tourists had gazed upon it from the rim of the amphitheatre, late enough in the season for the melting of the surface snow to disclose the crevassed and stratified ice, which should have attracted attention. It may be that other glaciers in the less accessible fastnesses of the Colorado Rockies await discovery by observant explorers able to recognize them when found, and the pleasure of making new discoveries and adding to the sum total of human knowledge should be sufficient incentive for the lover of Nature whose eyes are keen, whose lungs are elastic enough for high altitudes, whose muscles are strong, and whose nerves are steady enough for hard climbing in a rugged land. Even though no new discoveries be made, what pleasure can be greater than getting away from the well-beaten paths, where everything is new

and strange, and where Nature's building has been on a grand scale? A school-teacher, after following the writer along the difficult ridge from the south spur to the north spur of Arapahoe Peaks, and reaching a point attained by but few of the tourists, gazed out over the awe-inspiring expanse of mountains and valleys, visible for at least 150 miles to the north, south, and west, and many miles to the east, and at last broke the silence of the mountain solitude with the exclamation, "I tell you, it makes a man a better American to see this!"

Why should Americans go abroad to see the sights of foreign lands, who have not the faintest conception of the wonders of our own land to be found by getting away from the regular lines of travel, which naturally and almost necessarily follow the lines of least resistance, which lead them away from the grander views?

# The Conversion of Jabez Trimble

BY PASCHAL H. COGGINS

“**W**HERE you bin this last half-hour, Jabez?”

Mrs. Trimble asked the question rather from some vague sense of matrimonial duty than from any conscious impulse of curiosity. She did not look up from her work, and if her spouse had been prepared with any sort of an answer the chances are a dozen to one that the whole matter would have dropped right there. As it was, however, there followed a moment of unaccountable silence. Then it dawned upon Mrs. Trimble that, contrasted with his customary style of locomotion, there had been something positively obtrusive in the modesty with which her husband had just entered the room. It was not Mrs. Trimble's habit to allow her suspicions to remain long in a liquid state.

The ivory crochet-needle had ceased to move, and for a single instant the bit of red and white worsted hung motionless in her fingers—as ominous as the sword of Damocles suspended by its single thread. Then dropping the work into her lap, she hitched her chair forward to escape the eclipse of the big red-shaded lamp, and fixed the partner of her joys and sorrows with her glistening gold-rimmed spectacles.

“You don't mean t' tell me that you've bin a-spookin' through th' parlor while Lizbeth's a-sittin' with her company?”

Mr. Trimble made a ridiculous feint of not catching the exact point of her observation. Manifestly he did not mean to tell her—if he could possibly avoid it. It was Jabez's misfortune, however, that his histrionic powers had been but imperfectly developed, and beneath the steady focus of those glittering spectacles his feeble little pretence faded and shrivelled for one uncomfortable moment, and then, as it were, evaporated and left no mark.

“Why, Marthy, I don'no' as you could call it spookin', even if I hed. It 'd jest

'a' bin makin' a visit, same as anybody else.”

“Jabez Trimble, hev you or hev you not bin in that parlor since supper was eat?”

The injustice of this form of argument aroused Jabez to an attitude of self-defence. Laying aside his paper, he slowly unhooked his spectacles from behind his ears, and producing a bandanna handkerchief of most ample proportions, began to polish the lenses.

“Marthy,” he said, slowly, as he breathed first upon one and then the other of the glasses, “to th' best o' my recollection th' taxes on this house for this present current year has bin fully paid and satisfied. Seems like I remembered attendin' t' the matter myself. That bein' th' fact,”—he paused and made a deliberate inspection of his work by test of the lamplight,—“why, I rather calcolate to continue to circulate more or less about th' premises—includin' of the parlor—at jest sich various times as shall, may, can, or must be most satisfactory to myself. And moreover besides,” he went on as he crumpled his handkerchief into a ball preparatory to returning it to the tail pocket of his coat, “I don'no' as there's any special call for askin' Lizbeth, 'r anybody else, for a permit b'fore startin' out.”

This announcement was followed by a more or less impressive silence, but neither the spirit of masculine independence which breathed through its elaborate periods, nor the abstract question of right which it presented, could deflect Mrs. Trimble a hair's breadth from the main question.

“How did you ever come to do such a lunny trick? Did you knock before you went in?”

Mr. Trimble answered the last question first, and didn't answer the first question at all.

“Don'no' as I did jest exactly what



yo' might call knock, Marthy. It 'd look sort o' queer, wouldn't it—a man o' my years a-goin' about his own house a-tippin' on th' doors? Look 's if he warn't quite sure he was t' home. Howsumever, I didn't hev any great sight o' trouble a-gittin' in."

"And what did yo' do then?"

"Why, then— Oh yes—soon's I'd turned up the lamp a bit I says 'howdy' t' the young fellow, an' he shakes hands an' goes ahead an' has a spell o' what th' parson calls real edifyin' conversation. Warn't nothin' light or friv'lous about it, I kin tell you that t' begin with. You ought t' hear him talk— Say, Marthy," Mr. Trimble broke off suddenly, "did you know them old Greeks ain't all dead yet? I reckoned they was all finished up a million years ago, an' th' Romans on top o' 'em, and all th' hull lot was covered with a mile or two of solid earth. Seems t' me I learned that in school. Well, anyway, he asked me how I thought th' Greeks 'd come out if they really got to fightin' with th' Turks. Of course I thought he was a-guyin', and—well, lookin' at it back'ards, I guess perhaps my remarks didn't connect very close with the facts o' the case."

"Yo' don't say?" spoke up Mrs. Trimble, with a cheerfulness that caused her husband to look at her fully three seconds in silence. Then in quite another tone of voice she proceeded with the investigation. "What did yo' do next?"

"Oh—why—I don't recollect as I did much o' anything. That young fellow, though, after we'd shook hands, he jest sits his chair down clost alongside of Lizbeth, and then right while we was a-talkin' he reaches out an' takes her hand, and he sort o' strokes it th' hull rest o' th' time. There warn't no hitchin' up sidewise, or reachin' round b'hind the back o' th' chairs, like you'd natur'ly expect when her dad was right on hand a-watchin'."

"Jabez, yo' ought t' hev squeezed yourself right in between 'em. Like as not yo' did, though?"

"No, I didn't; but that young fellow's coolness sort of friz th' flow o' my ideas. I was a-doin' well enough up to that time, exceptin' p'r'aps about them Greeks. Well, all of a sudden, an' without meanin' it, I asks Lizbeth if she knowed

how you was. An' she laughs an' says she guesses you was lonesome. An' then I says 'good-by' t' young Hopper, and—"

"Land o' Beeswax! you didn't take him for George Hopper? You didn't call him that—not to his face?"

"Why, yes, I s'pose so—of course I did. You don't mean, Marthy—"

"I mean, Jabez Trimble, that you ain't got no more o' that horse-sense you talk so much about than—than a mud-turtle."

The old lumberman remained discreetly silent.

"If I didn't know for a positive fact," resumed Mrs. Trimble a moment later, "that you think the world and all of Lizbeth, I'd b'lieve your hull ob-jec' in life was to hinder her from gittin'—gittin'—"

"Gittin' what, Marthy?"

"Why, from gittin' vis'tors and friends like other girls o' her age. It was th' way you talked on the verandy that evenin' 'at druv George Hopper away, an' you didn't even know he'd stopped comin'. As for that, though, I reckon he'd hev stopped before this, anyway."

Mr. Trimble, having recovered in a measure from the shock of his own misadventure, inquired mysteriously,

"Marthy, who is this one, anyway?"

"Jabez, you've held that youngster on your knee a dozen times, and once you—but I reckon that's enough for a start."

"Say, Marthy," Mr. Trimble broke out two minutes later, "yo' don't mean t' tell me that this chap's Tom Berwick's young 'un, that went to Californy with Tom's sister years ago, and was— Oh, of course not. That one was drowned."

"Keep on a-goin' over all the dead children you ever knowed, Jabez, an' then take up th' livin' ones, and you'll get the right one after while. Might save some time, p'r'aps," she added, as she straightened out a snarl in her worsted, "by only takin' the boys. Clar-ry Berwick was a girl."

"'Tain't th' least mite o' use, Marthy; I can't never guess him. Might as well tell me—unless you'd rather I'd go back to th' parlor and ask?"

"He's the widow Graham's son, Burton, an' him an' our Lizbeth used t' go t' Miss Spergeon's school together when they warn't knee-high to a bantam





*Drawn by M. Cowles*

"THERE'S BEEN SOMETHING WRONG DOWN AT GEERSON'S," HE SAID





rooster. The way them young ones hung on to each other, I never seen th' like. Why, lots an' lots o' times I've seen 'em marchin' off t' school together carryin' each other's lunch-pails. Sort o' bearin' each other's burdens! That's th' way they looked. I see 'em as plain this minute as when they was callin' for me to come out and open th' big gate. Catch me a-forgettin' people!"

"Oh, that's th' lot, is it? I remember that family well enough. Why, Marthy, his dad was th' chap that people used to talk so much about his fiddlin'. Don't you mind—"

"Yo' don't need t' tell me, Jabez. Professor Graham was 'lowed to be the best performer on the violin, this side o' Cleveland."

"He never done a real day's work in his life," said Jabez, scornfully.

"Well, anyway, Jabez, he died. After that his widow, she took her little boy—that's Burton, in there—to Cleveland, and tried to give him some sort o' an education. Things in the money way was al'ays pretty tight with 'em. And now they've come back to Overton, an' Burton and our Lizbeth seems to hev begun right where they left off."

"What's this one learned t' do? Perform on the jew's-harp?"

"He's got a place in Geerson's bank. He's the bill clerk, I think Lizbeth says."

The old lumberman leaned back in his chair and rubbed his chin in silence.

"Can't see as that family's advancin' up'ards in th' scale very rapid. The daddy tickled people's ears a-rubbin' dry catgut, an' th' son he scratches with a pen in other people's blank books. 'Twixt fiddlin' and scribblin' it's chuck an' chuck, accordin' t' my thinkin'. I wouldn't give a rotten knot-hole for twenty fellows o' that sort 'round a lumber-yard."

"Well, Jabez, ev'rybody don't hev to jest fit th' lumber business, do they?"

"P'r'aps not, but I tell yo', Marthy," he exclaimed, with the vigor of a man mounting his hobby, "I've got mighty little use for these chaps that go through life 'thout addin' anything to the world's goods—anything that you can see and handle. The man for me's the one that takes off his coat an' goes out in th' hot sun an' makes two blades of grass grow where there was only one before."

"That's a fav'rite sayin' o' yours, Jabez, that one about makin' two blades o' grass grow in place o' one?"

"That's b'cause it's so mighty plain. Gads! The man that can't catch on t' that sayin', offhand an' 'thout a dictionary, needs t' have a gardeen app'inted by the court."

"Yes, it certainly is *plain* enough," assented Mrs. Trimble, "but somehow or other, 's far's I'm concerned, it never seemed t' me like it was o' very much use—that partic'lar sayin'—not to a man who never done one blessed thing in this world exceptin' t' make no trees at all grow where God Almighty hed planted forest. How 's it strike you, Jabez?"

It struck Jabez in such a way that, to use the picturesque language of the prize-ring, he never came out of his corner.

"Never thought of it at all, did you, Jabez?"

Still there was no reply.

"And like as not," persisted Mrs. Trimble, "there's some other things you never thought about. F'r instance, it may be, p'r'aps, that all men that play on a fiddle 'r cut down trees ain't all jest exactly alike. Some of 'em may be good and some bad. That bein' th' case, why, p'r'aps the best way'd be t' examine each one of 'em sep'rate, like yo' do with grocery-store eggs, an' not break 'em all into one bowl t' begin with."

"Well, Marthy, I don't no'. P'r'aps you're right."

On the morning following Mr. Trimble's not wholly propitious introduction to his daughter's company that young lady entered the breakfast-room with something of active expectancy in her manner.

"Where's pa?"

"Your pa? Why, your pa, he took his breakfast ahead o' time this morning. There's some sort of a yeller-pine dicker a-goin' on, and your pa was t' meet th' president of the other company at the hotel. He 'lowed he'd be in plenty o' time."

There had been a frown on Lizbeth's forehead as she entered the room, but it was already being contradicted by a smile of merriment, which was struggling visibly for possession of her frank brown eyes and half-parted lips. As



Mrs. Trimble closed her explanation the eyes of the mother and daughter met, and the frown vanished, leaving the smile in full possession.

"But it wasn't one bit funny, mamma—not at the time. Pa said some of the most ridiculous things. Why, he talked about old Hercules at the battle of Marathon, and lots more just like that."

"Well, daughter, you know your pa well enough to understand that he's got t' hev his little jokes. It's bin that way ever since he was married, an' a long time before, I reckon."

"And, mamma, he took Burton for George Hopper, and they look about as much alike as you and I."

"As t' that part of it," replied Mrs. Trimble, as she passed Lizbeth a cup of steaming coffee, "a girl that changes beaux so rapid that her own folks can't keep up with 'em—"

"Beaux? Mamma, you know perfectly well that I never cared for George Hopper—that is; not in any—any particular way."

Mrs. Trimble laughed aloud.

"Which means, I s'pose, that as to Burton Graham it's quite a different matter?"

The girl was silent for a moment, and then looked up from her plate. Her merriment had ceased.

"Mamma, I do like Burton very, very much."

The color rushed to her cheeks, but she met her mother's eye unflinchingly. A frivolous speech died upon the older woman's lips.

"Does Burton like you?" she asked, presently.

"Yes."

"Has he told you so?"

"Yes, mamma. He told me so when we were very little children, and he has never taken it back. We have liked each other always. Why, mamma, we've never once quarrelled, not even when we were little bits of tots."

Suddenly—but it would have puzzled her to tell why—there were tears in Martha Trimble's eyes, and her arm was about her daughter's waist.

"If I was you, dear," she said, her very sentiment taking a practical turn, "I don't think I'd pester your pa much about what happened last night."

So it came about that Jabez Trimble

experienced an uneasy sort of relief when two or three meals had passed and there had been no objectionable references to his untimely incursion into the parlor. A week of unbroken domestic harmony, however, restored his confidence—and something more. The "something more" was his incorrigible impulse to tease.

Lizbeth was accustomed to his teasing, but her heart grew heavy as her ear caught the apparently unconscious note of contempt which ran through all his jesting references to Burton Graham. It put upon her naturally joyous nature a painful constraint whenever the two were thrown together, even in her own home, and as time wore on it filled her with an actual dread of that moment when they must confront each other and deal with the subject so charged with her own happiness and theirs.

Except in his own house Mr. Trimble saw but little of young Graham. One bright afternoon, however, as he was standing at the window of his office, he chanced to witness a meeting between the pair. Beyond the manifest pleasure of their greetings, nothing attracted Mr. Trimble's attention until Burton turned to accompany his sweetheart up the street. Then, with a queer little gesture—at once imperative and affectionate—Lizbeth thrust into Burton's hand the library book she was carrying, and took from him his small paper parcel. The subtle flash of a woman's love was in the act, and it reached the old man standing at the window. "Bearing each other's burdens." Instantly his wife's reminiscence came to his mind.

"Doll-baby play."

And so at length the time came when Jabez was obliged to take the young bank clerk seriously.

Under the circumstances of his courtship it is not, perhaps, surprising if Burton Graham approached the office of the Milton Falls Lumber Company upon a certain Monday afternoon with something of inward trepidation. The seclusion of an unlocked office door during the final hours of a busy day did not invite to special confidence, and Jabez Trimble at his desk presented a much more formidable front than in the relaxation of his own home.

That in hand, the young man greeted



the other across the broad expanse of the president's desk. Mr. Trimble acknowledged the greeting and, sitting quite erect, motioned his visitor to the single chair which confronted his own. Young Graham hesitated a moment, and then plunged at once into the deep water of his errand.

"Mr. Trimble, I want Lizzie for my wife. She and I understand each other, and I've loved her for a very long time. I have never loved any other girl, and now I've come to ask your consent to our marriage."

His words were deliberate, and yet when he had finished he was acutely conscious of the abruptness of his speech. There was a pause of mere uncertainty, and an expression of surprise came over the face of the old lumberman. Then, pulling himself together, the old man looked Burton in the face and told him it was the hardest question he ever had to answer. He must have time, a week or ten days to think it over. Burton, assenting, sought to fill an awkward minute with inquiries after Mrs. Trimble before taking his leave.

When he had gone, Jabez Trimble sat at his desk with his eyes fixed on the door, and his face was a study. Something had happened, or not happened, contrary to all his past experience, and he was trying to make it out.

During the week that followed, no word upon the all-important subject was uttered in the presence of the girl whose happiness hung in the balance. There were not wanting tokens, however, that the question lay heavy upon the old man's mind. Sometimes he would forget his paper, while his eyes followed Lizbeth about the room as if she had suddenly taken on some new qualities of mind or body. Once, too, as he was passing her chair, his rough hand rested upon her head, and his fingers followed down her dark curls and lingered for a moment upon her full white neck. He was proud of her always, but the crust of habit had so hardened into constraint that his feelings rarely broke through into visible expression. The first week of Burton Graham's probation passed by and his question had received no answer.

It was Tuesday morning of the second week.

"Why, Jabez, what is it?"

They were at the breakfast-table, and Mrs. Trimble's quick eye had caught the startled glance which her husband had sent, first towards Lizbeth and then in her own direction. By the time she had spoken he was again intent upon the paper spread open beside his plate.

"Don't know as it's much o' anything," he replied, doggedly, but instantly realizing the hopelessness of procrastination, he added, "only ev'rything swells up so when these reporter fellows git a-hold of it."

"What's it about?"

"Why, 't seems there's been something or other wrong down at Geerson's—some cash missing, they say—and late last night a couple o' the clerks was took—was—arrested."

He had tried not to look at Lizbeth, but he did so now in spite of himself.

"Burton?"

Awkwardly he nodded assent. Then, yet more awkwardly, he added, "But you can't b'lieve one-half o' ten per cent. of what you read in the papers."

The girl turned to her mother.

"Oh, it isn't true. Burton could never, never do that."

Then her face was turned dumbly back to himself, and he saw the color fade from her lips and her hands clasp the edge of the table. Before he could reach her, her eyes closed and, with a single soblike respiration, she sank back in her chair unconscious.

Half an hour later, when his daughter had recovered from the first harsh shock of the news, Jabez Trimble took his hat from the rack.

"Marthy, I reckon there's no reason for my not goin' t' the office?"

"Ain't you goin' t' see Burton? You ought to, Jabez."

"I don't 'bout that. Anyway, now, I'm goin' t' the office," and without a word of consolation for Lizbeth he left the house.

At about eleven o'clock Mr. Trimble, having made a semblance of covering the routine of the morning's work, left the office, with word that he would not return until afternoon.

Contrary to the habit of years, he turned his footsteps northward and strolled out through the scattered sub-



urbs of the city until he came to the river. Here he paused for a moment, irresolute between two indifferent paths, and then pursued his way down the stream. Twenty minutes later he was seated beneath the shade of a great oak, very solemnly flipping dead acorn-cups into the sluggish current. The mood and occupation were about as foreign to Jabez Trimble's natural self as playing marbles in Overton Common. Very soon, however, even this diversion had ceased. In his own slow laborious way the old lumberman was struggling with his problem.

Yet the old gentleman's ordeal was less severe than that of his wife and daughter at home. Mrs. Trimble realized that Lizbeth's distress was deeper than any philosophy which she could just then bring to bear upon the case, and, for possibly an hour, she succeeded in keeping both Lizbeth and herself busy. She had set about the preparation of their noon meal, when she felt the girl's arm drop suddenly about her neck, and heard her troubled voice:

"Mamma, it's of no use; I can't bear it. I can't. I'm going to the—the prison to see Burton. You must go with me."

The mother drew the daughter close, patting her lovingly on the hand.

"I don't blame yo' one mite, dear, not one mite. I'll go with you. I can't noway see why your pa couldn't have said right out what he meant to do."

When, early in that afternoon, Jabez Trimble entered the office of the superintendent of the Overton city prison he found that official alone.

"Well, Mr. Trimble," queried the officer, when they had exchanged greetings, "what can we do— Oh yes, I reckon I know without asking. Just come right in through here."

As the officer spoke he lifted the hinged bar into the private office. Jabez, bewildered, passed behind the railing.

"I wish to see a young man o' th' name o' Graham, who was—"

"They're right in here," interrupted the officer, in a whisper, with his hand on the knob of the door leading into what proved to be a private consultation-room. Before Mr. Trimble could make response, the door was partially opened and he caught a glimpse of the group within.

Mrs. Trimble, Lizbeth, and young Graham were sitting about a small table, the young man talking and the women bending forward to catch his words. Just within the door Mr. Trimble paused, manifestly taken aback by what he saw.

"Well, Marthy," he said, awkwardly, "there don't seem to be nobody absent, leastwise not on our side o' th' house."

Burton had already arisen, and with an involuntary movement of the hand was coming forward as if for greeting. His night of anxiety had left him pale and nervous, and added singularly to the youthfulness of his appearance. As he caught Mr. Trimble's speech, he checked himself and stood for a moment ill at ease, with one hand resting upon the back of the chair.

"My mother has been with me all morning," he said.

Jabez joined the little group, drawing his own chair between those of his wife and daughter.

"I was sorry to hear o' this thing. Sort o' bad break, wasn't it?"

The words fell harshly upon Burton's ears, and his manner showed it.

"I hope, Mr. Trimble, that you do not for one moment—"

"Well, anyway," interrupted the other, with a motion of the hand, "I didn't come to talk about that. There's another matter. Some'eres about a week ago you came t' my office with a question I couldn't answer offhand, an' I asked for time. Now I've come t' answer it."

For an instant Graham was unable to speak. He found himself overwhelmed by the thought, not that Mr. Trimble believed in his guilt, but that the old lumberman had seized upon his misfortune as a pretext for peremptorily breaking off the engagement. He felt at once the injustice and the helplessness of his own position.

"You must give me time. I have a right—"

"Oh, papa, papa, you haven't come here to tell Burton—to tell us—*that?*"

Lizbeth's voice, resonant with sudden feeling, silenced even Graham. Her hand went to Burton's, resting white and listless upon the table.

"I've come to answer the question, and I'm goin' t' answer it in my own way, so's when I'm through there won't



be any trouble in knowin' what I mean. They say you womenfolks can tell all about the rights and wrongs of a thing without takin' time to think—by intoo-ishun. Well, I'm only a man, so when I came up against the question whether Burton Graham here was the right sort for our Lizbeth, I hadn't no other way than jest to put together all the things I'd noticed about him, an' then foot 'em all up, same as I would a bill fer lumber, an' stand by th' bottom figgers. That's what I did, Marthy, and that's what I'm goin' to do."

The husband and wife gazed into each other's face for a moment. Then Mr. Trimble turned back to Burton Graham.

"You an' me ain't built out o' th' same sort o' timber, and I never warmed to you very much. Then you've al'ays had some ways about you that went dead agin' my grain. They warn't things a man could talk much about, but they al'ays sort o' riled me. You'd take Lizbeth's hand, or you'd put your arm along the sofy when she was sittin' next t' you, right while her ma and me was in the room. Fer a good bit I didn't no-how like it."

He came to a full stop and involuntarily turned to his wife.

"But, Marthy, when I got right down close to think it out, why, it struck me that p'r'aps, after all, a young fellow that's open and aboveboard in love with a girl, and that's perfectly honest himself, ain't got no special call t' hide his meanin', even from the girl's dad."

"Why, Jabez, there warn't anything wrong in that. That didn't never trouble me any," said Mrs. Trimble.

"An' as far's I could notice," continued her husband, dryly, "it didn't never trouble Lizbeth neither. But there's other things—one in partic'lar. What you says t' me at th' office," turning again to Burton, "stumped me more'n anything I've had to handle for a good many years. What you says was, 'Mr. Trimble, I've loved your Lizzie for a long time, an' I ain't never loved any other girl, an' now I want you to agree to our gittin' married.' I waited for him to say something else, Marthy, but he hadn't another blessed thing to say. Of course I reckoned he'd tell something about his wages, an' th' chances of a rise, and, p'r'aps,

whether there was anything coming to him from any relatives. You recollect, Marthy, how on the correspondin' occasion I showed your dad a deed for a full quarter-section o' mighty good timberland? But I soon seen that Burton here hadn't so much as thought o' doin' anything o' that sort, and somehow or other, jest at that moment, I didn't seem to have the nerve to bring him right down to the point."

He paused to look his auditors in the face and fill his lungs for further speech.

"Marthy, the way he looked when he said our Lizbeth was th' only girl he'd ever loved was like he was layin' down fifty thousand dollars in government bonds for security."

"You don't understand Burton," Lizbeth burst forth. "You can't, papa. It would seem to him just like offering to buy me."

The old man took his daughter's hand in his own broad palm.

"Marthy, the thing has sort o' haunted me ever since. It was miles outside of any idees I'd ever had, an' yet I couldn't quite git rid of it. P'r'aps you won't b'lieve it, but at first it sort o' frightened me. Then I laughed at myself for growing soft in my old age, but that didn't stop it. The fact is, it's been pretty sort o' tough.

"But this morning, Marthy, it all come t' me as clear as th' risin' sun. If what I was really after was jest the happiness of this girl of ours, and nothin' else in God's world, why, then the young fellow has put up a pretty tol'able good quality o' security. She can't sell it, but I reckon she can always draw on it in time o' need. And what's better," and he looked Burton squarely in the face, "as far as th' Almighty has given me any power t' judge o' human nature, it ain't goin' t' wear out, an' it can't be stolen. So, last an' final, whenever you two want t' git married, why, you'll have all the blessing a rough old fellow like me can—"

He stopped abruptly. The little touch of humor which now and again had helped him through had suddenly vanished from his soul. He leaned forward on the table, just a rugged old man from out whose life was slipping forever the most joyous thing it had ever held.



There fell upon the little company a silence born of sudden tenderness and the fear of tears.

Presently there came a rap at the door, and when it was opened Mr. Caleb Geerson, the senior member of the firm of Geerson and Co., entered the room. He was manifestly ill at ease, but he had come with a definite purpose.

"I have hastened here, Mr. Graham," he said, after a bow to Mr. Trimble and the ladies, "to say that it was all a most deplorable mistake. The bills have been found."

"Well, blame me!" remarked Jabez, recovering his spirits and looking not at Mr. Geerson, but at the faces of the little group about the table, "If somehow I hadn't sort o' took that part o' it fer granted."

Something in the tone seemed to arouse Jabez to a final rally.

"I don't care a pinch o' tan-bark about th' trouble at th' bank."

Then very gently removing Lizbeth's arm from about his neck, he turned towards his wife.

"S far as I'm concerned, Marthy, that part o' th' business settled itself in less 'n one minute by the clock. Th' man that our Lizbeth thinks enough of t' want to marry, when she's had th' chance to know him she's had in this case, ain't built o' th' stuff they make sneak-thieves of. There'll be some explanations, of course, but they'll come from the other people."

Again Lizbeth's arm was about her father's neck, but now the girl's eyes sought those of her lover.

Both at that instant were gazing through tears at that infinite happiness which true love forever holds as its promise before the face of youth—the brightest vision upon all this great round earth.

"You blessed, blessed papa! And you can't even guess what a load you've lifted from my heart."

The old man saw and heard, and perhaps there came to him some quick vision of the long, long past. With a gentleness that seemed made yet more gentle by the very awkwardness of the act, he reached forth his hand and laid it upon the arm of the woman whose face had once been so like the one which now pressed against his own rough cheek. His words came slowly, and sometimes by manifest force of will.

"Marthy, I s'pose it won't be long before you an' me must be goin' the rest of the way alone, and sometimes, I reckon, it 'll be sort o' lonesome without this little girl of ours. If we warn't too old—you an' me—and these children could learn us that way o' theirs of carryin' each other's burdens—not b'cause they're overheavy, Marthy, but jest b'cause they *are* each other's burdens—why—somehow—p'r'aps on account of it being them that showed us how—it 'd sort of seem t' make th' goin' easier. Marthy—don't yo' think—"

Jabez Trimble's voice went out, but the light that beamed upon him through the gold-rimmed spectacles, even though it came at last through tears, was like the mellow warmth of a glorious autumn day.

## Dejection

BY JOHN B. TABB

THE sun is gone; and the forsaken sea—  
Wherein all depths of tenderness appear,  
Her glance a tear  
Looks back at me  
Where I upon the strand,  
The centre of the lone horizon stand,  
Forlorn as she,  
To know that when her darkness drifts away,  
Mine own shall stay.

# Ways of the Kentucky Cardinal

BY JENNIE BROOKS

OUR little bird, garbed in olive tints, with golden-gray breast, wings and tail feathers touched with scarlet to make her gay, located her first nest in our vicinity five years ago. This first nest I was able to secure in the early summer, and a bird's nest is an ever-varying marvel, each year differing in its construction, even though the same material may be used. This first one, however, was but the precursor of better things to come. A new era had arrived, and an æsthetic sense was being developed in my lady. The nest had been placed in the most secure nook imaginable, just under the overhanging eaves. The roof was so thickly draped with vines, neither sun nor rain could discommode the little Hausmutter as she brooded her young. Usually the cardinal makes her nest loosely, but, watching the robins and orioles busily gathering up strings, this one grew covetous, and came herself to the grape arbor, daintily picking from the rags the finest ravellings. Later we found them twisted into one side of the nest.

The next year we found her again picking at the ravellings of the rags we had torn into strips for the other birds, and, understanding at once her desire for finer material, we hastened to hang in cobwebby festoons upon the trellis a few yards of spool cotton cut into lengths. Hardly waiting for us to leave them, she flew down, and in the most dainty, careful way drew out one at a time, not taking greedy mouthfuls as robins do, and carried it off to her nest, the long thread trailing through the air behind her as she went. Her delight was evident, and she worked all the morning, cheered and encouraged by her beautiful, but lazy, spouse, who whistled his loudest in approbation.

Our first intimation that the young birds were hatched came in the tiny chirpings we heard—"zip," "zip," exactly like the note of the old ones, only much softer. A peep into the nest, which was very near to the locality of the previous year, showed us, some two weeks later, three dove-colored young ones. That very evening the mother bird warned them to fly, probably fearing depredations from us; but we were fortunate enough to find one of them fluttering in the grass, and were surprised to discover all its plumage of a warm dove color. Spreading out the wings of the little bird, each quill showed a rosy tint, and beneath the wing, also, was a promise of the brilliant garb they would put on when baby days were over. Until the cardinals are nearly grown, the two sexes are very similar in coloring.

After shifting all responsibility for the young birds on to their own inexperienced shoulders, the old ones began a second nest. The first nest we then captured, to find it truly up-to-date, tailor-made.

The second nest showed very little until the falling of the leaves, but the locality was an open secret, for the male bird roosted in the thick vines close beside his mate, and as he would persist in his singing, no one was at a loss to tell the whereabouts of his home. This bird had, and *has*, the most astonishing voice I ever heard, and it did seem that summer as if even the birds themselves stopped to listen when he sang at twilight. One by one their voices dropped away as, just when the stars came twinkling out each evening, he flew to the highest tree-top in our garden and poured out his heavenly notes. The purity of tone it is impossible to describe, and his wonderful range and flexibility of voice I have never heard equalled in any bird.



The vesper song, even, did not satisfy his soul, and often when a light shone from our window across the vine where he slept, at ten or eleven o'clock at night, he suddenly awakened and began to sing. Out into the stillness of the night he flung the exquisite sweetness of his song. His first note was always very high, then a slide down one octave exactly, over and over again. Then came the trilling, perfect bubbles of music, and a run from low C up to B flat and C, in endless repetition, until, breathless and sleepy, he must perforce give over the concert until dawn. But repeatedly subdued half-tones came out from among the leaves, as if he were hardly yet persuaded that the lamplight was not some new kind of sunrise.

The next year, on a May-day morning, we, sitting under the branches of a maple-tree, suddenly noticed a cardinal bird diligently bustling about under the hedgerow. She looked at us, then flirted the leaves about in a tremendous "poth-er"; pulled bark fibres, filling her mouth with material, then tossing it recklessly away; slipping up and down through the hedge, incessantly calling out, "Chip," "Chip," and flying ostentatiously into the maple above our heads, deporting herself in a manner that plainly betokened a wish for somebody to interest himself in her affairs. Naturally, we were the ones she had in mind, as no one else was in sight; so, as I idly watched, it gradually dawned upon me she must be the last year's tenant of our garden, and, remembering old favors, was bidding for new, and I hastily ran into the house for some thread with which to test her memory.

I lightly laid the first strand of spool cotton on the grape-vine trellis, when, like a flash, the bird darted to it and swept away with it down into the garden. This proved her identity. A new cardinal would have been quite ignorant of the uses to which thread could be put, but this little home-maker had sampled the material last year and the year previous and found it good. Thus, you see, she remembered, and, as her nest was not even started, showed her preference at the outset, and also knew where to come. While she was gone on her journey I pulled yards more thread from the spool, breaking it into lengths of a

yard and a half or two yards, festooning it along the trellis and on the grape-vine. Back she came, and almost beneath my hand gathered up thread after thread, until she had a mouthful, then off again around the corner of the house. Again and again she returned, in a positive ecstasy of delight over the thread. She would alight on the end of the trellis and then hop bravely up to within my reach, daintily select her threads, and away she would sail through the air, with long streamers floating after her. Little wonder she disdained ordinary things—straws and sticks and bits of bark, when she had in mind the lacy fabric she wove on the leafy spindle of a maple branch. For she had begun her nest at the very top of a young maple—a maple just planted and putting forth new leaves.

How she revelled in the abundance of the material I gave her! Last year she had shared it with the robins, jays, and vireos; this year she herself was the "early bird." It was all her own, and greedily she appropriated it. Last year, and the year previous, she had used it tentatively, one thread at a time, watching carefully as the other birds had gone away laden with the spoil of rags and twine, and contenting herself with a smaller quantity of thread, as if she were not certain how to use it or how it would wear. Last year it was only the finest ravellings she daintily plucked from strips of cloth used by other birds, and the several threads I gave her on the hint she gave me that rags were too coarse. This year the thread was what she wanted, nothing more, nothing less, and before she was through with me she had used that morning between two and three hundred yards of thread. Last year she daintily tested the thread before finally appropriating it, pulling it over and over the trellis; but this year's eagerness showed her evident satisfaction with last year's architectural efforts, and also showed the larger development of her artistic talents.

Her royal mate offered no helping hand, seeming to think his part consisted in escorting her to and fro on her journeyings, whistling loud approval; and as for herself, she kept up a continual sort of "croon" as she busily worked. Such treasure-trove was not found every day,



and she made haste to secure as much of it as possible. As I unrolled the last yard from the spool, I told her firmly that she could have no more. "What you have done with the quantity that you have already taken is a mystery that remains to be unravelled when you are through with your nest," I said, "but there is an end to all things, even to a spool of thread, and you have reached it. Take, then, if you will"—and she stood with her head on one side, listening wisely to my words, if not understanding them—"the spool itself, for I have a fancy to see how much weight you can carry in that rose-red beak of yours." Tying a yard and a half of thread to the spool, I placed it on the ground, twisting the thread up among the grape-vines, and sat down to see what she would do.

The spool was a new object, and as such was to be guardedly examined and mistrusted. So the madame perched herself above the spot where it lay, tilting far over, first on one side, then on the other, consumed with curiosity, but not quite daring to investigate. But the last remaining thread she coveted, and she finally gave it a vigorous jerk. Up bobbed the spool like a live thing, and down it dropped again as, in affright, she retreated to a pear-tree. Returning to the charge, she was accompanied by her mate, and together they discussed the dangers of the situation, he, following an ancient example, urging the feminine part of the family to make the venture. And she did. Boldly snatching the attached thread, she rose into the air, dragging with her the spool. Startling apparition! And she promptly freed herself from it. On the trellis the pair once more talked things over, and after repeated urgings, "Oh, try it *once* more," the female pounced bravely into the grass after the white trail of the thread, and this time, regardless of consequences, swept away with the spool dangling half a yard below her.

After her I ran to see the result. Into the top of the maple she went, and there deposited her thread, for her nest was cozily placed on the exact top of it, with the threads woven about the young branches springing thickly. In a twinkling, as she released the thread, down came the spool through the leaves,

falling directly at the foot of the tree. Astonished (for she had just turned herself about to secure it), but not vanquished, she flew out of the tree and to the ground, again seizing the thread and carrying the spool aloft once more. This time she pulled it over the branch, and, evidently thinking it secure, let go of it, only to witness once more its disappearance. This second accident caused great excitement. The male bird joined her, and the two birds, with heads high and crests erect, hopped around and around this inanimate object that firmly refused to stay "put." Whatever were their thoughts or the trend of their conversation, with great patience the female cardinal tried once more to weave the attached thread into the lacelike structure of her nest, but to no purpose, as the spool fell for the third time through the leaves; and then she let it lie, and to spare their feelings I carried it away.

As I looked up into the tree, the finished nest presented a beautiful and wondrous appearance. The thread, snow white, hung like festoons of hoary lace from all sides of the nest, curiously woven and intertwined, and, from beneath, it hung to the length of nine or ten inches as the nest rested among the thick foliage of green leaves. Of nothing but thread was the foundation, as we found after the nest was deserted, wound around and around two small maple branches, as an oriole twists her threads, and with strands innumerable. Syringa twigs in great number were mixed into the upper part of the thread, to make a firm foundation, then above all this came the piece of paper the cardinal invariably uses—a twist of clean white tissue-paper in this case. Had that bird an idea of the fitness of things? Did it not seem so? But white tissue was a scarcity in the market, evidently, for above this were laid, one upon the other, three pieces of clean manila paper. Then came strips of grape-vine bark, a bit of blue and white cord, and some withered grasses. The upper part, composed of bark, was most carelessly tossed in; the lower part was of thread woven, intertwined, looped and draped with as much care as any skilled lace-maker could have given to it. How did she do it with her blunt beak, made only for rough work?



Love of beauty she must have had, for the threads served the purpose of decoration, and not much of anchorage, and were entirely useless and unnecessary in the nest proper—the upper part made of bark, where she placed her eggs. Imitativeness? I wonder. Had she watched the oriole? If so, she far surpassed her teacher. And such rejoicing as followed the completion of this wonderful nest! Such foolish rejoicing, far too loudly voiced for safety. Almost the entire day that unwise male bird sounded a “Rubaiyat” in praise of his home—such a jewel of a nest! What jubilant notes! What a medley of trills and whistles and shouts!

The old proverb was again fulfilled—pride and vainglory met with their deserts. The period of incubation had almost rounded out, when I noticed on a day a certain very silent blue jay sitting meditatively about. To my eye he had a guilty look and, on general principles, I drove him out of the vicinity. Then I went to investigate. The beautifully woven fabric was torn and tangled in hopeless confusion. One side of the nest was torn out, and, as the nest hung at an angle, I could see that the eggs also had disappeared. This accounted for the appearance of that brigand, the jay. During the day the cardinals returned to our trees, the jay also, with whetted appetite; but the outraged parents pounced upon him as furiously as a pair of cats and buffeted him until he was glad to escape with his life.

But the maternal instinct was strong in that softly feathered gold-gray breast, and in three days the brave little mother builded a second nest. She did not go to the old nest, as you might think, and pluck from it the now useless threads to weave into her second nest—not she! She never went near it, for I watched every moment of its building. Why did she not, I wonder. It would have been an easy matter to pull some of them out, and it was quite near the place where she made her second home. Like a true philosopher, she ignored the past with its sorrows, kept away from suggestive scenes, and as energetically, if not quite as joyously, prepared the cradle for her second brood. Did we help her again? Well, we did, and watched her fly this

time quite over the house to her new home. Where, then, could it be? I ran around the house, and there on the windlass of the well I surprised the male bird in full song, gazing with upturned head into the woodbine.

In among those leaves must be the persevering home-maker, and, sure enough, out she flew as we watched, and away she went over the house to the place of the thread. “Well,” I said, “I’ll lighten your labors pretty quickly, also coax you to where my mother can see you,” and on a near window-sill—a sill as near to the windlass of the well as to the nest, I trailed long lengths of thread. They caught her bright eyes instantly on her return. How delightedly she looked at them! Such great luck to have them so near! Dare she really venture to the sill of that open window? Down she flew, but just missed grasping a thread as she passed swiftly by. On to the windlass, then down again, again missing the thread. It was quite evident she must alight to gain her object, and, deciding to risk it, she plucked up courage and flew on to the sill. There she lifted her head high, took a cool survey of us, of the room, and finding things very peaceful and quiet on this summer Sabbath morning, I watching her from my chair and the dear mother gazing delightedly at her from the pillow, she leisurely selected thread after thread until she had a mouthful, and off she went to her nesting-place not ten feet away.

“Hurrah!” shouted her mate from his fence-post of observation—and though he didn’t exactly *say* these words, his notes were plainly congratulatory,—“*that’s great!*” but he took precious good care to keep at a safe distance himself until the female had become more confident, and as she lingered each time a little longer on the window-sill, he finally plucked up sufficient manliness to come himself and make at least a show of helping her. His enthusiasm for work soon flagged, and he contented himself with watching her and whistling to keep her courage up.

This nest was placed quite near to an up-stairs window and on a level with it. I could look into it from the window and easily reach it with my hand. It was modelled on the lines of her first nest—



threads and syringa sticks; but time seemed to press, and she worked in a tremendous hurry, using much less thread and with little artistic effect. In all, I think there were about seventy-five yards of thread in this nest, as my spool was a little more than half full. The season was advancing—June 16—and as yet she had neither chick nor child. On Tuesday the first egg was laid, so you recognize her need for haste in preparing a receptacle for it; a second egg was in the nest on Wednesday, and on Thursday the last egg appeared, and again the patient little bird began her vigil.

I now spent most of my time at the window watching the ways of my bird neighbor. At first she eyed me with suspicion. It was pretty close quarters, but I had conversed with her at such length during the nest-building time, that she knew my voice and soon began to answer me in low trillings—trillings that could scarcely be heard—and turn her head to look at me in a friendly way. The mate was not friendly. When he first darted in among the leaves, bearing to the lady of his choice a fine green worm, and espied me at my window, he left in great alarm, not even stopping to feed his mate, and alighted on the windlass, shouting loudly, "Whoo-oo!" "Whoo-oo!" over and over again. But I never stirred, and as he could not, as a gentleman, gorge himself while his wife went empty, he had finally to give in and come back to her with the worm. How she coaxed and called him each time he returned with food and affrightedly made many dashes at the nest ere he alighted! But he soon learned to look upon me as a fixture and to regard me with indifference.

The hot summer days ran on and on, adding familiarity to our friendship with the birds, until the mother bird and I reached that enviable stage of long silences, and my lady would barely open a sleepy eye if I essayed conversation, and then, closing it, would sit and nod, nod, as an old lady does over her knitting. It was amusing to see her thus napping in the summer heat, wearing the most utterly bored expression you could imagine, her head slowly dropping to one side until it reached an angle too acute, when she would pull herself together and straighten up, only to yield a moment

later to the utter weariness caused by engrossing cares of motherhood.

Fancy, then, my hurt surprise when my visit to her on a certain hot noontide was received with warlike demonstrations. She had fed from my hand as she sat on the nest many and many a time, but now, as I held out to her a morsel of white bread, she started up with glittering eyes and wildly ruffled plumage, a perfect fury in feathers, betraying by the glitter of her eye her kinship to the snake. Innocent of offence, I continued to urge upon her my largess, when she slipped off the nest and gave my finger a vicious dig. Her loss of self-control proved her undoing and betrayed her secret. A tiny pink morsel lay in the nest—the first bird was hatched! No wonder she was fierce, after the mishap to her first nest. Who would want a giant's great big hand to come poking insolently about the cradle of one's first-born? No wonder she stood "at arms"! But, really, I think, after all our good-fellowship, she might have trusted *me*. The birdling was only a trifle pinker than any new little human baby, and possibly thrice as large as a young humming-bird. It was almost naked, only a little fuzz showing on the wings and on the top of its head. Little time was given for even a glimpse, as the mother bird was back on the nest in a trice. Nor did I ever know her to be away from the nest unless the male bird was on guard, until the birds were nearly grown. Experience had been a good teacher. On the next day two birds were in the nest; the next, three youngsters crowded together beneath her warm breast. How wonderful now was her instinct! No more close sitting on the nest; rather, she seemed to hold herself over the young birds so lightly as if to give breathing-space for the small lungs. How they did sleep, those youngsters! Cuddled in a warm little bunch, they slept by the hour, the mother, perched on the edge of the nest, keeping guard. Their rapidity of respiration was astonishing, and they panted like small steam-engines, as if they must breathe as fast as they could and grow as fast, so as to lose nothing of life.

Whether birds so young already partake of the peculiarities of what is called "immature" birds—half-grown



birds,—I do not know, but I do know that two of these birds looked gray even when only economically wearing their skin, and one was quite pink, and in the third nest made all three birds were pink. Possibly all of them were male birds in the last case, the pale rosy coloring being only a forerunner of the vivid red of the future.

Well, my young birds grew and grew apace, and the old birds gradually lost the puffed-up pride of first parentage, admitting my always-willing-to-be-friendly self again to their confidence, and the female came quite readily on to the window-seat for the crumbs I laid there, and even inside.

It was marvellous how they feathered out. The wings on one day showed only gray quills with tiny paint-brush ends sticking out, and the next had burst forth into soft dove-colored feathers—dove color with a warm rosy tint—precisely as a flower blossoms in a night. On the fourth day, Tuesday, a slit appeared in the centre of the eyelids of the first-born; the next, the slit had widened; and on the sixth day the young bird had its first glimpse into a wonderful world of leaves and blue sky. The eyes of the remaining birds opened in succession, and on the tenth day after the first hatching, when I made my noonday visit, two birds were just fluttering from the nest. Between hopping and beating their wings, they managed finally to climb out of the nest, one perching on the rim of it, the other fluttering on to a twig close to my window. There they sat in round-eyed wonder, staring about them like owls, as though they would say: "Well, this is the kind of place the world is, is it? Not so very much, after all!" And when I reached forth a hand, like Noah, and drew a bird in, it evinced no surprise of any kind, but sat gravely on my finger, eying me with an unblinking stare. But the old ones took things not so easily, for they flew at me like demons until I retreated into a farther room, carrying off my prize for closer inspection. What a beauty it was! and how complacently it hopped from finger to finger of my hand! But as the outraged parents dashed against the now closed window in fierce rage, I opened the door down-stairs to which I had carried my captive and let

him go, not an instant too soon, for the cardinals flew at me viciously. It seemed inexcusable, but the dooryard was unsafe for the rest of the day, for as the third youngster fluttered out, they all three fell among the woodbine, and when one of us made a dash to bring in a bird to examine it, it was at the risk of our eyes. They permitted us to throw out crumbs, and came quickly to eat them, bringing the young ones; but it was very evident that it was their day "out" and our day "in."

We secured the nest and found it made of successive layers, first a piece of paper bearing the words, in large letters, "Premium," "A number *One*," evidently the heading of some prize-paper advertisement. Then came the thread, yards and yards of it, secured to the woodbine and interlaced around many tiny syringa twigs. Then upon this a piece of brown manila paper, and then a few pieces of bark; then a third piece of paper with large type head-lines, "What shall be done with Aguinaldo?" more twigs and bits of bark; then a fourth piece of paper from a select sheet headed "Times-Star," announcing a bargain sale of housekeeping goods.

Such a tiny pocket of a nest as it was, after all, to have held such a vigorous family! The hollow of it was no larger than the curve of my palm.

The fitting was on a Friday, and on Tuesday following the female was again at nest-making—her third nest, two sets of eggs having been laid already and one brood hatched.

This nest was hung to the wire netting where the honeysuckle clung. It could be entered from either side—outside from beneath the leaves, or inside from the porch side. It was cunningly located beneath the thickest leaves. But did my lady choose the easier way? Not at all. No matter how many people were occupying the porch, she would, after exercising or going for water on the south side of the house, fly into the maple-tree at the south end of the porch, and from there sweep over our heads, the entire length of the porch, alight on a tiny twig that protruded on the wire side of the nest, and then slip through the meshes as neatly as you please. She sometimes added to the charm of her flight by sitting on



the twig for two or three minutes, before stepping into the nest, and pouring forth notes of bewildering sweetness. This was her especial accomplishment—to fly home and, before settling down to the monotony of brooding, whistle ecstatically. Many times in the day did she repeat this. Occasionally on the nest she would whistle and call in such low, clear tones, raising her head to listen for my answer or for her mate's, if he were in the vicinity, that I felt she had, in the joy of maternity, forgotten all its pain, and the tragic episode of the blue jay was as though it never had been. Oftentimes I held my face close to the netting and conversed with the little mother as she wearily wore away the hot, hot, hot days, and she would respond by an uplifted head and a kindly reception of my words.

In this nest, in course of time, were three babies, all of them pink, pink as pink, and even smaller than the first ones—the first day one, the second day all three. On a certain day the female would not leave the nest at all. All day long she sat on the twig or the edge of the nest, and we knew that flying-time was at hand, and promptly posted ourselves near by to observe. When her patience was almost worn out, one little bird struggled out of the nest and up on to the vine, then a second and a third—

A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,  
A little piping of leaf-hid birds,

truly,—and guiding them, guarding them, cheering them on, the parent birds hung about the young adventurers. At nightfall they were yet in the vines, but in the morning all were gone but one, and as I picked him from the leafy covert, with kindest intent to show him the way to his “mammy,” that “mammy” swooped down upon me from goodness knows where, for I had not suspected her

being in the neighborhood, and showed me so unmistakably that she could take care of her own family, that I dropped her birdling and retreated in anything but good order.

The next spring our cardinal found the leafy garden lonely. The friend of all the birds, one blossomy April day, fled into a Far Country, and, missing her, my bird went away, bewildered, choosing a location in my neighbor's garden, building her first nest away from our place. One day later, as I sat lonely by my window in the still house, into the grape trellis descended our cardinal bird, peering at me with inquiry. With a jumping heart I watched her, and wildly hoping she might even at this early date want to build again (the young ones were scarcely out of the nest), I dropped my work, snatched up a spool of thread, and hurried outside to tempt her. There, by the trellis, I unrolled yard after yard of thread as she cunningly watched me, but I had scarcely left them when my lady came edging shyly along the trellis, snatched up one thread and flew away with it over the low roof of the kitchen. I returned to my window and watched her until she had carried away all of the thread; then I went out with more, and this time following her flight, behold! there where she had built the year before was a tangle of white threads hanging in the green leaves of the woodbine. She had come back to me; old friends were best!

This second nest was not long a-building. Her second brood was scarcely on its wings when my lady again turned over to her almost exhausted mate—for he had had all the rearing of the first brood—the three hungry youngsters who had quickly become burdensome to herself, for she wanted to build again. This time she made a nest in the Osage hedge, still using the thread. So ended the fourth summer.





# As a Man Sows

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD

"**R**ODNEY DENNIS, by your own admission and by the findings of this court you are declared guilty. Is there anything you wish to say before sentence shall be passed upon you?"

The Judge's voice, inflexibly just, unsparingly distinct, had in it a ring of contempt.

For the first time since the trial began the prisoner raised his iron-gray head from his breast and took cognizance of his surroundings. His eyes rested on the Judge's bench, at whose foot a ray of sunlight, penetrating an unshaded window, lay quivering like a criminal. Thence his glance passed slowly to the two-tiered jury-box, and to the dull-green tables where the lawyers sat, ominously impassive, and so to the space reserved for spectators. It was filled with his fellow citizens, the idle, uncaring faces crowded in close like a living mosaic-work. Most of them he knew by sight. Many had been his friends. But not even the last cruel judgment-day of all was to bring him before a more dreaded tribunal. Earthly courts balance their scales only with justice, not with mercy.

The pitilessness of the atmosphere struck through him like an arctic wind. He shivered, grasping the back of his chair with both hands to steady himself. He had given his age as forty-seven, but he looked an old, old man.

It had not been a long trial. The prisoner had confessed, and the weighing of the evidence had been soon over. The jury had not left their box. Indeed, they had consulted together but for a moment's space, when the foreman—the man with the crimson tie—had delivered the verdict. So short a trial for so long a sin! So short a trial, so swift a condemnation, so unendurable a hereafter!

The question was repeated, and from behind the last row of seats the Judge's son—a young, slim lad with his father's

resolute mouth and chin—shook back a mop of yellow hair and craned his slender neck for a better view.

The prisoner drew in his breath harshly. "Yes," he answered, "I have something to say."

A surprised expectancy stirred audibly in the room at his words, like a breeze rustling through withered leaves, and the man's pallid face, refined, clear-cut, and set like a mask, went whiter still. Pushing aside the chair, he struggled to straighten his spare frame, and confronted the crowd of curious gazers, with his head forced high and eyelids dropped desperately. Beads of sweat broke out on his drawn forehead. He brushed them away with a blue-veined delicate hand. Then suddenly he lifted his eyes, and the people held their breath. A naked soul looked out at them from an immeasurable abyss of torture. They glanced round upon each other uncomfortably, confusedly conscious of an impropriety in their presence, as if finding themselves unexpectedly in an inquisition chamber.

A moment the man stood so—a creature pitifully racked in their sight. Then his lids fell again, and the spectators breathed more freely, watching lynx-eyed for what might be to follow. He began abruptly now, his speech low and rapid:

"It was for my boys' sake. They were all I had left—the two of them. Their mother died when the youngest came. They were clever—extraordinarily clever! as much cleverer than I as a burin is finer than the fingers guiding it. And my pride in them outran even my love for them, though I could have been crucified daily with joy to save them the semblance of a pain. My life was nothing but a garment for their use. They would outgrow it—I meant them to outgrow it, through the education that I should give them. That was my one devouring desire. It ate into my life



as an acid eats out metal. Waking or sleeping I thought of nothing else. Freezing or starving I thought of nothing else. I must give my sons an education worthy of them. And how was I to provide it? I had no money—no kin. Food and clothes my boys could do without. Kin and friends they could do without. But an education of the best they must have. The thought dogged me till it became a living part of me. I was that thought vivified. An education they must have. Do you understand now why I did it?—how there was no choice in me but to do it? Is a man accountable when a force stronger than himself lays compulsory hold upon him? Every bill that I forged was for their education—for that only. From the first to the last not one was for myself. Nor on them did I spend a dollar of the accursed stuff except for their education. On that I spent royally. But in everything else they remained a poor man's sons. They lived as I lived. They went shabbily clad, badly housed, niggardly fed—even the youngest—hungry often. Only in their education I denied them nothing. All that money could buy of learning I snatched at for them with both hands. Every scrap of knowledge that was to be had in exchange for coin I hunted out and lavished on my two boys at cost of my soul's blood."

He raised his voice a little, and once more his eyes flashed out their unbearable message of pain.

"Ah, you think it an easy means to an end, the shortest of roads to a fortune! You think that I did it to spare myself honest work. You imagine the secret shame of the sin to have been its only price. But I paid for it—oh, I paid for it! and with a life of double toil and hardship. All the interminable days through I slaved at a public desk to earn the pittance that we starved by. And through the longer and deadlier nights, while others drugged their miseries in sleep, I slaved on still, by stealth, behind barred doors and locked shutters, dropping with fatigue and fear, benumbed by the cold, famishing for food, bolted in alone with the one goading ambition that had me by the throat. You know nothing of the horrors of that solitude, shot through with the dread of dis-

covery as a paper is interwoven with its water-mark. The commonest sound—a rain-drop on the pane—the whirl of a striking clock—the creaking of the chair leather—just the glimpse of my own frightened shadow—shocked my blood to ice, and undid a whole month's labor with one ungovernable shudder. Oh, those vampire nights! They sucked from me my youth, my strength, my manhood, my last glimmer of self-respect. I lived a lifelong death-agony. Yet I would have borne it all twice over for my boys' sake, only that they—"

He choked and stopped. The courtroom was very still, and through its silence there came to him subtly the sense of a sympathetic current flowing warm across the atmospheric chill. He moved a step forward and began again:

"I meant, when their education was completed, never under any stress—not though life itself hung on it—never again to engrave the smallest note. I meant to die honest, as I had taught them to live. I was only borrowing this money from the government. It was a loan that I was investing in the safest of securities—not in luxuries, but in knowledge; not in comforts, not in necessities even, but in tools—tools that my sons might do earth's best work among the world's best workers. It was a trifling sum to borrow for such an end. And my boys were to repay it for me. There are different ways of settling a debt. It need not always be coin for coin. My boys' lives were to pay back strength for my weakness, truth for my falsehood, honor for my disgrace. They were to be everything that I had failed to be—everything that I hadn't it in me to be. I was making of them men that their country should be proud of. If the means I took for this was a sin, at least they were blameless of my fault. No wrong-doing of mine touched my boys. Lilies may grow out of a dunghill and be lilies still."

A sob forced its convulsive way up, shaking him from head to foot. But he gulped it down and lifted his head once more. In his ashen face his eyes were devastating flames.

"Two for one it was to be!" he cried, passionately. "I was to give back my two sons' lives for mine, their brains for mine, their souls for mine—their two



clean high souls, honorable, unstained—for my one sullied soul. Would not that be double restitution? What though I lived in hell, doing hell's work? I had the right to damn myself for their sakes if I chose. Were they not to redeem my worst past with their future? Were they not— O God!—God!"

Before the agony in his face men and women shrank back and lowered their gaze. Then, tongue-tied and embarrassed, impelled by morbid curiosity, hesitatingly they looked at him again. What soul's tragedy was thus acting itself out before them on this shameful stage? The entire audience swayed toward him unconsciously, drawn by that irresistible interest in the outcome of a man's fate which is a part of the common brotherhood of the world. The Judge, too, leaned farther forward; but he was looking fixedly across the room at his son, and his sight was blurred.

Twice the prisoner drew his long-fingered, delicate hand over his brows, striving to command himself. Then the words came, sharp and incisive as if struck from metal with the blows of a hammer.

"You who are fathers—who have sons—like mine—sons whom you love with every particle of your being—sons to mould after your highest ideals, your noblest aspirations—to pattern into yourselves perfected—to become your best ambitions realized—your atonement to the world—listen! listen! Say what conceivable punishment of my sin could outdo this! My boys—my boys"—each syllable now was a gasp—"the sons for whom I gave myself to the devil—discovered my secret—long ago—while I was teaching them to pray for deliver-

ance from evil!— They have grown up knowing it. And not only they do not despise me—loathe me—that I could bear! could exult in!—but they approve of it—are glad of it! More! More!" he flung up his arms with a cry that forever haunted every ear that heard it. "They begged me to teach them my trade—make it theirs—let them live by it—my boys, I tell you! my two boys! Both—the youngest, too—undone—wrecked—soul-wrecked for life—and by myself—by the sin that I sinned—for their sakes!"

The broken, sobbing words died away in a suffocated sound like a death-rattle. The prisoner stood as if turning to stone before their eyes, his features hardening into terrible ineffaceable lines. A murmur, inarticulately distressful, sighed through the room and was gone. No man looked at his fellow. A mist hung before every face.

The Judge was still gazing at the young lad so like himself, and his lips wore an expression that was a prayer. The sunlight had crept up about his knees and lay warm upon his hands. He unclasped them and rose slowly to his feet, slowly withdrew his eyes from his boy's face, and turned toward the man at the bar. When finally he addressed him it was in a voice seeming that of another man than himself.

"Rodney Dennis," he said, "no penalty of man's devising could equal that which Heaven, in its inscrutable justice, has already pronounced upon you. The court remits the half of your intended sentence."

And the Judge's son, lifting his yellow head high above the crowd, smiled at his father across the room.





# The Silent Life

BY HENRY FLETCHER HARRIS

THE gray days close behind her; and Time's a wind that blows  
Among her little snow-rimed hills and scant trees ashed with snows;  
Her spinning-wheel sings to the blaze of vanished bloom and blade;  
Her books are folden at old tales and rhymes that dead men made.

Yet all her years go softly, and the quiet of the stars  
Is shed across her pallid couch between her window-bars,  
And Death shall find her wise with prayer; and Death shall be no more  
Than a friend who rideth late at night and knocks upon the door!

## Editor's Easy Chair.

IN a passage of the record of his hermit life at Walden Pond, Thoreau dwells on the fatuous nature of news, or rather of the readers of news, who suppose themselves to be profitably employed in its perusal. He says that the news of yesterday is the news of to-day, and will be the news of to-morrow; and it must be allowed that he goes far to prove his saying, though he speaks of the recent events of the economic, political, and social world, with its accidents, crimes, scandals, its gossip, conjecture, inference, its discoveries, inventions, theories, of peace with its victories, of war and the rumors of it. He makes out a very good case; he causes you to sit up, if not to bow down, and obliges you to own that there is something, if not everything, in his philosophy. After you have read that passage you take up your morning paper without noticing that it is not your evening paper, but with a guilty sense of wasting your time in stealing a knowledge of what has happened to bring December 31st, 1905, up to date with December 31st, 905, or December 31st, 2905. You would of course not expect to find all those epochs synchronous; but if you were proposing to acquaint yourself with the fresh interests of the æsthetic or ethical or religious world, you would be very much disappointed

if you did not find them all equally historical and prophetic in their events.

Some such opinion or illusion has urged itself upon us from the examination of a literary journal professing to have been published in New York here in September, 1860, and alleging in corroboration the yellowed leaves and the tattered creases of a paper many times carefully folded and unfolded, and then laid away, and long forgotten even by the girl poet whose verses hold a place of honor on its first page. They are indeed lovely verses, and we wish we might reproduce them all here, but that would be showing them an unjust partiality, for the quality of that old copy of *The New York Saturday Press* is very uniformly good.

I have as neat a hat of pliant barley  
As ever graced the head of country lass;  
'Twas braided by the skilful hand of Charley,  
And trimmed with a soft roll of prairie-grass.

I have a necklace red as Lincoln cherries,  
And hard as any coral of the sea;  
'Twas Charley made it of green whortle-berries;  
He dried and stained it gorgeously for me.

I dared not kiss him 'neath the church-yard beeches,



Although 'twas my last look at one so  
 dear;  
 And now, though years have passed, my  
 choicest riches  
 Are the rude keepsakes I have shown you  
 here.

So runs the pensive rhyme, and in another column, parted from it by several uplands of fiction concerning New York social and financial life, ripples a gayer song, by another girl-poet, probably no gayer in fact than the sad one. The furthestmost page from this begins with Mrs. Browning's new poem of "The Sword of Castruccio Castracani," after which comes another expanse of original fiction, "They meant no Harm," of, we fear, a romantic cast. Still another poem then succeeds, archly calling itself "Silence means Consent," for a reason obvious enough from a single stanza:

I asked to give some one a kiss,  
 There in the oak-tree's shade:  
 What reply do you think came back?  
 Never a word was said!

It will be seen that the *Saturday Press* was much given to poetry, and on the inside of the same leaf is a letter to the editor from the most gifted of our young poets, who, we venture to predict, will never write anything better. The subject of the letter is a lyric which, under the different titles of "Abbassa" and "Fatima," has just appeared in the September number of both the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and been copied into the *Press* with the inquiry, "characteristic and charming," from the editor "as to which is the author's favorite version." Mr. T. B. Aldrich responds, "The one read last, reading the two poems in any order you please," and he explains, with several flashing thrusts of his rapier into the vitals of the editor, who has "happily remarked" the substantial identity of the two pieces, how both happened to be printed simultaneously. He had sent "Fatima" to the *Atlantic*, and after waiting a year without hearing from it, he sent her twin sister "Abbassa" to the *Knickerbocker*. Their unforeseen publication in the two periodicals exposes the poet, as he thinks, to "a conclusion not particularly to his credit," and he ironically thanks the

editor for forestalling it. The young poet, we believe, is mistaken as to the general inference from his misfortune, and we are sure that the public, which he is destined to make his friend no less by his wit than by his poetry, will recompense him in admiration and affection for all loss of honorarium, if each magazine should refuse to pay on the ground that the other is his debtor.

In the column next that containing his letter is a very nice problem in chess, a game now commanding universal interest, and in the column beyond that is a lively "dramatic feuilleton," touching upon the present operatic season inaugurated by Max Maretzek, with the brilliant young Patti for its evening star. A glowing appreciation of that "celebrated juvenile performer," Miss Kate Bateman, is quoted from a Chicago journal by the feuilletoniste, who, being very French by adoption, if not by nature, calls himself Quelq'un. The editor is also adoptively very French, and he writes in Hugoish paragraphs of one or more syllables a leader on the *New York World*, which is devoted to the destruction of our latest evening contemporary. He makes a great deal of staccato fun of the *World's* assumption of pious respectability, which, to a Parisian like him, is ridiculous; but we doubt if it will have the effect of turning the *World* from the orbit of propriety, in which it is apparently destined to revolve forever.

The intention of the *Saturday Press* is to be *chic* at all costs, and to anticipate that useful word with the fact. There is a very chic letter from the eminent Russian refugee Count Gurovski, sketching his "Minor Experiences in America" from the moment of his landing in New York; but the editorial review of that newest novel, *The Ebony Idol*, written to counteract the baleful effects of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is rather stodgy than chic. The balance is trimmed again by some mocking paragraphs from the *New York Herald*, contrasting with our hysterical pride in the visit of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, the calm of the Brazilians' behavior in simultaneously receiving his brother, Prince Alfred, at Rio Janeiro.

When it has no *chic* of its own, the *Saturday Press* does not mind helping



itself out with another's, and lively passages are quoted from various sources concerning matters of literary interest. There is a lively passage from the *Tribune*, making fun of Mr. Charles Reade's difficulties with the title-page of his latest novel, *The Eighth Commandment*, where he fancies himself to have "done injustice to Moses," by the ambiguous phrasing. There are extracts from Mr. Buckle's great new book, *The History of Civilization*. There is the speech, reprinted at full length, of Artemus Ward, delivered at the Great Show Exhibition in Baldwinsville, Indiana. Mr. John Lothrop Motley, we learn from the column of literary intelligence, is about publishing in London a new work entitled *The United Netherlands*. In a letter from Gadshill Place, Mr. Charles Dickens thanks Dr. Joseph E. Worcester for a copy of his Dictionary, "a most remarkable work, of which America will be justly proud." The editorial acknowledgment of publications received shows great activity in the book trade. In the publishers' advertisements a new and complete edition of Mr. Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* is announced, with, we regret to note, a line quoted from a private letter of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson's to the author praising him for "incomparable things said incomparably well." Such an abuse of confidential correspondence for purposes of publicity is something that authors will shrink from with abhorrence and loathing forty-five years hence. It is quite different with the tribute to Webster's Quarto Dictionary, which scholars and teachers join in acclaiming with an obvious expectation of their opinions' appearance in the publishers' advertisement.

Marion Harland's *Nemesis* is heralded in the words of Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, our foremost critic, as "by far the best American novel published for very many years," a preeminence in which it now has the company of a host of our actual sellers, and books of the year, month, day, and hour. Messrs. Harper and Brothers announce Mr. Wilkie Collins's fascinating story of *The Woman in White* under the quoted sentence of some anonymous authority, declaring that "of all the living writers of English fiction, no one better understands the art of

story-telling than" he, for whom we ourselves confidently predict a popularity scarcely less than that of his contemporaries Thackeray and Dickens.

Among the strictly literary interests, some rumor finds its way from the high political excitement of the time, when the quadrangular campaign of Lincoln, Douglas, Bell, and Breckinridge is destined to eventuate no one dreams how. Mr. Walt Whitman's young Boston publishers, Messrs. Thayer and Eldridge, issue *An Eye-Opener for the Wide-Awakes*, by Elizer Wright, a "Zouave-drill, Garibaldian, up-to-the-times Abolitionist," as well as a hot-and-hot attack on slaveholding conditions, entitled *Southern Notes for National Circulation*, and a *Republican Campaign Songster* by Thomas Drew. Messrs. Brentanos, in the midst of this clamor, quietly suggest that they have all the English and Continental periodicals in their "news emporium" at 636 Broadway, hard by Pfaff's famous resort at 647 Broadway, where the reader will find the best of everything to eat, drink, and smoke in the most brilliant Bohemian company, with free access to the European papers.

He must not be disheartened if some other business seems to be carried on at that number. This will be a trick of the year 1906, seeking to difference itself from the year 1860, while there is and can be no essential difference between the two epochs. If his faith in our doctrine is shaken, as to Pfaff's, will he tell us what essential difference he expects to find between 1906 and 1951, if he should live so long? Or between 1951 and 2001, if he should, in support of the Metchnikoff theory, decide upon an antediluvian longevity? Our study of a time-worn copy of the *Saturday Press* must convince any reasonable being, worthy of even a provisional immortality, that in human events there is a succession of incident which, through the poverty of our conditioning, must result in repetition.

We venture to think that if the reader were to take up one of the romances advertised in the *Saturday Press*, he would find it very pleasingly parallel in style, plot, catastrophe, with the novel proclaiming itself this month in our own advertising pages, as about to appear and outsell all others. The woman who forty-



five years ago was "The Woman in White," may this season be "The Woman in Red," because the ladies are all wearing some shade of that color; and in 1951 she may be "The Woman in Yellow," because the tendency is towards that hue in everything. But otherwise she will not be very different from "The Woman in White." She will be quite as good, for there will be no one who "better understands the art of storytelling than" the Wilkie Collins of that delightful day. If this is so, and it seems extremely probable, arguing from analogy, why should we be troubled about the future? We are not troubled about the past, of which we observe that we are a faint or forceful reverberation, and if the future is a faint or forceful reverberation of the present, we should perhaps no more hold ourselves responsible for its traits than for its facts, for its qualities than for its events.

We say, perhaps; for we come at this point to a question which we wish some one else would answer. Logically the answer is very easy, but illogically it is difficult, and the illogicality seems to go deeper into our mixed nature than the logicity. It ought to be very plain that the future, like the past, should take care of itself. We did not invent the past. Do we invent the future? Or are past, present, and future all alike the effect of a cause—exterior to ourselves, and moving through cycles of recurrence forever from beginnings to endings, and from endings back to beginnings? Are our poor ancestors, in the invisible scheme of a moral government of the universe, suffering for our sins as well as their own? Could not we as justly pay the penalty for their transgressions? We do not care the least for their transgressions. We repeat them, indeed, and so far make their transgressions ours, but who shall say that if our grandsires had not committed them long ago, we should not be sinning quite the same sins now? In ill-doing there seems to be very little originality; it is only in well-doing that there is proof of a personal incentive, possibly because well-doing is so much more difficult, and puts us so much more on our mettle.

But the lesson we may read from an old copy of that poor *Saturday Press*, which

tried above all things to be unmoral, can only incidentally be ethical. Its perusal can hardly warn us even against our blunders. We shall commit these as surely as our sins from generation to generation with the same amazing monotony. But what we can consolingly desire from any acquaintance with the past is a sense of the strong family likeness it bears to the present, and doubtless to the future. When we have once received this fact of the unity and contemporaneity of epochs into our consciousness, there must eventually be a great saving of time and expense to the purveyors and commentators of news. The murder of to-day is so much like the murder of yesterday and tomorrow that the reporter assigned to work it up can safely and profitably, with a very few verbal changes, turn in to the city editor a "story" taken from the files of the journal employing him, and keep on almost uninterruptedly devoting himself to the pursuit of creative fiction. A society scandal so little varies in character from year to year that the writer inferring a dramatic depravity from it may use the editorial comment in any old divorce case of the past as aptly as a fresh expression. Is there something so novel in political or financial graft that we need study especially the insurance and election frauds of our own day?

To ask such a question is to answer it, and the answer applies to all other contemporaneous events. We must first release ourselves from the delusion of news before we can achieve the opportunity of true culture. If we mean to be immortal we must begin living in eternity here and now. Time is a toy of the childish mind. Time itself has been telling us from its beginning that it never was. There is in history no lesson but that of the simultaneity of past, present, and future. Doubtless there were among the cave-dwellers spirits as elect and fine and wise as any now walking the earth, if such a sequence is implied by the survival of the cave-dwellers in actual civilization. These, as they sat at the doors of their grots, carving the thigh-bones of the fellow men, on whom they had supped, with quaint studies of war or the chase, are one with those who



find a justification for their social greed and cruelty in their devotion to their country, right or wrong, and feed the vast and foolish vacancy of their minds with the fiction of adventure. To the end of that foot-rule measure of eternity which we call time there will be the same forerunners of the present, the same belated stragglers from the past. The thing, then, is for the forerunners to get together as much as they can, and continue in a calm philosophy of life, to which events shall appear as mere infusorial phenomena. Their culture should be some such culture as that in which the scientist studies the malignant or beneficent bacillus, and plans to pit the last against the first for its extirpation, and the preservation of our species. The old, inexact methods of dealing with human events by means of morality or religion must be discarded, for if these had been efficacious, all evil events would have been averted long ago. The continual recurrence of evil events teaches that these means have failed, and now we must seek the benignant bacillus which will prey upon the malignant, and prevent its outbreak in far-spread epidemics of vice and crime, culminating in some such devouring pestilence as war. If science could have been allowed to deal with the murder-bacillus in the minds of the Russian Grand Dukes, who believes that there would have been any war with Japan? Or that if, in the winter of 1904, the germ of hate and contempt in the Russian rulers had been extirpated, the same microbe would now be raging in the hearts of the Russian people?

But is it indeed in the presence of a Russian revolution that we now stand? The accounts of it read very like those of the French revolution, which were exciting us so much the other day, or the other century. There are the same curious advances, pauses, reversions; the same furious actions and timid reactions. There is a mild, weak sovereign again inheriting the savage absolutism of his predecessors, and bit by bit vainly renouncing it in a pity which his people despise. They have so long eaten grass that now they will not eat even cake, much less bread; they have no stomach for anything but blood. Who is it at

the head of affairs, M. Witté or M. Necker? Is it indeed Nicholas II. who is Czar, or Louis XVI.? Will his feeble head, in whatever case, again pay for the crimes of his dynasty? Which of the Grand Dukes will be the Philippe Egalité of the new anarchy, and vote his cousin's death? Who will be Girondists, the Jacobins? What is the name of the cynical, radical, sentimental young Polish lieutenant, nourishing a new 18th Brumaire in his cold heart? As yet we know him as the Italian Napoleone Buonaparte, but soon enough he will reveal himself under his Slavonic patronymic, by which he will smell as rank of blood and tears as his prototype.

There ought really to be some way out of it, this vicious circle in which the world eddies round and round, seeing always the same phases of the moon and stars, and herself showing the same phase. To what end have we perfecting-presses, if always they print the same news, twenty thousand monotonous copies of it an hour? It may be that the Franco-Russian revolution, now whirling so wildly in one direction, may turn and whirl as wildly in the other. But will there be any novelty in that? Will it be the first time that a mighty people has resumed its chains because it can find peace in no other wear? Peace, after all, is the aspiration of the soul, and if freedom did not look like peace none would desire her; we should not know her from slavery. But whether the revolution will go backwards or forwards, the news of to-morrow will be the news of yesterday. There is no way of escape from that "damnable iterance" except through a new principle which itself is not new save as it is still almost untried. We Americans tried it in the war for independence and the war for emancipation; and then, did we seem to leave off trying it? Let us not be too hard upon ourselves, and endeavor to believe that we still have a little faith in the Golden Rule, and are willing to let others practise it, and even give it another chance ourselves if the occasion offers. So, and no otherwise, we shall have tidings that are both good and fresh, and the newspapers without which, even as it is, we cannot get on, will bring us every day the great joy of them.



## Editor's Study.

WE recently received an interesting letter from a subscriber asking whether we are not giving more space to fiction than usual.

Following our own impression, we should at once have replied that we were giving considerably more fiction than formerly, and that we thought it a good thing to do. We had every reason for believing that on that account, as we supposed, the number of our readers had increased in recent years. We knew that we did not give so much space to serial fiction as we did twenty years ago, when sometimes three novels would have been running their course at the same time, while now we very carefully confined ourselves to one. Of course this now left much more room for short stories, and we thought we were so generous in our allotment to these that the whole space accorded to fiction far exceeded the limit fixed in earlier years. The short story is peculiarly an American institution, and we are as proud of it as we are of the "Bird of Freedom." To develop this species of literature has seemed always the most distinctive feature of a genuinely American magazine. To make the most of it, by giving as many examples as possible of the best of it, has seemed the one surest way of nourishing and gratifying a distinctively national instinct. While novels, of every degree of excellence, are readily accessible to everybody, yet for the current short story the reader must almost wholly depend upon his magazine.

Our correspondent, though the tenor of his letter suggests the fear on his part that he may to a too great extent be defrauded of another kind of matter, more perhaps to his liking, admits that the fiction in the Magazine makes the latter more interesting to a larger number of readers, and that this implies no reflection upon their intelligence.

The editorial mind instinctively deprecates the reasonable apprehension of any reader on any ground. We determined to investigate closely the matter covered by this reader's inquiry. He must have just received his January number. We

looked up the corresponding number for 1896, just ten years ago, and made a comparison. In the old number there were seventy-nine pages of fiction; and in the new, one and three-quarter pages more. It appeared that now as then the proportion of fiction was as nearly as possible the same as that of other matter. But we saw at a glance why it now seemed greater. In the old number two serial novels occupied forty-two and one-half pages, and, including one in the "Drawer," there were four short stories; in the new—ten years after—only one serial novel was in course of publication, occupying twenty and one-half pages, and there were, including one in the "Drawer," eight short stories—the entire space given to fiction being in the two numbers substantially the same. The seven plate pictures (besides the frontispiece) added to the January number, 1906, far more than made up for the scant two pages of excess in fiction.

Our correspondent intimates no deterioration in the quality of the fiction now presented as compared with that of former years. Fortunately for that particular January number, ten years ago, Mark Twain's "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" was one of the serial novels appearing in its pages. There could have been nothing better than that, though this brilliant author is still a frequent contributor. The other serial novel for 1896 was "Briseis," by William Black. Mrs. Deland's novel, now running, is certainly of more vital interest to our readers. As to the writers of short stories, as against Julian Ralph, J. J. Eakins, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and (in the "Drawer") Ruth McEnery Stuart, for January, 1896, there are, for the corresponding number in 1906, James Branch Cabell, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, W. D. Howells, van Tassel Sutphen, Grace Ellery Channing, Alice MacGowan, Abby Meguire Roach, and (in the "Drawer") George T. Weston. These names speak for themselves.

Now, as to matter other than fiction, if we were to include it in our com-



parison, it would be apparent that not only has there been an improvement in its selection, but the variety of it is quite as impressive as in the stories. There were in the number for January, 1896, only five articles outside of fiction and one editorial department—the "Study," then contributed regularly by Charles Dudley Warner. Of the five articles, three belonged to series: two historical—Woodrow Wilson's "Life of Washington" and Poultney Bigelow's "German Struggle for Liberty"—and Caspar Whitney's "On Snowshoes to the Barren Grounds." The two independent papers were, one on London's Underground Railways by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, the other by T. R. Lounsbury, discussing the standard of admission to the U. S. Naval Academy. It is needless to say that all these articles were exceptionally good. The number for January, 1906, contains no better articles on their intrinsic merits, but there are eight of them, covering as many distinct fields of interest: H. W. Nevins's "The Slave-Trade of Today," Professor Robert Duncan's "The Chemistry of Commerce," Charles Johnson Post's "Indian Music of South America," Thomas A. Janvier's "Legends of the City of Mexico," H. C. McCook's "The Net-making Caddis-Worm," H. Newell Wardle's "The Treasures of Prehistoric Moundville"—the most important exposition ever made of archaeology within the limits of the United States,—Agnes C. Laut's "Sea Voyagers of the Northern Ocean," and Charles Henry White's "In Up-town New York." The Easy Chair of Mr. Howells, and the Editor's Study, complete the summation of matter not included in the field of fiction, and the ten titles are suggestive of a comment which our readers will make for themselves.

Clearly, then, no reader, not even that exceptional reader who takes little delight in works of the imagination, need fear any diminution or deterioration of the matter provided for his substantial entertainment. The Magazine is, in its whole intent and organization, as much for men as it is for women and youth; indeed there are some articles in every number which only men would read, while none are beyond the range of their

interest, since the normal modern man reads fiction and poetry as well as history, science, travel, and adventure. A man without romance is not a whole man.

It would be strange if so vital a factor as periodical literature has, within the last two generations, come to be in popular enlightenment and entertainment, had had no progressive development, involving changes in purpose and character. The most recent change in this Magazine has excluded articles on topics which are timely in the strictly journalistic sense—such articles as it is the special function of the newspaper, or, in more elaborate form, of the review, to publish.

Any dissatisfaction on this score seems quite unreasonable, and we have seen no sign of its existence. Every expression of opinion which we have ever received from our readers has confirmed our judgment in making this important change. While we have renounced an old way, we do not denounce it as still followed elsewhere in periodical literature, though it seems to us that the expansion of newspaper themes is more natural and justifiable in the illustrated weeklies than in monthly magazines, especially as the latter must wait upon events several months after their occurrence. It is with these magazines simply a matter of choice. We used, whenever there was a striking casualty on this planet—a devastating flood, earthquake, or volcanic eruption—or in the case of a great famine, pestilence, or war, to have our writers and artists promptly on the spot, along with the newspaper reporters, and in due time we gave a full and graphically illustrated account of all these horrors and exciting narratives of battles and sieges, to the gratification, doubtless, of a considerable number of our readers whose appetites had been whetted by the reports of special and trained newspaper correspondents, and were still further appeased by our more elaborate feast, in which all the sanguinary fragments were gathered together in a sumptuous harmony. There might be nothing new, but the whole terrible spectacle was leisurely constructed, with careful perspective, being brought within a single view, whose interest was heightened by impressive pictures. Our own experience proved that weekly jour-



nalism adequately produced all these effects—certainly all that to most readers would seem desirable beyond the work effectively done by the daily press.

Hence our departure from a course in which, for our readers, we saw no gain that was not more than compensated by the evident advantages made possible by its discontinuance. It is conceivable that there are readers who miss these old splendors from our pages, along with the finely set forth coronations of kings and emperors, and who feel that by the side of such spectacles fiction hides its ineffectual fires, and articles of scientific and archæological interest, nature-studies, poems, and essays are too tame for mention. But we have heard no complaint, and trust that all our readers are better satisfied with the varied humanities which have displaced the acutely journalistic type of literature.

We are confident, moreover, that the majority of our readers not only prefer that the space formerly allotted to "timely topics" should be given to subjects of less casual interest, but that it is a positive refreshment to their souls to find a refuge from the sharp excitements which they can never hope to altogether escape except through some such brief and blessed suspense as is afforded them by other and more abiding interests—such as are awakened and satisfied by a periodical as far as possible removed from the daily newspaper. We gratefully appreciate the service of that journalism which keeps us in close touch with the human world and all its happenings, of good or evil import, and we do not deprecate the excitement incident to this contact and so deeply grounded in our sympathies, but it is wholesome and comforting to find relief in a literature which for a season quells the tumult of the actual world, creates a purely intellectual excitement, and appeals to sympathies deeper and unalloyed.

For quite obvious reasons this Magazine keeps aloof from that atmosphere of discussion and criticism which from the beginning has belonged to the review and to the best of the unillustrated monthlies. A certain type of essay which we choose to cultivate is synthetic rather than analytic, and comes properly within the

field of imaginative literature. A greater number of poems, especially lyrics, are given than formerly, because we believe that good poetry is not merely tolerated but demanded by our readers.

We do not feel called upon to make any plea in defence of fiction, and it was not with any such feeling that we were pleased to show that it was only the greater number and variety of short stories in the Magazine which give the reader of to-day the impression of a largely increased quantity—an impression which we ourselves shared with him until it was effaced by careful investigation and comparison. Suppose the fiction had a considerably larger space than it has, yet we would cheerfully give that space rather than devote it to other matter less novel or less entertaining than what we have happily been able to furnish from month to month. On the other hand, if the writers of imaginative literature should fail us, offering stories of inferior worth, we should prefer to give a larger proportion of articles, according to their greater claim upon the interest of thoughtful readers. It is also worthy of note that not only do such articles of travel and adventure as we give come within the scope of imaginative literature as to their style and treatment, but much of our fiction is a reflection of the real human world.

In the progression of literature, as of life, certain elements of picturesqueness and interest disappear. Already the last traces of our frontier life, with the strange types of human character it developed, are vanishing. The old plantation life of the South has sunk below the literary horizon. The American Indian has passed, along with the haunting peril of him, away from fiction into the region of purely archæological interest. Our regrets are unavailing; we might as well lament the passing of barbarism, with all its romantic elements.

And yet there never has been such a variety of good short stories. Romance has come home, driven to its exhaustless fountains in our every-day life. It haunts the physicist's laboratory and the study of the historian and the scholar—so that every new disclosure of Nature and of humanity has the interest of a story.



## The Transactions of Tingle

BY SEWELL FORD

**D**ESPITE all philosophy to the contrary, there is a certain satisfaction to be wrung from worrying about the failings of your friends. It distracts your mind from your own shortcomings, if nothing more; and then, when you wish to stop worrying, you have only to shrug your shoulders and say: "Ah, well! Let's hope for the best"; whereat arrives a comforting sense of having uttered a charitable sentiment, which is the next-best thing, of course, to doing a good deed.

So we were really fortunate, I suppose, in having known the Tingles. First and last they have furnished us with more genuine thrills than you would find in a five-act drama, and as for the sympathy we lavished, it must have done us a lot of good and the Tingles no harm.

We had a premonition that Jane was making a mistake when she married Tingle. He was such an impractical, visionary fellow, always seething with new enthusiasms. Yet he had a charmingly frank way of looking you straight in the eyes, and a laugh that was good for the blues. And Jane—no July afternoon could be more sunny. Between them they had optimism enough for half a dozen families, and we felt that they needed it all.

We did our initial worrying when they began housekeeping with four cases of wedding-presents—silver fern-dishes, pearl-handled fruit-knives, Sèvres bric-à-brac, and that sort of thing, including the usual number of duplicates. Luckily Jane's mother

had contributed a three-hundred-dollar check. Promptly Tingle invested half of that check in— Now what do you suppose? A grandfather's clock! We were summoned to view it. Yes, it was a venerable time-piece, with a carved-steel face, a seventeen hundred and something date, and a solid mahogany case. Also, it just fitted the stair landing. By going sideways one could squeeze past it.

"Cecil got it at an auction," explained Mrs. Tingle. "Isn't he absurd! Yet"—and here there crept into her tone just a



"CECIL GOT IT AT AN AUCTION"



shade of unsubdued pride—"several persons have told him that it is worth more than twice what he paid."

"It wasn't so much that," said Tingle, "as that it is a genuine Petrus Zorn. I found the name on the back of the pendulum."

And if it had not been a Petrus Zorn, whatever that might be, it would have been a good deal of a clock, even for a palace. Naturally the other furnishings of the Tingles' six-room cottage did not correspond, for Jane had been compelled to complete the purchasing with the balance on hand. The resulting effect was chaste, but scattering. Still, the matting on the parlor floor was very neatly laid, and when the two dining-room chairs had been brought in we could all be seated.

"It will be so much nicer, getting the other things as we go along," observed Mrs. Tingle.

Who could deny that well-worn axiom, or would if they could? How many a honeymoon it has saved from a premature waning! Then Tingle told of his good prospects, how the firm had promised an advance at the

end of the year, and how much he and Jane meant to put aside each week. So we set the grandfather's-clock incident down to sheer inexperience.

A few months later we went to see the Tingles again. The matting was still there. So was the clock. And once more the dining-room yielded up its chairs. But on the mantel above the little fireplace was an acquisition. It was a vase, an odd, quaint-looking affair. Gorgeous butterflies against a green background was the design.

"How's that for Cloisonné, eh?" demanded Cecil. "See the Sakmisku stamp? Fifteenth-century work, that is."

We could not question the declaration, our knowledge of Cloisonné being limited to an occasional uncomprehending glimpse of it in museum cases.

"Isn't he lucky!" put in Mrs. Tingle. "He picked that up at a sale. You tell, Cecil."

Cecil told. It had been even more of a bargain than the grandfather's clock. "You see," he went on, "I didn't have quite the amount with me, but I had some that we had been saving for blankets and table-linen and such truck, so I planked that down and rushed back to the office and borrowed the rest. An expert has assured me that this is the finest piece of fifteenth-century Cloisonné outside of the big collections. It was the chance of a lifetime."

Half of us was impressed. The other half was not.

"Did you notice," she remarked on the way home, "that they haven't put up any shades yet, and do you know that poor Jane is still wearing her last summer's hat?"

"But surely that was a handsome vase," said I, "and Tingle might never have such another opportunity."

He did, though. Next time it was a book; not a common, everyday book, or a subscription life of Napoleon, or a set of the World's Worst Poetry, such as any of us might be tempted to buy. No, Cecil's book was a prize, a gem, an antique. It was a first edition, morocco-bound, Levant-lined, hand-tooled, extra-illustrated volume of *The*



IN LOW SHOES AND AN IMITATION FALL OVERCOAT



*Travels and Adventures of Sonora del Ponta*, and printed in the original Spanish.

"Why, when did you take up Spanish, Tingle?" said I.

"Oh, I can't read it, of course," he admitted. "But look at that tooling, and notice the publisher's imprint, will you? Why, there's but one other Barabosa volume in this country. Do you know who has that?"

I did not. He whispered the magical name.

"Not really?" I gasped.

"He'd have had this one, too, if I hadn't overbid his agent."

I could not keep a little awe out of my gaze as I regarded the man. Reverently we replaced the Barabosa on the bare little mantel beside the Cloisonné vase.

As we journeyed home this question was put to me: "Can you think of any way that we could smuggle a roast of beef and a pair of double blankets into that house without offending the Tingles?"

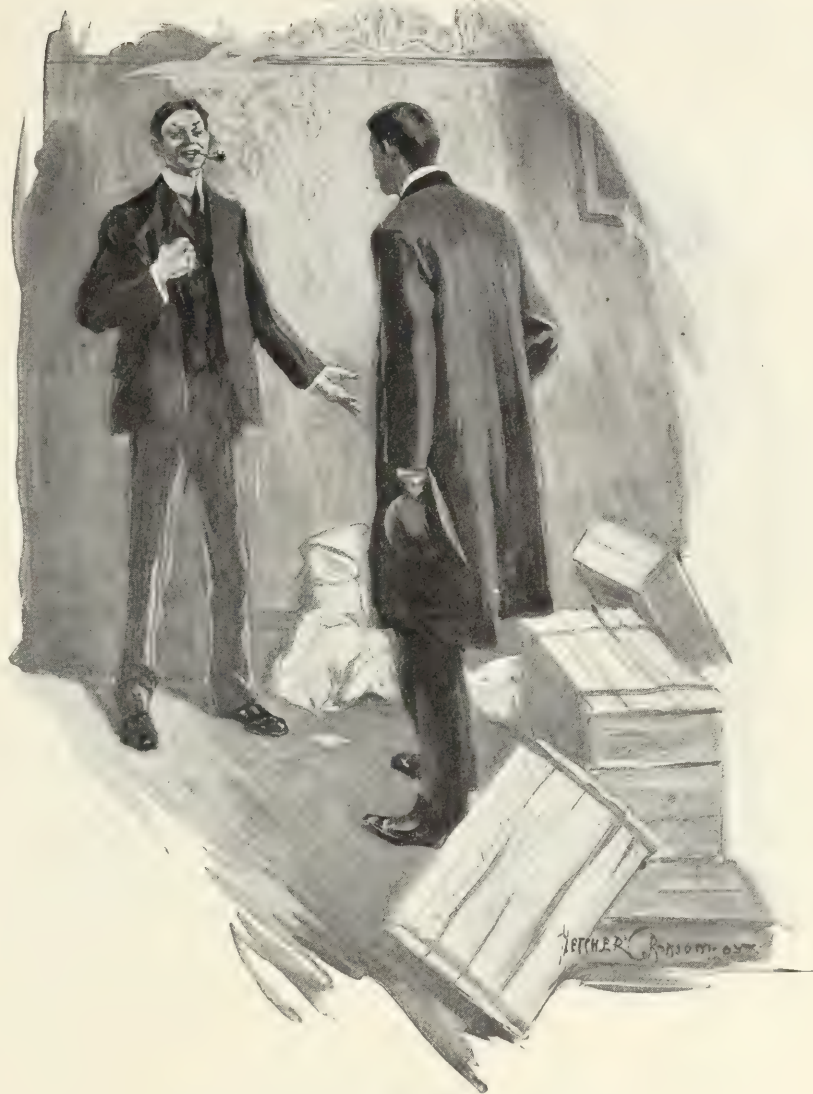
"You don't mean—" I began.

"Jane told me herself, and in the next breath asked me if I didn't think that her dear Cecil had a remarkably cultured taste."

I am no diplomat. I could not invent a plausible excuse for presenting roast beef and blankets to a man whose fancies ran to Barabosas and Cloisonné. Yet when I met Tingle braving a February blizzard in low shoes and an imitation fall overcoat I felt guiltily conscious of possessing a second-best ulster. For a week that superfluous greatcoat accused me. Then, throwing it across my arm, I started for Tingle's. Another caller was before me, but Cecil haled me at once into their barren little front room.

"Just in time!" cried he, his face aglow with enthusiasm. "I was showing my landlord the biggest cut-glass bargain I ever struck in my life; a dozen pineapple-pattern finger-bowls—French cutting, mind you—and all in a silk-lined, seal-leather case, for—but you wouldn't believe if I told you. There! How does that strike you?" and he snapped back the cover.

We inspected them, Tingle's landlord and



"JANE HAS BEEN SHOPPING, YOU SEE"

I, gingerly feeling the weight of the glittering things, noting the depth of the cuttings, listening to the bell-like ring as Tingle struck a knuckle against the rim of one.

"Yes, I guess they're all right," said the landlord. "I must be going, though. And about that—er—" He broke off discreetly.

"Ah, yes," said Tingle. "I'll see if I can't fix some of that up for you in a week or so—first of next month, sure." Then, having closed the door, he added, with fine sarcasm: "*He* thought they were all right! Ha, ha! That's rich, that is! I don't believe he knows a French pineapple cut from a pressed brick."

"There, there, Cecil," protested Mrs. Tingle, "you must remember that every one hasn't your cultivated taste. Mustn't he, now?" and she appealed to me, pride glowing in her eyes.

And that was no time, of course, to bestow a second-hand ulster.

"What is to become of them, though? They can't go on in this way much longer, can they?" Sadly we asked these things of each other. One of us even wept a little



over the impending tragedy. For they were likable folks, the Tingles—very likable folks.

As one shudders and turns away his eyes from the climax of any catastrophe—a boat being swept over a cataract, a runaway team about to dash off a dock—so we avoided the Tingles, expecting any day to hear news of the final crash.

Then to us came Mrs. Tingle's mother, a dear, gentle old lady, the essence of New England thrift and respectability and prudence. She had been with Jane a week, and she had come away shocked and mortified and desperate.

"They have bonbon-dishes, but no soup-plates!" she sighed. "Jane has a carved tortoise-shell hair-comb, but no street shoes. And imagine serving cut-glass finger-bowls after a dinner of corned beef and boiled potatoes! Couldn't you speak to Cecil? Couldn't you?"

I declared that I could not. Then I protested that, even if I should, it would do no good. But when the memory of that nice old lady's distress had haunted me for two days I gave in. In one hand a basket packed with roast turkey and other edibles, in the other a firm determination to lecture Cecil soundly, I started for Tingle's, half expecting to find the sheriff moving him out.

The sheriff was not there, however. Tingle met me on the threshold, and with radiant good humor steered me around a lot of bulky packages in the front hall.

"Jane has been shopping, you see," said he, with a comprehensive wave of his hand.

"Chairs and beds and carpets and crockery and groceries and such things. I suppose we needed them all, but Heaven only knows when I'll get the lot unpacked. Lucky I haven't got to hurry to that old office in the morning. Yes, I've resigned. I'm with Senator Trinkett now, you know; he's the copper king who is building that mansion on Fifth Avenue. I am to fit it up for him—sort of general purchasing commissioner, you understand.

"How? Oh, Trinkett and I got chummy at a sale of Oriental rugs, bidding against one another, you see. Wretched taste in some things Trinkett has, and I told him so. Then we got to talking about jades and ivories and Sheraton pieces, and—well, he made me an offer that I couldn't refuse; clinched the bargain, too, with a check for a thousand, advance salary, on a five-year contract. So after this I am to do all my buying for him. Of course, this having no end of money to use will rob the game of some of its joys, but I shall try to forget Trinkett and his millions and buy just as though the things were for my own home. And, after all, I don't care so much for the stuff itself. It's the knowing what's what and the snapping it up that I like."

"Isn't he a dear, silly boy!" said Mrs. Tingle in my ear as I left.

We have ceased to worry about the Tingles. Their dining-room chairs no longer do double duty; and Mrs. Tingle's hats, so I am informed, not only synchronize with the season, but come from Paris.



### A Difficult Subject

ARTIST (to Chameleon). "How do you expect me to paint your picture, when you change color every two minutes?"



## A Foot-note to History

THE real cause of the early death of Alexander the Great was perhaps first set forth in the note-book of a conscientious but perhaps too impulsive little girl who was proudly beginning her first year in high school.

On the page opposite a dainty map in pale blue and white appeared the following illuminating sentence, in all the prim self-consciousness of "vertical" handwriting: "Alexander, after getting outside of Tyre, then consumed his journey, and proceeded to take Bacteria."

## Businesslike

A LARGE manufacturing concern in the East recently received the following postal, sent from a little country town in the South:

"DEAR SIR,—Plees sen me yore caterlog of eclectrical battreys.

Yores truely,

"P.S.—You nead not sen it. I have change my mind."

## For Love is All

MY friend Miss S. is a bachelor maid of some forty summers. She is unmarried not because she has lacked proposals, but because she prefers single blessedness to pouring coffee and spanking babies. Of late she has devoted her time to working in the slums, chiefly among women and children.

A dreadful case was brought to her recently.

A woman had been cruelly treated by her husband, and had finally been locked out in the street. The poor creature, ragged and dishevelled, reported at the charity headquarters, and begged for shelter.

Miss S. herself dressed her wounds, and then entered into a sympathetic conversation with the sufferer. The latter, after recounting at length the injuries she had borne at the hands of her lord and master, asked a few questions in her turn.



## The Badger and the Earthquake

## A Fable for Conceited Folk

A POMPOUS Badger, who'd been ill  
A year with chills and fever,  
Was resting on a grassy bank,  
Beside the limpid Beaver,

When suddenly old Mother Earth  
Began to quake and shiver;  
The Badger scarcely kept himself  
From falling in the river!

And as the hills came tumbling down,  
He said, emphatic-ally,  
"I never had a chill before  
That so shook up the valley!"

'Tis thus that some are much inclined  
(We couldn't do without them!)  
To think themselves the centre of  
The Universe about them.

"Live here?" she inquired.

"No," answered Miss S.; "I spend only a certain time here every day. My home is on Fifth Avenue."

"You're married, ain't you?"

"No, I am not married."

The woman opened her bruised eyes in amazement.

"Gee!" she said sympathetically; "I'm awful sorry. Ain't it fierce to be an old maid?"



## Identified

WHILE a building was in process of construction two of the tilers became engaged in a violent quarrel. So violent was it that the police were called in and the offenders taken before a magistrate. Both of the men were sober and industrious and good workmen; this according to the testimony of the foreman in charge of their work, who had followed in hopes of being able to intercede for them.

The magistrate asked, in astonishment, the cause of the quarrel. It seems that one man had accused the other of stealing his coat.

"And I can prove it, too," added the man.

"How?" said the magistrate.

"I always keep my card in the pocket," said the man.

The policemen were directed to search the

garment. But they found absolutely nothing.

"Gimme my coat," said the workman. It was handed to him. He took two dried peas out of one of the pockets and held them up triumphantly. "P. P. Peter Powell. That's me name. Them's my card."

He got his coat.

## Curiosity

THE ecclesiastical head of the diocese was paying a visit to Ambrose Parish, and as usual he put up at the rectory. He had come in late at night, and he asked to be permitted to sleep until a certain comfortable hour the following morning. When the hour came the rector eased his lap of his daughter Charlotte, explaining that now he must go and awaken their guest.

"Mayn't I go wif you, papa?" she coaxed, as she felt herself sliding down from his knees.

"Oh no, dear; the bishop's in bed," he replied in the conclusive way he had of dealing with large questions propounded by small persons.

The little three-year-old threw a beseeching expression into her baby face and pursued him eagerly. "Oh, please, papa; I've never seen a bishop in bed in all my life!"

## Afterthought

LITTLE Sanford had been very naughty, and was being put to bed unusually early by an ominously silent, unresponsive mother. After several ineffectual attempts to engage her in conversation, he began, warningly:

"All right then, jus' put me to bed. An' I'll jus' die, right into the middle of the night, an' then you won't have any little boy. An' when you come in the mornin', I'll jus' be dead, 'cause I'm goin' to die right into the middle of the night."

Still his mother was silent, and he fell to gloating over the picture he had painted, when suddenly he burst out, in a terrified tone:

"But don't you bury me, though!"

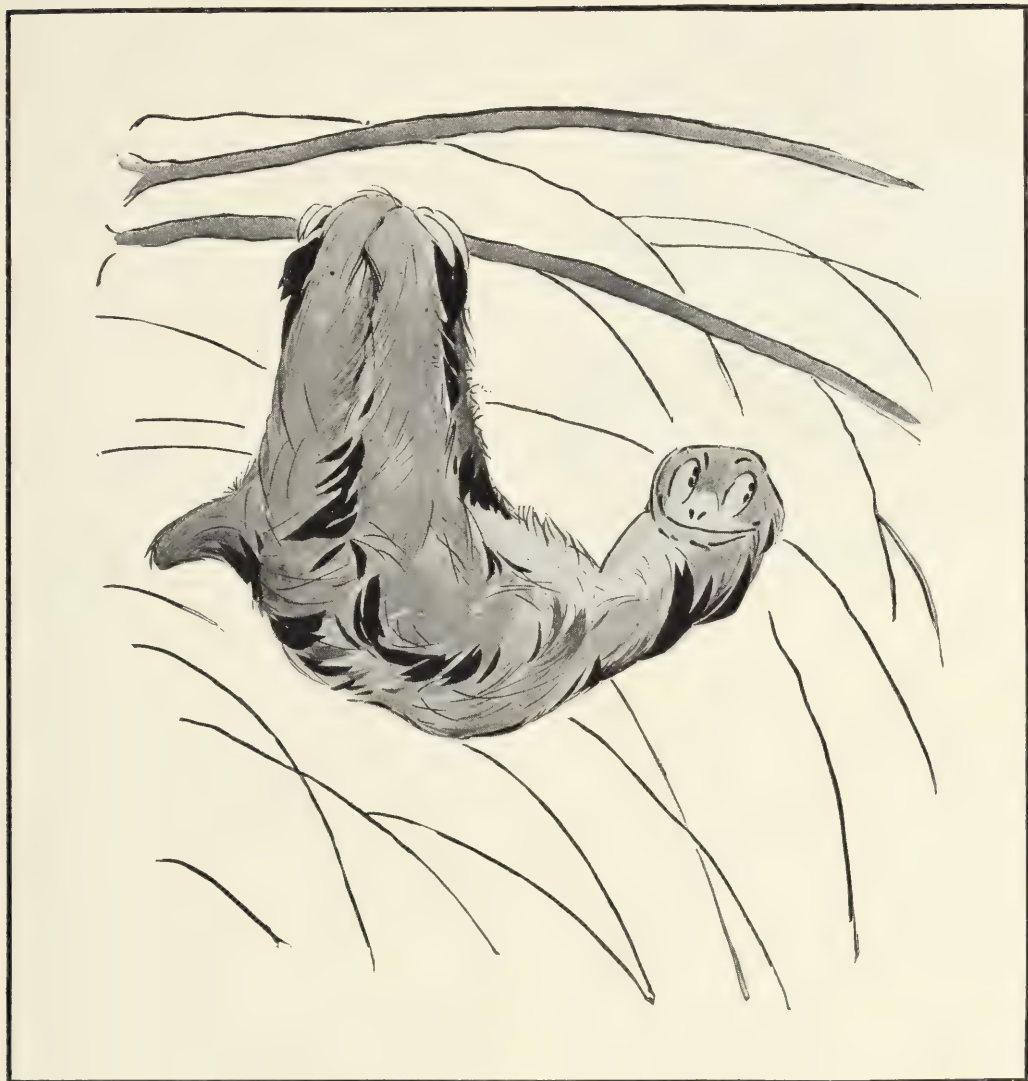


## Literary Chat

MR. SCISSORS. "What kind of a book is *Spinning Wheel's* new novel?"

MR. STOCKINGDARNER. "Oh, a pretty good yarn—rather spun out, though!"





## Concerning the Slowness of the Sloth

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

MY child, how doth  
The gentle Sloth  
Improve each hour where'er he go'th?  
'Tis true that he,  
Unlike the Bee,  
Seeks not for honey ceaselessly.

He's not inclined  
To slave, I find,  
For others, like the faithful hind;  
Nor as the ant  
To toil and pant,—  
He either won't or else he can't.

Yet there are chaps  
Like him, perhaps,  
Crushed down 'neath heavy handicaps,  
And 'tis our place  
The facts to face,  
And honestly to view his case.

Where'er he goes,  
He always knows  
He has no full supply of toes.

That's why he's not  
Inclined to trot,  
Lest he should harm the few he's got.

The very crown  
Of his renown  
Is walking branches upside down.  
It is a ruse  
That don't conduce  
To hurry. Also, what's the use?

And if you'll look  
In any book  
You'll find him, if I'm not mistook.  
Entitled thus:  
*Didactylus*,  
Or *A-i Arctopithious*.

That name, I guess,  
You will confess,  
Would render *you* ambitionless!  
So, goodness knoweth,  
That's why I'm loath  
To cast aspersion on the Sloth.





### À la Mode

ONCE there was a lady ape  
Who said, "I must improve my shape,  
For fashion now says, 'Demi-train';  
And though no doubt 'twill give me pain,  
I must at once, and without fail,  
Remove a portion of my tail!"

She did; and now is often seen  
Within the jungle's darkling green,  
With mincing step and well-bred air,  
Trailing her demi-train with care.

C. C. WARD.

### More Horrible

THE new superintendent was visiting the school, and teacher was managing the recitation in Grecian mythology to the best of her ingenuity. A number of beautiful legends had been glibly told off by the bright pupils, and then teacher glanced down the page to find an easy one for John. She hit upon "The Gorgons," and the dull-est boy in the class was requested to describe

these amazing creatures. He lumbered to his feet, and responded promptly: "The Gorgons are three sisters that live in the islands of the Hesperides, somewhere in the Indian Ocean. They have long snakes for hair, tusks for teeth and claws for nails, and look much like a woman, only more horrible."

### Prophecy

LAST May I received a letter from a friend who told me of the successful issue of a competitive examination in which he had taken part.

His letter began with this sentence: *You will, I am sure, be pleased to learn of my success in landing a place on the house surgical staff of St. Luke's Hospital in this city.*

A few minutes after reading my friend's letter I chanced to be reading the *Taming of the Shrew*, and was startled to find the following passage: *My master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix.* (Act IV., Scene IV.)

There can be no doubt but that Shakespeare foretold my friend's appointment. I cherish the hope also that if I should call at St. Luke's I may not only come with my appendix, but go away with it as well.

### A Honeyed Rebuke

ROBBIE was in the habit of running errands for an old gentleman next door who never paid him except in effusive thanks. He had just returned from the third errand one morning, and the old gentleman, patting him on the head, said:

"Robbie. I am very much obliged to you. You're a fine little fellow. Thank you, my boy, thank you."

Robbie looked up in his face wistfully, and apologetically replied:

"Mr. Jones, you don't know how I wish I could thank you for something."



"I think that his mamma's a witch,"  
"Oh, my! who told you that?"



"No one, but you would think so, if  
You saw her big black cat!"









Illustration for *Tiphaine la Fée*

See Page 707

HE GAZED AT HER, HIS FACE KINDLING



# HARPER'S

## MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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No. DCLXXI

### A Glimpse of the English Washington Country

*BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS*

GREAT BRINGTON is the name of the village neighborhood clustering about the church where, under the floor of the nave, the great-great-grandfather of George Washington lies buried. Little Brington is the village neighborhood, hardly separated from the other, where the Washington family dwelt in a house granted them by their cousin, Earl Spencer, when the events of the Civil War drove them from their ancestral place at Sulgrave. To reach the Bringtons from London you must first go to Northampton, where in his time the first Lawrence Washington was twice mayor. The necessity is not a hardship, for to see Northampton, ever so passingly, is a delight such as only English travel can offer. To drive the six miles from Northampton to the Bringtons is another necessity which is another delight, still richer if not greater. Be chosen by a 28th of September, veiled in a fog with sunny rifts in its veil, for your railroad run through a level pastoral scene where stemless blotches of trees shelter white blurs of sheep, and vague canal-boats rest cloudily on the unseen waterways, and you have conditions in which, if you are worthy, the hour of your journey will shrink to a few golden minutes. You will be meanwhile kept by the protecting mists from the manifold facts which

in England are apt to pierce you with a thousand appeals and reproaches. The many much-storied places will be faded to wraiths of towers and gates and walls, and you will escape to your destination without that torment of regret for not having constantly stopped on the way from which nothing could otherwise deliver you.

If at Northampton the fog lifts, and the autumnal sun has all the rest of the day to itself, you arrive with unimpaired strength for what you have come to see. Yet with all your energy conserved on the way, you will not be fully equal to the demand upon you. Northampton did not fail to begin with the Britons, and though it was not a permanent Roman station, and lay dormant during the Saxon hierarchy, it revived sufficiently under Saxon rule in the eleventh century to be twice taken and once burnt by the Danish invaders. It suffered under the Normans, but was walled and fortified in the Conqueror's reign, and began a new life with the inspiration of his oppressions. A picturesque incident of its civil history, which was early a record of resistance to the royal will, was Thomas à Becket's defiance of Henry II., when the King tried to reduce the proud churchman to the common obedience before the laws. The archbishop, followed by great crowds of the people, appeared as

summoned, but when the Earl of Leicester bade him, in the old Norman form, hear the judgment rendered against him, he interrupted with the words, "Son and Earl, hear me first! I forbid you to judge me! I decline your tribunal, and refer my quarrel to the decision of the Pope." Then he retired, and shortly escaped to Flanders, but coming back to Canterbury, was murdered, as all men know, by four of the King's knights, at the altar in the cathedral.

Perhaps the feeling of the people was less for the prelate than against the prince, for the first Protestant heresies spread rapidly in Northampton, and the doctrines of Wickliffe had such acceptance that the mayor himself was accused of holding them, and of favoring the spread of Lollardy. In the two great Civil Wars, Northampton stood for the White Rose and then for the Parliament against the two kings. In 1460, a great

battle was fought under the city's walls; ten thousand of Henry's "tall Englishmen" were killed or drowned in the river Nene, and Henry himself was brought prisoner into the town. In 1642, the guns of the Puritan garrison "plaid for about two hours" on "the cavaleers and shot about twenty of them" when they attempted to assault the place, which became a rendezvous for the parliamentarians, and sent them frequent aid from its fifteen thousand in their attacks on the neighboring places holding for the King. In 1645, both parties met in force, a little northwest of the town, and Cromwell, who had joined Fairfax, won the battle of Naseby after Fairfax had lost it, and with an overwhelming victory ended the war against Charles.

If any Washingtons were in the fight, as some of so numerous a line might very well have been, it was on the King's



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT NORTHAMPTON  
One of the four churches remaining in England of all those built during the Crusades





THE CHURCH AT GREAT BRINGTON

Under the floor of the nave was buried the first Lawrence Washington, great-great-grandfather of George Washington

side. They put their faith in princes while they remained in England; it wanted yet a hundred and thirty years, at the remoteness of Virginia, to school them to the final diffidence which they were not the first of the Americans to feel. The slow evolution of the race out of devoted subjects into devoted citizens was accomplished in stuff other than that of the Puritan chief who soon after could "say this of Naseby,—that when I saw the enemy draw up and march in gallant order towards us, and we a company of poor ignorant men . . . I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would by things that are not, bring to naught things that are. Of which I had great assurance, and God did it." Yet the faith in poor common men, once kindled in Washington, if not so mixed with piety as Crom-

well's, outlasted that through parliamentary trials as severe as ever it was put to by poor uncommon men.

Non-conformity, civil as well as religious, which the Washingtons were no part of, was the note of Northampton from the first, and to the last it has been represented in Parliament by such bold dissentients as Bradlaugh and Mr. Labouchere. It is the great shoe-town of England, and apparently there is nothing like leather to inspire a manly resistance to the pretensions of authority. But the Washingtons of Northampton were never any part of the revolt against kingly assumptions. The Lawrence Washington who was twice Mayor of Northampton profited by Henry VIII.'s suppression of the monasteries to possess himself of Sulgrave Manor, where his descendants dwelt for a hundred years and more, until 1658, when their dis-

comforts under the Commonwealth, and their failing fortunes, made them glad of the protection of their noble kindred the Spencers at Brington.

It is not clear how the house at Little Brington, which is known as the Washington house, was granted them, or how much it was loan or gift of the Spencers; but it does not greatly matter now. The Washingtons, who had shared the politics of their cousins, were rather passive royalists, but they suffered the adversities of the cause they had chosen, and they did not apparently enjoy the prosperity which the Restoration brought to such of their side as could extort recognition from the second Charles, as thankless as the first Charles was faithless; and neither the Washingtons who staid in England, nor those who went to Virginia, had ever any profit from their fidelity to the Stuarts. They were gentlemen, who were successful in business when they turned to trade, but in the household records of their noble cousins at their seat of Althorp there is said to be proof of the frequent goodness of the Spencers to the needy Washingtons of Little Brington. If the Washingtons

paid for the favor they enjoyed in the ways that poor relations do, it is not to the discredit of either line that a lady of their family should have been at one time housekeeper at Althorp. One fancies, quite gratuitously, that Lucy Washington was a woman of spirit who wished to earn the favor which her people had, whether less or more, from their kinsfolk. Two of the Washingtons elsewhere, who made fortunes, were knighted, but the direct ancestor of our Washington was a clergyman who suffered more than the common misfortunes of the Washingtons at Brington. He was falsely accused of drunkenness at a time when any charge was willingly heard against a royalist clergyman, and was ejected from his rich benefice as a scandalous minister. His character was afterwards cleared, but he had thenceforth only a small living to the end, and probably was, like his kindred at Brington, befriended by the Spencers.

The Lawrence Washington who was Mayor of Northampton and the grantee of Sulgrave, was chosen first in 1532 and last in 1546. The place was then, as it continued to be for a hundred and



A MODERN VIEW OF NORTHAMPTON





THE BUSINESS CENTRE OF NORTHAMPTON

thirty-odd years, the medieval town of which the visitor now sees only a few relics in here and there an ancient house. Happily most of the old churches escaped the fire that swept away the old dwellings in 1675, and left the modern Northampton to grow up from their ashes, the somewhat American-looking town we now find it. The side streets are set with neat brick houses, prevailingly commonplace. One might fancy one's self, coming toward the Church of All Saints, in the business centre of some minor New England city, but with rather less of glare and noise, and held in a certain abeyance by the presence of the church. All Saints is not one of the churches which escaped the flames; and of the original structure only the Gothic tower is left; the rest, a somewhat vague little history of the city says, "is wholly modern." But mod-

ernity, like some other things, is relative, and a New England town might find a very satisfying antiquity in an edifice which at its latest dates back to Queen Anne, and at its earliest to Charles II. The King gave a thousand tons of timber from his forest of Witlebury toward the rebuilding of the church, and for this munificence he has been immortalized by sculpture over the centre of a most beautiful and noble Ionic, or Christopher-Wrennish, portico, where he stands in the figure of a Roman centurion, with, naturally, a full-bottomed wig on. Few heroic statues are more amusing, and the spirit of the royal reprobate so travestied might be very probably supposed to share the spectator's enjoyment. Behind one end of the portico, which extends for eighty feet across the whole front of the church, were once the rooms

in which many non-conformists of Northampton were tried for the offence of thinking for themselves in matters of religion, which were then so apt to become matters of politics.

The members of the Corporation were formerly the patrons of the living, and the mayor still has his seat in the church under the arms of the town, and doubtless the official had it in the older building before the fire, when the mayor was Lawrence Washington. In the wall is a tablet to the memory of a man who was born in the century when Lawrence was twice chosen chief magistrate of Northampton, and who died in the century when George Washington was twice chosen Chief Magistrate of the United States. John Bailes was a button-maker by trade, and if he links the memories of those far-parted Washingtons together, by force of longevity, it is with no merit of his, though it is recorded of him that "he had his hearing, Sight & Memory to ye last." I leave more mystical inquirers to trace a relationship between the actual civilizations of Northampton and the United States in the presence, beside the church, of a house of refection, liquid rather than solid, calling itself the Geisha Café. If ever the ghost of the Merry Monarch comes to haunt his Roman effigy in the full-bottomed wig, it may humorously linger a moment at the door of the genial resort.

It is mainly through her churches that Northampton has her hold on the American patriot who is also a person of taste, as one must try to be in going from one church to another. The reader who could give as many days to them as I could give minutes, would have a proportional reward, whether from St. Peter's, unsurpassed for the effect of its rich Norman; or from St. Sepulchre, with the rotunda which marks it one of the four churches remaining in England out of all those built during the Crusades in memory of the Holy Sepulchre. There are other old churches, but perhaps not dating back with these to the ten and eleven hundreds. One, which I cannot now identify, bears tragical witness to the rigor of the times in the scars on the masonry about the height of a man,

where certain royalists were stood beside the portal to be shot. The wonder is that the grief ever goes out of such things, but it does, and they who died, and they who did them to death, have long been friends in their children's children.

It is curious how everything becomes matter of æsthetic interest, if you give it time. We stood looking at the Queen's Cross, near Northampton, which rises not so very far from the field of Naseby, and with our eyes on the wasted beauty of the shrine, we two Americans begun by a common impulse to say verses from Macaulay's stalwart ballad of the battle. Our English companion, who was a cleric of high ritualistic type, listened unmoved by any conscience he might have had against the purport of the lines as we rolled them forth, and, for all we could see, he had the same quality of pleasure as ourselves in the adjuration to the Puritans to "bear up another minute" for the coming of "brave Oliver," and in the supposed narrator's abhorrence of "the man of blood," whom brave Oliver presently put to rout.

But see, he turns, he flies! Shame on those cruel eyes

That bore to look on torture and that dare not look on war.

If our friend had a feeling as to our feelings, it was amusement that after two centuries and a half there should be any feeling about either party in the strife, and doubtless he did not take us too seriously. He was a charming companion, and developed into a charming host at the luncheon to which he would have us, after our too brief round of the city brought us to his door. His life there with another bachelor cleric was of the sort which in English conditions easily unites learned inquiries and good works. There is plenty of antiquity and plenty of poverty everywhere, and when these gentle priests were not acquainting themselves with the genealogical and architectural past of Northampton, they were befriending its economical present. But they listened to our stories about Boston (they had never heard before that if you were born there you need not be born again) with as great kindness as





ALONG THE RIVER NENE

if they had been legends of their own city, or tales of its contemporary woe, and they sent us on our way to Great Brington with the assurance that the rector of the church would be waiting us in it to show us the tomb of the Washington buried there.

Their courtesy was the merit of my friend the genealogist with whom I had exhausted the American origins in London, and who had now come with me into the country for the most important of them all. When we were well started on our drive, that divine September afternoon, we would gladly have had it twelve rather than six miles from Northampton to Great Brington. The road was uncommonly open, or else it was lifted above the wonted level of English roads, and we could see over the tops of the hedges into the fields, instead of making the blindfold progress to which the wayfarer is usually con-

demned. It was not too late in the year or the day for a song-bird or so, and the wayside roses and hawthorns were so red with hips and haws that we gave them the praise of an American coloring for their foliage till we looked closer and found that the gayety was not of their leaves. Where the leaves felt the fall, they showed it in a sort of rheumatic stiffness, and a paling of their green to a sad gray, or a darkening of it to a yet sadder brown. But we did not notice this till we had turned from the highway, and were driving through Althorp Park. There was a model farm village before our turning, where some nobleman had experimented in making his tenants more comfortable than they could afford, in cottages too uniformly Tudoresque; but at differing distances, in various hollows and on various tops, there were more indigenous hamlets, huddling about the towers of their



THE WASHINGTON HOUSE AT LITTLE BRINGTON

churches, and showing a red blur of tiles or a dun blur of walls, as we saw them alow or aloft. When we got well into the park there was only the undulation of the wooded surfaces, where wide oaks stood liberally about with an air of happy accident in their informal relation. I should like, for the sake of my romantic page, to put does under them; they were a very fit shelter for does; and I have read that does may sometimes be seen lightly flying from the visitors' approach through the glades of the park. It was my characteristically commonplace luck to see none, but I hope that in their absence the reader will make no objection to the black and white sheep which I did abundantly see feeding everywhere. It will be remembered, or not unwillingly learned, that sheep were once the ambition, the enthusiasm of the Spencers, who made them early an interest of the region, so that it was the most perverse of fates which kept their greatest flock down to 19,999, when they aimed at 20,-

000. Still, if they were black-nosed sheep, the lower figure might represent a value greater than 20,000 of the common white-nosed sort. A black nose gives a sheep the touch of character which the species too often lacks: a hardy air of almost goatlike affrontery, yet without the cold-eyed irony of the goat, which forbids the lover of wickedness the sympathy which the black-nosed sheep inspires. A black-nosed lamb affects one more like a bad little boy whose face has not been washed that morning, or for several mornings, than anything else in nature; and it would not be easy to say which was more suggestive of racial innocence mixed with personal depravity. I am not able to say whether a black nose in a sheep adds to the merit of its mutton or its fleece, but I am sure that it adds a piquant charm to its appearance, and I do not know why we have not that variety of sheep in America. I dare say we have.

When presently we drove past Althorp



house, standing at a dignified remove from our course, which was effectively the highway, I felt in its aspect the modernity which has always been characteristic of the family. It is of that agreeable period when the English architects were beginning to study for country houses the form of domestic classic which the Italian taught those willing to learn of them simplicity and grace at harmony with due state, and which is still the highest type of a noble mansion. At the moment we passed we were aware that the great Earl Spencer who had been in the great Gladstone's government, was lying sick in his house, with the hopes of the Liberals waiting upon his recovery, for the honor of his leadership in their return to power. The earl has since died, and the Liberals have returned to power without him, but the sense of his presence lent the place an interest which I helped out otherwise as I could with my ignorance. The lady of the house more than two centuries back had been the Saccharissa of Suckling's verse, and her charm remained to my vague associations with the place, where she figured in the revels of happier times, and then in her beneficences to the distressed clergy after the Civil War, when the darker days came to those of the Spencer praying and fighting. There is no reason why she should not be related in these to the Washingtons, who needed if they did not experience her kindness, and if the reader wishes to strain a point and make her more the friend than mistress of that Lucy Washington who was sometime housekeeper at Althorp, I will not be the one to gainsay him. For all me, he may figure these ladies in the priceless library of Althorp: priceless then, but sold in our times to Mrs. Rylands at Manchester, for a million and a half, and there made a monument to her husband's memory. Many bolder things have been feigned than these ladies sitting together among the books, which would be the native air of the rhyme-born Saccharissa, and discoursing with Mistress Lucy's kinsman, Lawrence Washington, lately Fellow of Brasenose College, and lecturer and proctor at Oxford, and now rector of Purleigh, whence he was to be wrongfully removed for drunkenness: all with

the simultaneity so common in the romance of historical type. How they would thee and thou one another as cousins of the seventeenth-century sort I leave the archæological novelist to inquire, gladly making over to him all my right and title in the affair. If he wishes to lug in the arrest of King Charles by Cornet Joyce of the Parliament forces, he can do it with no great violence, for it really happened hard by at Holmby House, whence the King was fond of coming to enjoy the gardens of Althorp. He can have Saccharissa and Mistress Lucy Washington, and his reverence Mr. Washington, looking down at the incident from a window of the library, and if he is the romanticist I take him for, he will easily have young Lawrence rapt in a vision of his great-great-grandson arresting the kingly power in America. The vision will have all the more fitness, in the reflections it suggests to the ancestor, from the fact, of which he will also be prescient, that both the Washingtons and Spencers, devoted and perhaps unreasoning royalists in their days, were destined to become more and more freed from their superstition, and to stand for greater freedom under different forms, as time went on. In his prophetic rapture, the Reverend Lawrence may have been puzzled to choose among his great-great-grandsons who was to fulfil it, for he was the father of a populous family counting seventeen in the first descent, and he could not have been blamed if he could not know George Washington by name, or identify him in his historical character.

It is this Lawrence Washington whose tablet one goes to revere in the church at Great Brington, where he lies entombed with the mother of his eight sons and nine daughters; and if one arrives at the sort of headland where the church stands on such a September afternoon as ours, and looks out from it over the lovely country undulating about its feet, one must try hard in one's memory or imagination to match it with a scene of equal beauty. Of beauty there is none except in some other English scenes like the home of Washington's ancestors, and it is English in every feature and expression. The fields with their dividing hedges, the farmsteads



snuggling in the hollows, the grouped or solitary trees, all softened in a sunny haze, and tented over with the milky-blue sky, form a landscape of which the immediate village, at the left of the headland, is a foreground, with the human interest without which no picture lives.

I suppose that if I had been given my choice whether to have one of those village houses unroofed, and its simple drama revealed to me, I should have poorly chosen that rather than had the wooden cover lifted from the church floor where it protects the mortuary tablet of Lawrence Washington and his wife from the passing tread. But the rector of the church at Great Brington could not have gratified me in my preference, whereas he could and did lift the lid from the tablet in the nave, and let us read the inscription, and see the armorial bearings, in which the stars and stripes of our flag slept, undreaming of future glory, in the chrysalis arrest of the centuries since they had been the arms of a race of Northamptonshire gentlemen. The rector was in fact waiting for us at the church door, hospitably mindful of the commemoration of our Northampton clerical friends, and we saw the edifice to all the advantage that his thoughtful patience could lend us. He had at once some other guests, in the young man and young woman who followed us in with their dog. They recalled themselves to the rector, who received them somewhat austere, with his eyes hard upon their companion. "Did you mean to bring that animal with you?" he asked, and they pretended that the dog was an interloper, and the young man put him out in as much disgrace as he could bring himself to inflict. Probably there was an understanding between him and the dog; but the whole party took the rector's reproof with a smiling humility and an unabated interest in the claims of the Washington tablet, and in fact the whole church, upon their attention. They somewhat distracted my own, which is at best an idle sort, easily wandering from Early English architecture to Later English character, and from perpendicular windows to people of any inclination. Yet, the church at Great

Brington is most worthy to be studied in detail, for it is "notable even among the famous churches of Northamptonshire," and it is the fitting last home of Washington's ancestors.

I bring myself with some difficulty to own that the specific knowledge I have on this point, and several others in this vague narration, I owe to an agreeable sketch of "The Homes of the Washingtons" by Mr. John Leyland. But if I did not own it, some one would find me out, and it is best boldly to confess my obligation together with my gratitude. I wish I had had the sketch with me at the time of my visit to Great Brington church, but I had not, and I lingered about in the churchyard, after we came out and the rector must leave us, under the spell of a quiet and in the keeping of associations unalloyed by information. For this reason I am unable to attribute its true significance to the old cross which stands apart from the church, and guides and guards the way to the place of graves beside it. I must own that at first glance it has somewhat the effect of an old-fashioned sign-post at an inn yard, and perhaps that were no bad symbol of the welcome the peaceful place holds for the life-weary wayfarers who lie down to their rest in it. Great Brington remains to me an impression of cottage streets,—doubtless provided with some shops. But when we had taken leave of the rector, and looked our last at the elegy-breathing churchyard, with its turf heaving in many a mouldering heap as if in decasyllabic quatrains, we drove away to see the Washington house in Little Brington.

When you come to it, or do not come to it, you find Little Brington nothing but a dwindling Great Brington, or a wider and more shopless dispersion of its cottages on one long street, which is really the highroad back to Northampton. Some bad little boys hung on to the rear of our carriage, and other little boys, quite as bad, I dare say, ran beside us, and invited our driver to "Cut be'oid, cut be'oid!" probably in the very accents, mellow and rounded, of our ancestral Washingtons. They all dropped away before we stopped at the gate of the very simple house where these Washingtons dwelt. It is a thatched



stone house, of a Tudor touch in architecture, with rooms on each side of the front door and a tablet over that, lettered with the text, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: blessed be the name of the Lord." Perhaps in other times it was of the dignity of a manor-house, but now it was inhabited by decent farmfolk, and very neatly kept. The farmwife who let us go up-stairs and down and all through it was a friendly soul, but apparently puzzled by our interest in it, and I fancied not many pilgrims worshipped at that shrine. It was rather ruder and humbler within than without; the flooring was rough, and the whitewashed walls of the little chambers were roughly plastered; neither these nor the living-rooms below had the beauty or interest of many colonial houses in New England. There was a little vegetable-gardened space behind the house, and a low stable, or some sort of shed, and on the comb of the roof an English true robin redbreast perched, darkly outlined against the clear September sky, and swelled his little red throat, and sang and sang. It was very pretty, and he sang much better than

the big awkward thrush which we call a robin at home.

Our lovely day which had begun so dim, was waning in a sweet translucency, and we drove back to Northampton over gentle uplands through afternoon influences of a rich peacefulness. The roadside hedgerows now kept us from seeing much beyond them, but they were red, like those we passed in coming, with haws and wild rose-pips, which we again took for a flush of American autumn in their leaves; but the trees were really of a sober yellow, with here and there, on a house wall, a flame of Japanese ivy or Virginia creeper. The way was dotted with shoe-hands, men and girls, going home early from the unprosperous shops which our driver said were running only half-time. But even on half-pay they earned so much more than they could on the land that the farmers, desperate for help, could pay only a nominal rent. Much of the land was sign-boarded for sale, and this and the unusual number of wooden cottages gave us a very home feeling. In our illusion, we easily took for crows the rooks sailing over the fields.

## White Magic

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

ONCE more, upon the dear endeavor bent,  
 The substance of my inward sight I sought.  
 From tapestries of cunning work enwrought  
 I rapt my spoil—the rose of Leda's lips,  
 Of Dido's eyes the violet eclipse,  
 Godiva's blush and golden hair of Eve.  
 And with these diverse threads I strove to weave  
 The lovely pattern of my heart's content.

I fail; but there are subtler alchemies  
 At my command. I'll shape thee fairer yet  
 Out of pure longing and the ceaseless fret  
 Of my imaginings. Forth from the deep  
 Of my desire, I see thee slowly rise,  
 Radiant and crowned; while answ'ring pulses leap.

# The Play House

BY ALICE BROWN

AMELIA MAXWELL sat by the front-chamber window of the great house overlooking the road and her own "story-an'-a half" further toward the west. Every day she was alone under her own roof, save at the times when old lady Knowles of the great house summoned her for work at fine sewing or braiding rags. All Amelia's kin were dead. Now she was used to their solemn absence and sufficiently at one with her own humble way of life, letting her few acres at the halves and earning a dollar here and there with her clever fingers. She was but little over forty, yet she was aware that her life, in its keener phases, was already done. She had had her romance and striven to forget it; but out of that time pathetic voices now and then called to her, and old longings awoke, to breathe for a moment and then sleep again.

Amelia seemed, even to old lady Knowles, who knew her best, a cheerful, humorous body; but only Amelia saw the road by which her serenity had come. Chiefly it was through an inexplicable devotion to the great house. She could not remember a time when it was not wonderful to her. While she was a little girl, living alone with her mother, she used to sit on the door-stone with her bread and milk at bedtime, and think of the great house, how grand it was and large. There was a wonderful way the sun had of falling, at twilight, across the pillars of its porch where the elm drooped sweetly, and in the moonlight it was like a fairy city. But the morning was perhaps the best moment of all. The great house was painted a pale yellow, and when Amelia awoke with the sun in her little unshaded shamber, she thought how dark the blinds were there, with such a solemn richness in their green. The flower-beds in front were beautiful to her; but the back garden, lying alongside the orchard, and stretching through

tangles of sweet-william and rose, was an enchanted spot to play in. The child that was, used to wander there and feel very rich. Now, a woman, she sat in the great house sewing, and felt rich again. As it happened, for one of the many times it came to her, she was thinking what the great house had done for her. Old lady Knowles had, in her stately way, been a kind of patron saint, and in that summer, years ago, when Amelia's romance died and she had drooped like a starving plant, Rufus, the old lady's son, had seemed to see her trouble and stood by her. He did not speak of it. He only took her for long drives, and made his cheerful presence evident in many ways, and when he died, with a tragic suddenness, Amelia used selfishly to feel that he had lived at least long enough to keep her from failing of that inner blight.

On this day when old lady Knowles had gone with Ann, her faithful help, to see the cousin to whom she made pilgrimage once a year, Amelia resolved to enjoy herself to the full. She laid down her sewing, from time to time, to look about her at the poppy-strewn paper, the four-post bed and flowered tester, the great fireplace with its shining dogs, and the Venus and Cupid mirror. Over and over again she had played that the house was hers, and to-day, through some heralding excitement in the air, it seemed doubly so. She sat in a dream of housewifely possession, conning idly over the pleasant things she might do before the day was over. There was cold tongue for her dinner, Ann had told her, and a clear soup, if she liked to heat it. She might cook vegetables if she chose. And there was the best of tea to be made out of the china caddy, and rich cake in the parlor crock. After one such glad deliberation, she caught her sewing guiltily up from her lap and began to set compensating stitches. But even then her conscience slept unstirred. Old lady





*Drawing by W. D. Stevens*

Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

SHE LAID DOWN HER SEWING TO LOOK ABOUT HER

Knowles was in no hurry for the work, she knew, and she would make up for her dreaming in the account of her day. There was a sound without. The gate swung softly shut and a man came up the path. Amelia, at the glance, rose quickly, dropped her sewing, and hurried out and down the stairs. The front door was open, she knew, and though there was never anything to be afraid of, still the house was in her charge. At the door she met him, just lifting his hand to touch the knocker. He was a tall, weedy fellow of something more than her own age, with light hair and blue eyes and a strangely arrested look, as if he obstinately and against his own advantage continued to keep young. Amelia knew him at once, as he did her, though it was twenty years since they had met.

"Why, Jared Beale!" she faltered.

He was much moved. The flush came quickly to his face in a way she had known, and his eyes softened.

"I should ha' recognized ye anywheres, Milly," he asserted.

She still stood looking at him, unable to ask him in or to make apology for the lack.

"I went straight to your house from the train," he said. "'Twas all shut up. Don't anybody live there now?"

"Yes," answered Amelia, "somebody lives there." The red had come into her cheeks and her eyes burned brightly. Then as he looked at her hesitatingly, in the way he used to look, she trembled a little. "Come in, Jared," she said, retreating a hospitable space. "Come right in." She stood aside, and then, when he stepped over the sill, led the way into the dining-room, where there was a cool green light from the darkened blinds and the only window open to the sun disclosed a trembling grape-vine and a vista down the garden path. Amelia drew forward a chair with a decided motion. "Sit down," she said, and busied herself with opening a blind. When she took her own chair opposite him, she found that he had laid his hat beside him on the floor, and, with the tips of his fingers together, was bending forward in an attitude belonging to his youth. He was regarding her with the slightly blurred look of his near-sighted eyes, she began hastily:

"You stayin' round these parts?"

"No," said Jared, "no. I had to come East on business. There was some property to be settled up in Beulah, so I thought I'd jest step down here an' see how things were."

"Beulah!" she repeated. "Why, that's fifty miles from here!"

"Yes," returned Jared. "It's a matter o' fifty mile. Fact is," he added, uneasily, "I didn't know how you was fixed. It's kinder worried me."

A flush ran into her face, to the roots of her pretty hair; yet her frank eyes never left him. Then her evasive speech belied her look.

"I get along real well. I s'pose you knew mother wa'n't with me now?"

"I ain't heard a word from here for seventeen year," he said, half bitterly, as if the silence had been hard to bear. "There's no way for me to hear now. The last was from Tom Merrick. He said you'd begun to go with Rufus Knowles."

Amelia trembled over her whole body.

"That was a good while ago," she ventured.

"Yes, 'twas. A good many things have come an' gone. An' now Rufus is dead—I see his death in an old paper—an' here you be, his widder, livin' in the old house."

"Why!" breathed Amelia, "why!" She choked upon the word, but before she could deny it he had begun again, in gentle reminiscence.

"'Twon't harm nobody to talk over old times a mite, Amelia. Mebbe that's what I come on for, though I thought 'twas to see how you was fixed. I thought mebbe I should find you livin' kinder near the wind, an' mebbe you'd let me look out for you a mite."

The tears came into Amelia's eyes. She looked about her as if she owned the room, the old china, and the house.

"That's real good of you, Jared," she said, movingly. "I sha'n't ever forget it. But you see for yourself. I don't want for nothin'."

"I guess we should ha' thought 'twas queer, when you went trottin' by to school," he said, irrelevantly, "if anybody 'd told you you'd reign over the old Knowles house."

"Yes," said Amelia, softly, again look-



ing about her, this time with love and thankfulness, "I guess they would. You leave your wife well?" she asked, suddenly, perhaps to suggest the reality of his own house of life.

Jared shook his head.

"She ain't stepped a step for seven year."

"Oh, my!" grieved Amelia. "Won't she ever be any better?"

"No. We've had all the doctors, eclectic an' herb besides, an' they don't give her no hope. She was a great driver. We laid up money steady them years before she was took down. She knew how to make an' she knew how to save." His face settled into lines of brooding recollection. Immediately Amelia was aware that those years had been bitter to him, and that the fruit of them was stale and dry. She cut by instinct into a pleasant by-path.

"You play your fiddle any now?"

He started out of his maze at life.

"No," he owned, "no!" as if he hardly remembered such a thing had been. "I dropped that more'n fifteen year ago."

"Seems if my feet never could keep still when you played 'Money Musk,'" avowed Amelia, her eyes shining. "'The Road to Boston,' too! My! wa'n't that grand!"

"'Twas mostly dance music I knew," said Jared. "She never liked it," he added, in a burst of weary confidence.

"Your wife?"

"She was a church member, old-fashioned kind. Didn't believe in dancin'. 'The devil's tunes,' she called 'em. Well, mebbe they were; but I kinder liked 'em myself."

"Well," said Amelia, in a safe commonplace, "I guess there's some harm in 'most everything. It's 'cordin' to the way you take it." Then one of her quick changes came upon her. The self that played at life when real life failed her, and so kept youth alive, awoke to shine in her eyes and flush her pretty cheek. She looked about the room, as if to seek concurrence from the hearthside gods. "Jared," she said, "you goin' to stay round here long?"

He made an involuntary motion toward his hat.

"No, oh no," he answered. "I'm goin' 'cross lots to the Junction. I come

round the road. I guess 'tain't more'n four mile along by the pine woods an' the b'ilin' spring," he added, smiling at her. "Leastways it didn't use to be. I thought if I could get the seven-o'clock, 'twould take me back to Boston so's I could ketch my train to-night. She's kinder dull, out there alone," he ended, wearily. "'Twas some o' her property I come to settle up. She'll want to hear about it. I never was no kind of a letter-writer."

Amelia rose.

"I'll tell you what, then," she said, with a sweet decision, "you stay right here an' have dinner. I'm all alone to-day."

"Ain't old lady Knowles—" He paused decorously, and Amelia laughed. It seemed to her as if old lady Knowles and the house would always be beneficently there because they always had been.

"Law, yes," she said. "She's alive. So's old Ann. They've gone to Wareham, to spend the day."

Jared threw back his head and laughed.

"If that don't make time stand still," he said, "nothin' ever did. Why, when we was in the Third Reader old lady Knowles an' Ann harnessed up one day in the year an' drove over to Wareham to spend the day."

"Yes," Amelia sparkled back at him, "'tis so. They look pretty much the same, both of 'em."

"They must be well along in years?"

Amelia had begun putting up the leaves of the mahogany dining-table. She laughed, a pretty ripple.

"Well, anyway," she qualified, "old Pomp ain't gone with 'em. He's buried out under the August sweet. They've got an old white now. 'Twas the colt long after you left here." She had gone to the dresser and pulled open a drawer. Those were the every-day table-cloths, fine and good; but in the drawer above, she knew, was the best damask, snowdrops and other patterns more wonderful, with birds and butterflies. She debated but a moment, and then pulled out a lovely piece that shone with ironing. "I'll tell you what it is, Jared," she said, returning to spread it on the table with deft touches, "it's we that change, as well as other folks. Ever think o' that?"





*Drawing by W. D. Stevens*

"SEEMS IF WE HADN'T BEEN SO FUR SEPARATED ALL THESE YEARS"



Ever occur to you old lady Knowles wa'n't much over sixty them days when we used to call her old? 'Twas because we were so young ourselves. She don't seem much different to me now from what she did then."

"There's a good deal in that," said Jared, rising. "Want I should draw you up some water out o' the old well?"

"Yes. I shall want some in a minute. I'll make us a cup o' coffee. You like that."

Jared drew the water, and after he had brought it to her he went out into the back garden, and, while she moved back and forth from pantry to table, she caught glimpses of him through the window as he went about from the bees to the flower-beds, in a reminiscent wandering. Once he halted under the sweet-bough and gave one branch a shake, and then, with an unerring remembrance, he crossed the sward to the "sopsyvine" by the wall. Amelia could not get over the wonder of having him there. Strangely, he had not changed. Even his speech had the old neighborly tang. Whether he had returned to it as to a never-forgotten tune, she could not know; but it was in her ears, awakening touches of old harmony. Yet these things she dared not dwell upon. She put them aside in haste to live with after he should be gone. Her preparations were swiftly made, lest she should lose a moment of his stay, and presently she went to the door and summoned him.

"Dinner's ready, Jared!"

It sounded as if she had said it every day, and she knew why; the words and others like them, sweet and commonplace, were enwoven with the texture of her dreams.

Jared came in, an eager look upon his face, as if he also were in a maze, and they sat down at the table, where the viands were arranged in a beautiful order. Jared laid down his knife and fork.

"Well," said he, "old Ann ain't lost her faculty. This tastes for all the world just as old lady Knowles's things used to when I come over here to weed the garden an' stayed to dinner."

Amelia lifted a thankful look.

"I'm proper glad you've come back, Jared," she said, simply. "I never had any expectation of seein' you again, leastways not in this world."

Jared spoke irrelevantly:

"There's a good many things I've wanted to talk over with you, 'Melia, from time to time. Now there's Arthur."

Amelia nodded.

"He ain't done very well, has he?" she inquired. "I never knew much about him after he moved away; but seems if I heard he'd took to drink."

"That's it. Arthur was as good a boy as ever stepped, but he got led away when he wa'n't old enough to know t'other from which. Well, I've always stood by him, 'Melia. Folks say he's only an adopted brother. 'What you want to hang on to him for, an' send good money after bad?' That's what they say. Well, what if he is an adopted brother? Father an' mother set by him, an' I set by him, too." He had a worried look and his tone rang fretfully, as if it continued a line of dreary argument.

"Of course you set by him, Jared," said Amelia, almost indignantly. "I shouldn't feel the same towards you if you didn't."

Jared was deep in the relief of his pathetic confidences.

"Arthur married young, an' folks said he'd no business to, nothin' to live on, an' his habits bein' what they were. Well, I couldn't dispute that. But when he got that fall, so't he laid there paralyzed, I wanted to take the cars an' go right on to York State an' see him. I didn't. I couldn't get away; but I sent him all I could afford to, an' I'm goin' to keep on sendin' jest as long as I'm above ground. An' I've made my will an' provided for him." His voice had a fractious tone, as if he combated an unseen tyrant. Amelia dared not speak. At a word, she felt, he might say too much. Now Jared was looking at her in a bright appeal, as if, sure as he was of her sympathy, he besought the expression of it. "There ain't a soul but you knows I've made my will, 'Melia," he said. "There's suthin' in it for you, too."

Amelia shrank, and her eyes betrayed her terror; it was as if she could carry on their relation together quite happily, but as soon as the judgment of the world were challenged she must hide it away, like a treasure in a box.

"No, Jared!" she breathed. "No, oh no! Don't you do such a thing as that."

Jared himself laughed a little, but half sadly.

"Seems kinder queer to me now," he owned. "Now I see you settin' here, only to put out your hand an' take a thing if you want it. Did Rufus leave a will?"

Amelia shrank still smaller.

"No," she trembled, "no. He didn't leave a will."

"Well, I sha'n't change mine, 'Melia." He spoke with an ostentatious lightness, but Amelia was aware that his mind labored in heavy seas of old regret, buoyed by the futile hope of compensating her age for the joys her youth had lacked. "I guess I'll let it stand as 'tis, an', long as you don't need what I've left ye, why, you can put it into some kind o' folderol an' enjoy it. You always was one to enjoy things."

They sat a long time at the table, and Jared took, as he said, more coffee than was good for him and praised the making of it. Then he followed her about as she cleared away, and helped her a little, with an awkward hand. Amelia left the dishes in the sink.

"I won't clear up till night," she said. "We ain't talked out yet."

She led the way into the garden, and under the grape-trellis, where the tall lilac hedge shut them from the sight of passers-by, she gave him old lady Knowles's great arm-chair, and took the little one that was hers when she came over to sit awhile with her old friend. The talk went wandering back as if it sought the very sources of youth and life; but somehow it touched common-places only. Yet Amelia had the sense, and she was sure he had, too, of wandering there hand in hand, of finding no surprises, but only the old things grown more dear, the old loyalties the more abiding. Suddenly he spoke haltingly, voicing her own conviction.

"Don't seem but a minute, 'Melia, sence we set talkin' things over much as we do now. Seems if we hadn't been so fur separated all these years."

"No," said Amelia, with her beautiful sincerity. "I don't believe we have been, Jared. Maybe that's how it is when folks die. We can't see 'em nor speak to 'em, but maybe they go right along bein' what we like best. I know 'tis so with mother.

Seems if, if she walked in here this minute, we shouldn't have so very many stitches to take up. Sometimes I've thought all I should say would be, 'Well, mother, you've got back, ain't you?' Kinder like that."

The beautiful afternoon light lay on the grass and turned the grape-vine to a tender green. Jared looked upon the land as if he were treasuring it in his heart for a day of loss. When the sun was low, and green and red were flaming in the west, he rose.

"Well, 'Melia," he said, "I've seen you. Now I'll go."

Amelia stirred, too, recalled to service.

"I want to make you a cup o' tea," she said. "You get me a pail o' fresh water, Jared. 'Twon't take but a minute."

He followed her about, this time, while she set the table; and again they broke bread together. When he rose from his chair again it was for good.

"Well, 'Melia!" he said, and she gave him her hand.

She went with him to the door, and stood there as he started down the path. Half-way he hesitated and then came back to her. His eyes were soft and kindly.

"'Melia," he said, "I ain't told you the half, an' I dun'no's I can tell it now. I never knew how things were with you. I've laid awake nights wonderin'. You never was very strong. 'Why,' says I to myself many a night when I'd hear the wind blowin' ag'in' the winder, 'mebbe she's had to go out to work. Mebbe she ain't got a place to lay her head.'" He was rushing on in a full tide of confidence, and she recalled him. She leaned forward to him, out of the doorway of her beautiful house, and spoke in an assuring tone:

"Don't you worry no more, Jared. I'm safe an' well content, an' you ain't got nothin' to regret. An' when we meet again—I guess 'twon't be here, dear, it 'll be t'other side—why, we'll sit down an' have another dish o' talk."

Then they shook hands again, and Jared walked away. When he looked back from the top of schoolma'am hill she was still in the doorway, and she waved her hand to him.

After that last glimpse of him, Amelia



went soberly about the house, setting it in order. When her dishes were washed and she had fed old Trot, the cat, forgotten all day, she rolled up the fine table-cloth and left it behind the porch door, where she could take it on her way home. Then she sat down on the front steps and waited for old lady Knowles. Amelia did not think very much about her day. It was still a possession to be laid aside and pondered over all the hours and days until she died. For there would be no other day like it. The dusk fell and the sounds of night began to rise in their poignant summoning of memory and hope. The past and the present seemed one to her in a beautiful dream; yet it was not so much a dream as life itself, a warm reality. Presently there came the slow thud of horse's feet, and the chaise turned in at the yard. Old lady Knowles was in it, sitting prettily erect, as she had driven away, and Ann was peering forward, as she always did, to see if the house had burned down in their absence. John Trueman, who lived "down the road," was lounging along behind. They had called him as they passed, and bade him come to "tend the horse." Amelia rose and shook herself free from the web of her dream. She hurried forward and at the horse-block offered old lady Knowles her hand.

"Anything happened?" asked old Ann, making her way past to the kitchen.

Amelia only smiled at her, but she followed old lady Knowles in at the porch door.

"We've had a very enjoyable day,

Amelia," said the old lady, untying her bonnet strings. "Suppose you lay this on the table. Ann must brush it before it's put away. What is it? Child, child, what is it?"

Amelia had taken a fold of her old friend's skirt. It would have seemed to her a liberty to touch her hand.

"Mis' Knowles," she said, "I've had company. 'Twas somebody to see me, an' I got dinner here, an' supper, too, an' I used your best table-cloth, an' I'm goin' to do it up so't Ann won't know. An' I acted for all the world as if 'twas my own house."

Old lady Knowles laughed a little. She had never been a woman to whom small things seemed large, and now very few things were of any size at all.

"Who was it, Amelia?" she asked. "Who was your company?"

There was a moment's silence and Amelia heard her own heart beat. But she answered, quietly,

"'Twas Jared Beale."

There was silence again while old lady Knowles thought back over the years. When she spoke, her voice was very soft and kindly.

"You are a good girl, Amelia. You've always been a good girl. Run home, child, now, and come to-morrow. Good night."

Amelia, out in the path a moment afterwards, the table-cloth under her arm, could hardly believe in what had surely happened to her. Old lady Knowles had bent forward to her; her soft lips had touched Amelia's cheek.

## Twilight

BY CARRIE WHITE OSGOOD

DAY, the golden bee, with heavy wing,  
Hovers above rich fields and fragrant lanes  
And misty meadows which the river veins  
With tarnished silver, late ingathering  
His last, best store—and now, his labor done,  
Flies homeward to his covert with the sun,  
While, where the soft dusk yet one rose-flush keeps  
Earth, a closed lily, sways and sleeps.



# The Blubber Hunters

BY CLIFFORD WARREN ASHLEY

PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

## I—FITTING OUT AND CRUISING



HALING, of all our early industries, has come down to us to-day the least altered in the lapse of years, the least affected by changed conditions, the least trammelled by modern appliances. Of all pursuits, it has preserved to the greatest degree its original picturesqueness.

Modern methods have been applied only to the off-shore fishery; deep-sea whaling, sperm whaling, differs scarcely at all from the whaling of a century ago.

In August of 1904 I shipped from New Bedford on the bark *Sunbeam*, bound on a sperm-whaling voyage to the west coast of Africa and Crozet Island grounds.

The *Sunbeam* is a bark of 255 tons, next to the *Canton* the oldest whaler afloat, launched at Mattapoisett before

England had laid the keel of the last of her "wooden walls." When I came to New Bedford in early July the *Sunbeam* was the only square-rigger being fitted. Battered and weather-beaten she lay at her berth, partially dismantled, a swarm of workers patching and calking her sides.

The next day she was hauled out on the railroad over on the Fairhaven shore. Here her bottom was overhauled and recoppered. Though fifty years old, her keel was straight as a gun-barrel. The *Sunbeam's* sheathing had not been off in fifteen years. Many of her planks were rotten, and in one place a stone, which had gotten in when she was building, had washed around next her keel and worn through nearly four inches of planking.

In 1854 one hundred and thirteen whalers sailed from New Bedford; fifty years later, five. That which could not



be effected by the capture of thirty-four vessels by the *Shenandoah*, the sinking of thirty-nine in the Stone Fleet of Charleston harbor, the abandonment in two seasons of fifty-four in the arctic, and other catastrophes no less insinuating if less spectacular, has been accomplished by petroleum. Whaling to-day may be reckoned a dead industry—not that it is extinct, but because it can never recover.

Efforts have been made in vain to induce the government to use sperm-oil in the naval, revenue, and lighthouse services. Such a step, by giving a new impetus to whaling, could scarce fail to be effective in the upbuilding of our naval reserve. New Bedford is still the greatest whaling port in the world, but at best this is an empty title. Where once her fleet numbered hundreds, to-day there are less than thirty.

There was some difficulty attendant on my arrangement for a berth on the *Sunbeam*; a whaler is often so full-handed that a bunk must be used watch and watch about, and seldom if ever is there a spare one. The owners finally made a place for me in the steerage along with the boat-steerers, and the captain proffered the freedom of his cabin, and suggested that the cooper might be persuaded to set up a bunk for me in his own stateroom after we were under weigh.

I located Cooper in a Water Street grog-shop, and I secured a word with him in private. We seemed to take to each other from the start. He assured me he was the biggest liar in the world, Munchausen alone excepted, hinted darkly of literary efforts of his own, yet to appear, and suggested collab-

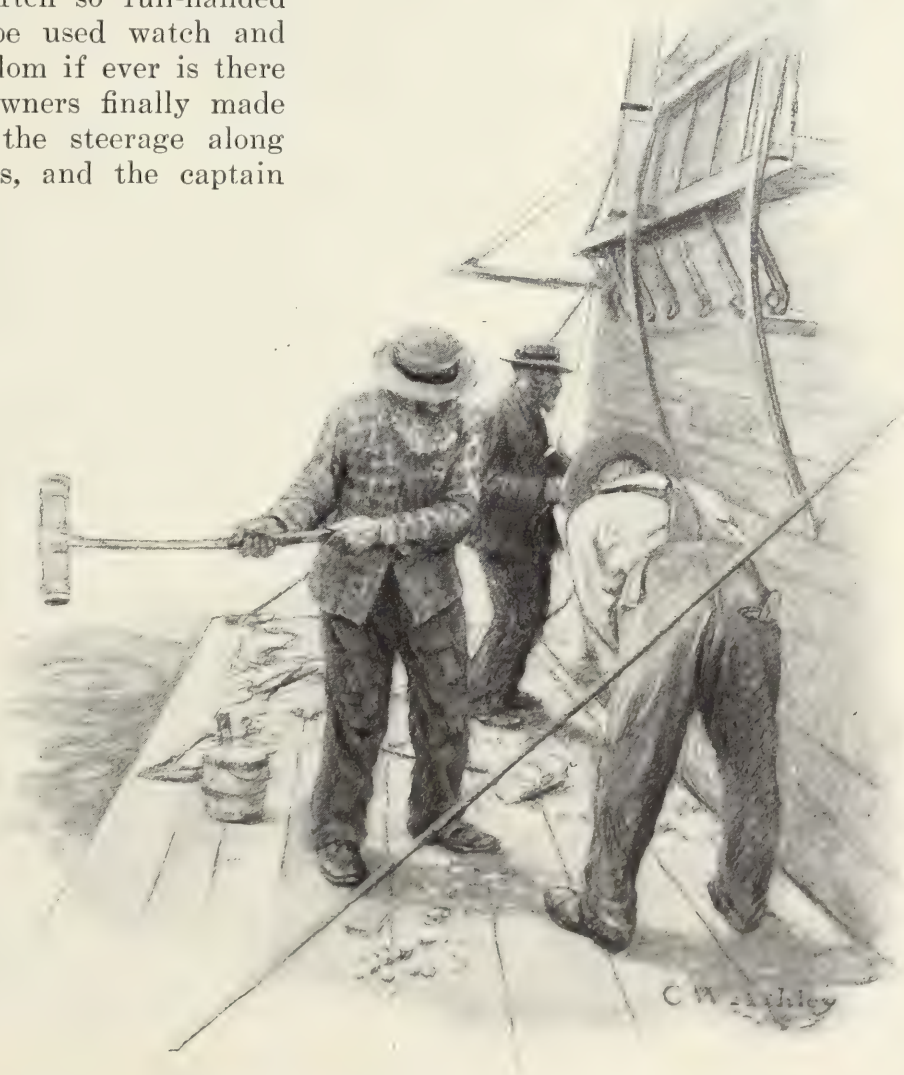
oration. The matter of the berth was easily settled. That same afternoon I signed the ship's papers.

The day before we were to clear, Friday, I put my chest on board. My bunk was made up and the usual calico curtain strung before it.

Saturday brought a gale from the southward, and by noon it was decided to postpone the sailing till Sunday. The *Sunbeam* had put into the stream overnight, and was anchored near the Fairhaven shore, with a part of the crew on board.

The owners of the *Sunbeam* are the oldest firm of ship-owners in the whaling business, having, under the present name and heads, controlled vessels since 1856. The firm's office is in the rear of their clothing and outfitting establishment.

Sunday morning, long before the



CALKERS AND CARPENTERS REPAIRING AN OLD WHALER



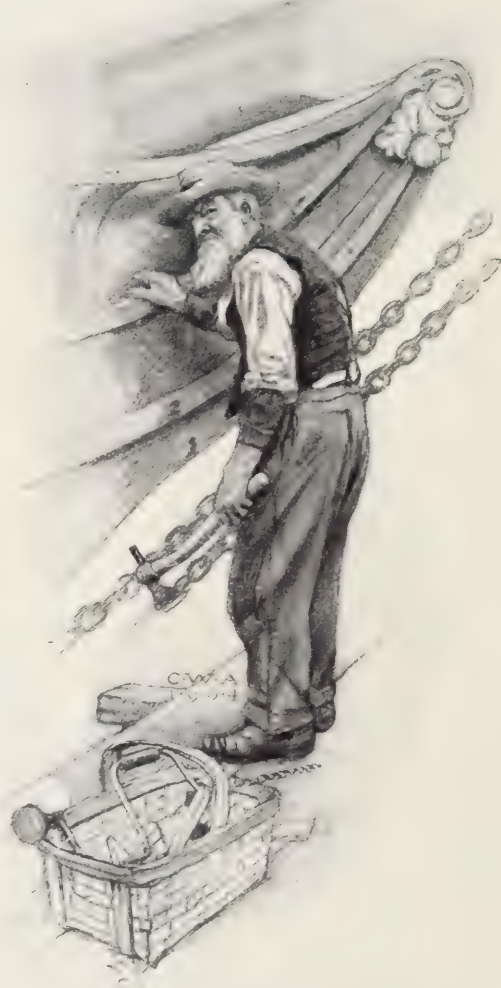
church-bells rang, we were gathering in the darkened front of the store. I had stopped at the post-office for my last mail, and as I stepped out again into the bright sunshine of that August morning, a couple of sailors lumbered hastily by and dodged around the corner. As they were vanishing, one of the "owners" appeared in the street, gazing up and down in a mystified manner, vainly seeking a glimpse of the run-aways. When he saw me he hailed cheerfully. From the alley whence he had emerged a series of derisive hoots followed him, then a wagon-load of seamen appeared, being trundled off to the river. Swaying and pitching as the cart jolted over the cobbles, they boisterously spoke each passer-by making the street hideous with their yells. Before I entered the store I saw them, one by one, dropping off over the tail-board, utterly oblivious to the protests of the unfortunate dry-goods clerk who was held responsible for their delivery.

The front shop was crowded and noisy, but the real hubbub was in a small back room. Here the sailors, howling and pounding, were locked up when caught, and held till the return of the wagon to take them off to the river. Word was received that the mate refused to go on board till he had partaken of his Sunday dinner. On various pretexts others sought to get off for a while longer—one had forgotten to bid his mother good-by; another had left home without an overcoat. The clerks rushed frantically about. Each man had to be rounded up—not once, but half a dozen times.

The morning dragged out toward noon. A carriage had been sent for the mate; the little back room was emptied. Cooper was sitting on the edge of a black-draped counter, and a clerk was vainly trying to induce him to go on board. Smilingly the cooper doomed the man to eternal perdition; then picturesquely started in to abuse his ancestors. The disgusted clerk gave up the job as thankless; and Cooper sat on, furtively keeping his eye on the ship's chronometer, knowing full well that of all things this would be the last to be taken on board.

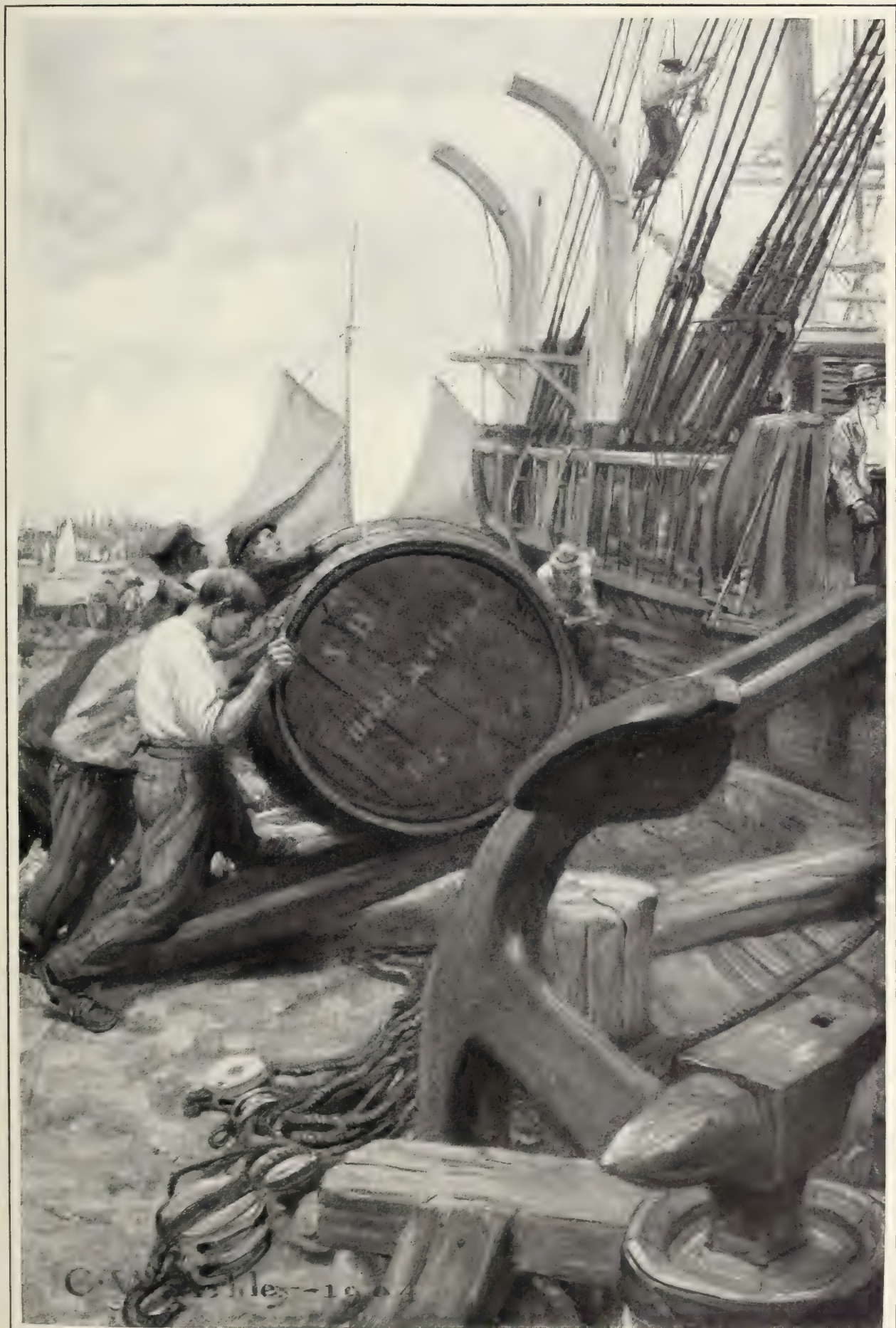
We were on the tug, watching the crew tumbling into the pilot-boat, when a commotion at the far end of the wharf attracted our attention, and a clerk hove into view, puffing like a porpoise, dragging behind him by a string one of the boat-steerers. As they drew near we could see that the string was attached to the much-elongated neck of a tan-colored pup. The owner, holding the unlucky mongrel tightly to his breast, struggled to keep up, but the pace was too stiff for him. In a state of complete exhaustion, the three made the sloop just as she was casting off.

We followed the pilot-boat out across the Acushnet to where the *Sunbeam* lay, redolent in her newly applied paint, spick and span from sprit to taffrail. Under her gallows hung all of a hundred fresh green cabbages, the deck crate was filled with potatoes, and a quarter of beef was suspended from the skids. The hatches were buried completely under a heap of mattresses and baggage. We clambered up the man-ropes, and immediately all



TINKERING THE FIGUREHEAD





*Drawn by C. W. Ashley*

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

# TAKING ON THE CARGO



was confusion. The green hands, resplendent in new suits of dungaree, were falling over one another in their efforts to execute orders. Without loss of time the hawser was passed from the tug and the command given to weigh anchor. Amid the clicking of pawls and the groaning of the windlass we got under weigh, and on the outgoing tide we were towed down the river. There were over thirty visitors with us for the trip down the bay, friends and relatives of the captain, crew, and owners, who would return to town with the pilot-boat.

We were scarcely abreast of Fort Phoenix when a small naphtha-launch, which had been following us for some time, shot alongside. She carried one passenger—a much-frightened Portuguese in white ducks and a new straw hat,—who, tightly grasping a fiddle in one hand and gesticulating with the other, attempted to explain himself a belated member of our crew desiring to come on board. Even when he had made himself clear, the deal nearly fell through when the question came up as to who should pay his launch hire, and he scrambled up the fore-chains.

Early in the afternoon a lunch was served to all hands, of cold corned beef and pilot-biscuit. Then the tug left us, and with a creaking of blocks and a hollow flapping the foretopsails went up,

then the jibs, spanker, and maintopsails. We were out to sea now, where we could feel the long regular heave of the ocean, and so we sailed for a couple of hours longer, till the pilot-sloop *Theresa* overhauled us. Our foreyards were backed and the ship hove to. The *Theresa* put up into the wind and lay a little off our starboard quarter. The davit-tackle of the starboard boat creaked. There was a faint splash, and the friends of the crew were hurried away. The picnic aspect was gone; in its place lurked the emotion of a long parting. Soon the boat came for the second and last load. The owners and their friends, the captain's friends, and the pilot went over the side and were rowed out to the *Theresa*. The crew pulled jerkily and unevenly; it was a far cry to the long whippy stroke of the later season.

And now they rested on their oars, and some one stood up in the stern-sheets, his voice sounding strangely remote from across the water; "A short and greasy voyage!" he called, and the boat and the sloop gave us three rousing cheers. Then we turned to the open sea.

The crew, gathered in a silent group at the fore-castle, watched the narrow strip of headland fading slowly away. After a while the breeze died down, and we drifted with the ebb of the tide back



CORRALLING THE CREW





*Drawn by C. W. Ashley*

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"A SHORT AND GREASY VOYAGE!" HE CALLED

toward Meerschaum buoy. Toward night-fall Cooper screwed up the deadlights; and later, the wind freshening from a new quarter, the last vestige of land soon dropped from our horizon.

As a place in which to sleep the steerage that night apparently was out of the question. On a clutter of chests and dunnage the boat-steerers sprawled, drinking, wrangling, smoking. Some had turned in—turned in mostly as they had come on board, togged out in all their petty shore finery, and now huddled in inert lifeless heaps, or half hanging from their berths, with swollen necks and puffed and livid features.

The floor was littered with rubbish, the walls hung deep with clothing: squalid, congested, filthy; even the glamour of novelty could not disguise the wretchedness of the scene, yet it possessed at the same time a curious insistent fascination. Occasionally there was a trampling of

feet overhead, and an order was hoarsely shouted. The ship rolled gently through the oily seas, the wind hummed drearily through the tautened rigging.

When in the morning I awakened I had a very indistinct recollection of my whereabouts. I groped my way to deck, and felt better after a hasty scrub.

All hands were called aft immediately after breakfast, and pacing the deck with hands in his pockets, Captain Gifford gave utterance to various sentiments appropriate to the start of a long sea-voyage:

"Just remember I'm boss on this ship. When you get an order, jump. If I catch any one of you wasting grub, I'll put him on bread and water for a month and dock the rations of the whole watch. You greenies have got just a week to box the compass and learn the ropes; after that no watch below till you do. Let every man work for the ship; I don't mind a little healthy competition between the boats, but if any dirty work goes on, I'll break the rascal who does it. We've got to work together—see? Now go ahead and pick your watches." Straightway the crew was told off into two lots by the first and second mates, and the starboard watch was sent below.

Of our quota of thirty-nine all told, only eight, including myself, were born American; Captain Gifford and the mate, Mr. Hicks, were typical "Cape-Codders," Blacksmith a Pennsylvania Dutchman. Before the mast were two disgruntled farm-hands, one fugitive from justice, and a Fall River striker. Cooper was a Norwegian; Bo's'n, a St. Helena Englishman; Jim, a Nova-Scotian; and August, a "Gue" from Lisbon. All the rest were blacks. Mr. Goomes, the second, and Mr. Freitas, the third officer, both hailed from the island of St. Nicholas. Steward was Bermudian, Smalley (boat-steerer) a full-blooded Gay Head Indian. The South Sea Islands, East Indies, Cape Verdes, Azores, and Canaries, all were liberally represented in our list. Profane, dissolute, and ignorant they were, yet, on the whole, as courageous and willing a lot as one could desire. Being nearly all islanders, brought up from childhood with an oar in their hands, they were eminently suited to the purpose; for boatmen, not seamen, are required in the whale-fishery.



AT THE WHEEL





WITH A FAIR WIND

In lieu of wages, a whaler's crew, from captain down to cabin-boy, receive each a "lay"; that is to say, a certain proportion of the gross earnings of the voyage. The captain's part may be one-seventh, the cabin-boy's as low as a two-hundred-and-twenty-fifth—called the long lay.

Now that we were well out at sea, the work on the boats was pushed ahead vigorously; oars, sails, rigging, and gear of various sorts were assigned to each; harpoons, lances, and boat-spades sharpened and fitted to shafts. The whale-line was stretched and laid in tubs, the kinks being removed by successive left-hand coilings. In some cases the line was even tossed overboard and towed astern; for any hitch when it is racing out the chocks, fast to a gallied whale, may mean loss of both lives and boat; and both are equally precious. There were two of these tubs to each boat, containing between them over half a mile of manila rope two and one-half inches round. Each boat-steerer conducted the arrangement of his own boat, under the immediate surveillance of his boat-header. In less than a week's time we were ready for whales, and once more the

foremast hands were ranged up along the lee-rail midships. This time the boat's crews were to be chosen—a far more serious affair than the mere selecting of watches.

The experienced boatmen formed one end of a long line, the green hands the other. Like judges before a dog-bench the mates strolled up and down the row, now feeling this man's ribs, now making that one bare his arm; occasionally pausing to jerk out a question: "Ever pull in a boat? No? What in — are you good for? Where are you from? Talk English? Oh! you pulled in Mr. Diaz's boat last voyage, eh? Well, I wouldn't give a — — for any man *he* broke in!" The boat-steerers lounged interestedly in the background, now and then proffering suggestions to their heads. When the inspection had been finished, the drawing began. It was evident that the material had been studied critically, for there was but little hesitation and but few words were spoken. Now and then there was a grunt when a likely man was lost, or occasionally a mate in a low tone referred a decision to his boat-steerer. When the ceremonial was over, much to their chagrin not one of the whites before



the mast had been assigned to a boat. All were left for ship-keepers.

Six men make up a boat's crew. The mate "heads"—that is, commands—the boat, and so is called the boat-header. The harpooner or boat-steerer pulls the forward oar in approaching a whale. After "getting fast" to it he goes aft and steers the boat, giving place to the mate, who goes forward to wield the lance in the killing.

The whale-boat is a clinker-built "double-ender," some thirty feet long, six feet in beam, with a very pronounced sheer to enable her to ride in the roughest weather. She is sloop-rigged and fitted with a centreboard and a collapsible mast. From the decked-over stern juts a round post, called a loggerhead, around which to snub the whale-line. The stem is deeply grooved and set with a roller. Through the "chocks" thus formed the whale-line runs out, being kept from jumping by a slender wooden pin. The boat is provided with both rudder and steering-oar,

the latter twenty-three feet in length. Every man before the mast, the boat-steerers and the mates, must do masthead duty. In the arctic fishery a "crow's-nest" is erected to shield the lookout from the severity of the weather, but until of comparatively recent date not even the hoops were used in sperm fishery, the "masthead" steadying himself by hanging over the royal-yard, the supposition being that the insecurity of his position would tend to keep him wakeful. But the means failed of its purpose not so infrequently as might be supposed, the result usually being fatal. To-day the use of the hoops is universal.

We had arranged our boats' crews one evening after supper, and the next morning for the first time we posted our masthead lookout. Standing on the upper crosstrees with arms dangling over the hoops, great spectaclelike rings bridging the royalmasts breast-high, the green hands tasted their cup of misery to its dregs. For each graceful dip and gentle roll, which on deck was scarce perceptible,

augmented by the hundred feet of sheer mast was exaggerated a hundredfold, till the vessel seemed to plunge and rock like a maddened cow-pony, and the reeling masts starting on their dizzy downward course appeared about to plunge the very trucks into the yawning depths.

Captain Gifford had offered a bonus of five pounds of tobacco to whoever raised the first whale taken, and with this added incentive four men scrambled up the weather-shrouds, and finding their places in the hoops, with glasses and naked eye scoured the seas eagerly for



FITTING SHAFT TO HARPOON



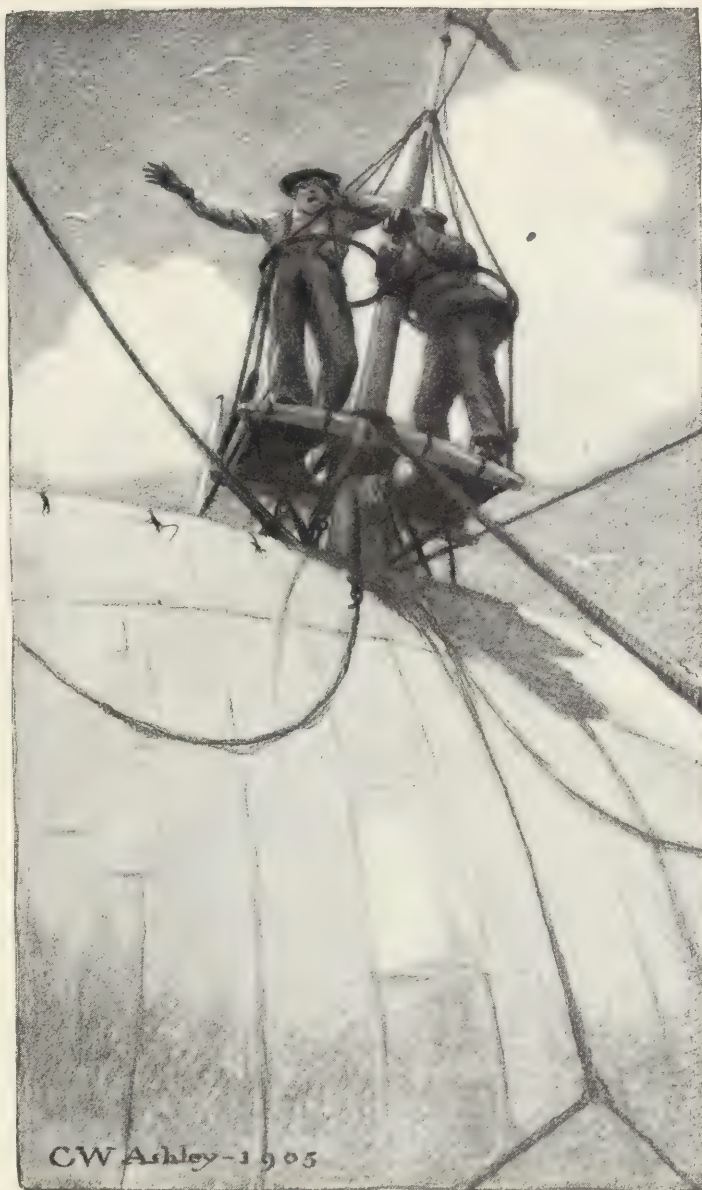
the least sign of whales. On deck quiet reigned, and with all sail set the ship held southward.

After a second night in the steerage, I concluded it was full time to move to the cabin, particularly as I had noticed that Cooper, now his supply of liquid friendship had diffused itself, was pondering somewhat on the inconvenience to which he would be put in welcoming another to his already crowded quarters.

Our stateroom had originally been a part of the sail-pen, but when the previous accommodations had proved inadequate it had been annexed to the cabin. It was scarcely larger than a good-sized dry-goods box, and an average man could not stand erect in it. Here I had a fore-and-aft berth, the upper one. Our only port opened directly into it, and, worse than the leak, the stench from the bilge reeked up through the trap. It was a simple matter after I had turned in of a night to span with one hand the distance from my nose to the deck planking. Hard by my head slept Cooper; beneath me slumbered Steward. In the slight floor-space remaining after the bunks had been set up reposed our several sea-chests.

But two men there were on ship-board who did not retire for the night in the same garments they had toiled in during the day. In the morning we all lined up to the water-butt, lashed amidships for the purpose, each with towel thrown over his shoulder and tin basin and soap in hand. After bailing the requisite amount of water through the bung-hole by means of a "thief"—a method sufficiently tedious to insure no waste of the precious fluid—we would place our basins on the edge of the hatch-cover and pursue our ablutions; then take the basin back to its little rack in the ceiling of the roundhouse. At the fore-castle salt water had to suffice.

There are three messes aboard a whale-ship—cabin, steerage, and fore-castle. Mr. Hicks, Mr. Goomes, and myself sat at the captain's table. At the second



"THERE SHE BLOWS!"

table Cook, Steward, "Boy," Cooper, and Mr. Freitas pitched in indiscriminately with no attempt at ceremony. The steerage had a table of their own and a boy to attend to their wants. But in the fore-castle each black, when his watch was called, reached for his pot and pan, glided aft to the galley down the leeward side, received from the Doctor his chunk of meat or daub of hash, two hot potatoes, and a "tub of slop," and wiping his sheath-knife on his jeans, sat down on his chest, with the pot of coffee safely propped between his bare feet, and lived purely for the enjoyment of eating in the good old-fashioned way. Our food was of good quality; rather coarse perhaps, but wholesome.

In common with most people, I once had an impression that whaling was a lazy, aimless sort of existence, with of



course occasional periods of activity, but in the main void of exertion, listless, and enervating. I soon had this idea shaken out of me. I have never seen men toil more unremittingly; here at least the hours in which a man might labor were not limited. Often the work of the day was carried on throughout the night-watches, and Sunday meant nothing when whales were alongside or sighted. A storm served merely as pretext for repairing sails not set, and the top-hamper was gone over in the nastiest of weather. New sails were made, spars scraped and slushed, rigging served and tarred, rebent and stiffened. Chafing-gear was braided, the gallows over the try-pots remodelled.

Day after day of glorious weather now succeeded, and under a full spread of canvas we bore south and by Bermudas, veered east, and on one long leg made the Western Grounds; passed Azores, passed Canaries, and cruised back again over a part of our course before making southing. Then we struck the southwest trades and bowled merrily along with a following wind, the sun always shining and great banks of fleecy biscuit-shaped clouds hovering constantly over the horizon. Countless schools of flying-fish rose continually at our bows and scattered like autumn leaves to leeward. Dolphins darted in opalescent gleams in our wake; and Cook and Steward and I angled for them. On some mornings the sport was quite exciting. It was "Cook," I believe, who flirted a fish completely over the poop, smashing in the companion, the occasion but serving as opportunity for the still further enhancement of my appreciation of the mates' astounding vocabulary.

Every morning before sunrise coffee was served to all hands and the lookout posted. An hour after breakfast Captain took his sights and went below and worked up his departure. Before dinner he again took the sun to fix the longitude. The watches changed at four, eight, and twelve, and at six in the evening. Every two hours a fresh gang relieved the man at the wheel and the masthead lookout. At four, decks were scrubbed down and the pumps tried. From the time the lookout took their places in the hoops at day-break till the cry—"Aloft from aloft"—

brought them tumbling to deck at night-fall, no noise of any sort was permitted. But then in the second dog-watch the hands gathered about the windlass or stretched at full length on the forehatch; smoked, yarned, and indulged in horse-play as they desired. The green hands perhaps studied the points of a dummy compass, or under competent teachers fingered the ropes, committing them to memory. Two misfit concertinas every night sent up their dismal wail to a tune which never varied, often keeping time with the strokes of a couple who pounded up hard bread to be mixed into a molasses mush for the watch they belonged to. The boat-steerers lounged on the work-bench aft the try-pots, whetting harpoons and swapping stories.

Mr. Hicks and I often would sit on Cooper's chest, before the roundhouse, tying knots, talking of home and of past gastronomic achievements. We had drifted into the habit of meeting two or three times a day whenever there was opportunity. Early in the cruise, when he was still convalescing from an illness of the previous voyage, we would sit together out on the main upper topsail through the quiet hours of the afternoon. Swaying gently to and fro on our mammoth pneumatic cushion, surrounded by great banks of billowing canvas and shut completely off from all view of the deck, Mr. Hicks would expatiate at length upon the habits of whales and his own observations of them.

"There are only two kinds of whale," said Mr. Hicks. "One of 'em is the sperm-whale; the rest of 'em is the other. The sperm-whale is mainly valuable for his oil (sperm-oil, you understand); has teeth only on his under jaw like a cow, fights at both ends, has one forward spout, and lives only in warm country. Now right-whale oil ain't worth beans; you hunt him for bone; 's got a whole sieve made out of slabs of bone in his mouth instead of teeth. Then he only fights with his flukes; but you bet he can use them pretty lively. Never known of a right whale's crossing the Line. Swallow Jonah? Humph! Well, a sperm-whale could a-done it, but how'd you like to swallow a woolly worm? No wonder it went agin' his stomach."





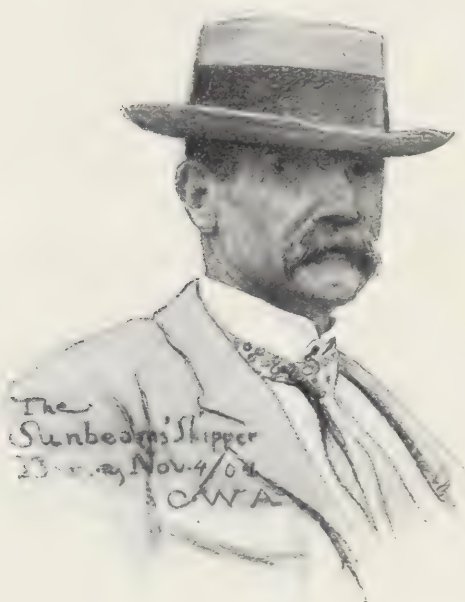
*Drawn by C. W. Ashley*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THE BOATS WERE LAUNCHED



Again we frequently met in the larboard-quarter boat when decks were flushed at night. Usually he would be chewing a piece of raw salt codfish gleaned from a box Steward had stowed under one of the spare boats. It was from this point of vantage I was startled one day by an unusual commotion forward. We had driven into a school of porpoises,



THE "SUNBEAM'S" SKIPPER

all breaching and gambolling about us. There was a scramble for harpoons, and in a moment the boat-steerers were out in the bowsprit-shrouds in a race to get fast. There were two misses before Smalley drove his iron into one, for a porpoise's movements are as erratic as a rabbit's. Flopping and bleeding like a stuck pig, the animal was hauled to deck. That night we had the first fresh meat in weeks, and for two days we feasted on porpoise steaks and liver. The steaks are a trifle oily perhaps, but the liver is as good as any. Sea-pig he is called by the sailors. The cook tried out the head oil, the cabin-boy saved the teeth, and Mr. Goomes cut the crotch from the flukes for a talisman and nailed it to the cutting-stage—the first catch of the season.

No work beyond the sailing of ship and keeping the lookout is required on Sunday unless a whale be sighted or there is oil to care for. The ship presents on that day long lines of fluttering garments

strung from davit to davit; patched, quilted, abbreviated, till all semblance to the original scheme is lost. Laundry-work attended to, the next thing in order seems to be the cutting of hair. The less energetic sleep; others read the magazines furnished by the several charitable societies ashore. Some write letters, some patch and mend, but always aloft four pairs of eyes scour the sea for whales, and the ship holds her course.

One Sunday morning a tremulous "Bl-o-o-w!" from aloft brought me to my feet, trembling with excitement. "There she blo-o-ows!" thundered from all four hoops. "Ah blo-o-ow!" Captain shot from the companionway and bolted up the main shrouds. "Where away?" shouted Mr. Hicks, dropping his piece of salt codfish. "Two points off the lee bow, sir; school sperm-whale," answered Bo's'n. "Keep her steady, Mr. Hicks," called Captain, squirming by the maintop. "Ah bl-o-ows!" chorussed the mastheads. "There! she white-waters!" "What time is it?" shouted Skipper from the topmast shrouds. "Quarter past nine!" yelled Cook, craning by the shoulder of the helmsman.

Feverishly the decks were cleared, the men gathered in their lines of washing, the boat-steerers gave the last few touches to their boats and cleared the line-tubs. The whales now had sounded. In suspense we on deck leaned over the bulwarks and gazed to windward in the direction they had gone. At last, after what seemed an interminable wait, an instantly stifled "B-l-ows!" sounded from aloft. "Lower away!" came the order. In the midst of a breathless excitement the three boats were launched, the sails hoisted, and a long beat to windward began. The whales spouted but a few times and then went down again. When they again broke water, for a second time, it was at least eight miles from the ship, and a signal was set to recall the boats.

In the *Sunbeam's* log-book is the brief but significant entry, "Raised whales this A.M. going quick, lowered, no success, come on board."

We shortened sail at sunset for the first time, and afterwards we cruised through the day, and at night carried barely enough canvas to keep our steerageway.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



# The Awakening of Helena Richie

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

## CHAPTER XIII

DR. LAVENDAR was not sleeping very well that spring. He used to wake at about three, just when the birds begin the scattered twittering that swells into full clamor and then dies suddenly into silence. In that gray stillness, broken by bird-calls, he used to occupy himself by thinking of his people.

"The name of the large upper chamber, facing the east, was Peace." And so this old pilgrim found it, lying in his four-poster, listening to the cries and calls in the jargonelle pear-tree in the corner of the garden, and watching the ghostly oblong of the window that faced the east, glimmer and brighten into the effulgence of day. It was then, with his old hands folded on his breast, that he thought about the Wrights—all three of them. . . .

It was a relief to know that Mrs. Richie would influence Sam to put his mind on his work; if the boy would do that, his father would be less irritated with him. And William's assurance that she would not allow any love-making ought to end his grandfather's worry. But while that worry lasted it must be utilized. . . .

The room was slipping out of the shadows. Dr. Lavendar could see the outline of the window distinctly. The bureau loomed up out of the grayness like a rock; opposite the bed, under a high wooden mantel, was the cavernous blackness of the chimney. Dr. Lavendar reflected that it must be nearly four. . . .

The question was, when should he use this weapon of Benjamin Wright's worry on the two hard hearts? He had made several attempts to use it, only to feel the blade turn in his hand: He had asked Mr. Wright when he was going to talk things over with Samuel, and the

old man had instantly declared that he had changed his mind. He had mentioned to his Senior Warden that Benjamin was troubled about his grandson's sheep's-eyes, and Samuel's studied deafness had put an end to conversation. So Dr. Lavendar had made up his mind that a matter of this kind cannot be forced. A thirty-two-year-old wound is not to be healed in a day. He took any chance that offered to drop a suggestive word; but he did not try to hurry his Heavenly Father. For it was Dr. Lavendar's belief that God was more anxious about that reconciliation than he was. . . .

A line of light threaded its way under the window-curtain, and fell in a spot of fluid gold upon the mirror. He watched it move silently across the powdery surface; suddenly another dimpling pool appeared on the soot of the chimney-back, and his eye followed the tremulous beam to its entrance over the top of the shutter. The birds were shouting now in full voice. How fond Benjamin was of his poor caged creatures! Well, he had so little else to be fond of; "and I have so much," thought Dr. Lavendar, shamefacedly;—"all my people. And David, the rascal!" Then he chuckled; Dr. Lavendar was under the delusion that he was unprejudiced in regard to David; "a very unusual child!" he assured himself, gravely. No wonder Mrs. Richie liked to have him.—And he would be the making of her! he would shake her out of her selfishness. "Poor girl, I guess, by the way she talks, she has never known anything but self. David will wake her up. But I've got to look out that she doesn't spoil him." It was this belief of what David might do for Mrs. Richie that had reconciled him to parting with the little boy.

His eyes wandered to the window; a glittering strip of green light between



the bowed shutters meant that the sun was in the trees. Yes; to be sure, for the birds had suddenly stopped singing.

Dr. Lavendar yawned and looked at his watch; five o'clock. He would have liked to get up, but Mary would be worried if she knew he was awake so long before breakfast. Well; he must try to have a nap; no, the room was too light for that. He could see all the furniture; he could count the pleats in the sun-burst of the tester; he could, perhaps, see to read? He put his hand out for *Robinson Crusoe*, and after that he possessed his soul in patience until he knew that Mary would allow him to come down-stairs.

It was in one of those peaceful dawns early in June that he decided that the moment had come to strike a decisive blow: he would go and talk to Benjamin of Sam's Sam, and though truth demanded that he should report Mrs. Richie's good sense, he would nevertheless admit the boy's sentimentality and urge putting the matter before his father. Then he would pin Benjamin down to a date. That secured, he would present a definite proposal to Samuel. "He is the lion in the way," he told himself anxiously; "I am pretty sure I can manage Benjamin." Yet surely if he could only put it properly to Samuel, if he could express the pitiful trouble in the old father's soul, the Senior Warden's heart would soften. "It must touch him!" Dr. Lavendar thought, and closed his eyes for a moment. . . .

When he said *Amen*, the bird-calls were like flutes of triumph.

On his way up the hill that morning, he paused under a great chestnut to talk to David Allison, who, a strapful of books over his shoulder, was running down the path to school. David was willing to be detained; he pulled some grass for Goliath and told Dr. Lavendar that Mrs. Richie had bought him a pair of suspenders. "And I said a bad word yesterday," he ended proudly.

"Well, now, I'm sorry to hear that."

"It's been in me a good while," David explained, "but yesterday I said it. It was 'damn.'"

"It's a foolish word, David; I never use it."

"You *don't*?" David said blankly,

and all his pride was gone. They parted with some seriousness; but Dr. Lavendar was still chuckling when he turned in at Benjamin Wright's neglected carriage road where burdocks and plantains grew rank between the wheel-tracks. As he came up to the house he saw Mr. Wright sitting out in the sun on the gravel of the driveway, facing his veranda. A great locust was dropping its honey-sweet blossoms all about—on his bent shoulders, on his green cashmere dressing-gown, on his shrunken knees, even one or two on the tall beaver hat. A dozen bird-cages had been placed in a row along the edge of the veranda, and he was nibbling orange-skin and watching the canaries twittering and hopping on their perches. As he heard the wheels of the buggy, he looked around, and raised a cautioning hand:

"Look out! Rein in that mettlesome steed of yours. You scare my birds! That green cock was just going to take a bath."

Goliath stopped at a discreet distance, and Dr. Lavendar sat still. There was a breathless moment of awaiting the pleasure of the green cock, who, balancing on the edge of his tub, his head on one side, looked with inquisitive eyes at the two old men before deciding to return to his perch and attack the cuttle-fish stuck between the bars of his cage. Upon which Mr. Wright swore at him with proud affection, and waved his hand to his visitor.

"Come on! Sorry I can't take you indoors. I have to sit out here and watch these confounded fowls for fear a cat will come along. There's not a soul I can trust to attend to it, so I have to waste my valuable time. Sit down."

Dr. Lavendar clambered out of the buggy, and came up to the porch where he was told to "*Sh!*" while Mr. Wright held his breath to see if the green cock would not bathe, after all.

"That nigger of mine is perfectly useless. Look at that perch! Hasn't been cleaned for a week."

"Yes, suh; cleaned yesterday, suh," Simmons murmured, hobbling up with a handful of chickweed which he arranged on the top of one of the cages, its faint faded smell mingling with the heavy fragrance of the locust blossoms.

"Whiskey!" Mr. Wright commanded.



"Not for me," said Dr. Lavendar; and there was the usual snarl, during which Simmons disappeared. The whistle was not produced.

"Lavendar, look at that cock—the scoundrel understands every word we say."

"He does look knowing. Benjamin, I just dropped in to tell you that I think you needn't worry so about Sam's Sam. Your neighbor has promised Willy King that she will help us with him. But I want you to talk the matter over with Samuel, and—"

"My—neighbor?" the older man interrupted, his lower lip dropping with dismay. "Ye don't mean—the female at the Stuffed Animal House?"

"Yes; Mrs. Richie. She will snub him if it's necessary, William says; but she'll help us, by urging him to attend to his business. See?"

"I see—more than you do!" cried Benjamin Wright. "Much Willy King has accomplished! It's just what I've always said;—if you want a thing done, do it yourself. It's another case of these confounded canaries. If they are not to be eaten up by some devilish cat, I've got to sit out here and watch over 'em. If that boy is not to be injured, I've got to watch over him. My neighbor is going to help? Gad-a-mercy! Help!"

Dr. Lavendar took off his broad-brimmed felt hat and wiped his hot forehead with his big red bandanna. "Benjamin, what's got into you? A little being in love won't hurt him. Why, before I was his age," said Dr. Lavendar chuckling, "I had lost my heart to my grandmother's first cousin."

But the older man was not listening. His anger had suddenly hardened into alarm; he even forgot the canaries. "She's going to help? Lavendar, this is serious; it is very serious. He's got to be sent away!—if I have to see"—his voice trailed into a whisper; he looked at Dr. Lavendar with startled eyes—"his—relatives."

The green cock hopped down into his glass tub and began to ruffle and splash, but Benjamin Wright did not notice him. Dr. Lavendar beamed. "You mean you'll see his father?"

The very old man nodded. "Yes; I'll have to see my son."

"Thank God!" said Dr. Lavendar.

"Dominie," said Mr. Wright, "it's better to 'make your manners when you've got your 'baccy.' Yes; I'll have to see—his father;—if there's no other way of getting him out of town?"

"Of course, there's no other way. Sam won't go without his father's consent. But you mustn't make play-writing the excuse; you mustn't talk about that."

"I won't talk about anything else," said Benjamin Wright.

Dr. Lavendar sighed, but he did not encourage perversity by arguing against it. "Benjamin," he said, "I will tell Samuel of your wish to see him—"

"My wish!"

But Dr. Lavendar did not notice the interruption. "Will you appoint the time?"

"Oh, the sooner the better; get through with it! Get through with it!" He stared at his visitor and blinked rapidly; a moment later he shook all over. "Lavendar, it will kill me!" He was very frail, this shrunken old man in the green dressing-gown and high beaver hat, with his lower lip sucked in like a frightened child's. The torch of life, blown so often into furious flame by hurricanes of rage, had consumed itself, and it seemed now as if its flicker might be snuffed out by any slightest gust. "He may come up—to-night," he mumbled, shivering in the hot sunshine and the drift of locust blossoms, as if he were cold.

"It can't be to-night; he's gone out West. He gets back Saturday. I'll send him up Sunday evening—if I can."

"Gad-a-mercy, Lavendar," Benjamin Wright said whimpering, "you've got to come, too?" He looked at his old friend with scared eyes. "I won't go to the gate with you. Can't leave these birds. I'm a slave to 'em."

But Dr. Lavendar saw that shaking legs were the real excuse; and he went away a little soberly in spite of his triumph. Would there be any danger to Benjamin from the agitation of the interview? He must ask Willy King. Then he remembered that the doctor had started for Philadelphia that morning; so there was nothing to do but wait. "I'm afraid there's some risk," he thought. "But Benjamin had better die in peace than live in anger. Oh, this



play-writing business! If I could only depend on him to hold his tongue about it; but I can't." Then as he and Goliath trudged along in the sun, he gave himself up to his own rejoicings. "To think I was afraid to let him know that Mrs. Richie could be depended upon to help us!" He looked up as if in smiling confession to some unseen Friend. "Yes, indeed; 'He taketh the wise in their own craftiness.' It was Mrs. Richie's help that scared him into it! I won't be so crafty next time," he promised in loving penitence.

#### CHAPTER XIV

IN the stage, the day he started for Philadelphia, William King read over his Martha's memorandum with the bewildered carefulness peculiar to good husbands: ten yards of crash; a pitcher for sorghum; samples of yarn; an ounce of sachet-power, and so forth.

"Now, what on earth does she want sachet-powder for?" he reflected. But he did not reflect long; it suddenly came into his mind that though Mrs. Richie had not given him any commission, he could nevertheless do something for her. He could go, when he was in Philadelphia, and call on her brother. "How pleased she'll be!" he said to himself. Naturally, with this project in mind, he gave no more thought to sachet-powders. He decided that he would turn up at Mr. Pryor's house at six o'clock; and Pryor would ask him to supper. It would save time to do that, and he needed to save time, for this one day in Philadelphia was to be very busy. He had those errands for Martha, and two medical appointments, and a visit to the tailor,—for of late William thought a good deal about his clothes and discovered that he was very shabby. He wished he had asked Mrs. Richie for her brother's address; it took so long to look it up in the Directory! Happily, the first name was unusual; there was only one Lloyd, or he would have given up the search. He could not have called on all the Johns or Thomases!

What with matching the yarn, and getting his drugs, and being terribly cowed by the tailor, William had a hurried day. However, he managed to reach Mr. Lloyd Pryor's house as the clock

struck six. "Just in good time," he said to himself, complacently. Indeed, he was ahead of time, for it appeared that Mr. Pryor had not yet come home.

"But Miss Alice is in, sir," the smiling darky announced.

"Very well," said William King; "tell her 'Dr. King, from Old Chester.'" He followed the man into a parlor that seemed to the country doctor very splendid, and looked about with artless curiosity, thinking that he must tell Martha of this grandeur. "No wonder she thinks we are stupid people in Old Chester," he thought. Now, certainly Martha had never had so disloyal a thought! At that moment he heard a girlish step, and Lloyd Pryor's daughter came into the room,—a pretty young creature, with blond hair parted over a candid brow, and sweet, frank eyes.

"Dr. King?" she said smiling.

"Doesn't resemble her in the least," the doctor thought, getting on his feet, and putting out a friendly hand. "I am just in from Old Chester," he said, "and I thought I'd come and say how-do-you-do to your father, and tell you the latest news of Mrs. Richie—"

The front door suddenly banged, and Lloyd Pryor pushed aside the curtain. (William had wondered what Martha would say to a curtain instead of a door!) His blank panic as he heard the doctor's last word, turned his face white. ("Bad heart?" William asked himself.)

"Dr. King! Alice, you needn't wait."

Alice, nodding pleasantly, left them, and her father, setting his teeth, looked out through his heavy eyelashes with deadly intentness.

"Thought I'd come in and say how-do-you-do?" William King said, hungry and friendly, but a little bewildered.

"Oh," said Mr. Pryor.

William put out his hand; there was a second's hesitation, then Lloyd Pryor took it—and dropped it quickly.

"All well?" the doctor asked awkwardly.

"Yes; yes. All well. Very well, thank you. Yes."

"I was just passing. I thought perhaps your sister would be pleased if I inquired; she didn't know I was coming, but—"

"You are very kind, I'm sure," the



other broke in, his face relaxing. "I am sorry that just at this moment I can't ask you to stay, but—"

"Certainly not," William King said shortly; "I was just passing. If you have any message for Mrs. Richie—"

"Oh! Ah;—yes. Remember me to her. All well in Old Chester? Very kind in you to look me up. I am sorry I—that it happens that—good-by—"

Dr. King nodded and took himself off; and Lloyd Pryor, closing the door upon him, wiped the moisture from his forehead. "Alice, where are you?"

"In the dining-room, daddy dear," she said. "Who is Dr. King?"

He gave her a furtive look and then put his arm over her shoulder. "Nobody you know, Kitty."

"He said something about 'Mrs. Richie';—who is Mrs. Richie?"

"Some friend of his, probably. Got anything good for dinner, sweetheart?"

As for William King, he walked briskly down the street, his face very red. "Confound him!" he said. He was conscious of a desire to kick something. That evening, after a bleak supper at a marble-topped restaurant table, he tried to divert himself by going to see a play; he saw so many other things that he came out in the middle of it. "I guess I can get all the anatomy I want in my trade," he told himself; and sat down in the station to await the midnight train.

It was not until the next afternoon, when he climbed into the stage at Mercer and piled his own and Martha's bundles on the rack above him, that he really settled down to think the thing over. . . . What did it mean? The man had been willing to eat his bread; he had shown no offence at anything; what the deuce—! He pondered over it, all the way to Old Chester. When Martha, according to the custom of wives, inquired categorically concerning his day in Philadelphia, he dragged out most irritatingly vague answers. As she did not chance to ask, "Did you hunt up Mr. Lloyd Pryor? Did you go to his house? Did you expect an invitation and not receive it?" she was not informed on these topics. But when at last she did say, "And my sachet-powder?" he was compelled to admit that he had forgotten it.

Martha's lip tightened.

"I got the lye and stuff," her husband defended himself. "And what did you want sachet-powder for, anyway?"

But Martha was silent.

After supper William strolled over to Dr. Lavendar's, and sat smoking stolidly for an hour before he unbosomed himself. Dr. Lavendar did not notice his uncommunicativeness; he had his own preoccupations.

"William, Benjamin Wright seems to be a good deal shaken this spring?"

Silence.

"He's allowed himself to grow old. Bad habit."

Silence.

"Got out of the way of doing things. Hasn't walked down the hill and back for three years. He told me so himself."

"Indeed, sir?"

"For my part," Dr. Lavendar declared, "I have made a rule about such things, which I commend to you, young man: *As soon as you feel too old to do a thing, do it!*"

William gave the expected laugh.

"But he does seem shaken. Now, would it be safe, do you think, for him to—well; to be very much excited? Possibly angered?"

"It wouldn't take much to anger Mr. Wright."

"No, it wouldn't," Dr. Lavendar admitted. "William, suppose I could induce Samuel and his father to meet—"

"What!" The doctor woke up at that; he sat on the edge of his chair, his hands on his knees, his eyes starting in his head. "*What!*"

"Well, suppose I could?" Dr. Lavendar said. "I have a notion to try it. I don't know that I'll succeed. But suppose they met, and things shouldn't run smoothly and there should be an explosion—would there be danger to Benjamin?"

William King whistled. "After all these years!" Then he reflected. "Well, of course, sir, he is an old man. But he is like iron, Dr. Lavendar. When he had quinsy two years ago, I thought he had come to the end. Not a bit of it! He's iron. Only, of course, anger is a great drain. Better caution Sam not to cross him."

"Then there would be some danger?"

"I shouldn't like to see him get into



a rage," the doctor admitted. "But why should he get into a rage, if they are going to patch things up? Good Lord!" said William King, gaping with astonishment; "at last!"

"I haven't said they would patch things up. But there is a chance that I can get 'em to talk over Benjamin's anxiety about Sam's Sam. Fact is, Benjamin is disturbed about the boy's sheep's-eyes. He thinks, you know, that he is in love with Mrs. Richie, and—"

"In love with Mrs. Richie!" William broke in angrily. "The idea of his bothering Mrs. Richie! it's outrageous. I don't wonder Mr. Wright is concerned. It's disgraceful. He ought to be thrashed!"

Dr. Lavendar drew a quick breath and let his pipe-hand fall heavily on the table beside him. "No, William, no; not thrashed. Not thrashed, William."

"Well, I don't know," the doctor said, doggedly; "it might do him good; a squirt of a boy!"

Dr. Lavendar sighed. They smoked silently for a while, and, indeed, it was not until it was almost time to go home that William burst out with his own wrongs.

"Confound him!" he ended, "what do you make of it, sir? Why, Dr. Lavendar, he sent his girl out of the room—didn't want her to talk to me! You'd have thought I was a case of measles. His one idea was to get rid of me as quickly as possible."

Dr. Lavendar thrust out his lower lip; then he scratched a match on the bottom of his chair, and held it out to Danny, who came forward with instant curiosity, sniffed, sneezed, and plainly hurt, retired to the hearth-rug.

"William, 'a moral, sensible and well-bred man will not affront—'"

"I'm not feeling affronted."

"Oh, aren't you?"

"No," William declared boldly, "not at all; not in the least! He's not worth it. But I'm all mixed up."

"Daniel," said Dr. Lavendar, "how dare you lie on the rug? Willy, when I was young—I mean when I was younger—we children were never allowed to come nearer the fire than the outside edge of the hearth-rug. I feel wicked now, whenever I come over that edge. But look at that scoundrel Danny!"

Danny opened one eye and beat his stub of a tail softly on the rug. William King was silent. Dr. Lavendar began to sing:

"Queen Victoria's very sick;  
Napoleon's got the measles.  
Why don't you take Sebastopol?  
Pop goes the weasel!"

"Dr. Lavendar, why do you keep trying to change the subject? What do you think about Mrs. Richie's brother?"

"Well, Willy, my boy, I think he's not given to hospitality."

"Ah, now, no shenanigan!" poor William pleaded. "Do you suppose he's up to some monkey-shines? Do you suppose I took him unawares, and he was afraid to entertain me?"

Dr. Lavendar chuckled. "'Fraid he might entertain a Recording Angel unawares?"

William shook his head. "There was something wrong, or I don't know human nature."

"Willy, if you do know human nature, you are the only living man who does. But, perhaps, now, it really wasn't convenient?"

"Convenient!" William burst out. "In Old Chester we don't talk about *convenience* when a man knocks at the door at supper-time!"

"But Philadelphia isn't Old Chester," Dr. Lavendar reminded him, mildly. "When you've seen as much of the world as I have, you'll realize that. I once was short of my railroad fare in New York. I—well, a poor creature asked me for some money to buy a coat. It was a dreadfully cold day. It left me just three dollars short of my fare home; so I stepped into the Bible House—you know the Bible House?—and just stated the case to the head clerk, and said I would be obliged if he would lend me the amount. Willy," Dr. Lavendar got very red; "I assure you—"

"You don't say so, sir!" said William King respectfully; but he bent down and pulled Danny's ear.

"Yes," said Dr. Lavendar; "yes, indeed! I will not repeat what he said; you would be indignant. I just mention the circumstance to show you how differently people look at things. If any gentleman got into such a fix in Old



Chester, of course he would just speak to Sam Wright, or you, or me. Or take your own case; if any stranger came on business at dinner-time, you would say, 'Sit down, sir'!"

William thought of Martha and moved uneasily in his chair.

"But," proceeded Dr. Lavendar, "it is not so everywhere. Convenience is considered. It isn't hospitable; but you can't say it's wicked?"

"Dr. Lavendar," said William King, "you don't believe that was the reason."

The old minister sighed. "I'm afraid I don't, my boy; but I thought maybe you might."

"No, sir! There's something wrong with that fellow. I don't mean to judge, but somehow, instinctively, I don't trust him."

"Well," said Dr. Lavendar; "I wouldn't judge; but—I'd trust my instincts."

William grinned; then he sighed. "I won't tell Mrs. Richie about seeing him. She'd be mortified at his behavior. If she knew as much of the wickedness of the world as we do, she might even be suspicious! But, thank God, she's not that kind of a woman. I don't like worldly-wise ladies."

Dr. Lavendar nodded. "Black sheep can pull the wool over people's eyes better than white ones can. Do you know, one reason why I hesitated about letting her have David, was just because I didn't take to her brother? I almost kept the little rascal myself; but I suppose it's better for him to be with a woman?"

"Of course it is," said William King, and Dr. Lavendar's face fell. "I think she wants to adopt him," William added.

But Dr. Lavendar shook his head. "I haven't made up my mind about that yet. No, Willy, I don't like the brother. But he comes so rarely, it can't be bad for the child?"

"Course not," the doctor said. "Besides, she's good enough for two. She has a lovely nature."

"A pretty creature," Dr. Lavendar ruminated; "Martha fond of her?"

"Oh, yes indeed," said the doctor enthusiastically;—"at least, I don't know that I ever happened to hear her speak of it; but of course she is. Nobody could help it. She is a sweet woman, as you say."

"Well," said Dr. Lavendar, "get Martha to be neighborly with her. She needs neighboring. And Martha could teach her so many things—she's such a sensible woman."

"Yes; Martha is sensible," William agreed. "Dr. Lavendar, did you ever notice how, when she laughs, she has a way of putting her hands on the top of her head, and sort of drawing them down over her eyes like a girl? It's as pretty!"

Dr. Lavendar tried to remember. "Why, no," he said; "I don't know that I ever noticed it. Martha doesn't laugh very often."

"Martha?" William repeated puzzled. "Oh—I was speaking of Mrs. Richie."

"Oh," said Dr. Lavendar.

## CHAPTER XV

EVERY Sunday morning Mr. Samuel Wright and Mr. Thomas Dilworth—the one pale and pompous, the other rosy and smiling—took up the collection in St. Michael's. A mahogany pole, with a black velvet pouch on one end, was thrust solemnly into each pew, then drawn back with very personal pauses,—which were embarrassing if you had forgotten to put some change into your glove before starting for church. When these poles had raked every pew, they were carried up the aisle to Dr. Lavendar, who, taking hold of the purple tassel on the bottom of each bag, turned the contents into a silver plate. The change came out with a fine clatter; we children used to keep awake on purpose to hear it. Once in a long while a bill would come with the silver and balance on the top of the little heap in such an exciting way that Dr. Lavendar had to put his hand over it to keep it from blowing off as he carried the plate back to the communion-table—we did not say "altar" in Old Chester. This done, Mr. Wright and Mr. Dilworth would tiptoe solemnly back to their respective pews. When the service was over the Senior Warden always counted the money. On this summer Sunday morning, when he went into the vestry for that purpose, he found Dr. Lavendar just hanging up his black gown behind the door.

"Dr. Lavendar," said the Senior Warden, "you will, I am sure, be pleased



when I inform you that there is a good collection. Mrs. Richie put in a five-dollar bill."

"Well," said Dr. Lavendar, "we need it. Your father sent me a check the other day; but we need some more."

Mr. Wright did not comment upon his father's generosity; instead, he slid the money from the silver plate on to the table and began to count it. Dr. Lavendar looked at him over his spectacles; when only half a dozen coppers were left, he said suddenly,

"Samuel!"

The Senior Warden looked up; "Yes, sir?"

"Samuel, your father has spoken to me of you."

Mr. Wright looked down, and slowly picked up the last penny.

"Yes; he spoke of you. Samuel, I have something to say to you of a very serious nature."

"We have nine dollars and seventy-seven cents," said the Senior Warden.

"Your father," said Dr. Lavendar, "has expressed a willingness to see you."

Mr. Wright put the money into a small canvas bag, and pulling the drawing-string up, wound it round and round the top; his hands trembled.

"He has some concern about your Sam—as you have yourself. He is disturbed because the boy has lost his heart to your tenant, Mrs. Richie."

"Call it twelve dollars," Samuel said munificently. He put the canvas bag in his pocket, and rose. "I'll deposit this to-morrow, sir," he added, as he had added every Sunday morning for the last twenty years.

"Samuel," said Dr. Lavendar, sternly, "sit down!"

With involuntary haste the Senior Warden sat down, but he would not look at Dr. Lavendar. "It is not my purpose or desire," he said, "to be disrespectful, but I must request you, sir—"

"To mind my own business? I will, Sam, I will! My business is to admonish you: *Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way. First, be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.*"

Samuel Wright cleared his throat. "I cannot, Dr. Lavendar, discuss this matter with you. I must be my own judge."

"I have heard that a man might be his own lawyer," said Dr. Lavendar, smiling; "but you can't be your own judge. The Christian religion judges you, Samuel, and convicts you. Your father is willing to see you; he has taken the first step. Think what that means to a man like your father! Now listen to me; I want to tell you what it's all about."

"I have no desire, sir, to be informed. I—"

Dr. Lavendar checked him gently: "I am sure you will listen, Samuel, no matter what your decision may be." Then, very cautiously, he began about young Sam. "Your father thinks he ought to get away from Old Chester; he's worried because of Mrs. Richie."

"You know my sentiments, sir, in regard to my son's idiocy."

"Oh, come, come! Falling in love is a harmless amusement," said Dr. Lavendar; "but your father does take it a good deal to heart. He wants to get him out of town. However, to send him away without letting him know why, is difficult; and the last thing would be to let him think we take his love-making seriously! Therefore your father thinks some kind of excuse has to be made."

Here Dr. Lavendar became elaborately casual; he had decided that he must prepare his Senior Warden for a possible reference to a dangerous topic. "He mustn't be taken unawares," Dr. Lavendar had told himself. But he quailed, now that the moment of preparation had come. "Your father thinks the excuse might be the finding of a publisher for some poetry that Sam has written."

Samuel Wright's large pallid face suddenly twitched; his dull eyes blazed straight at Dr. Lavendar; "Finding a publisher—for poetry! Dr. Lavendar, rather than have my son encouraged in making what you call 'poetry,' I'd let him *board* at Mrs. Richie's!"

"Well," said Dr. Lavendar, easily, "never mind about his poetry; your father has an idea that life in a small place with only your own interests, is narrowing; and I guess he's right to some extent. Anyway this project of a journey isn't a bad one. Sam has never been further from his mother's apron-string in all his life, than Mercer."



"My dear Dr. Lavendar," said Samuel, pompously, "a boy attached to that string will never have the chance to fall into temptation."

"My dear Samuel," said Dr. Lavendar, "a boy attached to that string may never have the chance to overcome temptation—which would be almost as serious. No, Sam; safety that depends on an apron-string is very unsafe."

"My son is not to be trusted, sir."

"Samuel!" Dr. Lavendar protested with indignation, "how can he become worthy of trust without being trusted? I tell you, you have no more right to shut up a grown man in Old Chester for fear of temptation, than you would have to keep a growing boy in his first pair of trousers! However, that's not the point. The point is, that your father has expressed a willingness to meet you."

Mr. Wright made no answer.

"He will talk over with you this matter of Sam's falling in love. Whether you agree with him that the boy should go away, is not important. What is important is his desire to see you."

"I said," Samuel Wright broke out, with a violence that made Dr. Lavendar start,—*"I said I would never speak to him again! I took my oath. I cannot break my oath. 'He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not—'"*

"Yes," said Dr. Lavendar; *"to his own hurt,"* but not to somebody else's hurt. You swore to your father's, to your children's, to the community's hurt. Change as quickly as you can. Come up the hill with me to-night."

"I can't," Samuel Wright said hoarsely, and into his hard eyes came the same look of childish terror that the old minister had seen in Benjamin Wright's face when he sat in the hot sunshine watching the canaries.

Then Dr. Lavendar began to plead....

It was a long struggle. Sometimes it really seemed as if, as the Senior Warden had said, he "could not" do it; as if it were a physical impossibility. And there is no doubt that to change a habit of thought which has endured for thirty-two years involves a physical as well as a spiritual effort, which may cause absolute anguish. Mr. Wright's face was white; twice he wiped the perspiration from his forehead; half a dozen

times he said in an agonized tone, "I cannot do it; I *cannot*."

"Samuel, your father is very old; he is very feeble; but he has had the strength to take the first step. Haven't you the strength to take the second? Will you carry your wicked quarrel to his grave? No, Sam, no! I am sure you won't." . . .

An hour later, when Dr. Lavendar sat down to a dinner of more than ordinary Sunday coldness, his old face was twinkling with pleasure. Samuel had promised to go with him that night to The Top! As the still afternoon softened into dusk, perhaps his joy began to cast a shadow of apprehension. If so, he refused to notice it. It was the Lord's business, and—"He moves in a mysterious way," he hummed to himself, waiting in the warm darkness for Samuel to call for him,—for both the quailing men had made Dr. Lavendar's presence a condition of the interview.

At half past seven Mr. Wright arrived. He was in a shiny box-buggy, behind a smart sorrel. He was dressed in his black and solemn best, and he wore his high hat with a flat brim, which only came out at funerals. His dignity was so tremendous that his great bulk seemed to take even more than his share of room in the buggy. When he spoke, it was with a laboriousness that crushed the breath out of any possible answer. As they drove up the hill he cleared his throat every few minutes. Once he volunteered the statement that he had told Sam not to stay late at—at—

"Oh," said Dr. Lavendar, "your father will pack him off.—He will probably take the opportunity to call on Mrs. Richie," he added, chuckling. But Sam's father did not smile. And, indeed, Dr. Lavendar's own smile had gone when they turned in between the sagging old gate-posts at The Top.

When the moment came to get out of the buggy, Samuel looked at his companion dumbly; a sort of paralysis seemed to hold him in his seat. When he did move, Dr. Lavendar heard him gasp for breath, and in the darkness, as he hitched the sorrel to a staple in one of the big locusts, his face went white. The large manner which had dominated Old Chester for so many years was shrinking and shrivelling; the whole man seemed, somehow, smaller.



Benjamin Wright, in his mangy beaver hat, sitting quaking in his library, heard their steps on the veranda. . . . As soon as supper was over, he had dismissed his rejoicing grandson, and long before it was necessary, had bidden Simmons light the lamps; but as night fell, it occurred to him that darkness would make things easier, and in a panic, he shuffled about and blew them all out. A little later, he had a surge of terror; he couldn't bear *that voice* in the dark!

"You! Simmons!" he called across the hall. "Light the lamps!"

"I done lit 'em, suh—" Simmons expostulated from the pantry, and then looked blankly at the black doorway of the library. "I 'clare to goodness, they's gone out," he mumbled to himself; and came in, to stand on one leg and scratch a match on the sole of his carpet slipper.

"Don't light all four, you stupid nigger!" the old man screamed at him.

When Simmons left him he lit a cigar, his fingers trembling very much; it went out almost at once, and he threw it away and took another. Just as he heard that ponderous step on the veranda, he took a third—but only to throw it, too, still smouldering, into the empty fireplace.

Dr. Lavendar came in first. His face was very grave; he made no conventional pretence of ease. Behind him, in the doorway, loomed the other figure. Out in the hall, Simmons, his bent old back flattened against the wall, his jaw chattering with amazement, stood, clutching at the door-knob and staring after the visitors.

"Come in!" said Benjamin Wright. "Hello, Lavendar. Hello—"

Alas! at that moment Samuel's cracked and patched-up self-respect suddenly crumbled;—his presence of mind deserted him, and scrambling like an embarrassed boy into a marked discourtesy, he thrust both hands into his pockets. Instantly he realized his self-betrayal, but it was too late; his father, after a second's hesitation, occupied both his hands with the decanter and cigar-box.

"Well; here we are, Benjamin!" said Dr. Lavendar.

"Take a cigar," said the very old man; he held the box out, and it shook so that the loose cigars jarred within it. Dr. Lavendar helped himself. "Have one—"

Benjamin Wright said, and thrust the box at the silent standing figure.

"I—do not smoke." Samuel slid into a chair near the door as he spoke, and balancing his hat carefully on his knees twisted one leg about the leg of his chair.

His father bustled around to the other side of the table. "That doggoned nigger brought up Kentucky instead of Monongahela!" He lifted the decanter and began to fill the glasses.

"Hold on! hold on! Don't swamp us," said Dr. Lavendar. He leaned over to rescue his tumbler, and his good-natured scolding made an instant's break in the intensity.

"Have some?" said Mr. Wright, turning to his son.

"I—do not drink." The banker uncoiled his leg, and put his hat on the floor.

His father pounded the decanter down on the table. "Simmons!" he called out; "light the rest of these lamps, you—you freckled nigger! Gad-a-mercy!—niggers have no sense."

Simmons came stumbling in, the whites of his yellow eyes gleaming with excitement. While he was fumbling over the lamps, his lean brown fingers all thumbs, Benjamin Wright insisted upon filling Dr. Lavendar's tumbler with whiskey until it overflowed and had to be sopped up by the old minister's red bandanna.

As soon as Simmons could get out of the room, Dr. Lavendar settled himself to the business which had brought them together. He said to his Senior Warden, briefly, that his father was concerned about Sam's attentions to Mrs. Richie; "he thinks it would be an especially good time to have the boy see a little of the world—if you will consent? He says it's 'narrowing' to live in Old Chester," said Dr. Lavendar, slyly jocose;—but Samuel refused to smile, and the old minister went on with determined cheerfulness. "I think, myself, that it would be good for Sam to travel. You know

'Home-keeping youths  
Have ever homely wits.'

"A boy," said the Senior Warden, and stopped; his voice cracked badly and he cleared his throat; "a boy—Dr. Lavendar;—is better at home."

The old minister gave him a quick look





*Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark*

SAMUEL SLID INTO A CHAIR BY THE DOOR





—his Senior Warden was trembling! The cloak of careful pomposity with which for so many years this poor maimed soul had covered its scars, was dropping away. He was clutching at it—clearing his throat, swinging his foot, making elaborate show of ease; but the cloak was slipping and slipping—and there was the man of fifty-six cringing with the mortification of youth! It was a sight from which to turn away even the most pitying eyes. Dr. Lavendar turned his away; when he spoke it was with great gentleness.

"I don't know that I quite agree with you, Sam, any more than with your father; but still, if you don't want the boy to go away, can't we convince your father that he is in no real danger of a broken heart? If he goes too far, I am sure we can trust Mrs. Richie to snub him judiciously. You think so, don't you, Samuel?"

"Yes;—Dr. Lavendar."

"Do you hear that, Wright?"

Benjamin Wright took off his hat and put it down on the table with a bang. Then he threw away another barely lighted cigar, put his hand into the blue ginger-jar for some orange-skin, and looked closely at his son; his agitation had quite disappeared. "I hear," he said calmly.

But as he grew calm, Mr. Samuel Wright's embarrassment became more agonizing, nor was it lessened by the very old man's quite obvious interest in it; his head, in its brown wig, was inclined a little to one side, like a canary's, and his black eyes helped out the likeness,—except that there was a carefully restrained gleam of humor in them. But he said nothing. To cover up the clamorous silence between father and son, Dr. Lavendar talked a good deal, but rather at random. He was confounded by the situation. Had he made a mistake, after all, in insisting upon this interview? In his own mind he was asking for wisdom, but aloud he spoke of the weather. His host gave no conversational assistance except an occasional monosyllable, and his Senior Warden was absolutely dumb. As for the subject which brought them together, no further reference was made to it.

"Take some more whiskey, Dominie,"

said Mr. Wright. His eyes were glittering; it was evident that he did not need any more himself.

Dr. Lavendar said, "No, thank you," and rose. Samuel shot up as though a spring had been released.

"Going?" said Benjamin Wright; "a short call, considering how long it is since we've met;—Lavendar."

Samuel cleared his throat. "'Night," he said huskily. Again there was no hand-shaking; but as they reached the front door, Benjamin Wright called to Dr. Lavendar, who stepped back into the library. Mr. Wright had put on his hat, and was chewing orange-skin violently. "It ain't any use trying to arrange anything with— So I'll try another tack." He came close to Dr. Lavendar, plucking at the old minister's black sleeve, his eyes snapping and his jaws working fast; he spoke in a chuckling whisper. "But, Lavendar—"

"Yes."

"He wouldn't take a cigar."

"Samuel never smokes," Dr. Lavendar said shortly.

"And he wouldn't take a drink of whiskey."

"He's a very temperate man."

"Lavendar—"

"Yes?"

"Lavendar—*it was efficacious!*"

## CHAPTER XVI

"THE play is my life—next to you," Sam Wright's Sam was saying to his father's tenant. He had left The Top before the two visitors arrived, and as Dr. Lavendar had foreseen, had gone straight to the Stuffed Animal House. . . .

Helena was in a low chair, with David nestling sleepily in her arms; Sam, looking up at her like a young St. John, half sat, half knelt, on the step at her feet. The day had been hot, and evening had brought no coolness; under the sentinel locusts on either side of the porch steps, the night was velvet black; but out over the garden there were stars. A faint stirring of the air tilted the open bowls of the evening-primroses, and spilled a heavy sweetness into the night. The house behind them was dark, for it was too hot for lamps. It was very still and peaceful and commonplace—a woman, a dozing child, and the



soft night. Young Sam, so sensitive to moods, had fallen at once into the peace and was content to sit silently at Helena's feet. . . . Then David broke in upon the tranquillity by remarking, with a sigh, that he must go to bed.

"I heard the clock strike," he said sadly.

"I think you are a very good little boy," Helena declared with admiration.

"Dr. Lavendar said I must," David explained crossly. "You're misbehaving if you don't do what Dr. Lavendar says. Mrs. Richie, is heaven up in the sky?"

"Why, I suppose so," she said, hesitating.

"What do they stand on?" David inquired.—"There isn't any floor," he insisted doggedly, for she laughed under her breath.

Helena looked over at Sam, who was not in the least amused. Then she kissed the top of David's head. "I wish I could make his hair curl," she said. "I knew a little boy once—" she stopped and sighed.

She took the sleepy child up-stairs herself. Not for many guests would she have lost the half-hour of putting him to bed. When she came back her mind was full of him: "He hates to go to bed early," she told Sam, "but he always walks off at eight, without a word from me, because he promised Dr. Lavendar he would. I think it is wonderful."

Sam was not interested.

"And he is so funny," she said, eagerly; "he says such unexpected things. He told me yesterday that Sarah 'slept out loud';—Sarah's room is next to his."

Sam smiled vaguely. He locked his hands about his knee, and leaning his head back, looked up through the leaves at the stars. "How sweet the locust blossoms are!" One of the yellow-white flakes fell and touched his cheek.

"They are falling so now," she said, "that the porch has to be swept twice a day."

He smiled, and brushing his palm along the step, caught a handful of them; "Every night you sit here all alone," he said. "I wish—"

"Oh, I like to be alone," she interrupted. As the balm of David's presence faded, and the worship in the young man's eyes burned clearer, that old joke

of Lloyd's stabbed her. She wished he would go. "How does the drama get on?" she asked, with an effort.

Sam frowned and said something of his father's impatience with his writing. "But I am only happy when I am writing;—and when I am with you. The play is my life,—next to you," he ended.

"Please don't!" she said; and then held her breath to listen. "I think I hear David. Excuse me a minute." She fled into the house and up-stairs to David's room. "Did you want me, precious?" she said, panting.

David opened dreaming eyes and looked at her. He had called out in his sleep, but was quiet again, and did not need her eager arms, her lips on his hair, her voice murmuring in his ear. But she could not stop cuddling the small warm body; she forgot Sam and his play, and even her own dull ache of discontent;—an ache that was bringing a subtle change into her face, a faint line on her forehead, and a suggestion of depth, and even pain, in the pleasant shallows of her leaf-brown eyes. When she was sure the little boy was sound asleep she stole the "forty kisses," which as yet he had not granted; folded the sheet back lest he might be too hot; drew a thin blanket over his feet, and then stood and looked at him. Suddenly, remembering Sam Wright, she turned away; but hesitated at the door, and came back for one more look. At last, with a sigh, she went down-stairs.

"He loves your rabbits," she told Sam; "he has named them Mr. George Rufus Smith and Mrs. Minnie Lily Smith."

"It is all finished," said Sam.

"What is finished?"

"The drama," the young man explained.

"Oh," she said, "do forgive me! My mind is so full of David, I can't think of anything else."

He smiled at that. "You couldn't do anything I wouldn't forgive."

"Couldn't I?"

He looked up at her, wistfully. "I love you, you know."

"Oh, please, please—"

"I love you," he said, trembling.

"Sam," she said—and in her distress she put her hand on his shoulder—"you



don't really care for me. I am so much older; and—there are other reasons. Oh, *why* did I come here!" she burst out. "You displease me very much when you talk this way!" She pushed her chair back, and would have risen but for his detaining hand upon her arm.

"Will you marry me?"

"No! of course I won't!"

"Why?"

"Because—" she stopped; then, breathlessly: "I only want to be let alone. I came to Old Chester to be alone. I didn't want to thrust myself on you,—any of you!"

"You never did," he said wonderingly. "You? Why, there never was anybody so reserved, so—shy, almost. That's one reason I love you, I guess," he said boyishly.

"You mustn't love me."

"Will you marry me?" he repeated. "Oh, I know; it is like asking an angel to come down out of heaven—"

"An angel!"

"Mrs. Richie, isn't it possible for you to care, just a little, and marry me?"

"No, Sam; indeed it isn't. Please don't think of it any more."

"Is it because you—love him, still?"

"Love—*him*?" she breathed.

"He is dead," Sam said; "and I thought—from something you once said, that you didn't really love him? But if you do—"

"My—husband, you mean? No! I don't. I never did. That's not the reason; oh, *why* *did* I come here?" she said in a distressed whisper.

At that he lifted his head. "Don't be unhappy. It doesn't matter about me." His eyes glittered. "I shall love you as long as I live, whether you marry me or not. Perhaps—perhaps I wouldn't if you did!"

He did not notice her involuntary start of astonishment; he rose slowly, and lifting his arms to the sky, stood motionless, rapt, as if in wordless appeal to heaven. Then his arms dropped. "No," he said, speaking with curious thoughtfulness: "no; you would be human if you could marry a fool like me." Helena made a protesting gesture, but he went on, quietly: "Oh, yes; I am a fool. I've been told so all my life; but I knew it, anyhow. Nobody need have told me. Of

course you couldn't marry me! If you could, you would be like me. And I would not want that. No; you are God to me. Stay divine."

Helena put her hands over her ears.

"But please, can't you love me? We needn't be married, if you'd rather not. If you'll just love me a little?"

The innocence of the plea for love without marriage struck her with a dull humor that faded into shame that she should see the humor. Shame was uncomfortable, and she hated discomfort,—in her desire to escape from it, she spoke with quick impatience. "No, Sam, of course not,—not the way you want me to. Why, you are just a boy, you know!" she added, lightly.

But Sam threw himself on his knees beside her, and pressed his head against her skirts. "Oh, are you *sure*, Mrs. Richie? Why, it seems to me you might—just a little? Can't you? You see, I'm so lonely," he ended pitifully. His innocent solemn eyes were limpid with tears, and he looked at her with terrified beseeching, like a lost child.

The tears that sprang to her eyes were almost motherly; for an impetuous instant she bent over him, then drew back sharply, and the tears dried in a hot pang of shame. "No, Sam; I can't. Oh, I am so sorry! Please forgive me—I ought not to have let you—but I didn't know—yes; I *did* know! And I ought to have stopped you. It's my fault. Oh, how selfish I have been! But it's horrible to have you talk this way! Won't you please not say anything more?" She was incoherent to the point of crying.

Sam looked out over the dark garden in silence. "Well," he said slowly, "if you can't, then I don't want to see you. It would hurt me too much to see you. I'll go away. I will go on loving you, but I will go away, so that I needn't see you. Yes; I will leave Old Chester—"

"Oh, I wish you would," she said.

"You don't love me," he repeated, in a sort of hopeless astonishment; "why, I can't seem to believe it! I thought you must,—I love you so. But no, you don't. Not even just a little. Well—"

And without another word he left her. She could not hear his step on the locust flowers on the porch.



## CHAPTER XVII

*"I WISH your confounded Old Chester people would mind their own affairs! This prying into things that are none of their business is—"*

Lloyd Pryor stopped; read over what he had written, and ground his teeth. No; he couldn't send her such a letter. It would call down a storm of reproach and anger and love. And, after all, it wasn't her fault; this doctor fellow had said that she did not know of his call. Still, if she hadn't been friendly with those people, the man wouldn't have thought of "looking him up"! Then he remembered that he had been the one to be friendly with the "doctor fellow"; and that made him angry again. But his next letter was more reasonable, and so more deadly.

*"You will see that if I had not happened to be at home, it might have been a very serious matter. I must ask you to consider my position, and discourage your friends in paying any attention to me."*

This, too, he tore up, with a smothered word. It wouldn't do; if he wounded her too much, she was capable of taking the next train—! And so he wrote, with non-committal brevity:

*"I have to be in Mercer Friday night, and I think I can get down to Old Chester for a few hours between stages on Saturday. I hope your cook has recovered, and we can have some dinner? Tell David he can get his sling ready; and do, for Heaven's sake, fend off visitors!"*

Then he added a postscript: *"I want you all to myself."* He smiled as he wrote that, but half shook his head. He did not, such was his code, enjoy being agreeable for a purpose. "But I can't help it," he thought, frowning; "she is so very difficult, just now."

He was right about the postscript; she read the letter with a curl of her lip. "A few hours," she said; then—"I want you all to myself." The color lifted quickly in her face; she crushed the letter to her lips, her eyes running over with laughing tears.

"Oh, David," she cried,—"let's go and tell Maggie—we must have such a dinner! He's coming!"

"Who?" said David.

"Why, Mr. Pryor, dear little boy! I want you to love him. Will you love him?"

"I'll see," said David.

She did not stop to persuade him; she had to talk to Maggie—this time her visitor should not complain of his food. Maggie smiled indulgently at her excitement.

"It's only Tuesday, ma'am. If I was you, I wouldn't get in my broilers till Friday, anyways. My, Mrs. Richie, I don't believe no wife could take as good care of Mr. Pryor—and you just his sister!"

For the rest of that glowing afternoon, Helena was very happy. She almost forgot that scene with Sam Wright, which had left her persistently uncomfortable. She talked eagerly of Mr. Pryor to David, quite indifferent to the child's lack of interest. She had many anxious thoughts about what she should wear. There was the pink and green silk? No; she had worn that the last time he came. If it was a very hot day, how would her white dimity do? Or the thin sprigged blue and white? that was so pretty—bunches of blue flowers on a cross-barred muslin, and made with three flounces and a berth. Yes; she would wear that. She wondered what flowers she would put in the vases in the parlor. She was wandering about the garden just before tea, trying to decide this point, when David came to say that a gentleman wanted to see her. David did not know his name;—he was the old tangled gentleman who lived in the big house on the hill.

"Oh!" Helena said; she caught her lip between her teeth, and looked at David with frightened eyes. The child was instantly alert.

"I'll run and tell him to go home," he said protectingly.

But she shook her head. "I've got to see him—oh, David!"

The little boy took hold of her skirt, reassuringly; "I'll not let him hurt you," he said.

She hardly noticed that he kept close beside her all the way to the house. When they reached it, there was old Benjamin Wright sitting on the lowest step of the porch. His trembling head was sunk forward on his breast; he did not lift it at her step, but peered up from under the brim of his dusty beaver hat; then seeing who it was, he rose,



pushing himself up by gripping at the step behind him and clutching his cane first in one hand, then in the other. On his feet, with exaggerated politeness, he took off his hat with a sweeping bow.

"Madam; your very obedient!"

"Good afternoon," she said breathlessly.

Benjamin Wright, tottering a little, changed his cane from his left to his right hand, and chewed orange-skin fiercely. "I have called, madam—"

But she interrupted him. "Won't you come in and sit down, sir? And pray allow me to get you a glass of wine."

"Come in? No, madam, no. We are simple rustics here in Old Chester; we must not presume to intrude upon a lady of such fashion as you. I fear that some of us have already presumed too much"—he paused for breath, but lifted one veined old hand to check her protest—"too much, I say! Far too much! I come, madam, to apologize; and to tell you—" Again he stopped, panting; "to tell you that I insist that you forbid further intrusion—at least on the part of my grandson."

"But," she said, the color hot in her face, "he does not intrude. I don't know what you mean. I—"

"Oh, madam, you are too kind," he interrupted her. "I am sure you know what I mean; it is your excessive kindness that permits the visits of a foolish boy—wearying, I am sure, to a lady so accustomed to the world. I will ask you to forbid those visits. Do you hear me?" he cried shrilly, pounding the gravel with his cane. "Gad-a-mercy! Do you hear me? You will forbid his visits!"

"You are not very polite, Mr. Old Gentleman," said David thoughtfully.

"David!" Helena protested.

Benjamin Wright, looking down at the little figure planted in front of her, seemed to see him for the first time.

"Who is this? Your child?"

"A little boy who is visiting me," she said. "David, run away."

Benjamin Wright made a sneering gesture. "No, no; don't dismiss him on my account—but that a child should visit you is rather remarkable. I should think his parents—"

"Hush!" she broke in, violently; "Go, David, go!"

As the child went sulkily back to the garden, she turned upon her visitor. "How dare you! Dr. Lavendar brought him to me; I will not hear another word! And—and I don't know what you mean, anyhow. You are a cruel old man; what have I ever done to you? I have never asked your grandson to come here. I don't want him. I have told him so. And I never asked you!"

Benjamin Wright cackled. "No; I have not been so far honored. I admit that. You have kept us all at arm's length,—except my boy;—" Then, bending his fierce brows on her, he added, "but what does Lavendar mean by sending a child—to you? What's he thinking of! Except, of course, he never had any sense. Old Chester is indeed a foolish place. Well, madam, you will, I know, *protect yourself*, by forbidding my grandson to further inflict his company upon you? And I will remove my own company, which is doubtless tiresome to you."

He bowed again with contemptuous ceremony, and turned away.

The color had dropped out of Helena's face; she was trembling very much. With a terrified impulse she called to him, and even ran after him for a few steps down the path. He turned and waited for her. She came up close to him, her breath broken with haste and fear.

"Mr. Wright, you won't—" Her face trembled with terror. In her fright she put her hand on his arm and shook it; "you won't—?"

As he looked into her stricken eyes, his own suddenly softened. "Why—" he said, and paused; then struck the ground with his stick sharply. "There, there; I understand. You think I'll tell? Gad-a-mercy, madam, I am a gentleman. And my boy, Sam, doesn't interest you? Yes, yes; I see that now. Why, perhaps I've been a trifle harsh? I shall say nothing to Lavendar, or anybody else."

She put her hands over her face, and he heard a broken sound. At that Benjamin Wright reddened to his ears.

"Come! Come! You haven't thought me harsh, have you? Why, you poor—bird! It was only on my boy's account. You and I understand each other—I am a man of the world. But with Sam, it's



different; now, isn't it? You see that? He's in love with you—young fool! A great nuisance to you, of course. And I thought you might—but I ask your pardon! I see that you wouldn't think of such a thing. My dear young lady, I make you my apologies." He put his hand out and patted her shoulder; "Poor bird!" he said. But she shivered away from his touch, and after a hesitating moment he went shuffling down the path by himself.

On the way home he sniffled audibly; and when he reached the entrance to his own place, he stopped, tucked his stick under his arm, and blew his nose with a sonorous sound. As he stuffed his handkerchief back into his pocket, he saw his grandson lounging against the gate, evidently waiting for him. The dilapidation of the Wright place was especially obvious here at the entrance. The white paint of the two square wooden columns of the gateway had peeled and flaked, and the columns themselves had rotted at the base into broken fangs, and hung loosely upon their inner posts; one of them sagged sidewise from the weight of the open gate, which had long ago settled down into the burdocks and wild parsley that bordered the weedy driveway. What with the canaries, and the cooking, and the slovenly housework, poor old Simmons had no time for such matters as repairing or weeding.

Sam, leaning on the gate, watched his grandfather's toiling progress up the hill from the direction of the Stuffed Animal House. His face was dull, and when he spoke, all the youth seemed to have dropped out of his voice.

"Grandfather," he said, when Mr. Wright was within speaking distance, "I want to go away from Old Chester. Will you give me some money, sir?"

Benjamin Wright, his feet wide apart, and both hands gripping the top of his stick, came to a panting standstill and gaped at him. He did not quite take the boy's words in; then, as he grasped the idea that Sam was at last agreeing to the suggestion which he had himself made more than a month before, he burst out furiously. "Why the devil didn't you say so, *yesterday*? Why did you let me—you young jackass!"

Sam looked at him in faint surprise.

Then he proceeded to explain himself: "Of course, father won't give me any money. And I haven't got any myself—except about twelve dollars. And you were kind enough, sir, to say that you would help me to go and see if I could get a publisher for the drama. I would like to go to-morrow, if you please."

"Go?" said Benjamin Wright, scowling and chewing orange-skin with great rapidity; "yes, go! I'm glad to get rid of you. But, confound you! why didn't you tell me so yesterday? Then I needn't have— Well, how much money do you want? Have you told your—your mother yet, that you are going? Come on up to the house, and I'll give you a check. But why didn't you make up your mind to this, yesterday?" Snarling and snapping, and then falling into silence, he began to trudge up the driveway to his old house.

Sam said briefly that he didn't know how much money he wanted, and that he had not as yet told his family of his purpose. "I'll tell mother to-night," he said. Then he, too, was silent, his slacking step falling in with his grandfather's shuffling gait.

When Mr. Wright left her, Helena stood staring after him and sobbing under her breath. She was terrified, but almost instantly she began to be angry...

That old man, creeping away along the road, had told her that he would not betray her; but his knowledge was a menace, and his surprise that she should have David, an insult! Of course, her way of living was considered "wrong" by people who cannot understand such situations—old-fashioned, narrow-minded people. But the idea of any harm coming to David by it was ridiculous! As for Sam Wright, all that sort of thing was impossible, because it was repugnant. No married woman, "respectable," as such women call themselves, could have found the boy's love-making more repugnant than she did. And certainly her conduct in Old Chester was absolutely irreproachable—she went to church fairly often; she gave liberally to all the good causes of the village; she was kind to her servants, and courteous to these stupid Old Chester people. And yet, simply because she had



been forced by Frederick's cruelty into a temporary unconventionality, this dingy, grimy old man despised her! *Her*, Helena Richie! "He looked at me as if I were—I don't know what!"

Anger swept the color up into her face, her hands clenched, and she ground her heel down into the path as if she were grinding the insolent smile from his cruel old face. Horrible old man! Dirty, tremulous; with mumbling jaws chewing constantly; with untidy white hairs pricking out from under his brown wig; with shaking, shrivelled hands and blackened nails; this old man had fixed his melancholy eyes upon her with an amused leer. He pretended, if you please! to think that she was unworthy of his precious grandson's company—unworthy of David's little hand-clasp. She would leave this impudent Old Chester! She would tell Lloyd so, as soon as he came. She would not endure the insults of these narrow-minded fools. . . .

"Hideous! Hideous old wretch!" she said aloud between her shut teeth. "How dared he look at me like that, as if I were— Beast! I hate—I hate—I *hate* him." Her anger was so furious that for a moment she could not breathe. It was like a whirlwind, wrenching and tearing her from the soil of contentment into which for so many years her vanity and selfishness had struck their roots.

*"But the Lord was not in the wind."*

#### CHAPTER XVIII

WHEN Helena went back to the house, her face was red, and her whole body tingling; every now and then her breath came in a gasp of rage. At that moment she believed that she hated everybody in the world—the cruel, foolish, arrogant world!—even the thought of David brought no softening. And indeed, when that first fury had subsided, she still did not want to see the little boy; that bitter wind of anger had beaten her complacency to the dust, and she could not with dignity meet the child's candid eyes. It was not until the next day that she could find any pleasure in him, or even in the prospect of Lloyd's visit; and when these interests began to revive, sudden gusts of anger would tear her, and she would fall into abrupt reveries, declaring to herself that she would tell Lloyd how

she had been insulted! But she reminded herself that she must choose just the right moment to enlist his sympathy for the affront; and she must decide with just what caress she would tell him that she meant to give up this Old Chester house, and come, with David, and live in Philadelphia. . . . (Oh, would Frederick *ever* die?)

But, little by little, she put this miserable matter behind her, and filled the two or three days before Lloyd's arrival with plans for the few golden hours that they were to be together, when he was to have her "all to himself." But, alas, the plans were disarranged by David.

Now Saturday, when you come to think of it, is always a day of joy—even if there must be a visitor. To begin with, there is no school, so you have plenty of time to attend to many important matters connected with play-things. Then, the gravel paths must be raked, and the garden made tidy for Sunday, and so there is brush and refuse to be burned; and that means baking potatoes in the ashes, and (as you will remember), unless you stand, coughing, in the smoke to watch them, the potatoes are so apt to burn! Also, the phaeton is washed with peculiar care to make it fine for church; the wheels must be jacked up, one after the other, and spun round and round; then, if you go about it the right way, you can induce George to let you take the big, gritty sponge out of the black water of the stable bucket, and after squeezing it hard in your two hands, you may wipe down the spokes of one wheel. Besides these things, there are always the rabbits. David had run joyously out to see Mr. and Mrs. Smith right after breakfast, but while he poked lettuce leaves between the bars of their hutch, the thought struck him that this was the moment to demonstrate that interesting fact in natural history, so well known to those of your friends who happen to be stablemen, but doubted by Dr. Lavendar, namely, that a hair from the pony's tail will, if soaked in water, turn into a snake. David shuddered at the word, but ran to the stable and carefully pulled two hairs from the pony's silvery-gray tail, which was borne with most obliging patience; then he stooped to pick up another beautiful long hair



from the straw,—for when you are making snakes you might as well make plenty. But, alas! at that moment the pony was so absent-minded as to step back—and down came the iron-shod hoof on the small, eager hand! David's shriek and George's outcry brought the feminine household running and exclaiming, and at sight of the bruised hand, with one hanging, helpless finger, Helena gathered the quivering little body into her arms, and forgot everything but the child's pain. George was rushed off for William King, and Mrs. Richie and the two women hung over the boy with tears and tender words and entreaties "not to cry"! David, in point of fact, stopped crying long before they did; but, of course, he cried again, poor little monkey! during the setting of the tiny bone, though William King was as gentle and determined as was necessary, and David, sitting in Helena's lap, responded to the demand for courage in quite a remarkable way. Indeed, the doctor noticed that Mrs. Richie quivered more than the child did. It was nearly eleven before it was all over, and William went off, smiling at Helena's anxiety, for she accompanied him to the gate, begging for directions for impossible emergencies. When he had driven away, she flew back to the house; but at the door of David's room looked at her watch, and exclaimed. Lloyd was due in half an hour! What should she do?

"Dear-precious," she said, kneeling down beside the little boy, "Sarah shall come and sit with you while Mr. Pryor is here; you won't mind if I am not with you?"

David, who had begun to whimper again, was too interested in himself to mind in the least. Even when she said, distractedly, "Oh, there's the stage!" his unhappiness was not perceptibly increased. Helena, calling Sarah to come and sit with the invalid, ran down-stairs to meet her guest. There had been no time to make herself attractive; her face was marked by tears, and her dress tumbled by David's little wincing body. Before she could reach the gate, Lloyd Pryor had opened it, and, unwelcomed, was coming up the path. His surprised glance brought her tumultuous and apologetic explanation.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" he said kindly; "I must console him with a new dollar; don't you think a dollar will be healing?"

She laughed and possessed herself of his hand.

"You run a sort of hospital, Nelly, don't you? I must be a Jonah; it was your cook, the last time. How is she? I trust we are to have enough food to sustain life?"

"I meant to have such a fine dinner," she said, "but we've all been so distracted about David, I'm afraid things won't be as extraordinary as I planned. However, it will 'sustain life'!—Though you could go to Dr. King's again," she ended gayly.

The instant irritation in his face sobered her. She began, carefully, to talk of this or that: his journey, the Mercer business, his health—anything to make him smile again. Plainly, it was not the moment to speak of Mr. Benjamin Wright and her purpose of leaving Old Chester.

"Now I must run up-stairs just one minute, and see David," she said in the middle of a sentence. Her minute lengthened to ten, but when she came back, explaining that she had stopped to wash David's face—"it was all stained by tears"—he did not seem impatient.

"Your own would be improved by soap and water, my dear," he said with an amused look. "No! no—don't go now; I want to talk to you, and I haven't much time."

She knew him too well to insist; instead, she burst into what gayety she could summon, for that was how he liked her. But back in her mind there was a growing tremor of apprehension:—there was something wrong; she could not tell what it was, but she felt it. She said to herself that she would not speak of Mr. Benjamin Wright until after dinner.

Little by little, however, her uneasiness subsided. It became evident that the excitement of the morning had not been too much for Maggie; things were very good, and Lloyd Pryor was very appreciative, and Helena's charm more than once touched him to a caressing glance and a soft word. But as they got up from the table he glanced at his watch, and she winced; then smiled, quickly. She brought him his cigar and





*Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark*

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SHE STOOD LEANING AGAINST THE DOOR WITH EYES CLOSED, DUMB







struck a light; and he, looking at her with handsome, lazy eyes, caught the hand holding the flaming match, and lit his cigar in slow puffs.

"Now I must go and give a look at David," she said.

"Look here, Nelly," he protested, "aren't you rather overdoing this adopted-mother business?"

She found the child rather flushed and in an uneasy doze. Instantly she was anxious. "Don't leave him, Sarah," she said. "I'll have Maggie bring your dinner up to you. Oh, I *wish* I didn't have to go down-stairs!"

"I'm afraid he is worse," she told Lloyd Pryor with a worried frown.

"Well, don't look as if it were an affair of nations," he said carelessly, and drew her down on the sofa beside him. He was so gracious to her, that she forgot David; but she quivered for fear the graciousness should cease. She was like a thirsty creature, drinking with eager haste, lest some terror should drive her back into the desert. But Lloyd Pryor continued to be gracious; he talked gayly of this or that; he told her one or two stories that had been told him in a directors' meeting or on a journey, and he roared with appreciation of their peculiar humor. She flushed; but she made herself laugh. Then she began tentatively to say something of Old Chester; and—and what did he think? "That old man, who lives up on the hill, called, and—"

But he interrupted her, "You are very beguiling, Nelly, but I am afraid I must be thinking of the stage—it is after three. Before I go I just want to say—" then he broke off. "Come in! Well? What is it?" he demanded impatiently.

"Please, ma'am," said Sarah, standing in the doorway, her face puckered almost to tears, "David's woke up, and he's crying, and I can't do nothing with him. He wants you, ma'am."

"Oh, poor darling! Tell him I'll come right up," Mrs. Richie said, rising in quick distress.

"Nonsense!" said Lloyd Pryor, sharply. "Sarah, tell the boy to behave himself. Mrs. Richie can't come now."

Sarah hurried up-stairs, but Helena stood in painful indecision. "Oh, Lloyd, I *must* go! I'll just sit with him a minute!"

"You'll just sit with me a minute," he said calmly. "Be sensible, Helena. I want to speak to you about something."

But she did not hear him; she was listening for David's voice. A little whimpering cry reached her, and the tears sprung to her eyes. "Lloyd! I must! He is crying."

"Let him cry."

"He's takin' on so, please come up, ma'am," came Sarah's entreating voice from over the banisters in the upper hall.

"Oh, Lloyd, I must!" She turned; but he, springing up, caught her wrist and pulled her to him.

"Don't be a fool."

"Let me go! Oh, how cruel you are!" She tried to wrench her wrist from his grasp. "I hate you!"

"Hate me, do you?" He laughed, and caught her in his arms and kissed her; then put his hands in his pockets and stepped back, leaving her free. "Will you go?"

She stood, vibrating between surprised affection and anguished longing for the child. "Lloyd!" she said faintly; she put her hands over her face, and came towards him slowly, shivering a little, and murmuring "*Lloyd!*" Then, with a sudden gasp, she turned and fled up-stairs. "David—I am coming—"

Lloyd Pryor stood dumfounded; in his astonishment he almost laughed. But at that instant he heard the crunch of wheels drawing up at the gate. "The stage!" he said to himself, and called out, angrily, "Helena!"

But it was not the stage; it was William King's shabby old buggy standing in the shadow of the big chestnut by the roadside; and there was the doctor himself coming up the path.

Lloyd Pryor swore under his breath.

The front door was open to the hot June afternoon, and unannounced the doctor walked into the hall. As he took off his hat, he glanced into the parlor, and for a second of consternation stood staring with angry eyes. Then he nodded stiffly. "I will be obliged if you will let Mrs. Richie know I am here."

"She is with that boy," said Lloyd Pryor. He made no motion of civility; he stood where Helena had left him, his hands still in his pockets. "Will you be so good as to tell her to come down



here to me? The stage is due, and I must see her before I go."

William King, red and stolid, nodded again, and went up-stairs without another look into the parlor.

While he waited Lloyd Pryor's anger slowly rose. The presence of the doctor froze the tenderness that, for an idle moment, her face and voice and touch had awakened. The annoyance, the embarrassment, the danger of that call, returned in a gust of remembrance. When she came down-stairs, full of eager excuses, the touch of his rage seared her like a flame.

"If you will kindly take five minutes from that squalling brat—"

"Lloyd, he was in pain. I had to go to him. The instant the doctor came, I left him. I—"

"Listen to me, please. I have only a minute. Helena, this friend of yours, this Dr. King, saw fit to pry into my affairs. He came to Philadelphia to look me up—"

"What!"

"He came to my house"—he looked at her keenly through his curling eyelashes—"to my house! Do you understand what that means?"

In her dismay she sat down with a sort of gasp; and looking up at him, stammered, "But why? Why?"

"Why? Because he is a prying suspicious jackass of a country doctor! He came at exactly six o'clock; it was perfectly evident that he meant to give me the honor of his company at dinner."

At that she sprang to her feet, her impetuous hands upon his arm. "Then he was not—suspicious! Don't you see? He was only friendly!" She trembled with the reaction of that instant of dismay. "He was not suspicious, or he wouldn't have been—been willing—" Her voice trailed into shamed silence.

Lloyd Pryor pushed her hand away, impatiently. "I'm not anxious for his

friendship, or even his acquaintance. You will please consider what would have happened if I had not come home just as he arrived!" He paused, his voice hardening; "My daughter saw him."

Helena stepped back, wincing and silent.

"You will be so good as to consider the result of such tomfoolery—to me."

"And what about me?" she said. "'Your daughter'—I suppose you mean Alice—is not the only person in the world!"

But Lloyd Pryor, having dealt his blow, was gracious again. "My dear, you needn't begin recriminations. Of course, I speak on your account as much as on my own. It would have been—well, awkward, all round. You must see that it does not occur again. You will not get on terms with these people that will encourage them to look me up. You understand?"

She looked at him, terror-stricken. In all their squabbles and differences—and there had been many in the last few years—he had never spoken in this extraordinary tone. It was not anger, it was not brutality; she knew both those expressions of his character; it was superiority. The color swept into her face; even her throat reddened. She said stammering, "I don't know why you speak—in—in this tone—"

"I am not going to speak any more in any tone," he said lightly; "there's the stage! Good-by, my dear. I trust your boy may recover rapidly. Tell him I was prepared for a 'smooth stone out of the brook'! Sorry I couldn't have seen more of you." As he spoke he went into the hall; she followed him without a word. He picked up his hat, and then, turning, tipped her chin back and kissed her. She made no response.

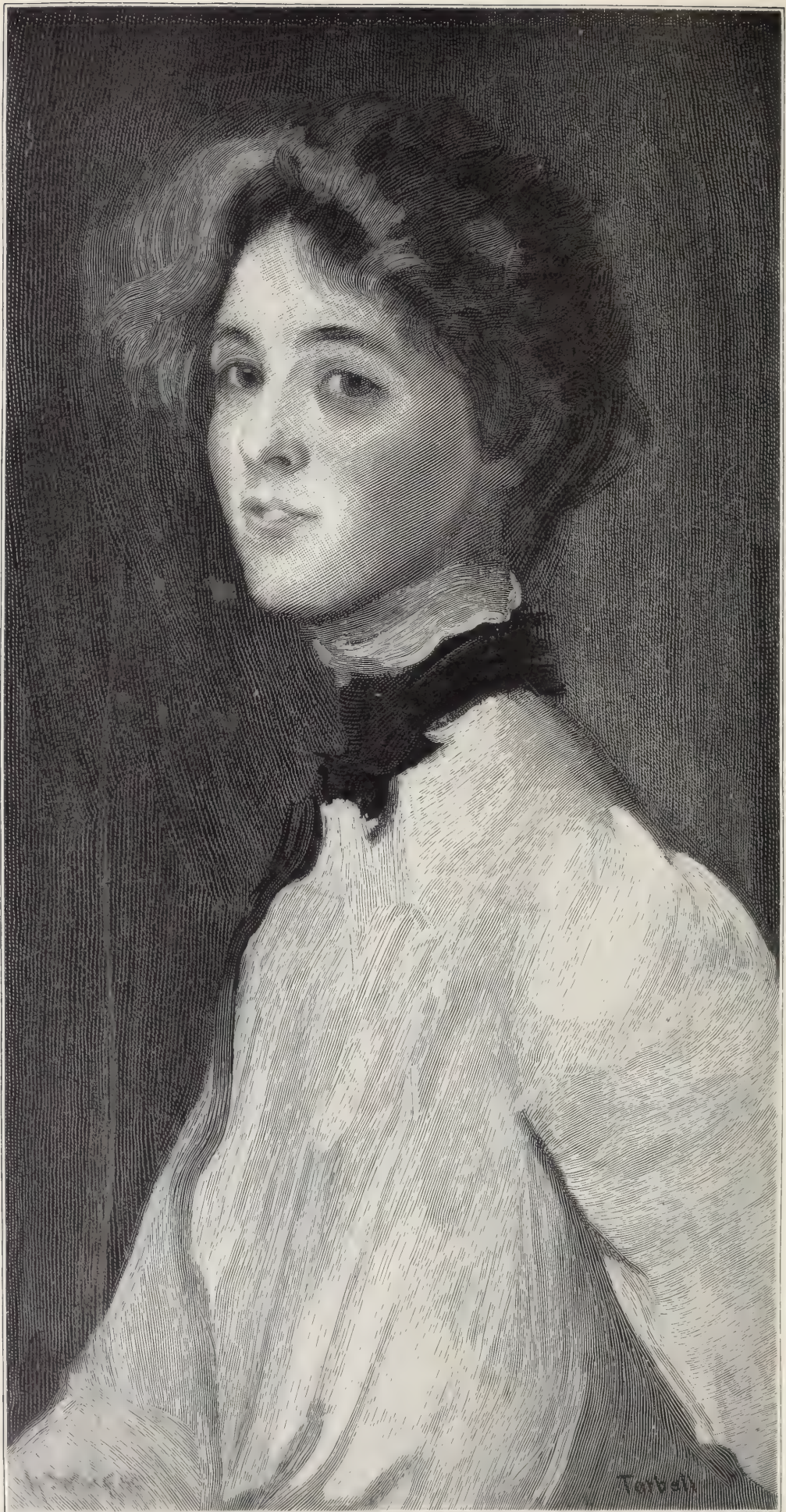
When he had gone, she stood leaning against the door with eyes closed, dumb.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]









A PORTRAIT, BY EDMUND C. TARBELL

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting*



## A Portrait, by E. C. Tarbell

**M**R. TARBELL'S pictures proclaim their author's knowledge at a glance, and, in a way, challenge one to point out their defects. Unusual aspects of life appeal to him, which he delights to render in a way of his own, yet in a manner native to our soil. A product of Massachusetts, Puritan traditions seem to have repressed in him the sense of color and emotion; for it is one of the lingering results of Puritanism that many of our artists cannot yet accept Browning's entreaty to be "unashamed of soul." Though unswayed by emotion, Mr. Tarbell's art shows a buoyancy as fresh as a lyrical improvisation. Recalling his "Girl with Azaleas," "The Golden Screen," "My Sister Lydia," and other exhibition work, one might characterize him as the painter of young womanhood; however, a study of his motives suggests the thought that he forces his subjects to fit his individual view, for it is part of his artistic creed that the painter should be the master and not the slave of nature; that it is for him to decide the pose and to force into prominence such characteristics as he may prefer. One feels that he is never striving to please his sitter, but merely to satisfy himself. Unlike the man of dreams, he does not aim to paint expression nor to disclose the human soul. Were one to ask what his young women were thinking about, he probably would reply, "I do not paint thought, only what I see."

The charm of this portrait, owned by Harold A. Strentor, lies in the winsome youth and artlessness of its subject and in their intimate presentation. With nothing imaginative in its style, in his effort to avoid the commonplace he has given us a result so modern that it is certain to arrest attention by its novelty. Even though it is not charged with emotion, it sparkles with the light and laughter of youth.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

# The Christmas Child

BY GEORG SCHOCK

THE moonlight was so bright across the clock that it showed the time, and its tick was solemn, as though the minutes were marching slowly by. There was no other sound in the room except the breathing of Conrad, who lay in shadow, sleeping heavily, his head a black patch among the pillows. Mary's hair looked like gold in the pale light which reflected in her open eyes. She had been lying so, listening to the tick and watching the hands, for hours.

When they marked eleven she began to stir; her feet made no more sound than shadows; the cold air struck her body like a strange element. Conrad did not move as she went into the kitchen and softly closed the door. She groped her way to the chair where she had left her clothes and put them on, wrapped herself in a shawl, and slipped out.

There was no snow, but a keen cold as befitted the night of the 24th of December, and between two fields the ice on the Northkill glittered. The air was so clear that far away appeared the great black barrier of the mountains. Across the sky, as across deep water, was a radiance of light, serene and chill,—of clouds like foam, of throbbing stars, of the moon glorious in her aura. In the towns at that hour the people were ready to begin the coming day with prayer and the sound of bells: here sky and earth themselves honored the event with light and silence in a majestic expectation.

As she made her way over the frozen grass she looked as detached from the world's affairs as some shrouded lady at her nightly journey along a haunted path. The great Swiss barn was dead silent; its red front, painted with moons and stars, looked patriarchal; it had its own pastoral and dignified associations. She hesitated at the middle door, then she lifted the wooden bar and pushed it

back cautiously. The darkness seemed to come out to meet her, and when she had shut herself in she was engulfed as though the ready earth had covered her a few nights too soon.

The straw rustled when she stepped on it, and she was afraid to risk a movement, so she crouched and made herself small. The air was thick and pungent, freezing draughts played upon her through the cracks of the door, and her foot tingled, but she did not move. After a while she saw two luminous disks which halted, glared, and approached, and she patted the furry body until it curled up on her skirt and lay there purring. She felt it grow tense at a tiny squeak and scuttle, but she kept still.

More than half an hour had gone when something happened. A horse stamped, a cock set up a sudden chatter, the cat leaped to a manger, and a cow scrambled to her feet. The darkness was full of movement, — wings fluttered, timbers shook under kicking hoofs and rubbing hides, tossed heads jarred the rings that held them fast. Then from the corner in which stood the splendid yoke of black oxen, the pride of the farm, there came a long, deep sound, as of something primeval mourning.

Two minutes after, Conrad was roused by a noise in the kitchen. The house door stood wide, showing a great rectangle of moonlight, there was a rush of cold air, and his bare foot struck Mary, doubled up where she had fallen. He shouted, and an old woman ran in with her gray hair flying.

"Conrad!" she exclaimed, almost in a scream.

"I don't know," he answered. He had his wife in his arms and held her out like a child showing a broken toy.

The old woman bethought herself first. "Take her in and lay her on the bed," she ordered. While she worked he began



to hurry on his clothes, moving as though he were stupid; then he came up to the bed.

"Aunt Hannah, what has she?" he begged. She gave him a look, and he suddenly burst into a great storm of tears.

"Hurry!" she said. "Take Dolly and a whip and go to Bernville first. If the doctor isn't home, go along to Mount Pleasant; but bring a doctor. Ach!" she seized his hand in her excitement.

Mary's eyes were opening—blue, wide, and terrified. "Don't take Dolly," she said, quite loud. "Dolly knows too much." Then her eyes closed again.

Conrad went into the kitchen, still sobbing, and the old woman followed.

"I must take Dolly," he whispered. "Aunt Hannah, for God's sake, what has she?"

"I don't know what she means about Dolly. Maybe I can find out till you get back. She'll soon come to. You better be careful going out of the barnyard. It might worry her if she hears the hoofs."

The young man checked his crying. "I take her through the fields," he said, and went out softly.

In the light of the candle which contended with the moonbeams Hannah's wrinkled face looked witchlike as she bent over the bed. Presently Mary started and her eyes searched the room with a terrified stare; she seemed to be all at once in the midst of some dreadful happening.

"Aunt Hannah," she exclaimed, "don't let them come for me!"

The old woman bent over her. "How do you feel?" she asked, in her soft and friendly Dutch.

"Don't let them come!"

"Nobody comes, Mary. It is all right, only you are not so good. After while somebody is coming. Then you are glad!"

"Keep them out! I don't want to go!"

"You don't go off; you stay right here with me and Conrad. We couldn't get along without you."

"They said—"

"Who?"

"The oxen."

Hannah's hand shook, but she still spoke reassuringly. "Were you in the barn, Mary?"

"Yes. You know how it is said that on Christmas eve, twelve o'clock, the animals talk. I thought so much about it, and I made up my mind to go and hear what they had to say. I was in the middle stable that's empty, and I waited, and all of a sudden—" She stopped, trembling.

"Just don't think about it," Hannah urged, but she went on:

"All of a sudden—Dolly stamped—and they all woke up—the cows and the sheep, and the cat was scared and the big rooster cackled,—and then the oxen—Ach, Aunt Hannah! One of them said, 'They will carry out the mistress in the morning.'"

"You don't go, for all," the old woman soothed her. "Think of who is coming, Mary. That's a better thing to think about. It's so lucky to have it on Christmas day. She will have good fortune then, and see more than others."

The pinched face grew bright. The trembling soul was not to go out alone before, becoming a part of the great current of maternity, it had had the best of what is here.

"I take such good care of her. I look after her all the time," said Mary, joyfully.

The sun was gone, but the west was still as pink as coral and the twilight gave a wonderful velvety look to the meadows. In the rye-fields the stalks, heavy-headed already, dipped in the wind which blew the last apple-blossoms about like snow. A row of sturdy trees grew along Conrad Rhein's front fence, and there was a large orchard in the rear. The log house was just the color of a nest among the pale foliage.

The place was so quiet that the irritable note of a couple of chimney-swallows, swooping about in pursuit of an invisible purpose, sounded loud. Hannah Rhein looked up from the small stocking she was knitting to watch them. Her secular occupation was contradicted by her black silk "Sunday dress," and there was a holiday appearance about the little girl who sat very still, looking as though stillness were habitual with her.

"You better run out to the gate. Maybe you can see them," Hannah said.



The child went, and stood looking down the road so long that she rolled up her knitting and followed. "There they are!" she exclaimed. "Father and Aunt Calista. Don't forget to give her a kiss when she gets out."

Conrad Rhein's austere face expressed no pleasure as he stepped from the carriage and helped his companion, but she was not to be depressed by a brother-in-law's gravity. Calista Yohe, moving lightly in her pink delaine dress, resembled the prickly roses coming into bloom beside the gate, which would flourish and fade imperturbably in accordance with their own times and seasons. At present she looked as though the fading were remote. She shook hands joyfully and seized the carpet-bag which Hannah had taken.

"I guess I don't let you carry that," she said. "It's heavy."

The little girl put up her face, and Calista kissed her without speaking to her, and went on talking:

"You are right, Dolly is hot. We drove good and hard. Conrad didn't want to do it to give her the whip, but I don't like to ride slow. Let's sit on the porch awhile."

The child placed her bench near the old woman's chair, but she watched the young one admiringly. Calista did not notice her.

"How are the folks?" Hannah asked.

"They are good."

"Had they a big wedding?"

"I guess! It was teams on both sides of the road all the way down to where you turn, and they had three tables. She wore such a nice dress, too; such a silk it was, with little flowers in."

"How did it go while you were there?"

"Oh, all right; she's a nice girl and he and I could always get along; but it wasn't like my home. If a man gets married once, he doesn't want his sister afterwards," Calista said, cheerfully.

"Well, you stay here now. We are glad to have you. Conrad he is quiet and I am getting along, so it's not such a lively place, but I guess you can make out."

"Well, I think!" said Calista. "I like to work. Is Conrad always so crabbed? He hardly talked anything all the way over."

"He hasn't much to say, but he is easy to get along with. He doesn't look much to anything but the farm."

"Doesn't he go out in company?" Calista asked, eagerly.

"Once in a while, but not often. He doesn't look for that any more." Hannah sighed and stroked the child's head, which rested against her knee, and the movement caught Calista's eye.

"She favors Mary," she said. "All that light hair and her white skin. That's a pretty dress she has on." She stooped and examined the blue merino. "Did you work that sack?"

"No, I had it worked. I think she looks nice. Conrad bought her those blue beads for a present. She was so glad."

"Does she always wear white stockings?"

"When she is dressed. Conrad he wants it all of the best."

"Does he think so much of her?"

"He doesn't make much with her; he is not one to show if he thinks much; but would be strange if he didn't. And as well off as he is, and no one to spend it on!"

Calista looked out through the orchard and across the fields of rye and wheat over which the spring night was falling.

"He has a fine place for sure," she said. "He takes long in the barn."

"I guess he went off," said Hannah, peacefully.

"I didn't see him leave."

"It may be he went to Albrecht's."

"Who are they? Young people?"

"Yes. John Albrecht he is about Conrad's age, and his wife was such a friend to Mary. They have two little ones come over sometimes to play around."

"Is that all in the family?"

"His mother; she lives with her, a woman so crippled up she can't walk."

Calista looked as satisfied as a strategist who finds himself in control of a desired situation: its difficulties made her spirits rise. Her eyes wandered about and fixed upon the child again. "She gets sleepy early for such a big girl," she said. "Wasn't she five on Christmas?"

"Yes. She wanted to see you, so I let her stay up to-night; and anyhow I didn't want to be sitting up-stairs when you got here."

"Do you sit with her evenings?"





*Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence*

Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

SHE STEMMED AND STEMMED THE CHERRIES UNTIL HER FINGERS ACHED

"Till she goes to sleep. If you leave her in the dark she is so scared I pity her, and I don't want her to get excited. I have no trouble with her other times. She listens to me, and she is real smart to help; she can pick strawberries and pull weeds, and she always enjoys to go along for eggs. She is like her father, she hasn't much to say. She will run around in the orchard and play with her doll-baby the whole day, and she is pretending all the time."

The little girl opened her eyes, very blue with sleep. With her rosy color and the white and blue of her little garments she looked like a cherub smiling out of the canvas of a German painter,—the soft companion of an older and more pensive grace. Hannah watched her tenderly.

"Now come, Mary, we go to bed," she said.

"I guess I'd make such a fuss with that child and sit with her nights!" Calista thought, her prominent hazel eyes following in rather a catlike fashion. They followed in the same way more than once during the next few weeks. She would brush the little girl's hair when Hannah was busy, or call her to a meal, but at other times she passed her by. At first Mary was inclined to pursue the pretty stranger, and on the second evening she ran up to her to show the results of the egg-hunting, but she never did it again.

She was the only one whom Calista failed to please. The neighbors who came to visit soon returned, and on Saturday night there were three carriages at the gate and three young men in the parlor. Conrad did not pay much attention to her, but one day he told her that one of her admirers was "not such a man that you ought to go riding with," and she said: "All right. It was two asked me to go to-night. I take the other one." She went through the work singing, and Hannah sat on the porch more than usual, and began to wonder how she had gotten on so long alone.

Calista had been there only a few weeks when Hannah said at supper one evening: "I guess I go to see your aunt Sarah, Conrad. It's six years since I went. I couldn't leave the work before, but now Calista gets along so good I can go a little."

"Just do it," said Calista, heartily. "Mary and I can keep house."

The child smiled and made a timid movement.

"All right," Conrad said. "I take you to the stage any time."

Mary cried when Hannah went, and the old woman was distressed. "I feel bad to leave her," she said. "I would take her along if I had time to get her ready."

"Ach, go on!" Calista said, laughing. "There is Conrad now with the team. Mary will have good times. She can stem the cherries this morning." She picked up the little girl and held her out to kiss her aunt. "Don't you worry," she called, as the carriage started.

She came out on the back porch presently with a large basket of ox-hearts.

"Now let's see how smart you can be," she said. "Sit down on the step and I put the basket beside you. Pick them clean." Mary looked rather frightened at the size of the task, but she set to work. She stemmed and stemmed until her hands were sticky and her fingers ached. A thick yellow sunbeam came crawling to her feet; the flies buzzed, diving through the air as though it were heavy; the cat beside her slept and woke. It seemed to the child that she had always been in that spot and that there would never be anything but a hot morning and piles of shining cherries. She was looking toward the orchard where her swing hung empty when Calista hurried by the door. "Have you done them all?" she called. "Not? Well, then you finish them quick."

The cherries lasted until dinner-time, and when that was over Mary climbed on her father's bed and slept all afternoon. When she came out the first thing she saw was the egg-basket piled full. "If you want to go along for eggs you ought to be here when I am ready," said Calista.

The little creature made no noise, but her father looked at her hard as he sat down to supper. "What's the matter?" he asked.

She did not answer, and Calista said, "Oh—!" with the peculiar German inflection of contemptuous patience. Conrad said no more.



After supper Mary wandered out, and her aunt had to call her several times. "Where were you?" she asked.

"Down there." The child pointed to the orchard. "A lady was there."

Calista went to the edge of the porch and shaded her eyes. "I don't see her," she said. "Who was she?"

"I don't know."

"Did you never see her before?"

"No, ma'am."

"What did she look like?"

Mary thought hard, with the puzzled face of one who lacks words and comparisons to convey an image that is clear enough. Calista walked a little way into the orchard, then she looked up and down the road.

"Wasn't it Mrs. Albrecht?" she asked.

"Well, I guess it makes nothing. Come, you must go to bed. I stay with you." With a mocking expression she held out her hand as to a very small child, and the little girl walked into the house without a word, not noticing the hand.

When she was asleep Calista came back to the porch with some sewing. Conrad appeared from the barn, stood about for a moment, and strolled toward the orchard; then he walked in the garden for a while; finally he sat on the step with his back to her, saying nothing and looking at the sky. She preserved the silence of a bird-tamer.

"It's a nice evening," he said at last.

"Yes."

"Good weather for hay."

"Yes, fine."

"One field is about ready to cut. You better tell Aunt Hannah to come home. It's too much work for you, with the men to cook for."

"Just you let her stay and enjoy herself. I get along all right."

After a pause she asked, "Did you see some one in the orchard just now?"

"No."

"Mary she ran down after supper, and she said a strange lady was there. I wondered who it was."

"I didn't see her," he said, dully, as though he spoke from the midst of some absorbing thought; then he got up and walked away. "You better go in and light the lamp if you want to sew," he said, roughly.

Calista took her things and went at

once, looking as though she were so well satisfied that she could afford to be amused.

Though in the next two weeks she had plenty of company Conrad never joined them: he spent the evenings with John Albrecht, drove to Bernville, or went to bed early. He worked much harder than usual, and his cheeks grew thin under his stubble of black beard. Calista did not trouble him with conversation.

"Don't you feel good?" she once asked, and when he gave a surly answer she said, carelessly, "You better get something from the doctor," and began to sing immediately afterwards. But she knew how he looked even when her back was turned, and she often stared at Mary in a meditative way as though the child were the doubtful quantity in an important calculation.

She was watching her so one day, when little John Albrecht and his sister had come over and the three were very busy on the grass near the kitchen window with two dolls and the old tiger-cat. In the afternoon silence their little voices sounded clear and sweet. The cat escaped to a cherry-tree and they chased him gayly, but he went to sleep in an insulting way in spite of the lilac switch that John flourished.

"Look out!" Mary called.

John looked around and said, "For what?" and she went over to him.

There was a conversation which Calista could not hear; Mary pointed several times to a spot in the sunny grass; then he went running down the road and Katie followed, looking as though she would cry when she had time, and leaving her doll behind her.

Calista went out. "What did you say to John to make them run off?" she asked.

"I told him to look out, he would hit the lady with the switch."

"What lady?"

"She was there."

"Where is she now?"

"I don't know."

"Can't you see her?"

"No, ma'am."

Calista looked all about. Not a soul was in sight on the road; in the orchard and the fields nothing moved but the wind; the yard was empty except for the cat slipping around the corner with his

mottled coat shining. "Now listen," she said, not unkindly. "I saw you out of the window, and there was no lady here. Why do you tell a story like that?"

The child looked at her in a preoccupied way and did not answer.

"I can't have you say things that are not so, Mary. If you do it again, I have to whip you. Now pick up your doll-baby and come in."

She spoke of it to Conrad that evening, but he did not pay much attention.

"I don't know if there is something wrong with Mary or, if she does see some one, who it is," she said. "Do you know if there are gipsies around?" He scarcely answered, and in a few minutes she heard him drive down the road. She smiled to herself as she hurried through her work. Then she put Mary to bed, though it was much earlier than usual, and began to dress, while the little girl lay watching gravely from among the pillows.

Calista enjoyed the water like a sleek creature of two elements; her white skirts crackled and flared; her hair hid her waist. When she had finished her green dimity looked like foliage around a flower, and her hazel eyes turned green to match it.

"I'm going on the front porch," she said. "You go to sleep like a good girl."

She had sat with Mary in the evening as long as she could do so without inconvenience. Now she saw no reason for continuing it. She had not imagination enough to know what she was inflicting. Mary gazed after her as a shipwrecked woman might watch a plank drifting out of reach, but she said nothing; she shut her eyes and lay still for many minutes. She was a timid child but not cowardly, and such tangible things as a cross dog, a tramp, and a blacksnake in the orchard she had faced bravely, but her terror of the dark was indefinite and unendurable. She opened her eyes, shut them, and opened them again, looking for something dreadful. The furniture was shapeless, the bedclothes dimly white, and each time she looked it was darker. She did not know what she expected, and to see nothing was almost worse. A carriage going down the road comforted her as long as she could hear it, but it left a thicker silence. She pressed her lids to-

gether, breathing quickly,—to move was like inviting something to spring on her,—then she slid out of bed and ran down the stairs, gave a frightened glance at the front door behind which sat her aunt, who would send her up again, and slipped across the back porch into the orchard.

Calista heard nothing. In the hot June evening she was fresh and cool enough to be akin to the rejoicing fields, a nymph of beech or willow. Now and then she looked down the road and saw no one, but she did not seem disappointed. It was quite dark and the fireflies were trailing up and down when wheels stopped at the gate, and she drew back behind a lilac-bush that screened the porch, and sat still.

Conrad, striding up the path, started when he saw her. "Oh, it's you!" he said, coldly. She gave a short answer, and he stood frowning at nothing and looking very tall and black. "Want to take a little ride?" he asked.

"No, I guess not."

"You stay at home too much," he said, presently. "You haven't been off the place since Aunt Hannah left."

"I don't care to go. I can't leave Mary here all alone. It wouldn't be safe."

She stayed silently in her corner as though waiting for him to leave—a white shadow beside the black mass of the lilac-bush. Dolly at the gate tossed her head until the reins scraped on the gate-post. Down in the orchard a whippoorwill cried.

He was like a horse that takes the bit and the driver was his own will—his own self. She made no resistance when he threw himself down beside her: she was pliant, her cheek cool, she even looked at him haughtily. He did not know that she slipped out of his arms just before he would have released her, nor that she was all one flame of triumphant happiness. She seemed as untouched as the starlight.

"Calista," he stammered, "I hope you overlook it."

"What about my sister Mary?" she asked, dryly. "I thought you didn't look to any one else."

"I didn't. I tell you the truth. I was unwilling. I fought it off all I could, but now I give in. I can do no more."

"So you think you like me as well as you like her?"



"Calista, I would ask you if Mary stood here and heard us."

The woman seemed to bloom like an opening rose. She looked at him, but it was as though she saw some vision of success that she was just about to grasp. "I am satisfied," she said.

There was a sound on the walk, and they lifted their heads; then they were scarcely conscious of each other's presence. Up from the gate, her night-dress hanging about her feet, her hair pale in the dim light, came the little girl. She climbed the steps and passed fearlessly into the dark house, smiling at the two with the radiant content of happy childhood, soothed and petted,—her small right hand held up as if in the clasp of another hand.

Calista would have chosen to clean the whole house or do a harvest-time baking rather than write one letter, so she asked most of the guests verbally and put off the others as long as she could. Conrad had taken Hannah to Bernville to have a new silk dress fitted and buy colored sugar for the wedding-cakes when she began the invitations. By three o'clock they were finished, and she counted them and laid them beside the inkstand. Then she washed her hands, spread a sheet on the floor, and got out a pile of soft white stuff, all puffs and lace and ruffles—the work of weeks.

She sewed happily, looking out now and then at the trees, which tossed like green waves under the roaring August rain. Sometimes a gust drove a shower down the chimney and made the logs hiss. The room was warm and still; in the interval of work it seemed to have paused and be sleeping. The tiger-cat, with his paws folded under him, lay beside the hearth, and Mary on her little bench nursed her doll peacefully. Calista began to sing a German hymn; the words were awful, but their very solemnity made her happier by contrast:

"Wer weiss wie nahe mir mein Ende!  
Hin geht die Zeit, her kommt der Tod.

"Look here, Mary," she said. "Isn't this pretty?" The child came, and Calista held up the soft stuff around her; it made the little face look beautifully pink and white. She touched it lightly,

smiling, then she wandered over to the window with her doll and looked out into the rain.

"Es kann vor Nacht leicht anders werden,  
Als es am frühen Morgen war,"

Calista sang.

Five minutes later she asked, good-naturedly, "What are you looking at?" Mary did not answer. "Didn't you hear what I said? What's going on out there?" Calista repeated.

"You said I shouldn't say it," the child whispered.

"Say what?"

"When I see the lady."

"Where do you see her?"

"Coming out of the orchard."

Certain old stories returning to Calista's mind made her look at Mary for a minute as though the child had manifested strange powers. She went to the window and her thimble clicked on the sill as she leaned forward; then she touched her cheek. "Do you feel good?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

She looked out again. "I want you to know for sure that no one is there," she said, earnestly. "Now tell me: do you see a lady?"

"Yes, ma'am. She is coming up here."

Calista was very sober. "If your aunt Hannah doesn't teach you not to tell stories, then I must," she said. "I can't have you like this. Soon I can't believe you anything. Come here." Mary came as if pulled. "Now mind, I do this so that you don't say what isn't so again." She gave the child two good slaps on the mouth with her strong hand.

The inherited spirit of resistance to coercion, that had made pioneers and martyrs of Mary Rhein's ancestors, was let loose too soon: it made an imp of her. She darted silently like an insect from under Calista's hand, seized the inkstand, and threw it with all her might at the beautiful white gown. The ink poured out, dripping from fold to fold, and the stand thudded on the sheet and scattered the last drops. Mary gave one look and ran across the porch and out to the road in the rain.

Calista sat still for a moment, then she got up weakly. "Doesn't look much



*Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence*

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

HANNAH SPOKE LIKE A JUDGE SENTENCING A CRIMINAL



like a wedding-dress now," she murmured. "It's no use doing anything to it. It's done for." She wiped the ink-stand on a stained flounce before setting it on the table. "Now," she said, as though some one were present who would disapprove, "I give it to her good. I better fetch her in and have it done before they get back."

The sky was low but the rain was gentle when she started down the road, and her shawl made a bright spot between the fields, green as chromos. Mary had gone toward the creek, and she followed as far as the bridge; then, as there was no one in sight, she turned up-stream. It was deep just there and very full, carrying leaves and twigs so that it was like a little flood, and the water caught the dipping branches of the willows and swept them along. The shellbarks looked forlorn in the rain, and the ground was so soft that it gave under her feet. Her skirts and shoes were heavy with wet before she saw Mary.

The child looked as though she were being crowded out of life. She was crying, with small weak sounds like a wretched little animal, her hair was dark with water, and the rain drove across her face. At the sight of Calista she began to run slowly with much stumbling; her crying mixed with the sound of the stream. Calista followed as fast as she could.

A little way up the creek was a log bridge without a rail. Conrad had put it up for his own convenience, and Calista never tried to cross it.

"Ach!" she thought, "I don't hope she runs out there!" Then she began to call, but Mary did not look back. She fell over a root, picked herself up, and went on, with her knees shaking.

Suddenly she began to cry very loud, as a child does when it sees comfort, and went on much faster, making for the bridge. As she ran along the log her arms were out to meet some one. She did not quite reach the middle.

Calista stared for a couple of seconds, then she raced like a savage down to the first bend, her red shawl flying behind her.

It lay in a pool on the kitchen floor when Conrad and Hannah came in; it was the first thing they saw, and their voices stopped as though a hand had been laid upon their mouths. Mary was lying

on the settle and Calista was doubled up against it with her face hidden.

"What's wrong?" Conrad asked. She said nothing, and when he tried to lift her she writhed away from him. Hannah ran to Mary. The blankets were warm, but the small creature was quite cold.

"Now it is time you say what has happened," she said, and Conrad stood silently by.

Calista sat up, looking deadly sick. The story came out in fragments, and at the end she bowed her head, shivering and staring at nothing.

"Did she say this before?" Hannah asked.

Calista told wearily, and the old woman listened, a spectator of strange things to which she alone had the clue.

"Is that all?"

"Ach, yes! I can't remember any more. Now do what you want to do."

Hannah spoke like a judge sentencing a criminal: "So you thought she told lies and you whipped her—that little thing! Now I tell you something, Calista Yohe. That night she was born I said to Mary—your sister Mary!—that once she came on Christmas she would be lucky and see more than we see, and Mary was glad, and the last thing she said was: 'I look after her. I take care of her.' And they say one that dies and leaves something unfinished must come back to finish it up. I guess Mary knew when to come.

"And you are glad. I don't say you just wished this to her, but you thought would be fine not to have her around once you got married to Conrad. She was lucky not to be here till you got a good hold of her.

"You might have thought whether I would let her with you that didn't want her, to be in the way. But I am old. It is a good thing Mary fetched her. Now I see to her myself. Don't you dare touch her."

Conrad had been perfectly still, with the face of a man in a nightmare, but now he went to the shaking woman and lifted her in his arms. Hannah looked at them for a moment. Then she set a great kettle of water to heat, took up the child and went out, leaving them alone together, and they heard her footsteps in the room above as she went back and forth, getting what she needed.





ROSEMONT VILLA, LAUSANNE, WHERE CHARLES DICKENS LIVED  
The two middle windows opening on the balcony were in Dickens's study.

## Dickens in Switzerland

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS AND REFLECTIONS

BY DESHLER WELCH

AS a devout lover of Charles Dickens and all his works I was extremely gratified during the past summer in being able to take many long journeys by foot and coach in Switzerland over roads and passes that he knew so well and so delightfully described in certain private letters at the time, which have never been printed, and which I now have the privilege of making public.

Charles Dickens loved Switzerland. It was his refuge in his hunt for happiness and health; it was his haven when he had the printers after him for "copy." In Geneva, Lausanne, Vevey, and elsewhere along the Rhône Valley in many

of the pretty Swiss villages, in the comfort of one of the characteristic inns for a night, he did some of his most effective writing. It was in Switzerland that he wrote *The Battle of Life* and *Dombey and Son*, and much of *David Copperfield* and *Bleak House*, and thought of much more that subsequently entered into his immortal work. If he had never been in Lausanne he never would have created Lady Dedlock, for it was there that he formulated her character through suggestive conditions. It was there that Dickens had the beginnings of many corollaries in the friendships that controlled much of his future life.



The villa Rosemont was his summer residence first in 1846. The room in which he did his writing occupied the two centre windows of the balcony, and as he sat there and wrote, his eyes often rested in a transport of admiration on the wonderful hues of Lake Geneva and the mountains of Savoy. It was there he first met the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Watson of Rockingham Castle, England, and M. de Cerjat, with whom he corresponded during the rest of their mutual lives, and also Mr. Haldimand. It was to Mr. and Mrs. Watson that he dedicated his own favorite book, *David Copperfield*, and it is with his copious flow of letters to them that I have now to do—a correspondence full of the utmost human feeling in its most triumphant moods. These priceless documents of unaffected genius, and domestic

sweetness beyond all else in autobiographical literature I ever read, were confided to me by the Baroness von Roeder, the daughter of Mrs. Watson, and whose birth and youth were objects of much solicitude to Dickens. I felt it indeed a privilege to be permitted the acquaintance of this charming woman at her summer home in Interlaken, and to hear from her lips the interesting details concerning his every-day life. "It was a most remarkable friendship that sprang up between Mr. Dickens and my father and mother," said the Baroness, "and these letters show but a small part of it. It was wonderful that he had the time and the patience to attend to the private correspondence that he did, and he filled it so full of passing detail and serious observation that one wonders that he could have afforded the expenditure of so

much valuable material. He appeared to be much broken by my father's death, but after it he kept up his letter-writing with my mother with the same bubbling-over thoughts and rare good literature. Of course I was very young up to the time of his death, but I have a splendid memory of the man—of his combination of tenderness and ruggedness, and his af-

fectionate nature, that showed itself in his communication with men and women alike. In his family he was companionable. He loved to write books and letters and to read before an audience and to act on the stage, as every one knows, but few could comprehend how much of a passion all this amounted to. Yet his ideas of home life were full of extraordinary sentiment; he had the most happy thoughts of the coziness of the fireside—he liked to contemplate it

and meditate before it, and in pleasant mental arraignment of his friends it was always in the glamour of a fireside circle. He was moderate in his eating and drinking, but to hear him speak of plum pudding or of a glass of mulled wine was enough to make one's mouth water—you remember the famous 'Plum Pudding' edition of his books?"

The Dickens-Watson correspondence extended over a period of nearly twenty years, beginning after the Lausanne summer in 1846, the first communication from Dickens being a recipe for a summer drink which he christened "Moonbeams," and I give space to it here as a valuable addition to a book of recipes entirely made up from the devices of famous men, to be headed by Thackeray's "Bouillabaisse."



THE HONORABLE MRS. WATSON

To her and her husband Dickens dedicated his favorite book, *David Copperfield*

TO MAKE MOONBEAMS, FOR SUMMER  
DRINKING.

Pour into a jug in this proportion:

Two wine glasses of Madeira

Two thirds of a wine glass of brandy

Four wine glasses of water.

Add the peel of a small lemon, cut very thin—

sweeten to taste—plunge into the whole a brown toast—

grate a little nutmeg over the surface—tie a cloth over the jug—and stand it in a cool place, or

in cold water until you are ready to drink the contents. C. D.

I have written it in the shape that Dickens wrote it—arrangement of the lines and punctuations and dashes.

In 1849, December 29, in writing to his friend Cerjat, Dickens said, in speaking of a recent visit to Rockingham Castle:

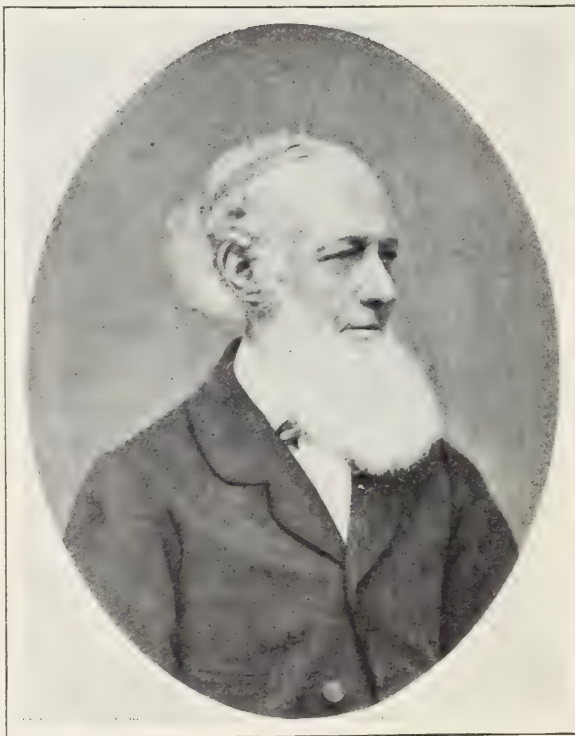
We had a most delightful time at Watson's (for both of them we have preserved and strengthened a real affection), and were the gayest of the gay. There was a Miss Boyle staying in the house, who is an excellent amateur actress, and she and I got up some scenes from the "School for Scandal" and from "Nickleby" with immense success. We played in the old hall, with the audience filled up and overrunning with servants. The entertainments concluded with feats of legerdemain (for the performance of which I have a pretty good apparatus collected at divers times and in divers places), and we then fell to country dances of a most frantic description, and danced all night. Watson and I have some fifty times registered a vow (like O'Connell) to come to Lausanne together, and have even settled in what month and week. Something or other has always interposed to prevent us; but I hope, please God, most certainly to see it again,

when my labors Copperfieldian shall have terminated.

On July 3, 1850, Dickens wrote from Devonshire Terrace to the Watsons:

I am in a very despondent state of mind over Peel's death. He was a man of mark, who would be ill-spared from the great Dust Heap down at Westminster. When I think of the joy of the D'Israelis, Richmond and other Imposters and Humbugs I think of flying to Australia and taking to the bush. What do you think of entering into the scheme, asking Haldimand to join us, and founding a settlement to be called the Paradox?

Every one is cheering David on, and I hope to make *your book* a good one. I like it very much myself—thoroughly believe it all and go to the work every month with an energy of the finest description.



M. DE CERJAT

In August, 1852, Dickens lost one of his very dearest friends—thus cutting off one of the tenderest associations of Switzerland—Richard Watson. He had visited Rockingham Castle in the spring and had been shocked at his friend's decline, although there seemed no need to fear that

the inevitable in life would come so soon. He dined with Dickens at Tavistock House in July, but, in August, Dickens wrote:

"My dear Watson! Dead after that illness of four days. I loved him as my heart, and cannot think of him without tears."

In 1852 Dickens wrote to Mrs. Watson giving his impressions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Parts of this letter were published in a collection of letters after his death, but it is here printed as *he wrote it*, for the first time:

In the matter of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, I partly though not entirely agree with Mr.





ROCKINGHAM CASTLE, ENGLAND, HOME OF THE WATSONS  
The original of Dickens's "Chesney Wold"

James. No doubt a much lower art will serve for the handling of such a subject in fiction, than for a launch on the sea of imagination without such a powerful bark; but there are many points in the book very admirably done. There is a certain St. Clair, a New Orleans gentleman, who seems to me to be conceived with great power and originality. If he had not a Grecian outline of face, which I began to be a little tired of in him in earliest infancy, I should think him unexceptionable. He has a sister too, a maiden lady from New England, in whose person the besetting weakness and prejudices of the Abolitionists themselves, on the subject of the blacks, are set forth in the liveliest and truest colors and with the greatest boldness. She (I mean Mrs. Stowe) is a leetle unscrupulous in the appropriatin' way. I seem to see a writer with whom I am very intimate (and whom nobody can possibly admire more than myself) peeping very often through the thinness of the paper. Further I descry the ghost of Mary Barton, and the very palpable mirage of a scene in the children of the mist; but in spite of this I consider the book a fine one, with a great and gallant purpose in it and worthy of its reputation.

In 1853 Dickens was very hard at work on *Bleak House*. The subject of it had entered his mind during that summer in Lausanne, and Mrs. Watson was the original of Lady Dedlock in outward drawing, as was her home, Rockingham Castle, the

original of Chesney Wold. He wrote to her from the Villa de Moulineaux, Boulogne, on August 27, on the subject, saying: "Lowestoft I know, by walking over there from Yarmouth, when I went down on an exploring expedition, previous to 'Copperfield.' It is a fine place. I saw the name 'Blunderstone' on a direction-post between it and Yarmouth, and took it from the said direction-post for the book. In some of the descriptions of Chesney Wold, I have taken many bits, chiefly about trees and shadows, from observations made at Rockingham. I wonder whether you have ever thought so!"

Now as to the "Skimpole" talk of the time. It is well known in literary controversy that Dickens was accused of holding up his quondam friend Leigh Hunt in that character. I will not say here that I have discovered in the Watson letters any verification of that. On September 25, 1853, Dickens wrote to Mrs. Watson from Boulogne:

Skimpole. I must not forget Skimpole—of whom I will proceed to speak as if I had only read him and not written him. I suppose he is the most exact portrait that was ever painted in words! I have very seldom, if ever, done such a thing. But the likeness is astonishing. I don't think it could possibly be more like himself. It is so awfully true that I make a bargain with myself

Office of Household Words.  
A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 16, Wellington Street, North Strand,  
Saturday Twenty-Sixth October 1850.

My Dear Mrs. Watson.

As Copperfield is your book, you know,  
it has occurred to me that you might possibly  
like to see the end of it before the rest of  
the world does. Being in town to-day, I  
send you the sheets of the conclusion. Will  
you and Watson (to whom my love) kindly  
keep them to yourselves until publication-  
time?

They are not finally corrected, and have  
several verbal errors in them, I dare say.

We return to town on Monday

FACSIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF A LETTER FROM DICKENS TO MRS. WATSON

Saturday Twenty-Sixth October 1850.

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They are not finally corrected, and have several verbal errors in them, I dare say.

We return to town on Monday evening for good. I am going to meet Kate and Georgina at Tunbridge Wells this afternoon, on my way home.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Watson,

Very faithfully yours,

Charles Dickens.



"never to do so any more." There is not an atom of exaggeration or suppression. It is an absolute reproduction of a real man. Of course I have been careful to keep the outward figure away from the fact; but in all else it is the life itself.

The summer of 1853 was spent in Boulogne, as I have said, at an old château that he had heard of, and leased from its Switzerland owner. He described it as "a queer old French place, but extremely well supplied with all table and other conveniences . . . standing in the middle of a great garden surrounded by flowers." It was on the Rue Beaurepaire, on a green hillside, overlooking a beautiful open country. It was during this and successive summers at Boulogne that he worked on *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit*. In a letter to Mrs. Watson from Folkestone he tells her that the name first proposed for the latter story was "Nobody's Fault." In 1854 Mr. Dickens left the old château in Boulogne and rented the Villa du Camp de Droite of the same landlord, M. Beaucourt. It was on the top of a still higher hill, and it was there that he began *Hard Times*. In the summer of 1856, however, Dickens returned to the Villa Moulineaux.

In the letter, of which the first page is printed here in facsimile, the large flourish to the signature was carefully preserved as it really was up to the time of his death. He frequently joked

about it in his letters. On one occasion he wrote to Mrs. Watson: "P. S.—I am in such an incapable state, that after executing the foregoing usual flourish I swooned, and remained for some time insensible. Ha, ha, ha! Why was I ever restored to consciousness!!!"

At another time: "P. S.—I find I am not equal to the flourish."

In much of his correspondence with the Watsons I find frequent and insistent reference to Switzerland—especially to Lausanne and Lake Lehman. Of the latter he wrote: "It runs with a spring tide, that will always flow and never ebb, through my memory; and nothing less than the waters of Lethe shall confuse the music of its running until it loses itself in that great sea, for which all the currents of our life are desperately bent." He painted it in many of his books; if not so as every dog could read it, there were many indications of the Alpine atmosphere perfectly apparent to his friends. He loved it greatly in retrospect—Mont Blanc, St. Bernard, the Wetterhorn, Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger; and above all, the Matterhorn in its lonely majesty—theatrical almost in its impassiveness and dramatically significant in its mysteries, terrors, and tragedies! Then he liked the quiet rest of their valleys, that he said often daunted him compared to the reality of a stirring life.

## In Æternum

BY JOHN B. TABB

IF Life and Death be things that seem—  
 If Death be Sleep, and Life a dream,  
 May not the everlasting sleep  
 The dream of Life eternal keep?



A

B

C

#### THE GROWTH OF POTATOES

(A) Not fertilized; (B) Fertilized with Kalkstickstoff; (C) Fertilized with Peru guano.

# Chemistry and the World's Food

## THE FIXATION OF NITROGEN

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Professor of Chemistry in Washington and Jefferson College

THE romantic deportment of the nitrogen atom is fascinatingly interesting to the student of chemistry. Wherever he looks he sees that the living, moving, doing thing in the world is nitrogen; it is at once the most restless and the most powerful of the elements. When nitrogen enters into a collocation of atoms we invariably expect the collocation to do something active, whether good or ill; for the nitrogen compounds have properties and qualities, they are never inert.

So it is that, entering into combination with a few other atoms, it will yield us the most delicate and delicious of perfumes, while it is equally ready to join forces with others to produce substances whose smell of utter vileness has the psychological effect of causing the experimenter to "wish he was dead." In the aniline dyes it enhances our clothing

with a thousand beautiful colors, and in still another thousand forms it enters the chambers of the sick in the healing guise of all the synthetic medicines. It lurks in prussic acid, the ptomaines, and a host of deadliest poisons; it drives our bullets in the form of gunpowder; it explodes our mines as dynamite and guncotton; it dissolves our metals as nitric acid; it extracts our gold as cyanide; and in an infinity of ways it menaces or ministers to mankind. Nitrogen-containing substances, then, are active substances, and their activity seems to be due to a certain "temperamental nervousness" of the nitrogen atom which sends it flying on the slightest pretext from one atomic community to another. On this account we call nitrogen a "labile" element.

But it is only when we consider nitrogen in its relation to life that we see how truly momentous is this fact of its



lability. We have been accustomed in the past to ascribe to carbon the rôle of life-element paramount, but the more the question is studied, the more does it appear evident that the carbon constituent of the body is the mere brick and mortar of it, good enough to constitute its physical substratum, and good enough, too, to burn as fats and carbohydrates to maintain its fires, but that the working, building, "vital" thing, the thing that is the moving-spring of protoplasm and that brings about the continuous adjustment of internal to external conditions that we call life, is the versatile, restless nitrogen.

It looks as though the living being constituted a vast unstable plasma in which the nitrogen atom, with oxygen on the one hand and carbon or hydrogen on the other, very much as it is in nitroglycerin, swings the atoms of the living body through all the multiplex atomic relations of growth and decay. The lability of living substance is the lability of the nitrogen atom, and we may say, with much more propriety than "Ohne Phosphor kein Gedanke," "Ohne Stickstoff kein Leben"—no life without nitrogen.

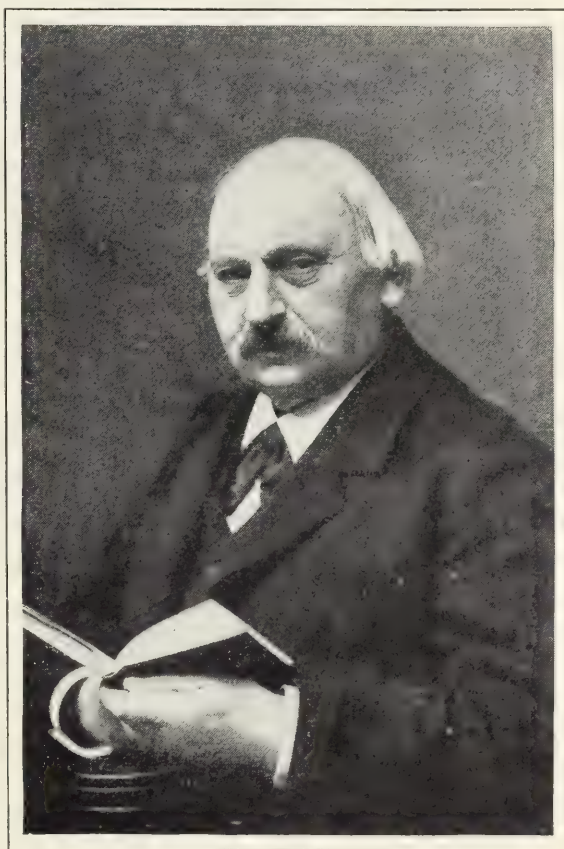
And yet, and this is a most interesting thing—this nitrogen, which when combined with elements of another kind is so energetic and so useful, is, in its care-free, solitary condition, a stubborn, lazy, inert gas. In this the elemental condition it is one of the most abundant and pervading bodies on the face of the earth. It constitutes four-fifths of the air that blows in our faces, and so much of it there is that every square yard of earth's surface has pressing down upon it nearly seven tons of atmospheric nitrogen.

Chemically speaking, it is all but unalterable, though the "all but" is vastly important to us.

One or two metals, such as calcium and magnesium and a few compounds of metals, may be made to unite with it. We find, too, that certain organisms, bacteria—"nitrifying microbes" they are called,—have within their little bodies laboratories for attaching nitrogen to other elements, though the mechanism of this action no man understands.

Still, again, we find that the lightning flash will cause the nitrogen and oxygen

of the air to combine in the path of its streak to form nitrous acid, or that it will cause the nitrogen and water vapor to react to form ammonia. Outside, however, of the minute quantities which are extracted from the air in these various ways, the whole great ocean of atmospheric nitrogen under which we live



PROFESSOR ADOLPH FRANK  
The discoverer of calcium cyanamide

and move maintains in a chemical sense a listless, useless lethargy.

Now, nitrogen which is united with other elements (it matters little which) and which is so temperamentally nervous and active and useful we call "fixed" nitrogen, while the nitrogen which exists in the elemental lethargic condition of the nitrogen of the air we call "free" nitrogen, and the object of this paper is to present the various modern attempts to solve the problem of transforming in large quantities the free and useless nitrogen into the fixed and useful kind. This problem is of immense importance to the whole world—to every race, to every human being,—for as a matter of hard, cruel fact we either must solve this problem or starve. This state-



ment is a most unlikable one, for it is sensational and alarmist, but how true, it is easy to show.

The invaluable "fixed" nitrogen which we have within us, and which we are continuously using up, we must continually restore. In order to do this we eat it. We eat it in the form of animal food or of certain plant products, such as wheaten bread. But plants and animals too depend upon the soil for every trace of the nitrogen they contain, and the soil in its turn has won it from the reluctant air through the slow accumulations of the washing rain, from the lightnings of a million storms, or through slow transformations by billions of nitrifying organisms through what, so far as we are concerned, is infinite time. Not only so, but the valuable nitrogen-containing substances we employ in our civilization are in the same parlous position of depending upon the soil. Every cannon-shot disperses in an instant the fixed nitrogen which it required millions of microbes centuries to accumulate. We filch this nitrogen from the soil immensely faster than it is restored by natural processes, and the land grows sick and barren and refuses to grow our crops. Everybody knows what we must do to cure the land: we must use manure or fertilizer. In other words, we must mix with the soil substances containing fixed nitrogen which the plant may utilize in building up what we must and

will have—bread and meat, to say nothing of other substances such as gunpowder and dyes and medicines. In the olden time natural manure was sufficient to meet the demands of sparse populations accustomed to poor food and little of it; but in these days of rapidly multiplying civilized man, who requires more food and better food, particularly wheaten bread, the natural manure of the world is a mere drop in the bucket of his wants; and this would be true even if he could utilize the fixed nitrogen of the sewage and drainage of his towns, which, it is horrifying to learn, England alone hurries down her watercourses to the sea to the value of \$80,000,000 a year.

As a matter of fact we were long ago forced to the employment of three other fertilizers. The first of these was Peruvian guano. This substance was produced from the excrements and remains of sea-birds deposited in a very arid region. It contained fixed nitrogen in the form of about twenty per cent. of ammonia. We say the first "was" guano, for while in 1856 the year's sale amounted to 50,000 tons, to-day it is practically nothing at all. We have eaten it up.

The second fertilizer is ammonium sulphate. This is obtained as a by-product in the distillation of coal-tar in the manufacture of coke. In 1900 the world's production of ammonium sulphate was 500,000 tons, worth some \$20,000,000. But this amount is a fixed quantity; we may have so much and no more from our coal-tar distilleries, and large as the amount seems it is inadequate to supply the one-hundredth of the imperious and increasing demands of our Mother Earth.

There is actually but one substance, the third, possible of being used on a world-wide scale as a nitrogenous manure. This is nitrate of soda, or, as it is called, Chili saltpetre. It occurs native over a narrow band of land between the Andes and the coast hills, a rainless district,

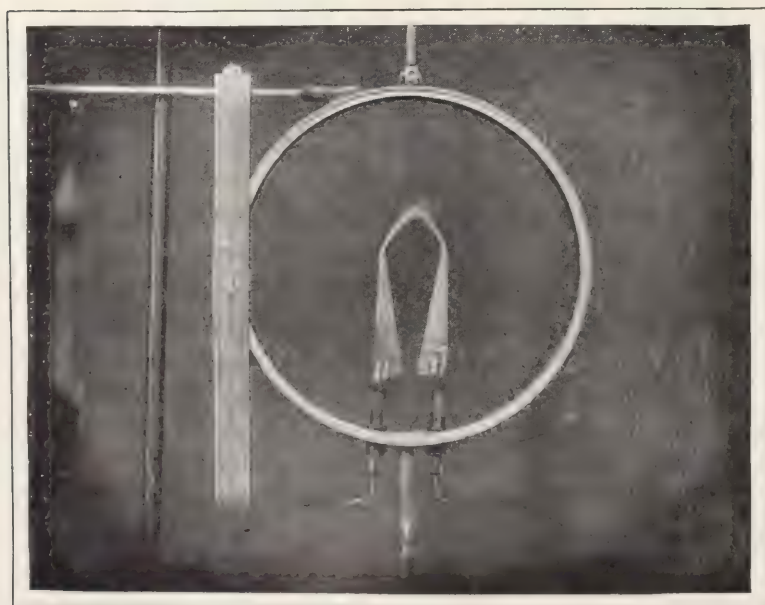


FIG. 1.—A FLAME OF BURNING NITROGEN



where for countless ages the continuous fixation of atmospheric nitrogen by the soil, its conversion into nitrate by nitrifying organisms, its combination with soda, and the crystallization of the nitrate have been steadily proceeding against the time when, as now, earth's increasing family would insistently demand it for bread. In order to drive home to the reader the validity of the statement we are about to make, let us examine the pay-roll of the years. The Chili saltpetre-beds yielded in 1860, 68,500 tons; in 1870, 182,000 tons; in 1880, 225,000 tons; in 1890, 1,025,000 tons; in 1900, 1,453,000 tons; and since 1900 every year has added 50,000 tons to the demand of the year before.

The amount yielded in 1900—1,453,000 tons—was sold for about \$27,000,000, one-quarter of it passing into the thousands of nitrogen compounds used in our civilization, and the other three-quarters into food through its fertilizing action in agriculture.

European and American agriculture and a hundred varied kinds of industry are thus wholly and implicitly dependent upon a tiny little strip of land in a South-American republic, and upon the grace of the "Nitre Kings" who own it; and were the little republic to close her gates of export, hungry months and insurrections would follow as infallibly as the night the day. This is, of course, embarrassing and highly significant of the interdepending conditions of our civilization; but when we begin to estimate the amount of nitre taken out and the amount still remaining in the beds, and compare this amount with the crescendo ratio of the world's demand, we are more than philosophically interested—we are practically frightened. We see that what has happened to guano will inevitably

happen to saltpetre. It is a matter of plain, hard, cold-drawn fact, as everybody now knows who knows anything about the Chili saltpetre-beds and the needs of agriculture, that these saltpetre-

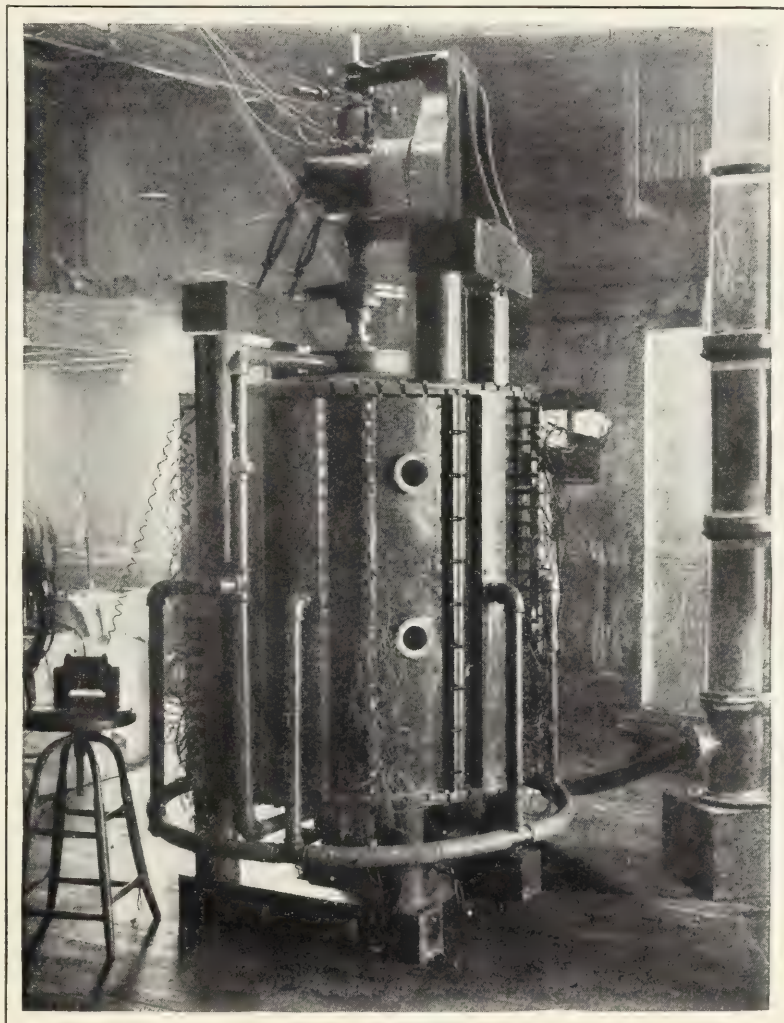


FIG. 2.—EXTERIOR VIEW OF SPARKING-CHAMBER

beds will not last longer than twenty years, if present conditions continue. About the year 1925, then, there will be no more nitre; and a year or two after that, or before it, famine will stalk on the lands of civilized men. This is acknowledgedly true if present conditions continue.

But the phrase, "if present conditions continue," contains the crux of the whole matter. Why should they continue? We have in the enveloping air an immense and inexhaustible supply of nitrogen—33,880 tons of it upon every acre of land. This is "free" nitrogen and the world demands it "fixed." If man must fix the wandering air into his own bodily substance and into substances that are the



implements of his advancement, he will so fix it, and within the quarter of a century which is his margin. Let us see how far we have progressed. In attacking this problem, man of necessity and convenience imitated nature. If the cosmic processes were too slow, it was for man to hasten them.

If there exist certain little organisms capable of fixing atmospheric nitrogen,

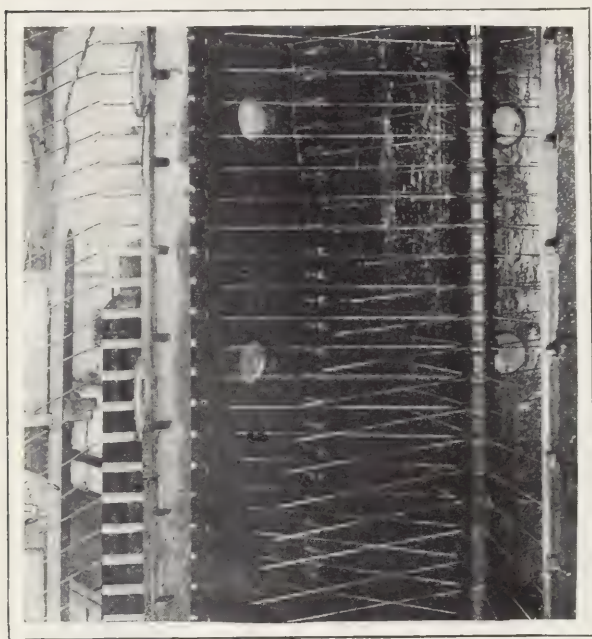


FIG. 3.—INTERIOR VIEW OF SPARKING-CHAMBER—NOT RUNNING

why not favor them, breed them, multiply them to our needs? It was discovered by Hellriegel that certain leguminous plants, such as clover, beans, and pease, have near the base of their stalks little nodosities, little pimples, which turned out to be veritable colonies or cities of nitrifying microbes. These interesting microbes on every pea-plant, for mere board wages, work full time in turning over the useless atmospheric nitrogen to the plant in a fixed and useful form. Furthermore, it was discovered that soil inoculated with such microbes would grow these plants even when innocent of any trace of manurial nitrogen. The deduction is obvious. Why should we not blossom the desert with clover or pease, and thereafter plough the plants into the ground to afford manure for a succeeding crop of wheat.

In 1896 Nobbe and Hiltner produced

this microbe in a commercial portable form under the name of "Nitragin." The experiment failed, as nearly all first experiments fail. The bacteria died, and, as it subsequently appeared, probably for want of suitable food, and possibly, too, from injuries suffered by secretions from the seed itself in the early stages of germination.

But to know the cause of failure was to succeed. They now supply this necessary nourishment in the form of grape-sugar and peptones added to the water in which they are distributed for spreading upon the soil. Their measure of success has been so great that we find to-day several manufacturers perfecting the method and establishing their processes for the wholesale production of nitrifying microbes.

Another method has been ascribed to Professor G. Moore, of the United States Department of Agriculture. He has sent out to the farmers of the country the dried germs packed in cotton. With them go two packages containing the food upon which they are to multiply when placed in water—one containing granulated sugar, potassium phosphate, and magnesium sulphate, and the other ammonium phosphate.

The microbes when placed in the solution of these substances multiply with prodigious rapidity and serve to inoculate either the seed or the soil.

But there are many other nitrifying microbes besides those concerned with leguminous plants—dozens of tribes and hundreds of species, and investigation is to-day feverishly busy with them. We have every reason to believe that by multiplying nitrifying organisms alone, we should be able, in some measure at least, to restore to the soil the fertilizing nitrogen which in the past we have wilfully and extravagantly wasted.

We have said that the lightning bolt burns the air in its path into oxides of nitrogen which, when washed by the rain into the soil, quickly become fixed into nitrates. We have learned to harness the lightning, and why should we not, therefore, imitate nature in this respect as well, utilize the combining efficiency of the electric spark, and burn the air to make our daily bread?



Over a hundred years ago the masterly Cavendish showed that with the tiny electric sparks at his command this could actually be accomplished, and afterwards, by this very method, Lord Rayleigh burned the air to obtain the interesting argon hidden within it. In the powerful heat of the electric arc the air is a combustible gas, and Fig. 1 is a photographic illustration of a flame of burning nitrogen as it burns between the poles of a powerful induction-coil. The only reason that this flame, when once ignited, has not spread through the surrounding atmosphere and deluged the world in a sea of nitric acid is the peculiar fact that its ignition-point is above the temperature of its flame. It is not hot enough to set fire to the adjacent mixture.

Now, resting on every seven acres of earth there are 237,000 tons of nitrogen, sufficient, if we could burn it, to replace the 1,500,000 tons of saltpetre consumed last year. That we could burn this amount we know, but how to burn it in the cheapest way has still to be discovered. The whole question of its economic burning bristles with difficulties. Not only is the ignition-point above the temperature of its flame, but the temperature of the union of the nitrogen and oxygen of the air is perilously close to the temperature of its dissociation, and there results an awkward equilibrium-point at which the nitrogen oxides are decomposed as fast as they are formed under the action of the arc. The prize of burning the air is certain riches, but how to proceed is the present question. Is it wise to employ arcs depending upon great electric intensity and small volume, or great volume and small intensity? What kind of electrodes should be used—carbon or platinum, or what? Should the air be compressed, should oxygen be added to it, or should it be dealt with as it is; and, moreover, how shall we be rid of the equilibrium-point?

Among the race of chemists and chemical engineers, many men have been busy in the attempt to solve this momentous problem. There is the Atmospheric Products Company at Niagara Falls, where, through their earnest and intelligent efforts to solve this problem, Messrs. Bradley and Lovejoy have won high praise and cordial recognition from all

the other workers in this field of investigation. The fact of this recognition is significant; it means that there is room enough for all. These gentlemen believe in sparks of high intensity, and they seem to have perfected their method to the limit of its powers.

The operation is carried out in a sparking-chamber which consists of a large cylindrical metal box (Fig. 2) lined in the interior with vertical rows of contact-

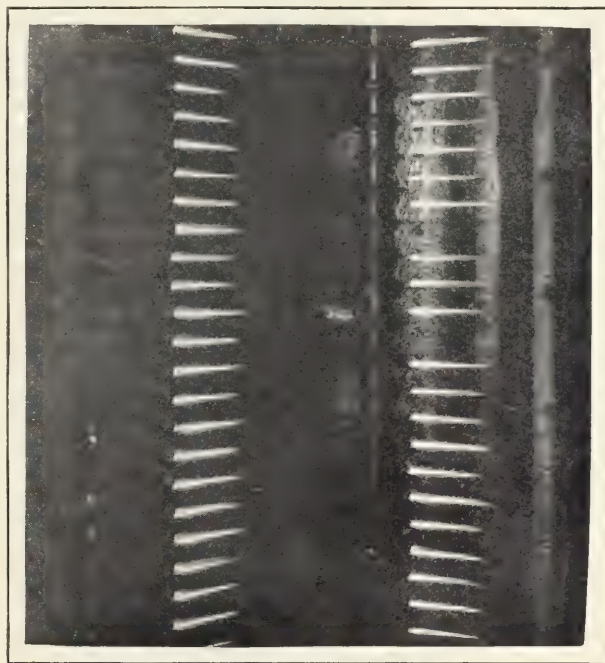


FIG. 4.—INTERIOR VIEW OF SPARKING-CHAMBER  
Cylinder rotating at the rate of 500 revolutions a minute

points, each one of which is in connection with the positive pole of a dynamo generating a direct current of 8000 volts. Fig. 3, which photographs a cross-section of the interior of this box, shows at the left of the picture the little positive contacts, each one connected with a wire leading to the dynamo. Now, inside the chamber rotates a central shaft provided with a similar set of *negative* contacts in the form of long rods, and all connected, of course, with the negative pole of the dynamo. This is also shown, in the photograph Fig. 4. But this cylinder is rotating at the rate of 500 revolutions a minute, and as each negative contact comes up to a positive, it strikes an arc which is drawn out and extinguished as the negative contact moves past and away from the positive (Fig. 5).

In Fig. 4 we see the cylinder at work



at a precise instant of its revolution, and since there are many revolutions and many contacts, there are no less than 400,000 arcs a minute. It is like the inner cylinder of a music-box ringing out sparks instead of sounds. But air is drawn through these multitudinous sparks, and each spark as it forms burns a small per cent. of the incoming air into oxide of nitrogen. The result is that some two per cent. of the outgoing air is converted into oxides, which are caught in absorbing towers of water with the formation of nitric acid, or of soda with the formation of saltpetre or sodium nitrite.

From data based upon the actual running of this plant, nitric acid may thus be produced from air and water at a cost of about two cents and a half a pound, and since the market price is some five cents and a half, it ought to be a profitable operation. But this is for nitric acid, and large as is the market for this substance, it is not limitless, as is the case with saltpetre. Whether the acid may be combined with soda to form artificial nitrate at a rate capable of competing with the natural product is still a matter of doubt; it depends on the price of soda.

Away off on the coast of Norway,

where they have cheap water-power and cheap labor, still other men are engaged in the practical elucidation of this same problem. Professor Kr. Birkeland and Dr. S. Eyde, of Christiania, have developed a process by which the air is conveyed into a series of ovens. Each one of these ovens contains two metal electrodes, between which plays a high-pressure flaming electrical arc. The arc is moved rapidly hither and thither by a powerful magnet, in such a way that the maximum amount of oxidation is obtained. In accordance with data submitted by the company, about 2000 pounds of nitric acid may thus be synthesized with an energy expenditure of only one kilowatt-year.

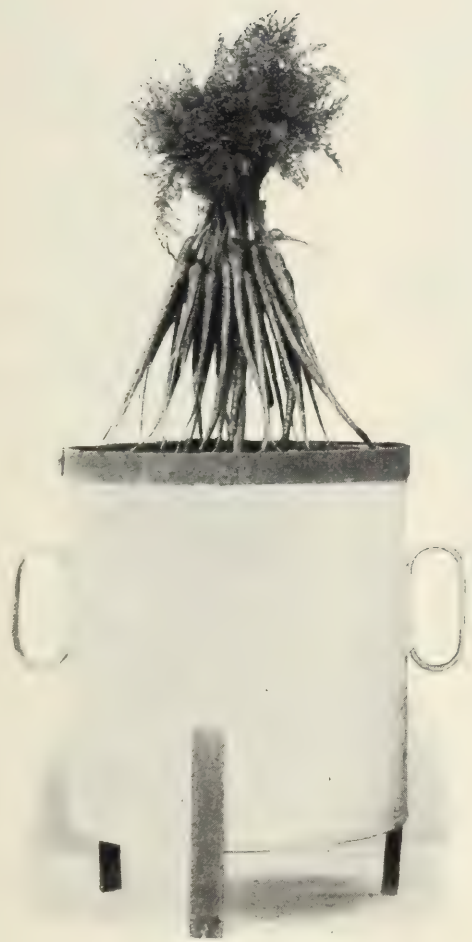
At the present price of nitric acid this means a most respectable profit, and it is not surprising, therefore, to learn that they already employ 2000 horsepower for burning the air.

E. Rossi, of Italy, proceeds in still another way. He obtains improved results by oxidizing the air under heavy pressure. The oxidation is brought about by an incandescent substance similar to the filament of a Nernst lamp, and the equilibrium-point is avoided by absorbing the burnt nitrogen oxides with concentrated sulphuric acid flowing constantly through the interaction-chamber. Among the Germans the great firm of Siemens and Halske has been intermittently busy ever since 1884, when old Werner Siemens sent a letter to his assistant directing him to experiment on the fixation of nitrogen. Dr. Georg Erlwein, who has present charge of this investigation, does not hold with the experiments just described. Instead of a multitude of intense little sparks of high-potential flaming arcs, he employs an arc formed by an enormous current at low voltage. He points out, and very truly, that increasing the size of these other plants will not increase their efficiency, while, in his own case, he finds that the greater the size of the arc he can form (the greater the unit in his factory), the greater is the per cent. of the nitrogen burnt. He has also provided against the easy decomposition of the burnt nitrogen into free nitrogen, by mixing the carbon of his huge electrodes with powdered fluor-spar, thus decreasing the temperature of the arc.



FIG. 5.—LENGTH OF SINGLE ARC





Grown without fertilizer



Fertilized with Kalkstickstoff

#### THE EFFECT ON CARROTS

At present this firm is resting on what they have so far accomplished, and for a most significant reason. They have no more doubt than other people that they can profitably make nitric acid out of air and water, and at a rate concurrent with the present market price, but they are not satisfied with the market thus afforded, immense though it is. They demand the exploitation of the whole saltpetre industry as well, and nothing else will satisfy them. They deny that at present the electric nitre can compete with the natural product; hence they prefer to wait until a little further advance in pure science brings it within their grasp.

Calcium is one of the few elements that have the power to unite directly with nitrogen. It is a silver-colored

metal, which with comparative ease burns nitrogen, to form a nitride, and this nitride, on being thrown into water, yields ammonia and lime. Hence if we could obtain calcium cheap enough, we could obtain ammonia cheap enough, and this would solve the problem of nitrogenous manure. Ten years ago this would have been visionary nonsense; to-day, were there no other means at our disposal, this is the very scheme we should quickly take measures to cheapen and adopt. Two years ago calcium was worth fifteen dollars a thimbleful; to-day it is worth about a dollar a pound, and its price might be greatly reduced.

It is a very common metal, because every bed of limestone contains nearly forty per cent. of it; in the past it was very rare because of the difficulties of



AN EXPERIMENT WITH MUSTARD

(A) Without fertilizer; (B) Fertilized with ammonium sulphate; (C) Fertilized with Kalkstickstoff

its extraction. To-day, calcium is made by the ton, by decomposing the melted chloride of calcium by a current of electricity. The metal attaches itself to the cathode, and by slowly lifting the cathode a long "cabbage-stalk" of the metal is produced. Fortunately we do not need to worry over the still cheaper production of calcium, for, working in one of its compounds, this same metal has solved our problem in another way and with such success that it has temporarily thrown into secondary importance all the other processes we have so far considered.

Everybody has heard of calcium carbide, and of the bright illuminating gas, acetylene, which it evolves when thrown into water. The story of the carbide discovery, its manufacture, the fond hopes of the investing public that they could displace by acetylene the ordinary illu-

minating gas which the manufacturers could afford to sell for nothing, their disappointment, the revivification of the industry, and the latest phase of its usefulness, is a story of high romance and high finance. We are concerned here only with its latest phase.

It occurred to Professor Adolph Frank, of Charlottenburg, that the easy manufacture of carbides pointed out a way to the commercial fixation of nitrogen. In order thoroughly to test his schemes, he took refuge under the broad ægis of the restless, experimenting, progressing firm of Siemens and Halske, whose means and resources were adequate to every human purpose. At first he had in mind only the manufacture of cyanides, by passing atmospheric nitrogen over the heated carbide of barium and converting the cyanide of barium obtained subsequently into the most valuable of the nitrogen compounds, the cyanides of sodium and



potassium. He was entirely successful in this operation; but, in order to still further improve it, he resolved to make a stubborn attempt to utilize the analogous carbide of calcium instead of barium, for it happens that it is not only cheaper, but much more efficient weight for weight.

His attempt resulted in a complete surprise. He found, as a matter of fact, that atmospheric nitrogen reacted with red-hot calcium carbide in accordance with a little equation, which, with apologies to the lay reader, we shall insert:



The result of the reaction is the complete conversion of the carbide into carbon, and into a substance which, while its name sounds something like the calcium cyanide expected, is wholly different from it—calcium cyanamide.

Next he discovered that this calcium cyanamide, on being heated with high-pressure steam, passed easily into limestone and ammonia, and finally he found that, on merely spreading out the material in the moist air, it slowly evolved this same substance, ammonia. This led him to the natural conclusion that the substance might be used as a fertilizer, and to determine the question he sent large quantities to Herr Geheimrat Professor Wagner, of Darmstadt, to Dr. Gerlach, of Posen, and subsequently to numerous agricultural stations scattered over the country.

The result of this experimentation has established beyond all question the fact that, under certain conditions, calcium cyanamide is a better fertilizer than the sulphate of ammonia from the gas-works, and practically equal to the salt-petre from the mines, weight for weight of the nitrogen that it contains. For the growth of wheat it gives its best results when buried four to five inches below the surface of the soil some eight to fourteen days before the seed is sown. The exact mechanism of its action has still to be determined. It is not unlikely that the calcium cyanamide in the soil breaks down into cyanamide itself, which in turn decomposes into ammonia, which oxidizes into nitric acid, and that the nitric acid so formed unites with the lime constituent of the compound to form

calcium nitrate. Possibly, also, urea is formed in the process. However this may be, it is certainly efficient, and its utility, already great, is likely to be enhanced to an indefinite extent by the remarkable discovery of Dr. F. Löhnis, of Leipzig, who has proved that nitrogen-loving microbes naturally occurring in the soil are able to eat it, and to produce in this way, at an accelerated pace, the free ammonia which the plants absorb.

The world is now, thanks to Dr. Frank, in the possession of a fertilizing material that is almost ideal. The parent calcium carbide is made out of lime and coke which are everywhere cheap and available, and the atmospheric nitrogen anybody may use. The cheapness of the fertilizer is thus dependent solely upon the price of electrical energy. Even now, the fertilizer equivalent of an electrical horse-power is superior to the living horse. A living horse produces yearly some 21,230 pounds of manure, which contains about 126 pounds of nitrogen, while the electrical horse in the same time fixes no



A B C  
WHEAT AS AN EXAMPLE

(A) Without fertilizer; (B) Fertilized with Chili salt-petre; (C) Fertilized with Kalkstickstoff





A

B

# DEMONSTRATION WITH OATS

(A) Without fertilizer

(B) Fertilized with ammonium sulphate

less than 550 pounds of this same nitrogen in the form of calcium cyanamide.

Under the name of "Kalkstickstoff," this calcium cyanamide is now in the markets of the world. The little experimenting Cyanid-Gesellschaft, which consisted of Siemens and Halske, the Deutsche Bank, and Professor Frank, has turned over the manufacture of Kalkstickstoff to a large company formed for the purpose, the Societa Generale per la Cianamide, of Rome, and this company in its turn consists of the Cyanid-Gesellschaft, the Societa Italiana per la fabbricazione di prodotti azotati, ed altre sostanze per l'agricoltura, and the Societa Italiana per il carburo di calcio acetilene ed altri gas, of Rome.

In manufacturing the substance, they employ the latest results of technical science. The atmospheric nitrogen must be separated from the oxygen with which it is mixed. They, therefore, liquefy the

atmosphere and separate the two substances by fractional distillation. The oxygen passes off to be used for other purposes, but the nitrogen passes suddenly from the intense cold of liquid air into the highest heat of the electric furnace, where, through contact with a mixture of coke and lime, it is caught and transformed into Kalkstickstoff. The action of the Cyanid-Gesellschaft in turning over the fertilizer phase of Kalkstickstoff to the guardianship of another company has left their hands free to exploit its other uses. These uses are manifold. The fact that calcium cyanamide, under the action of high-pressure steam, passes over all its nitrogen into the form of ammonia leads to an elegant method of making this substance and other ammonium salts. The company has at present a demonstration-plant in operation for the production of 1500 tons of ammonium sulphate a year. But mixed



with carbonate of soda, or with common salt, and fused, the cyanamide passes over into the form of cyanide of sodium, and this cyanide is useful for a vast number of processes, from silver-plating to gold extraction. They have a plant for this purpose, yielding 500 tons a year, and in Mexico, for mining purposes, they are beginning to manufacture the cyanamide directly at the mouth of the mine. A valuable use of cyanamide has been found in a curious function it has of causing the case-hardening of steel, and we find the great firm of Ludwig Loeve and Co., for one, continually using large quantities of it in the manufacture of tools and of arms for the government.

An interesting substance easily produced by the action of acids upon calcium cyanamide (with an apology to the reader for its hard name) is dicyandiamide—a beautiful crystalline body containing sixty-six per cent. of nitrogen. This substance, previously known only as a laboratory curiosity, is now made by the ton, and much of it is sold to the dye industries for a purpose that cannot be imagined by the manufacturers. Still other quantities are sold to manufacturers of explosives, owing to the fact that when mixed with other substances it lowers the temperature in the gun-barrel. A very interesting property of cyanamide is the ease with which it may be made to unite with water to form urea—a substance occurring naturally in animal excretions. Tons of this artificial urea are now sold to manufacturers of pharmaceutical preparations, though, again, for purposes of which the manufacturers of the urea have no idea. Guanidine, another product of the animal organism, is also made from it, and, we are informed, tons of it are now being sold to America.

Still another reaction, of no practical utility to-day, but impressively significant of a thousand utilities awaiting the hand of future man to develop, is that by which sarcosin unites with this same cyanamide from atmospheric nitrogen to yield creatine—one of the actual substances of human muscle found in extract of meat.

From all these facts it is demonstrated that we may look forward with a very reasonable assurance to the creation of

as many factories for the fixation of elemental nitrogen as we have smelting furnaces for the unfixing of elemental iron. Through all these processes we see the unwilling nitrogen, fixed by the genius of man into the active and useful form, working not only in the thousands of nitrogenous substances used in our civilization, but in the soil, in the plant, and causatively in the actions and thoughts and feelings of men, until, freed of its energy, it sinks back into the Nirvana of the empty air. We see, too, that the disaster of which the world actually stood in imminent deadly peril has been averted, and that if every pound of saltpetre in the mines of Chili were suddenly to dissolve into its elements, the human race would still be able to guard itself against the unhumanity of nature. Though, is there this unhumanity of nature?

Say there be;

Yet nature is made better by no mean,  
But nature makes that mean; so, o'er the art  
Which you say adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes.

Every atom within us moves in harmony with every atom without, and we that *think* we move them to suit our needs or our caprice are but the crude instruments of a Purpose unfulfilled and unimagined, but predestinated from the beginning of all things.

The present-day practical lesson of this whole strenuous successful work lies in the little object-lesson it affords of the immense importance which technical science is assuming in our daily lives and in all our industrial operations. The substitution of real knowledge and high technical skill for the "rule of thumb" of our ancestors has created a revolution in industry. This revolution took its rise in Germany, and it is spreading rapidly to every corner. It is spreading silently, too, *because it does not pay to tell*. During the next five years, the small manufacturer who is swept out of existence will often wonder why. He will ascribe it to the economy of large-scale operations, or business intrigues, or what not, never knowing that his disaster was due to the application of pure science that the trust organizations and large manufacturers already are beginning to appreciate.



# A Sacrament of the Night

BY MADGE C. JENISON

IT was a just estimate of Mr. Taneyhill, made by the girl who taught dancing at the settlement, that he was one of those people you wanted to call up by telephone whenever you heard a good story or anything pleasant happened to you. People called him Monsieur Sunshine, and he was the most popular man in the house. All the residents liked him. He never shirked; he was never cross; he always had something to tell you; he was always enjoying himself. He had no favorites; or rather, everybody was his favorite. He expected every one to like him, and he was more surprised than annoyed at any one who did not.

If he enjoyed other people, he revelled in himself. One of him liked to act like a shockingly bad little boy and scandalize people, and then another of him would lean its elbows on the fence and call both the little boy and the man who was taken in, fools. Occasionally, it is true, he grew tired of being complex.

"I am seventeen men," he would say. "I wish I could be a little ten-by-eight flat like Johnson for a while. He knows just where to lay his hands on things in himself." But this was a passing mood; commonly Monsieur Sunshine's existence was a play in which he was both actor and audience.

He had called himself a socialist when he came to the settlement. After a time he settled down to anarchy. It was too complicated being a socialist, he said; he couldn't tell which kind of a socialist he was; he decided in favor of no government at all. He rose up, indeed, and smote all established things. He expressed himself as being not at all sure of heaven; he did not believe in the inspiration of the Bible, or the sonnet form; and he had his own ideas of the holy ordinance of matrimony. He had left college because he held it an out-

rage to be asked to do a thing because Shakespeare had done it. When he really believed and when his violence was the relish of a new rôle, it was not always possible to tell. It would seem that an iconoclast so wholesale as he must come to a kind of seriousness and intensity; but it was in this that Mr. Taneyhill was most rare and alluring. His problems sat lightly upon him, and he skipped from crag to crag of the precarious intellectual life of the settlement with gay feet. He thought, but, as it seemed, always with flippancy. He liked to say that all he wanted out of life was to come into some money and go after a good time.

There is no zest in saying a thing like that to any one who agrees with you; nor, on the other hand, in being unconventional with any one as red-shirted as yourself. So, the more Pharisaic his listener was, the more horrific Mr. Taneyhill became. Dr. Sarah Pomatier had a niece who came to dinner twice a week and conducted some evening clubs. She had been very carefully reared and took herself rather heavily, and Mr. Taneyhill had brought her several times to the state of the fretful porcupine where each particular hair stood on end. She was an elegant, contained girl—"probably cud-chewing," Mr. Taneyhill said of her the first time he saw her,—and he drew her by the irresistible force of the unknown. We found him one night sitting on the bridge with her discussing free love in a ladylike manner. He used to insist after that occasion that she crossed herself whenever he went by.

It was he who told us that his family had scarcely known what to do with him when he left college. They felt vaguely that he was in a diseased condition, but worth saving; and they took him to California for the winter. The winter was not a success, since he was unable



to persuade his sister to smoke, his mother to take her servants out of uniforms, or his father to turn over two street-railways to the municipality. One of the things to which he pinned his faith was the good of trying to make something beautiful; and so he came to Stratford House to spend an artsful and craftsful winter, hoping perhaps incidentally to get his bearings and grow up into a real man. You would think that a man of twenty should have passed beyond bookbinding and settled down to something more momentous. Dr. Pomatier's niece said as much to him.

"You would think so," said Taneyhill, as if he were reflecting deeply.

I think he admired Miss Pomatier for her scorn of him; they agreed perfectly in that. The pungency of it braced something in him that was lax. There are some people whom, even though they ruffle you, you cannot help establishing as criterions of your conduct. At first it had seemed to him that through it all, they were friends; but there grew up between them a coldness. Taneyhill accepted this unique situation with interest, and with something as near to dismay as he could come about anything of the kind.

"If I were the sort of man who calls for the Intermezzo, and *The Reveries of a Bachelor* were my favorite book, we'd get along nicely," he explained.

Taneyhill had not been many months at the settlement before the community as a community came to the next stage beyond liking him and became interested in him. The detachment with which he studied himself—that alone would have caused him to be regarded with attention. About Christmas-time, when Mr. Cornell, the probation officer, went abroad suddenly, and the city officials asked him to put some one in his own place, no one was greatly surprised that he asked Mr. Taneyhill to take the appointment for six months. It is the mission of wise people in the settlements to help the fortunate to help the miserable; and again to help the miserable to help the fortunate. It seems a far-fetched need, that of a heavy heart, yet how is it that this perpetual summer of the soul, this lightness of

spiritual touch, brings a man to waste and desert places? Mr. Taneyhill accepted the appointment at once and without question as if he had awaited it; as if he had himself felt the approach of some spiritual disease from which this experience was to rescue him. It was pleasant to think of all that volatile gayety coming into the seats of crime, and it was believed that there lay in this boy, moreover, a sane wisdom which would guide him to serve others well.

It is solemn business watching the disintegration of attributes in the nature of a man. After a few months the light temper in Mr. Taneyhill seemed to grow frail; then shrivel up and give way. Sometimes he came home with eyes like those of a man who has been too much in the sun. Instead of sallying forth in splendid raiment to keep up a train of social engagements, he would sit all evening wound up in a chair in the living-room, smoking innumerable cigarettes and listening silently to any easy-going talk that was going forward; some panting pain seemed in these times to grow quiet in him. It was apparent from his occasional outbursts of vehement speech—for he grew more and more quiet—that the impulse to make merry was silenced for the time by the desire to understand that with which he did battle. It had come upon him suddenly, the fulness of the world's agony; and whereas he had been satisfied hitherto with an economic solution of poverty, he began to see that there must be some reason, some use, in things so universal as misery and the rebellion against it. "What good, O Lord, what good can come?" This was his cry. Those who had been active in putting him into the position of probation officer, watched him gravely; they had wanted to temper his heart, not crucify it.

The shadows about his eyes grew deeper. He began to read omnivorously. There was always a book in his pocket. He used to lie at full length on the couch in the living-room with his chin in his hands, and read poetry, and ask us what we thought of it. Mr. Cornell was detained in England, and Mr. Taneyhill continued in the appointment of probation officer. They said at the county jail that he was a better man in the



place than Mr. Cornell had been. A few judges began to turn over to him, on probation, older criminals. He had a way of saying, "See here, what are you fellows going to do now?" and looking a man squarely between the eyes, which gave him influence. Sometimes he said ugly, heartless things; this was the most surprising part of the reincarnation of Monsieur Sunshine—the extremities of a nature swinging free.

It was one night in early June that Mrs. Slupsky sent for him. He was called to the telephone from dinner. It was plain how much he must have dreaded this summons and dwelt upon it, for when the maid spoke to him he sat stock-still, seeming to stiffen, and looked at his plate. He came back to the table slowly, glancing from one to another of those near him with desperate, glittering eyes.

"Adelia Slupsky has sent for me," he said.

The silence settled quickly about the table. Slupsky's had been one of the cases about which Mr. Taneyhill had talked most. There had been little that was good to tell of Slupsky, except of his love for his wife and of a hearty generosity that accords well with love. He had come back to Taneyhill's notice again and again; now the tawdry, fluctuating story was to draw hideously to its end. It had been part of the settlement talk for months. Taneyhill tried to help the Slupskys in the trial, but a jury does not consider evidence that a man has good moments and that a woman loves him, when the evidence of murder is clear. Every one had known for a month that the man was to hang; but coming in upon the chattering dinner hour—this remembrancer of disgraceful death—it fell upon the heart with horror. Mr. Taneyhill stood there gripping the back of his chair blindly, his teeth clenched; he really looked as if he were going to faint away. Miss Pomatier, seeing him so unsteady, leaned her elbows on the table, watching him.

"I'll go with you if you will let me," she said. It was the first time she had spoken so kindly to him in many months.

There is nothing hazardous, or even out of the common at a settlement, in spending the night with a stricken wom-

an; yet every one felt more or less dimly, the presence of a tremendous crescendo of circumstance, as if the witnessing of tragedy had become in itself a deeper tragedy. A man has one support for all crucial instances. Mr. Cleves brought him a glass of wine. Miss Clarke helped him into his coat, talking to him quietly by the doorway. He went off somewhat more calmly.

He went along the streets through the warm, noisy night, wondering passionately why fate had chosen him at this time for this purpose. What can a great denial give to a faltering soul to grasp? He found Mrs. Slupsky not alone. It is to those who have impressed us with a sense of power that we turn in times of need. Mrs. Slupsky had seen her husband for a few moments at six o'clock. The parting had been a broken, halting one, closely watched by officers, lest she should provide him with some means of cheating justice. On his part it had gone through with a dogged calm, which was the best virtue the poor man could muster to help her then; on hers, with tears, and trembling clasping of hands, and touching of lips. In the blind return home, her mind could see only two people besides her husband; they made up her failing world. She had caught at these two remaining things where everything else seemed drifting off into eternal and shoreless seas, and had telephoned from a drug-store she passed to ask these two people to come.

Sister Mary Basil had come first. Taneyhill found her there. She greeted him with the downcast eyes with which a nun meets men. The woman on the bed engrossed them both too entirely to make it possible that there should be any sense of personality between them, even if the obliteration of personality which comes with the abandonment of personal will to the Church, and which makes of a nun and a priest a symbol, had been a thing less real. The poor girl had employed a kind of strength on the cars and the street. It had often seemed to Taneyhill that she had never made up her mind to the reality of the outcome. Now her grief was terrible to behold. Her marriage was less than two years old; the room in which they were, still bore a bridal





*Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock*

HE ADMIRER MISS POMATIER FOR HER SCORN OF HIM





and festival look, with its lace curtains, an unspeakable varnished table, a gold chair, and a ruffled bedspread with great pink roses. Mrs. Slupsky had been a dressmaker. She was a dainty, slender girl, too frail to meet terrible things. She lay there trembling and weeping. Her mind in trial took a sharpness; the long train of reasoning—futile and barren—by which she had braced her hope, exhibited itself. She cried out, as she could find words, upon God's justice. She had never done anything wrong—not very wrong—not to be hanged for. Adolph was a great deal better man than his father—every one said that. His father had done awful things—worse than to kill a man like Berdrovsky, who had always hated him and tried to cheat him. It was worse to hate for many black years, was it not, than to hate for one single moment, though in that moment hate consumed you and made you strike to kill. She spoke, too, of their wooing; even in her agony she remembered the keenness of her triumph over Katherine Murphy. Bright nights of dreams came back to her, and all the train of simple events which made up her romance. Sister Mary Basil let her talk on, answering her gravely and trying to turn her mind from these "wayward earthly things" to other thoughts of peace. Somewhere along this man's life the Church had thrown her gentle, inflexible arms about him—this was the comfort Sister Mary Basil had to offer, meaning so much to them both. Taneyhill watched her dumbly.

Sometimes there were long intervals in which Mrs. Slupsky wept and was silent. These were the most terrible. Taneyhill felt as if she were sinking spiritually. This silent bleeding of the spirit was terrifying, as if her soul must die gasping. As the night wore on, they prepared something for her to eat. Before the toast and poached egg and cup of tea went to Adelia, the nun put a sleeping-potion into the cup. Mrs. Slupsky had not eaten all day. They sat on each side of the bed and urged her to eat that she might have strength to meet the next day and the days that were to come. Soon she fell asleep. The nun dozed in a chair beside the sleeper, her hands upon her beads, her

face turned toward the crucifix which she had hung from the foot of the bed opposite Mrs. Slupsky.

Taneyhill sat looking from one to the other, considering them with a mind on fire. It seemed to him that both of them were of vital import—that all the scene was being stamped into him, as is a scene of love. Even this woman so set aside, as he had thought, from the vital things of life—had not she, too, tasted deeply where he had forever stood looking on? It came to him that he had been far from the two things of great influence, suffering and God, to which they had drawn near. The nun's face, with its heavy-lidded, long-established repose—the face of an unshaken soul to which everything is sure; akin to the face of death; and, as it came to him in a flash of insight, like the face of the dead in this too, as if she had seen something very beautiful;—he dwelt upon it with devouring eyes. What had her life been but a constant association with a blameless life of pain? Was not the crucifix, the symbol of victory to which as she slept she pressed her lips, and meekly bowed before it with the delicate dawn,—was it not, too, the incarnation of agony? "The man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,"—the whole symbolism of the Christian church lay in that, that there is but a step between God and pain. There came into his mind quite simply, word by word, almost as if some one had pronounced them with solemnity at his elbow, the words of a soul in great agony which he had read a few weeks before: "The love of God is the only explanation of the extraordinary amount of suffering that there is in the world. Is not He who made misery wiser than thou art?"

It seemed to him in that hour that suffering is a blessed thing, that by it the heart always grows richer. This life of the ideal which he chased—even that came to perfection through suffering. He thought of the nations—the Russians, the Poles—who are doing the great things in art, Do they not know well to weep tears of bitter flavor? His mind turned to all the questions which had assailed him in the past months—all the rebellion against the law, the state, the punishment of crime, the conditions of



labor, against all the conditions of life which exist among those with whom the realities of his own life had been. And he answered himself that tragedy is never mean, but only meanly borne; that it drapes a man in purple, though he knows it not. It seemed to him then that the unhappy poor, the criminal, the condemned, are those who have the most profit from life, who come to the finest response, who live with the most wealth. And those who dwell in the houses of princes, only as birth or death or unhappy love, only as pain and grief touch them, do they prosper.

"God, God, support us all," he whispered.

The little Adelia moved in her rigid sleep; her hands clasped together; her slight features convulsed. She had lived more in these two years than he in all his days. And the nun in her coif and bands—the pure brows, the peacefully closed eyes, the quiet lips bore witness to him of something perfected which Adelia but blindly knew. Indeed, it seemed to him as he strained his eyes from one to another of these two women, both infinitely below him in intelligence, that they had between them, and that he through them, had borne witness to the ultimate things of human experience.

He leaned upon his hand, trying to prepare himself for the time when Mrs. Slupsky should awaken. His eyes fell upon the prayer-book on the table. He had gone to books; here was what some men had said in their most poignant hours. He turned it over, drawing nearer to the lamp. He had never turned to a prayer before; he had but listened, with an artist's ear; the stately language had given him pleasure. Now the words of these old monks and martyrs touched him with suggestion; these symbols of emotions so distantly known became sensate things, beating with life. The justice of God! the mercy of God! Well, surely in either case there must be some fortunate issue for this unhappy girl. These set prayers were ways given to the heart to find utterance in dumb hours of agony. Joy can find words, but grief goes speechless and is mutely borne. Through the night he read and thought, turning from time to time to the two women before him.

About four o'clock Adelia awakened. She started up with a gasping breath, a new birth into a life of grief, and stretched out her hands to him with one of the quick girlish gestures which made it plain why Slupsky had loved her so well as almost to change into another man. Sister Mary Basil did not waken. Taneyhill drew up his chair beside the girl's bed; great depths of a tender heart spoke in his attitude and gesture. He took her hand and began to talk of a plan which he had for her. All the sweetness and strength of the boy and the man came to his aid. She was to go to a new scene; he knew some people, the Martins, in their home in the mountains, who needed some sewing. There would be the sky, and children, and the songs of birds, and banks of fragrant flowers tossing in the wind. He spoke of the weeks he had spent there the summer before, of the walks upon the silent heath, and drives into the gusty, ravishing twilight; of the wide fireplace about which they sat, of the long piazza looking off across the indeterminate splendor of the valley. He talked on of two little golden-haired girls who pressed up close beside you as you sat before the fire and laid their slim, tender hands upon yours and, as it seemed, upon your unquiet heart. The girl's face grew almost happy. She stirred restlessly as if she were wrong to be at peace. After she came back they would find a new room for her—another place. Would she care to take with her, one of his boys who needed watching? He wanted her help.

She lay staring at the pane of glass and at the morning light breaking in the east.

"It must come soon," she said, quietly, and took her watch from under her pillow. It was less than an hour before her husband was to die. Taneyhill's heart grew sick within him. Husband!—that word alone, he thought, bespoke a lifetime of emotion. She could probably see vividly enough the scene through which he moved; the working-girl reads these things in the morning papers. She began to tremble, face to face with the pang of death. But Taneyhill's sense of impotence of the night before was gone. He spoke to her with calm-



*Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock*



SHE STARTED UP WITH A GASPING BREATH





ness. Sister Mary Basil awakened. She made a cup of tea and bade Adelia drink it. The kettle sang upon the little stove with the gentle murmur of home. The tears rolled down the girl's cheeks heavily; as she awoke to the full sense of her agony she was shaken by silent, convulsing sobs.

"Mother of Jesus!" she cried out once. It was like the gasping of a soul that dies. Taneyhill thought dully that she would become a woman without a soul, a dead woman alive. Sister Mary Basil took her prayer-book and stood at the head of the bed, reading the prayers. It is always a ceremony, this support of the Catholic Church for its suffering children. She did not look at the girl. She seemed to have become the priest, the exhorter, not the comforter. She seemed to call for courage, not to give it. Taneyhill kept his seat beside the girl's bed, crushing her hands between his. The nun's eyes fell from the prayer-book to Adelia. She thrust the book toward Taneyhill and threw herself on her knees beside the bed, folding the shaken body in her arms as she had tried to fold the shaken soul in the arms of the Church. Taneyhill marked the place with his finger and read on in the beautiful old prayer. All the longing of the boy to succor, to support another, breathed itself into the stately medieval words.

"Renew in him, O most loving Father, whatsoever hath been corrupted by human frailty.—Go forth, O Christian soul, from this world, in the name of God the Father Almighty, who created thee.—I commend thee to Almighty God and commit thee to Him whose creature thou art. Lamb of God, we beseech Thee to hear us. Grant us Thy peace."

Sometimes it seems as if men and women must meet suffering in solitude; but in the bitterest pain, that which divides each human being from every other breaks asunder, and they draw near, and comfort, and lean upon each other. Taneyhill knew this to be so. Adelia grew calm, and in the hour when her husband went out into the darkness of death she experienced some joy—a kind of awful ecstasy which is not given to all who have lived. She lay passive and silent; her white lips moved with

the ancient prayers. Presently she turned her eyes toward him with a wan smile of triumph, as if she had passed through a deep place clinging upon his arm. He answered her look, wide-eyed and intent. The nun pressed the girl closer to her. The room was full of silence, and for the first time in his life it seemed to Taneyhill as if the benediction of God had been spoken over him. Shortly Adelia fell asleep. She had no morbid consciousness of ceremonies and functions yet to come. Without teaching she knew the meaning of the cry of Jesus' death—"It is finished."

Taneyhill made some arrangements with Sister Mary Basil which were to be carried out later in the day, and left them. He walked along slowly toward the settlement. Afterward he often tried to remember something he had seen, or some one he had met on this walk. He must have met people; Halsted Street is full of life at seven o'clock in the morning. His mind had taken a numbness. He did not think; he was consumed by a simple and single feeling. His heart sang as the sons of the morning; strangely enough—and even the strangeness of it did not appear to him, so unharassed was he by the customary subtlety of his thoughts—strangely enough, he was but glad—glad for his parents who had made him what he was; who had given him a place in the world; had so taught him and provided for him as to save him from crime; for the conventional life against which he had rebelled so vigorously—that had formed him, too. One after another the influences under which he had lived, rose before him; lastly, Sister Mary Basil of the Sacred Heart, and Adelia Slupsky, wife of the murderer, through whom he had learned new things in the passing night.

Settlement residents have none of those virtues which from their kinship, may be called from the one which heads the catalogue, the early-rising virtues. No one was yet abroad at the house; the living-room was empty. He paused a moment, wondering vaguely if he could sleep before he went to the office. As he stood looking at the clock, he saw on the corner of the mantelpiece a glass of milk and a plate of crackers, put

there apparently for some late comer, possibly for himself. The cream had gathered thickly on top of the glass; it had stood there all night. But Taneyhill did not touch it; he stood frowning at a little volume of Swinburne which lay beside this kindly feast. It was one of the books which he had bound during his first winter at the settlement; in that far-distant time it had expressed his deepest emotion. Even now in his detachment he was touched by its beauty. He took it up and turned it over, remembering the pleasure he had taken in the design and tooling. The book had disappeared mysteriously one night after he had been exhibiting it, and pointing out to all who would give him audience its exceeding excellencies. He had often wondered whither it had disappeared; now he wondered whence it had come.

It fell open like a book much used; he saw that it was cruelly marked. He remembered to have marked it, but not like this. He leaned upon the mantelpiece, turning over the pages and delighting with an old delight. On the fly-leaf were two lines and a date of a few months before. Taneyhill read them over twice, and then he stood there holding the book in his hand and looking at the floor, motionless.

"Oh, dust and ashes, once thought sweet to smell,

With me it is not, Is it with thee, well?"

And as he stood thus, he heard a noise at the door, and looking up, saw Miss

Pomatier. She paused in the doorway; he was especially conscious as he looked at her of the eternal Zeus-like calm which seemed always to envelop her.

"Ah, Monsieur Sunshine, you have come," she began, but went no farther. Her eyes fell upon the book in his hand. There passed over her face a flash of feeling. It took fire. Her eyes met his bravely, but with a look of sickened pride. She seemed about to speak; then she walked to the window and sat down upon the couch, looking out silently into the bricked court. Taneyhill knew well that the truth was one of her detestable fetishes. He stood looking at her; he was very tired; his elbow, resting on the mantelpiece, trembled.

It was only a moment until Dr. Pomatier came briskly in. She patted him on the shoulder; asked him, without waiting to be answered, if he would have breakfast with them; whether he was going to the country that afternoon; if anybody had told him that Prince Schlitlofkin had come,—bracing him with a stream of pleasant talk. His white face made her think that the Slupsky episode must have been bad.

Miss Pomatier stood up stately and tall, her face as white as Taneyhill's own; she would see Anna, she said, about the coffee. Dr. Pomatier drew up a chair for Taneyhill and pushed him into it.

"Don't be too kind to me," faltered Taneyhill, like the big boy he was. "I can't stand it. I've had too much."

## Beauty

BY MARGARET RIDGELY PARTRIDGE

THERE'S a bloom that's blown over the meadow,  
 There's a star-light drawn down from the skies,  
 There's a lyric of love in the throat of the dove,  
 There's the song of the swan ere he dies.

In the God-gifted heart of the Poet  
 There is beauty akin to all these,  
 When his soul is in tune to the laughter of June,  
 Or the deep cadenced voice of the seas.



# Pedantic Usage

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

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"PEDANTRY," said an eminent prose-writer, "though it were unconscious pedantry, once steadily diffused through a nation as to the very moulds of its thinking and the general tendencies of its expression, could not but stiffen the natural graces of composition and weave fetters about the free movements of human thought."

So wrote De Quincey in his "Essay on Style." In these words he indicated the only serious peril which can menace a tongue, the users of which hold up before themselves high ideals of moral and intellectual excellence. So long as such continue to be cherished, no fear need be felt of any harmful consequences befalling the language from so-called corruptions which are always on the point of ruining it beyond redemption, according to the belief of those who possess little familiarity with the historic development of speech. In pedantic usage, however, there is a certain, though fortunately but a slight, degree of danger. Under its influence the disposition comes to prevail to set up artificial modes of expression as the only correct ones; to look with disfavor upon what is idiomatic and natural when contrasted with what is formal and precise.

In every community where the subject of usage comes up for discussion, a body of men can be found who are not content with perfect propriety. They are determined to have what may be called pluperfect propriety. This disposition takes frequently the form of preference for an affected precision which has all the disagreeableness of pedantry without being based upon the adequate knowledge which serves as a palliation of pedantry when it is not its justification. It inclines to the policy of restriction. It insists upon some particular construction not as being a proper

one, but as being the only proper one. It therefore attacks on the one side the employment of long-established idioms, often under the mistaken impression that they are of recent introduction. On the other side it manifests an uneasy hostility to any later modes of expression which the language has struck out or is striking out for itself. Out of the large number of illustrations which could be furnished, the limit of space forbids here the consideration of but two belonging to the first of these classes. These, however, are glaring instances of the pedantic stiffness which would sacrifice ease or variety of expression or idiomatic energy to the fancied requirements of formal grammar.

The first of these two concerns itself with a very common idiom in our tongue, the use of the present tense of the verb for the future. One particular illustration of this there is which comes up pretty constantly for discussion. A person wishes on some given day, say, for instance, Saturday, to designate the day following. He ordinarily says, "To-morrow is Sunday,"—that is, he says so if he uses the language as if it belonged to him and not as if he belonged to it. If he chance to be in the company of one who is in the latter unhappy situation, he is not unlikely to be interrupted by some such remark as this: "Pardon me, you should say, 'To-morrow will be Sunday.'"

This foregoing is a specimen of the sort of examples usually adduced by scholars as an illustration of pedantic usage occasioned by imperfect linguistic training. Yet in spite of its commonness it does not strictly belong to the class of cases here under consideration. It is merely one of many instances where the idea of future time is conveyed not by the verb but by some other word or



phrase in the sentence. In the example just given it is found in the subject *to-morrow*. If any person take exception to the expression, it is perfectly legitimate to ask him if the day specified be not Sunday, what day is it? Important engagements will usually compel him to betake himself elsewhere before he finds time to answer. In all cases of the sort it is of course proper enough to use the future tense. Occasionally it may be necessary to do so, either for the sake of contrast, or of emphasis, or even of securing variety. But ordinarily its employment adds nothing to the clearness or force of what is sought to be said. It therefore approaches the nature of an expletive. On the other hand, the use of the present tense not only makes the idea just as distinct, it sometimes renders it far more effective. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," wrote Paul, arguing against those who denied immortality. Undoubtedly, "we shall die" would have expressed exactly what the apostle had in mind; but it would not have given his words the vividness and energy they now have.

But there are plenty of instances in our literature where the present tense is used independently, sometimes to express directly, sometimes to imply the idea of future time. The subject is too extensive to receive here little more than reference; but the examples of the usage are frequently striking. When Othello threatens the brawling combatants at the court of guard that he who lifts his arm in further quarrel shall meet with immediate and condign punishment, he adds to the effectiveness of his speech by employing the present tense and not the future. "He dies upon his motion" are his words. Extreme instances of this usage occasionally occur. A verb in the present tense indicating future time has sometimes been opposed in the same sentence to another verb in the present tense indicating present time. Take a short extract from Milton's ode on the "Morning of Christ's Nativity." Contrast the future sense of *is* with the present sense of *begins* in the following lines:

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,  
But now begins.

This use of the present for the future, perhaps known in all languages ever spoken, has, however, a more than ordinary justification for itself in the class of languages to which English belongs. In these there were originally but two tenses. The present, therefore, indicated not only what was but what was to be.

In the case of English it took several hundred years to develop fully the modern future. "Six days thou workest; the seventh day thou retest," says the Anglo-Saxon version of the Decalogue, literally translated. The verb-phrases, consisting of *will* and *shall* with the infinitive, had indeed made their appearance in the speech when it was committed to writing. But so far from having then attained supremacy, they secured at first little more than recognition. It was a slow process that established them in general use. The encroachment of these special forms for the future upon the domain of the present must have brought sorrow to the linguistic conservatives among our early ancestors, so far as such persons then existed. But the protracted grief of centuries has long been forgotten, and the lesson conveyed by it is unheeded. There are those of us, in consequence, who are now insisting not merely upon the further extension but upon the exclusive sway of a usage which some of their forefathers doubtless deplored as a corruption.

But of all these assaults upon idiom made in behalf of pedantry, the most vociferous is the one directed against the construction in which the passive voice is followed by an object. Certainly there is none which involves completer ignorance of the best usage or more absolute defiance of the authority of the great writers of our speech. In the construction itself there is nothing peculiar to English. It is found in Latin, more frequently in Greek. No student of the former tongue needs to be told that verbs of asking and teaching in the active voice govern two accusatives; and that in the passive these same verbs can be followed also by one of these two accusatives. It is in English, however, that this sort of construction has undergone a development so full that it has come to partake almost of the nature of a special idiom. A noun as object follows the tenses of the passive



voice or the passive participle in the case of no small number of verbs. The usage has never been made the subject of exhaustive investigation, especially as regards the early periods of the language. But about its later history and its increasing frequency in later times very positive statements can be safely made.

While so common now, the construction does not seem to have been known to our tongue in its earliest form. No example of it occurs—I speak subject to correction—in Anglo-Saxon. It made its appearance, however, in the language as early as the end of the twelfth century. During the three or four centuries following it was seemingly but little used, though the fact that but few traces of it have been found, or at least have been recorded, may be due to the further fact that they have not been diligently sought for. It is enough here to prove its early existence by citing two or three illustrative passages, the spelling of which is here modernized. “I found Jesus bound, scourged, given gall to drink,” says Richard Rolle de Hampole. “The merchant was paid thirty pounds fine,” is the statement made in the metrical romance of “Sir Amadas.” “Fie! the tales that I have been told,” is the speech of one of the characters in the “Coventry Mysteries.”

It is not worth while, however, to linger over the occurrence of this construction in writers whose names, even if known, would carry no weight. The examples given are enough to show the antiquity of the usage; they are not of sufficient consequence to establish its authority. Let us pass on to the sixteenth century. By the end of it the idiom was flourishing in full vigor. From that day to the present its employment has not only been frequent, it has become increasingly frequent with the progress of time. Still, from the very nature of things the construction is limited to a comparatively small class of verbs. In one sense, therefore, it can never be exceedingly common. It may be that it was for this reason that for a long time it seems to have escaped the attention of grammarians. It was not, indeed, till the latter part of the eighteenth century that notice seems to have

been taken of it. It was during that century that men became linguistically self-conscious on a large scale. It was then they began to feel resting upon them the burden of preserving the speech in its so-called purity. Naturally, a construction of this sort would arrest their attention. It was opposed to all their preconceived ideas of grammatical propriety. It was what they called anomalous.

Still, it unquestionably had abundant authority in its favor in the books men daily read and in the speech of those they met. The attitude of grammarians towards it therefore varied widely. Many continued to ignore it, either because they did not remark it or because they did not know what to say about it. A few accepted it with apparent approval. Most, however, looked at it askance, even when they refrained from condemning it. The more intelligent of this last-named class, daunted by the frequency with which the construction was found in the best writers, submitted sometimes meekly, sometimes grumblingly, to the condonement of this grammatical offence. That there were authors so linguistically depraved as to employ the construction was, indeed, something to be deplored. But these were so many and so great that the censors of speech, while they had the desire, did not have the courage to condemn. But no small number of grammarians stood up stoutly against the usage. They took the lofty ground that grammatical purity, or what they deemed grammatical purity, must be preserved, no matter how much expression suffered.

Two or three representatives of these classes may be cited to illustrate the views just described. Noah Webster in his *Philosophical Grammar* mentioned the usage. One of the examples he quoted was taken from Blackstone's *Commentaries*. “The bishops and abbots were allowed seats in the House of Lords,” said the great jurist. Webster observed that the true construction would be, “Seats in the House of Lords were allowed to the bishops and abbots.” But he clearly took a despairing view of the possibility of effecting any reformation. The comment he made upon the examples he cited of the practice reveals



his state of mind. "The idiom," he wrote, "is outrageously anomalous, but perhaps incorrigible."

Later Lindley Murray considered the usage. He borrowed Webster's examples and reechoed his sentiments. But the construction was itself too much for the grammarian. It requires, indeed, painful and protracted vigilance on the part of the most scrupulous pedantry to avoid falling inadvertently into the use of an idiom so common, so convenient, and supported by authority so abundant and so great. Murray, in consequence, was apt to resort unconsciously to a practice which in theory he condemned. The lapses he made from linguistic virtue brought infinite satisfaction to a grammarian who flourished in this country about the middle of the nineteenth century. This man was Gould Brown. He published in 1848 a bulky volume entitled the *Grammar of English Grammars*. It is not of so much value for what it directly teaches as for the estimate it indirectly leads us to set upon works of this nature. It abounded in examples of errors or assumed errors in the use of speech. They were gathered in the large majority of instances not from the classic writers of the language, but from the works of grammarians. These persons, Brown assured us, were misleading the schools. It was his delight to point out and to exemplify the various blunders they committed and the false doctrines they inculcated. Lindley Murray was still a name to conjure by. Towards him he, for that reason apparently, exhibited special rancor. There is scarcely one of his collections of passages containing real or assumed errors of speech in which this grammatical hero of former generations does not figure as a conspicuous offender against some principle of grammar.

Brown himself never doubted in the slightest his own knowledge both of what was and what was not correct English. A passive verb followed by an object was a construction which stirred his soul to the depths. He was not in the least disposed to follow the pusillanimous course of those grammarians who were inclined to put up with it as a necessary concession to man's grammatical hardness of heart. Not for an instant would he

tamper with the unclean thing. He took Webster to task for his faint-heartedness. He quoted his despondent remark already given as having been written "with too little faith in the corrective power of grammar." The betrayal of his principles which Lindley Murray had disclosed in his practice naturally called for severe comment. "We too," said that writer, "must be allowed the privilege of forming our own laws." In this sentence, which Brown cited as a specimen of false syntax, his predecessor had uttered a great truth about his own language without being aware of the extent of its application.

These fulminations against the idiom have had as little weight with the great authors of the present as they would have had with the great authors of the past, had the latter been called upon to encounter them. The antiquity of the construction has been shown by examples. It is now worth while to show its universality. Here, accordingly, will be given a few examples of the usage taken from the greatest authors of our literature from the end of the sixteenth century to the present day. Out of the mighty mass of illustrations at disposal the choice has been dictated largely by the demand for brevity, but even more by the desire to represent the employment of as many different verbs as possible. As, however, two or three of these have served as subjects of frequent censure, it has been deemed best to furnish a corresponding number of instances of their use. To make manifest the continuity of the idiom, the date has been appended either of the first publication of the passage cited or of its composition:

It's late in death of daunger to advize,  
Or love forbid him that is life denayed (*i. e.*,  
denied).  
SPENSER, *The Faerie Queene*, iv., 12 (1596).

We are denied access unto his person.  
SHAKESPEARE, *2d Henry IV.* (1600).

She shall be allowed her passions.  
BEN JONSON, *The Poetaster* (1602).

So shall nature be cherished and yet taught  
masteries.  
BACON, "Essay on Regiment of Health"  
(1612).



Such favor I unworthy am vouchsafed.  
MILTON, *Paradise Lost* (1667).

The best thing I have heard of Christianity is that we women are allowed the privilege of human souls.  
DRYDEN, *Don Sebastian* (1690).

It cannot well be allowed the honor of a fourth.  
SWIFT, *Tale of a Tub* (1704).

I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood who was served such a trick.  
ADDISON, *Spectator* (1712).

I conclude from hence you have not been paid the money by Lord Cornwallis.  
POPE, Letter to Broome (1726).

I heard the other day that I was writing a play and was told the name of it.  
GRAY, Letter to Walpole (1747).

Pen, ink, and paper of which she was forbidden the use.  
FIELDING, *Tom Jones* (1749).

I knew by their looks upon their returning they had been promised something great.  
GOLDSMITH, *Vicar of Wakefield* (1766).

In the library I was shewn some curiosities.  
DR. JOHNSON, *Journey to the Western Islands* (1774).

He may be spared any unpleasant feeling of disappointment.  
WORDSWORTH, Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*, 2d edition (1800).

He was permitted egress.  
BYRON, Letter to Murray (1816).

An idle tale current among themselves that a lanzknecht was refused admittance into heaven on account of his vices, and into hell on the score of his tumultuous, mutinous, and insubordinate disposition.  
SCOTT, *Quentin Durward* (1823).

They were offered their lives if they would consent to abjure the cause of the insurgent Covenanters.  
MACAULAY, *History of England* (1849).

Being through his cowardice allowed Her station.  
TENNYSON, *Idylls of the King* (1859).

Would she be locked up, set to say her prayers,  
Prevented intercourse with the outside world.  
BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book*, iv. (1868).

There is a limit to the space which the most enduring of magazine editors can

be induced to give up to examples of usage. Otherwise it would be a satisfaction to fill scores of pages with further illustrations of this idiom, drawn not merely from the authors already cited, but from writers of every kind and grade of achievement during every period of modern English literature. No construction is more firmly established in our language than this. It is on the whole commoner in prose than in poetry. It is more common in some authors than in others. It is frequent, for instance, in Shakespeare and Milton: it is rare in Spenser and Bacon. It is frequent in Browning: it is rare in Tennyson. But it is found in all, as well as in all sorts of productions. Furthermore, its employment seems to have been on the increase since the sixteenth century. It has assuredly never been more used than in the middle and latter half of the century which has just closed. From the authors who flourished during this period—intentionally excluding those now living—examples can be drawn from the writings of Disraeli, Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Charles Kingsley, Hawthorne, Trollope, Stevenson; from those of Mrs. Browning, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot; from those of Washington Irving, Carlyle, Emerson, Cardinal Newman, Walter Savage Landor, Lowell, Ruskin, Froude, Matthew Arnold—in fine, from the writings of every author worth reading.

The antiquity and universality of the idiom is one thing; its origin is quite another. In the comparatively little as yet known of the historic development of English syntax he is treading upon insecure ground who now attempts to set forth the precise cause which led to the introduction into our speech of an idiom which did not belong to it originally. But three agencies in particular have contributed to its prevalence. There is first the combination, so common in English, of a verb with the substantive it governs, gaining thereby a special meaning allied to the substantive. This compound phrase is usually, though not invariably, followed by a preposition. Thus we can say indifferently *to notice*, or *to take notice of*. No one would feel any hesitation about using the construction, "he was noticed." But by so doing he is led almost inevitably to employ the



equivalent passive construction, "he was taken notice of." It is worthy of remark, as regards the origin of the idiom under discussion, that the first example of it which has been adduced—the first, at least, of which I am aware—is an expression belonging to this class. So far back as the beginning of the thirteenth century "they are let blood" occurs in Layamon.

Another agency which has contributed to the prevalence of the usage is the not uncommon fact that a verb followed by a preposition is often equivalent in sense to a simple verb. *To present with*, for illustration, conveys a meaning not essentially different from *to give*. Such a sentence as "The boy was presented with a book" would bring no protest from the sternest of grammarians. But so long as such expressions are in use, it is asking too much of human nature to expect that the equivalent *given* will not be substituted for *presented with*. In that case the passive followed by an object has descended upon us in all its assumed horribleness.

But the main agency in bringing about the wide extension of the usage is something quite different. The construction in question belongs primarily to a verb which in the active voice governs two accusatives, the one of a person, the other of a thing. But it so happens that early in the history of our speech the forms of the dative and the accusative, originally separate, were melted into the one we call the objective. When the distinction between the two appealed no longer to the eye or the ear, it was sure, in the case of most men, not to appeal long to the mind. In such a sentence as "They paid the man twenty pounds," the verb seemed to the popular apprehension to govern two accusatives. Consequently, when the passive construction was employed, the original dative of the person, conceived of as an accusative, became the subject of the verb, while the actual accusative remained as its object. Accordingly, the sentence assumed the form, "The man was paid twenty pounds." This particular kind of usage did more than establish itself; it gained strength and expansion in various ways, into the details of which there is no room to enter here.

But whatever may be the origin of the idiom, there is no more question as to its legitimacy than there is as to its usefulness. No one, to be sure, is compelled to employ it. With the exercise of sedulous care and at the expense of much tribulation of spirit it can always be avoided. Every man has the fullest liberty to indulge in any sort of linguistic asceticism under the illusion that he is setting an example of linguistic holiness. It is only when he insists that others cannot be pure without accepting his notions of purity that he becomes objectionable. It is not particularly creditable to the English-speaking race that at this late day any necessity should exist of defending a construction like the one under consideration. Here is an idiom which has been in use for more than six centuries. For the last three of these it has been in use by every writer whom we regard as an authority. It is, furthermore, an idiom which adds facility and variety to expression, and thereby increases the resources of the language. No more preposterous proposition was ever advanced in the history of any cultivated tongue than that all men should deliberately abandon a construction now embodied in the very framework of the speech, because it offends the linguistic sensibilities of some men who have studied grammar without studying the literature upon which any grammar entitled to consideration is based.

It is said that there are newspaper offices in this country where this construction is strictly tabooed. Were this true of all, as it may be of some, there would be a certain justification for a common but essentially absurd charge that the press is doing all it can to ruin the language. No anxiety, however, about the success of such an undertaking could be entertained by any one who has made himself familiar with the history and development of speech. The futility of the attempt would be more conspicuous even than its fatuity. Yet efforts directed to the accomplishment of this impossible task will without doubt always continue to be put forth by a certain class of verbal critics who can never free themselves from the impression that man was made for language and not language for man.



# The Apex of the World

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

"BUT what am I to do with Enid, here, of all places?" Alice laid down her pen and turned from the letter she was writing. "On a desert island together we could be happy forever and a day talking over everything, from the proper qualifications for suffrage to the extent of the universe, *via* the latest sleeve. And at home there would be clubs and whist and luncheons and all the woman sort of good times she likes. But she hates the very things that constitute the Springs—crowds and dancing and men. No, that isn't exactly true. She doesn't hate men. She's honestly indifferent. She has been a bridesmaid fifteen times and I have never seen it occur to her to 'let people understand' that *she* 'could have a wedding too' if she chose. Even the trousseaux and presents don't make her envious." Alice paused. "Now you know that's distinctly degenerate. The custom of trousseaux and presents has been established by Social-Nature just to influence the bride's friends—and to hypnotize the bride." She looked at her husband out of the corner of her eye.

"Oh, really?" said Stewart. "No, I didn't know. I always wondered what the sense was in all that fuss." His tone subtly added, "over such a trifle."

"Yes," Alice explained fully, "it's like the old sacrificial processions—the noise and movement dazzle and exalt the victim so that he—she—goes on with her part."

Stewart did not take the trouble to pantomime his appropriate wound from her arrow. He crossed the other leg over and puffed a volley of smoke toward her, his mouth drawn by both the blowing and a smile.

And Alice smiled back, their thorough understanding.

"Her attitude is really lovely," she went on; and her husband's mind, nicely trained by several years of association,

swiftly made the not too obvious connection. "It's that her interest is utterly sexless. Everybody is just a human being to her. The intelligence, the personality, are the attraction. I should think there would be some men who would like that, particularly in contrast to some of these girls. That is, if they only knew she felt so. But that's the trouble: men don't find out what she does feel. She just sits dumb and watches them with those laughing, interested eyes of hers, and they think she's making fun of them. Anyway, men expect a girl to make an effort to entertain them. Sex makes no difference in her interest by masculinity being in itself an attraction; but it does make a difference, after all, by being a restraint. She doesn't easily get acquainted with men, nor they with her."

"I should think that would simplify matters for you here," Stewart said, "where the girls are sixteen to one man, anyway."

"The very time for a self-respecting girl to assert herself!" his wife declared. "Besides, manless good times now would be like college days warmed over. They can't be manless, anyway. You're here"—("Oh, she doesn't count me,")—"a fixed spot in my vision whichever way I turn—the apple of my eye," she added, elaborately. "Besides, it won't seem like a trip unless it's different from home. And her mother's counting on me, I know. She says the way Enid is doing she'll wake up before long to find that she has missed both her girlhood and her womanhood. It is a pity, Fred. She's a splendid girl. You don't know—"

"Like to know why I don't know! She and I got downright chummy those two weeks at Mackinac, three years ago, while you were busy flirting with every man—woman, and child on the island. You don't reflect that you left your affectionate husband unprotected, and yourself risked a dangerous rival."



"I might have known you'd discover her!"

"Incidentally, yes; and I discovered a gold-mine. But I got the chance because she was discovering me. I was in the family now, so to speak, and she wanted to know whether to claim kin or not, whether you were secure. She didn't seem to realize that I was a man. I gathered it was, too, because she considered me perfectly safe, from both our standpoints. I wish Harbison could be in my shoes."

"Will Harbison? Have you thought of him, too? Oh, wouldn't it be fine! But there, what nonsense! All the things you want to arrange in life go like the complaint in the Bible—'I have piped unto you and ye have not danced.' Have you heard from him?"

"Didn't I tell you? This morning. He'll be here the end of the week."

"Oh, Fred, you're so absent-minded! You'd have let me send this letter without knowing." She turned back to the table, then stopped. "But what good does knowing do? If I praise them to each other, they'll be antagonized in advance or disappointed afterward; if I don't, they may not notice each other at all. Whatever I do"—she gave it up—"Enid will stick in her shell, and Will will never know the opportunity he's missing. If I could just assure her that he isn't primarily a man; merely an invalid, say, or something like a priest, or—" She stopped, a look of utter amazement at her own genius spreading over her face.

"Well?" he reminded her.

"Wait! wait!" She flung herself at the table and fell to writing furiously, chuckling at every punctuating jab of her pen. "Now. Listen: 'I can't promise you a gay time as regards men. You know how things always are at summer resorts. But of course I'm not bothering about that with you.' (That will throw her off guard and make her feel comfortable.) 'But we're here, and there is golf and a fair livery and the daily sunset and the everlasting hills.' (That will fetch her.) 'And for the next month or six weeks I would particularly appreciate your being on hand to help us out with Will Harbison, an old chum of Fred's, who is coming to recuperate

(under my chaperonage!) from typhoid fever. He won't be much on night festivities for a while at least, and, being already assigned to one girl who isn't here,' (Not a word! not a word! Isn't it true?) 'it will be a rare other girl, of course, who will find him interesting.' (Isn't that masterly?) 'By the way, don't let him know you know. It's a dead secret yet.'"

"One word at least." Stewart caught at the rein of her Pegasus. "Why should the girls be queered by what they don't know? Give your friend credit for the eminently logical mind she has."

"Oh, don't worry about that. She'll read it in terms of his superfine sense of honor. After all, I do know Enid better than you. There, you made me drop the sealing-wax to one side of the flap. It looks like a cross-eyed fever-blister. And it's all your fault."

"Yes'm," said her husband, meekly. "It always is; I admit it."

The man, coatless and collarless, stood, with feet far apart, in the aisle of the swaying sleeper, twisting uncomfortably in berth-adjusted garments.

The curtains of the berth next below shook, and a pair of woman's oxfords (with feet in them) reached the floor inside the shelter. Now the curtains bulged and flapped, and a flutter of silk ruffles and plainer silk outer hem came to position. The curtains parted, and out stepped a girl completely dressed, hair, stock, belt, in perfect order. She was anywhere between twenty and thirty, of that indefinite age that the college, with its extension of youth, has given girls. And she looked dignified and self-unconscious and bright. Bright! at 6 A.M. of a cindery summer railroad ride! And she had dressed completely in a Pullman berth! The only lack in her toilet was that her face was still unwashed and showed the gray finish of travel.

The man retreated to the dressing-room. When he returned, the girl was waiting in his made-up section to get into the woman's quarters of the car.

She was still waiting when he went to breakfast.

They had passed The White, and the man was half through with his meal when



the girl appeared at the door of the diner. And the unchanged aspect of her nevertheless cheerful face needed no commentary. As she passed the stationary stand at the entrance she hesitated for one judicial instant, and then, convention succumbing, half disappeared for a few moments.

Whether or not the cold water alone was responsible, she had a fine color as she took the only vacant place in the car, opposite the man at his table for two.

The conductor passed through and she stopped him. "You had better give me my ticket now. I won't get back to my car much ahead of time. I change at Covington, don't I, for The Warm?" She looked anxiously out at the flying country and back at her watch. "The Louisville sleeper, lower 6."

The man thought the idea good and imitated it.

Her order was slow in being taken and slower in being filled. When it did come, she threw the lesser convention aside a second time, swallowed her soft-boiled eggs, and, as the train slowed for Covington, already on her feet, took a gulp of hot coffee—and regretted it.

The man had started. She after him. As she reached her own car door going in, he was coming out.

"I have your grip."

"And umbrella?" She identified both. "Oh, thank you."

They were on the station platform.

"There's our connection," he said. "No, we needn't run. They have to transfer the baggage."

She stopped stock-still. "All that rush! and I could have finished my breakfast!" She glared indignantly at the motionless engine puffing its nagging *hurry up! hurry up!* Then with a flash of suspicion at the man, her hand made a movement toward her bag.

"But there's considerable crowd, and only beastly day-coaches," he warned her, and, turning briskly, made for the other train.

Her eyebrows drew together and lifted and her eyes danced, as she first looked, then walked, after him.

"Thank you again," she said, with staid finality, as he put her things beside her in the seat.

The man hesitated.

She looked out of the window, opening inquiring eyes at nothing in particular beyond.

The man looked down the car. There were only three other vacant places.

She stirred. He had better find his seat. He looked white and weak.

"I beg your pardon, but are you Miss Enid Wynne?"

She turned. Her eyebrows went up again. "Miss Enid Wynne?"

"You're from Louisville," he justified himself. (Two more seats taken.)

"A city of three hundred and fifty thousand."

He laughed admission—and something more. The last vacancy in the car was gone.

"Would it disturb you if I shared your seat? There isn't another empty, and—"

She studied him for one weighing instant. "You don't look well enough to stand," she commented, gravely.

He did not try to a moment longer.

The girl looked down, then back at him. Then they both laughed: he out loud, breezily; she with no sound and little motion, but with much mirth and inner wear and tear.

"Ah, why not?" he argued, sensibly. "I'd meet you by to-night, anyway."

"What made you imagine me a Miss Wynne?" she asked, when she could talk for smiling. "Are you looking for her particularly?"

"She's going to The Warm about this time," he answered her first question. "But I don't know when," he confessed. "Probably there already." Then, with something lurking in the corner of eye and mouth, "No, I can't say that I was looking for her particularly, but I have heard that hers was a name to conjure with."

"Oh! Well, I do know Miss Wynne," she said, after a minute. "At least," on second thought, "I think I know her very well."

"You like her? You are friends?"

"I—I try to be a good friend to her. What do you know about Enid Wynne?"

"I've heard a great deal about her, from the most ardent admirers. Now I'd like the opinion of an outsider."

"I think I can give you a dispassionate estimate."

"What does she look like?"

"Oh, now! Do all men put it like the Orientals and one modern prose-poet—'the *face* of woman and the *soul* of man'? Besides, can you gauge a personality by the Bertillon system?"

"Indeed yes. The body is the outward and visible sign, even if the inward and spiritual grace does make the only beauty worth while."

"Beauty? Oh, that's too much. Pretty is a more elastic word, and of Miss Wynne, perhaps, yes. She has youth—yet, and health, and good spirits. She has nice hair and eyes and skin, and there's nothing absolutely wrong with her features. She's a little too plump, but that gives her nice shoulders and makes her good-natured."

"Heaven forbid!"

"I beg pardon?"

"Anything but good-natured! I like a woman to have plenty of spirit, balanced by humor and common sense."

"Oh! I'm sorry you don't like my friend."

"That's just what I'm afraid of. You see, she's to visit my best friends at The Warm. And I'd be nice to a dress-maker's dummy for them. But I don't mind confiding to you that I'd be perfectly willing to have her entertaining. You know there's nothing so delightful as to do something for charity and then feel that you have gotten your money's worth; it's so surprising. I've no reason to doubt Miss Wynne—"

"I was going to ask."

"—except a growing distrust of Dame Fortune as a practical joker. This would seem a good chance for her to make up for her late unpleasantness"—he held up a bloodless, enervated hand—"by letting me get well happily. But, being a woman, she is sure not to do the obvious thing. Alice Stewart herself is very charming; and an attractive woman who has attractive women friends is as rare and as heavenly as—as edelweiss."

"Ah, I see."

"So if you observe me looking too weary in well-doing, take pity on me occasionally, won't you?"

"Oh, thank you. Can I be of any further service?"

"Yes; tell me about her. What faults has she? Is she vain? Mrs. Stewart is so eulogistic," he explained.

"Vain? N-o, I think not; not to the extreme of either conceit or sensitiveness. No, that's not one of her faults. She has a collection, of course. But *I'm* not going to tell you. You can find out for yourself."

"Now that's generous of you."

"If you call it that. And what other things do you like in a girl besides spirit?"

"I like a girl with some purpose and ambition in life."

"Well, I've heard Miss Wynne say that she had a definite mission."

"Yes?"

"She's a philanthropist."

"Oh! Libraries or social settlement?"

"Neither. Humorist. Her mission is to lighten and adorn, to help the world smile."

"Now that's better. I shall surely like your friend. But then"—his face lengthened—"of course she won't like me."

"You thought of that?" the girl wondered, politely.

The man seemed to enjoy it as much as if he had said it himself.

"Perhaps you can help me there too," he said. "What kind of man does she like?"

"Suppose she denies your major premise?"

At The Hot they took the stage and drove those three miles of splendid road bordered by chestnuts, through

... the strip of herbage strown  
That just divides the desert from the sown.

As the team turned in toward the hotel grounds, a swarm of caddy pickaninies swung open the big gates for them, and they rolled up, welcomed like guests to a Southern home.

Alice Stewart was on the steps, already gesticulating. From her seat in the stage Enid leaned out a little, and smiled none the less warmly for her imperturbability. She was like a live coal to her friend's fireworks.

The man beside her turned. "Miss Wynne!"

"'For it was she,'" the girl dimpled.

"Then you did find each other!" Alice cried. "How nice! My dear, come away at once and freshen. It must have been a smothering, stupid trip."



"Oh, not so stupid," Enid reflected. She paused and looked back over her shoulder at the man, standing dumb, his hand in Fred's. As always, most of the expression of her face was in her alert, merry eyes. "Mr. Harbison, may I tell Alice your compliment?"

"Yes. All of it, please."

The two girls could not let go of each other.

"Oh, Enid, I can't believe it. It's too good to be true. And yet you feel real."

"Unkind! As if I didn't know how substantial I was!"

"Nonsense! You're exactly right. Just a good armful."

"To be sure. And what higher vocation could a 'true' woman desire?" . . .

"My dear, my dear, how have they run international politics and kept the planets going straight all this time we've been kept apart?" . . .

"Oh," said Enid, at last freeing herself, "isn't it nice to like people so?"

"You don't half know how nice it is." Alice spoke quickly and then caught her tongue between her teeth.

Enid's eyebrows went up. "Now, Alice! The same old story?" Her good-humor was distressingly indifferent.

"Oh, I didn't mean anything," Alice assured her, easily. "And I shall make no efforts to convert you this trip. I've given you up and lost interest. Well, I suppose the world does need some old maids—for solemn warnings."

At which Enid only laughed again. The solicitude of her family and friends as to her future gave her unfailing entertainment. She herself was so unconcerned,—“encouraged by my past,” she explained.

All four of the young people met at the two-o'clock dinner.

Enid was, without apparent reason, as irrepressible as a freshly uncorked bottle of soda pop. She never looked at Harbison. And he looked at her all the time, in order, whenever he caught her eye, to throw on his face a moving picture of reproach.

He cornered her on the porch afterward at the first opportunity. "How did you know?"

"I saw the name on your ticket."

"And you told me a lie!"

"My dear sir!"

"Yours truly. Well, if you prefer, you told me a mistake."

"I didn't say one word that wasn't absolutely true."

"Though you described yourself as good-natured? Once you were straight, though, I admit. 'Is she vain?' he mused. "'No, not to either extreme of conceit or sensitiveness. No, that's not one of her faults.'"

The girl could not fail to be gratified.

"That is generous of *you*."

"You thought you were so smart!"

"Or you so stupid?"

He capitulated. "What an idiot I must have seemed!"

"Or a philanthropist?"

"You must think of me—"

"Suppose I deny your major premise? Oh, let me laugh," she gasped, struggling silently for breath, "and don't mind. I haven't had such a good time for years. And I never had a talk so un-cribbed-cabined-and-confined with any other man except Alice's husband. I hope you appreciate," she remembered, "that I did know who you were, and"—she hesitated—"that I was conscious of an invisible chaperon."

"May she stay invisible," he said, devoutly. (Enid's face straightened swiftly.) "Forget her," he advised, earnestly. (This was the staid Miss Wynne.) "No reflections on Alice," he assured her, hastily. "Indeed," he chuckled, "I have the greatest confidence in Alice along such lines."

Enid's face relaxed. But she had risen. Mirth warred with dignity again. "You look to me already very weary; whether in well or ill doing I would not like to be the one to guess. I'm going to take pity on you now."

"Ah—!"

But with a brief nod she started across the broad veranda and down the steps toward the Stewarts' cottage.

Harbison leaned over the railing. "Miss Wynne."

She paused and lifted a most attractive acoustic property toward him, but her face was set straight ahead.

"I wanted to tell you that I had discovered how well charity might pay and virtue be its own reward."

When she was gone and he had turned back, he realized how noisy and crowded the veranda was and how little strength he had yet. He went to his room.

Harbison's languor and general indifference were too real for Enid not to see and sympathize. Their private porch was so quiet. And there she could read to him; not too much. Or they talked fitfully, or, for hours at a time, not at all, while they dipped into magazines, or perhaps did not even exert themselves so much as that.

The air of their first encounter could never entirely be dissipated. Frankness and comradeship were his natural manner. And if perchance on some occasion she stiffened and withdrew from his pleasant familiarity, he would look at her intently,—"Why, there seems to be something really wrong with Miss Wynne's features to-day!" or, "She's too plump, but that makes her good-natured"; and all Enid's traditions that she should not, could not deny that she did enjoy it and him.

They both proved capable of a degree of idleness that was a distinction. Harbison had his excuse. Enid said she needed none,—with five feet four inches and a hundred and eighteen pounds, repose of manner made a good effect.

"And a bad cause," Alice giped.

Alice said she went to the country for the people. Views, moonlight, and medicinal waters were only accessories to good talk. And from at least dinner-time every day she vigorously wore out her lovely clothes and her strength. There seemed less time than Enid had anticipated for "settling the universe" together.

"It's awfully good of you to amuse Will so, Enid."

"Oh, he amuses me, too," carelessly.

At which Harbison in his steamer-chair turned and looked at her suspiciously. He sometimes suspected that he amused her too much and too exclusively.

Alice she reassured more fully. "He's a nice boy, and polite." Her smile grew confessional and reminiscent. "It's not so tedious. Oh, go ahead and work as hard as you choose for your good times and don't push me to the wall for excuses for being lazy."

They drove a great deal, often the four

of them. But among the other energetic things for which the two Stewarts developed a keenness and the others did not was golf. So that often Enid and Harbison went alone together.

"Has it ever occurred to you," he asked one day, "what a touching and womanly mission Miss Wynne's is?"

Her attitude challenged both belittling adjectives.

"Charity begins at home, you know," he reminded her.

In the beginning she took the reins. And they did not even hurry the horse. They loitered, drinking in the stimulus of the air and the strength of the hills.

Drinking in the prospect also.

"Oh," she sighed, "do you realize how good Fortune has been to you in giving you such a place for recuperation?"

"Fortune?" he said. "I have retracted every invidious remark I made. And I am only more sure than ever that she is a woman, for, now that she smiles, it blots out all past frowns."

He looked at Enid, to be sure. But why (she asked herself, stiffening) should she color at that?

"Do you know," he continued, considering her, "I have discovered one of the faults of your friend Miss Wynne. She doesn't play fair. I laid bare my innermost thoughts about girls the first time we met, and she has never given me a hint as to the kind of man she likes."

That "play fair" touched a sensitive nerve of hers. "I didn't mean to fail in reciprocity," she said, with contrition. "Of course I know it takes two to be friends."

"Well, then?"

"Oh, how can I tell," she demanded, helplessly, "till I meet him?"

"Ah! Well, now, that's not so bad. In fact, it's distinctly encouraging. A fellow still has a chance at least."

But even as he smiled at her he saw the shades drop quickly before the windows of her face.

It was not, however, her reserve that disconcerted him. He thought he had good reason for the faith that was in him that she knew when other things were larger than conventions.

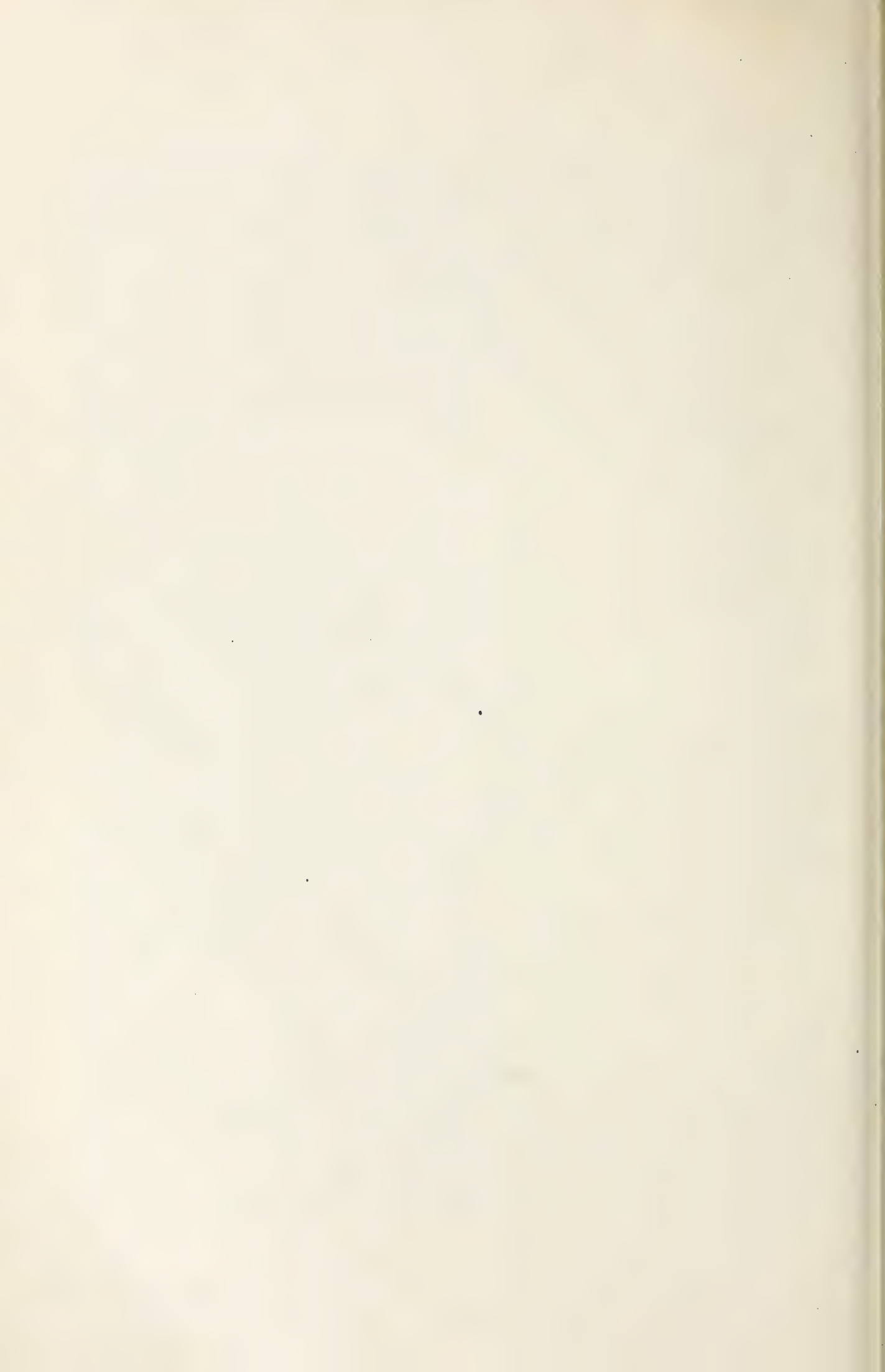
"There's only one thing about your Mr. Harbison that isn't up to par," she told Alice. "A man's being engaged





*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens*

"BUT AT LEAST, I HAVE NO SECRET FROM YOU"





gives other girls more freedom with him, but it oughtn't to give him more freedom with other girls."

Alice flashed her one look of curiosity and delight, then, with a mental groan, checked herself. "Oh, I don't believe Will Harbison often says the wrong thing."

"No wrong at all, if he just knew I knew too."

"You haven't referred to it!" The tone was between a question and an exclamation.

"Oh no; I wouldn't intrude. He'll tell me when he gets ready. But it does seem as if he might trust me by this time."

"You know how imperative some girls are about secrecy," Alice reminded her. She was standing at the window, and Enid could not see her face, but her voice smiled. After a moment she added, with the salutary malice of a lancet: "Don't be too prissy, my dear. It seems so inexperienced and susceptible."

Harbison touched, in a way, on the subject again. "You don't talk about yourself as much as I do about myself."

"Are you sure that's my fault?" Enid twinkled. "But at least," she added, boldly, "I have no secret from you."

He was lounging in the hammock and studying her (in the steamer-chair set straight-backed). "I'm afraid that's true," he concluded.

"And that you have from me?" she pushed home in too great haste to examine his speech.

"Y-e-s," he admitted, slowly, "and that I had probably better keep it a little longer."

The air of the valley that is blue and gold and makes the blood sing was doing its work for him. His hair was coming out "abominably" kinky. And his skin looked like a baby's.

Now when they drove he had the reins. And they varied driving with riding.

The neighborhood livery afforded them fair mounts.

"I'm going to call mine Dixie," she said, as they swung along.

Harbison had no objection and no comments.

She looked at him and, after a moment, the laughter beginning to well up in her eyes, repeated, "I'm going to call mine Dixie."

"Oh, hello! Have I missed my cue? Wake up, end-man. You're going to call yours Dixie. Why?"

"Because he's of an independent turn of mind and yet must be kept in league. That's the fun of handling him. I like spirit in a horse—"

"As I do in a girl."

"To be sure. And what is your theory of management?"

He debated. "*First to win their confidence by decent treatment, to make friends; then—*"

Dixie shied, backward and sidewise, clear across the road. (Just a piece of paper in the wind, but Harbison hardly got his chestnut, and his leg, out of the way.) Then, as she reined him up sharply, he wheeled, rearing. She brought him down. Again. What a beautiful picture it made! He was off at a run.

Harbison saw the blood drop from her face and her hands grow tense through the gloves. He put his heels into his chestnut and simply tried to keep alongside and ready.

Neither of them had made a sound.

She seemed to be just guiding Dixie while he ran down. But gradually she was getting him in hand. The color was coming to her face again, only the lips were a dull thin line. And now she was talking to him . . . talking to him. . . .

The two horses, sweating and quivering, came to a walk.

Harbison saw her bosom heave.

"*First to win their confidence by decent treatment,*" Harbison resumed, delicately overlooking the rudeness of interruption; "*make friends. Then, when they must take a flyer, give them head and stand by. Then—*"

She drew rein. Dixie stood.

And then it was as if something ran away with the man. "Bully for you!" he cried.

Her face flashed round on him, warm, dishevelled. The eyes were very nice. "Bully for you!" she declared. "You're an officer and a gentleman! Always. Any other man would have messed it by trying to do the heroic-rescue act or the masterly tamer." Harbison felt the blood creep to the very roots of his "sweet" new curls. His promotion had come. He was invited above the salt. "Shall I finish your Rules for the Guiding Hand for you?"



—Then, at need, they'll go with you into the cannon's mouth, to the last gasp."

For once he had nothing clever to say.

"Do you never scream?" he asked, admiringly.

But she looked apologetic. "Yes, I know I ought to. It's a woman's one weapon. But I— Oh, I don't do any of the things a properly constituted woman should." Her eyes were on the far hills.

The man sat breathless. *She*, of all women, was making a confidant of *him*!

"But how is one to tell?" Her eyes came back to him from the blue distance, simple, direct, troubled, without consciousness of gender or person. And the man's gratification was subtly tempered by that look. After all, she was making only a *confidant* of him.

"About love?" he said. "Oh, that's easy. It's like grip. You call any old case of chills and fever it, to be in style. But when the real thing comes, you know it, without diagnosis or dubiety."

The girl settled back into her saddle. Her body gave again to the motion of the horse. "You speak as one having authority," she smiled, "the authority of experience." She looked at him, frank and encouraging.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "and I shall apply for my degree pretty soon."

The moment she had been inviting had come. Why did Enid touch up her horse?

The two young people had waited to make the climb to Flag Rock, first for Harbison's strength, then for a perfect day for the view.

They started on a still, warm afternoon, with just haze enough to give glamour, driving.

As they mounted, the swinging world subsided below them in lessening waves of foothills, and beyond, range after range of mountains shouldered up into sight.

At the end of the road they hitched the horse and scrambled up the peak of bare jagged rock that spired starkly above trees and shrubbery.

"Oh," said Enid, "how abrupt it is! And"—as she gained the highest point and clung to the flag-pole—"how exclusive. There's room for only one person. You see there is not always room at the top."

"You're mistaken," Harbison informed her, and proved it, finding hold for foot and hand opposite her. "You're a chronic pessimist. And that statement embodies the fundamental flaw in your philosophy,—there's room for two any place it's worth being."

The afternoon had been very still below, but up here was a strong wind.

"How fast the earth spins!" the girl breathed. The sound of her skirts was like the soft fluttering of flame.

She leaned and gazed.

"Why is it," she wondered, hushed, "that the more beauty you see the more sadness and longing you feel? Is it a perception of lack in yourself?"

He was glad she was discovering it.

She counted the ranges visible—six on one hand, nine on the other. She looked up and down. "It's so sharp and isolated!" she said. "Absurd as it sounds, neither Pikes Peak nor the Rigi gives you such a sense of height. Why, it's the apex of the world! You have only to put out your hand to touch the sky."

"Yes," he said, in a voice she had never heard before—"yes, it's the highest point of everything. It does seem as if one had only to put out his hand to touch heaven."

Instantly both were acutely conscious of the silence, the solitude, of their two selves alone together, suspended between earth and heaven.

And he felt that in the tingling emptiness that globed only them two the flash that leaped from him found its negative pole—sensitive, responsive,—established the current.

His hand closed over hers on the flag-staff. If she left it, for a moment even. . . .

She moved instantly, to climb down. "It oughtn't to be high enough to go to the head," she said, dryly. "After all, we are not quite out of the world."

His hand shook as he helped her into the trap. Almost it had grasped the bird-of-paradise.

Her eyes, evading his, were caught inevitably for one passing flash, that brought a shock. The hurt and disappointment in his! and—but why?—disappointment with her.

As they drove, she gained her voice. With the sound of it her confidence





*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens*

"HOW FAST THE WORLD SPINS," THE GIRL BREATHED





and ease increased. By the time the hotel was within, as it were, one short flight, she was able to say, "Don't you think it about time you told me about *Her*?" It was quite friendly and unaccusing.

But at the blank look in his face anger flamed in hers. "Oh, never mind. Don't trouble."

They had reached the steps. A little darky ran to the horse's head. Harbison, stepping out, turned to offer his hand. "Her?" he inquired.

She gathered up her skirts with one hand her parasol with the other. But the innocent stupefaction of his look arrested her. She stood, her face the screen for vitascopic emotions—indignation, bewilderment, doubt; then—a monstrous idea.

"Oh!" she said, explosively. "I wonder!"

And she was gone with a swirl of petticoats, leaving Harbison completely bemused.

She burst in on Alice. "You told me that man was engaged."

Alice whirled, hair-brush in hand, and ran to her. "Oh, Enid! really?"

"*You told me—*"

"No, my dear"—backing discreetly,—  
"I told you he was already assigned to one girl who wasn't here—then. But I did hope he'd be engaged. Now, Enid"—the hair-brush was pacifying,—  
"I depended on you not to make me out a liar. And you're such a flirt you won't get interested in any man not thoroughly inaccessible. And I've denied myself your company, and worn myself out keeping busy away from you, and I've been wise as a serpent and harmless as a sucking dove— Well, what's the matter with that quotation? Don't be ungrateful and disobliging!"

Enid heroically conquered all smiles with the gloomy eyes of a seared faith.

Alice rose to the tragic moment. "You can't realize, I am sure, how invidious your attitude is, when here are Fred and I, mutually friendly and cheerful, offering ourselves as an encouraging object-lesson."

"Oh, friendly and cheerful!" Enid said, quickly, "yes. But is that all it comes to?"

Alice drew back, swerved. "Yes," she said, softly, at last to her pin-tray, "that's all—in public." Then she wheeled. "Oh, my dear, you don't know. That's just it. I only wish you did."

Enid would not allow herself to be left alone for a moment that evening, nor to get in any out-of-the-way place, nor in the half-lights of the hotel veranda. She stayed in the ball-room.

At last Harbison stormed the fort. "May I have the next dance?"

"I'm not dancing to-night, thank you," she said, though she said it pleasantly.

Harbison sat down by her, rested his elbows on his knees, his chin in his palm, and studied the floor.

"I must tell you about *Her*," he said. "You gave me permission," he reminded her, challengingly. Then: "Fred gave me a pointer, and I understand a lot of things now. If I understand you, my lady, though the invisible chaperon has sometimes seemed in the way, I may thank her for being oftener a guardian angel. I didn't understand this afternoon. It's not like you to feint or to run. Give me my medicine, please, straight, without any wintergreen flavoring."

Her face rippled, as it so often did, through half a dozen expressions, ending in a broadening laugh. "Oh," she sighed, shaking, "did you ever know a Punch and Judy to work so perfectly to the wires? Talk about my not being good-natured and obliging! Here is one woman at least who has done the obvious thing."

"What?" he exploded, starting up—to do what?

"Mr. Harbison!" she warned him.

He dropped back and groaned. "Obliging! here! under five hundred lights and a million eyes! Oh, how can you tease now?" Then he saw that her hands were quivering, and her lips. As he looked her eyes unveiled. "Then it's not medicine," he breathed, "but—?"

"I think," she said, "it is the ichor of the gods."

"Dear, come away," he begged, hoarsely. "I can't hide my face, and there is room only for two on the apex of the world."

# Prescience

BY MARION CUMMINGS STANLEY

WHEN Mary maid of Galilee  
Arose from dreams at break of morn,  
Along the dewy fields went she,  
Her pitcher to the fountain borne;  
And as she walked the meadows green  
The tender lilies white, I ween,  
From slender swaying stalks did lean  
As they her step would stay;  
They fain would touch the lilies' queen  
Who was more white than they.

As at the brink she sat to rest  
I trow one bolder blossom pressed  
Against the lilies of her breast,—  
With subtle fragrance stole  
Into her heart mysteriously;  
Dim sense of awe, faint ecstasy  
Caught from the dawn divine to be,  
Did stir her wondering soul,  
Caught from the mystic morn when she  
Should hear the angel's *Hail!* and see  
Annunciation lilies glow  
Like white stars thro' the gloom.  
She plucked and kissed (nor did she know  
Wherefore) a lily bloom.

When Mary, flower of maidenhood,  
Would lay her down at close of day,  
First in her chamber dim she stood  
And bowed her gentle heart to pray.  
She heard soft lapsing lullabies  
From Galilee's dark sea arise,  
She saw the purple Syrian skies,  
As to the night leaned she:  
All heaven unrolled before her eyes  
A radiant mystery.

The wind was soft as angels' wings,  
Sweet as the spicery of the kings  
Who for her sake afar did wake.  
The starry sisters seven  
Did weave, I ween, with many a gem  
A star-encircled diadem  
Against the night of Bethlehem  
To crown her queen of heaven;  
The night when heaven should ope to see  
The baby on his mother's knee.  
She felt sweet wonder thrill afar,  
Herseemed she dreamed awake.  
She cried aloud "The star, the star!"  
Nor knew whereof she spake.



# Home Life with Herbert Spencer

BY "TWO"

SINCE the death of Herbert Spencer many anecdotes have been recounted, but we have looked in vain for any which reveal the brighter and kinder side of his nature. The great men who knew him talked of his philosophy; the little men, of his quaint peculiarities. Even his *Autobiography*, completed just a few weeks before we knew him, though it shows the working of his mind, fails—and perhaps it is not to be wondered at—to convey any idea of the working of his heart. It seems but fair to his memory, therefore, that we, who spent eight years under his roof, enjoying the rare opportunity of seeing him in all his moods and of studying him in his health and sickness, in his serious and in his frivolous moments, should direct public attention to those attributes of his character which are scarcely even suspected by the many admirers of his wonderful intellect. Nor is it amiss that this task should be left to two women to perform. Many people worshipped him, and yet more respected him, but it was at a distance. We knew him in his home; and perhaps it needed a woman to appreciate the depth and the width of the great, kindly nature that lay beneath that striking exterior.

In 1889 we—two sisters—having met with losses, made an arrangement to take general charge of a house where for eight years we lived under the same roof with the great philosopher. The arrangements were effected through a mutual friend. She had heard of our losses, and told us that her old friend Herbert Spencer, who had lived for twenty-three years in boarding-houses in London, now thought, at the age of sixty-nine, he would prefer a home of his own. He wanted to settle down, but as a bachelor he had a horror of the worries entailed by housekeepers and servants and the troubles of a solitary household. Besides, he felt that he wanted something of a family life. It had occurred to him, therefore, that her hus-

band, Dr. B——, might know some ladies who had goods and chattels enough to furnish the larger part of a moderate-sized house with whom he could take up his residence.

He had mentioned the matter to other friends without success, and probably scarcely hoped to find any one so situated who would be willing to make the experiment, but Dr. B—— had thought of us at once. We, as he knew, possessed furniture which, as things were, was only a burden to us. We were fresh from a family life, and anxious for a motive for our energies.

Why, she said, in her kind way, we were the very people for Mr. Spencer, for he would be responsible for the heavier part of the expenses on consideration that the ladies of the household undertook to see that the servants carried out his orders. "The arrangement," said she, "will be an advantage to you both."

"But," urged D——, when her consternation at the proposal allowed her to speak, "we are quite unfit for it. Our way of life has been more of the domestic than the intellectual order. We should never get on with Mr. Spencer."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. B——; "nothing of the sort. Mr. Spencer doesn't want to have intellectual people about him." And with this she closed the discussion, if such it may be called, where all the argument was on her side.

We finally rented the house at No. 64 Avenue Road, Regents Park. The manner of his first arrival was most disconcerting. At twenty minutes to five he drove rapidly to the door in his carriage—a shabby little victoria—and, stepping quickly out, slowly ascended the steps, leaving the innumerable rugs, cloaks, etc., he had brought with him to follow. He shook hands cordially, and then entering the dining-room, sank in silence into an armchair. The silence lasted several seconds, after which he informed us that



he had been feeling his pulse! Luckily it had been beating regularly, and conversation, to use the hackneyed phrase, "became general."

He used to return from the Athenæum Club at about nine in the evening, and sit with us for about an hour, and if the conversation proved too trying for him he would produce his ear-stoppers and shut himself off from the world of sound. These ear-stoppers were formed of a band almost semicircular in shape, with a little velvet-covered knob at either end, which was pressed by the spring in the band on the flaps over the hole of each ear. Very practical and sensible, no doubt, but irresistibly funny to see, and a ready butt for parody.

Each evening at ten o'clock punctually he rose, wished us "good night," and went to his room. His oddities extended even to his sleeping arrangements, and as he insisted on his bed being made in a certain fashion of his own, he retired the first evening after his arrival at an earlier hour than was his custom subsequently, in order to see that the bed had been prepared for him after the approved plan.

This was as follows: A hard bolster was placed under the mattress, raising thereby a hump on which the small of his back rested. The clothes had a pleat in them right down the centre, so that they were never strained, but fell in loose folds on either side of him—an arrangement which, though we were assured it was most comfortable and restful, certainly looked peculiarly untidy.

He was, of course, fully conscious of his reputation, and knew that some people regarded him as the greatest living Thinker, while others looked on him as Antichrist. The perpetual adulation would have turned the head of a smaller man. One day the postman delivered a letter addressed to "Herbert Spencer, England, and if the postman doesn't know where he lives, why, he ought to." He laughed heartily, and handed the envelope to us to look at, but it is doubtful if he felt pleased, and it is probable he forgot all about it ten minutes afterwards.

Another letter, which came about the same time, gave him even more amusement. It was from the representatives of a body of ecclesiastics, asking him what was allowable and what was not in

the way of betting and gambling. That the Church should appeal to him, even for an opinion, that it should think his views worth considering, struck Mr. Spencer as intensely funny, but never for a moment did it make him vain or puffed up. One day he received a letter—three sheets long—from an American girl, asking his advice as to whether she ought to marry her cousin or not. He was much entertained at being asked such a question, and told us about it at lunch, when there were two or three of his friends present. He went on to say he was certain it was not a *bona fide* letter, and then, turning to M——, continued:

"Oh, it was only another 'dodge'—as you would say—for getting an autograph!"

"Ah!" cried D——, addressing his friends, "she should learn my sister's method of dragging that out of him."

And then she went on to tell them that whenever the much-coveted signature was required M—— would straightway set to work and make a new will. She would then run up to the study and quite gravely lay the important document before Mr. Spencer and ask him to witness it. He, all kindness, would pause in his occupation and at once comply, and quite unconsciously fall gloriously into the trap so skilfully laid for him.

He told us that it was he who had first recommended George Eliot to take to writing fiction, and that she and her brother were the originals of Maggie and Tom Tulliver in *The Mill on the Floss*. He seems to have been responsible for more than one important event in that authoress's career, for it was he who let out the secret of her identity. Some one blessed with more desire for information than with tact had asked him pointblank if it were true that Marian Evans and George Eliot were one and the same, and his simplicity being too great to allow him to prevaricate, he kept silence, which was very naturally interpreted as an admission. And so the secret was out.

Every good quality has its corresponding defect, of course, and Mr. Spencer was no exception to the rule. It must be admitted that his straightforwardness and absence of self-consciousness, which charmed us so much on the whole, was a little troublesome at times; when he



wanted a thing he was determined to have it, and he did not in the least mind appearances.

Thus when he bought anything he would never make any purchase if the article was not just to his mind. We spent most of October and November of the first year he was with us in visiting shops for him, for, owing to his feeble health, he was unable to bear the strain of going out to choose the furniture for his drawing-room. His secretary, therefore, was sent with one of us to make preliminary selections and to bring away samples for his approval. The selections were generally wrong, and so particular was he about every detail that the same shops had often to be visited again and again before a final choice was made.

The selection of the furniture was a difficult subject enough, but worse was to follow when he chose the coverings for the chairs. If he was hard to please in the matter of form, he was even more particular in the matter of color. He had one favorite shade which he described as "impure purple," and so devoted was he to this hue, so insistent upon it on all occasions, that in a moment of frivolity one of us suggested that some love of his youth must have had an "impure purple" complexion!

Eventually the furniture was covered with a dull-green velvet, which had a binding of the same shade. This, however, was too monotonous for the philosopher, who always insisted upon "a contrast." So he decided to have it re-trimmed with a binding of his beloved "impure purple." But the exact color was not to be found in any shop; and after trying place after place, inspecting shade after shade, the search was abandoned, and an order was given to have it made. Home it came at last, and was duly approved. Then came the great work of putting it on, which had to be done under Mr. Spencer's superintendence. Indeed, he cut the first strip himself, and with his own fingers showed the sempstress how to stick it on.

Mr. Spencer had no great native fund of wit, and it is to be feared his jokes were sometimes of a rather heavy type. For instance, on the occasion mentioned above, when he was telling us the little anecdotes about George Eliot, he added,

in a whimsical sort of way, that he had often joked her about her "diabolical descent." It may have been that we looked a little blank at this, not understanding what he meant, or perhaps he thought the joke was too subtle for our understanding, for almost at once he proceeded to explain that as her name was Marian she was also a Polly Ann (Apollyon). As far as our memory served us we laughed, but subsequent years have given us no cause for thinking the remark any more witty than we thought it then. And yet, upon occasion he could be truly humorous.

One day some one had told him the well-known story of the little girl who was filled with curiosity to know what God had for His dinner, and on being told by her mother that "He did not require any dinner," remarked, "Oh, then I suppose He has an egg with His tea!"

A few days after this M—— was talking about the blissful way the gutter children dance round a street piano, and said she hoped if she ever succeeded in getting to heaven she would be allowed to dance as they did. "Oh no," he interposed; "in your capacity as cook you will have to boil the egg."

To prove that philosophic men were much as others, and that he was no mere exception to the rule, he told us of a scientific friend about his own age and, like himself, a staid bachelor. This man found it irksome to do his own writing, and at Mr. Spencer's suggestion employed a girl amanuensis for his literary work. Meeting him some days later, the philosopher inquired how the plan had answered.

"Why, not at all," was the rueful reply. "I had to give her up. I found I thought far more about the girl than what I was writing!"

"I am not good company," he once said. "Now for that you wanted John Stuart Mill or Huxley. They were good company if you like, especially Huxley, he was so humorous." That provoked him to tell of a dinner he attended where many celebrated writers met—most of them long since dead. Over their cigarettes they fell to discussing their various methods of commencing to write. One said he wrote and wrote, tore up, then wrote again, and so on. George Lewes looked surprised, and cried out:



"Oh, I'm not like that; I commence to write at once, directly the pen is in my hand! In fact, I boil at a low temperature!"

"Indeed," cut in Mr. Huxley, "that is very interesting, for, as you know, to boil at a low temperature implies a vacuum in the upper region."

One day the conversation turned on a certain friend of ours who had accused one of us of invariably making too much noise when visiting at his house. Suggestions for a remedy were called for, all of which took the form of doctoring the sufferer, for it was admitted by every one who knew her that no power on earth could mitigate the cause! All sorts of nonsensical proposals were made, and finally the offending sister herself propounded a remedy, which was adopted amid much applause.

It was decided that we should make a pair of ear-stoppers, such as we have already said Mr. Spencer wore when the conversation was too great a strain for him. He was as much amused at the idea as any one, and entered keenly into the fun. It was his suggestion that we should melt off the rim of an old saucepan lid in the study fire, and all the time that we were making this wonderful instrument he was full of ideas how to improve it. The work was eventually completed, and was duly appreciated.

This, however, was as nothing compared with the glory we reached on another occasion. M—— was away on a visit, and instead of her conversation being, as usual, on tennis, dancing, etc., it ran incessantly on Mr. Spencer—how he had said or done this, that, or the other. It must have become troublesome, for at last the son of the house—a young man of usually excellent manners, but no tendency towards philosophy—became so bored by this talk that he exclaimed in a tone of exasperation and scorn:

"Herbert Spencer! Herbert Spencer! Who ever *heard* of him until you people took him up!"

It was no surprise to us to hear how jolly Mr. Spencer was in his younger days, and what fun he made in the office with his colleagues, upon one of whom he played a most ridiculous practical joke. Every day Mr. Spencer placed in the inside band of his friend's hat a strip of

paper, so that the hat grew very gradually smaller, until at last it was so noticeable that the youth became quite concerned, and drew the attention of the whole office to the fact that his head was getting slowly larger!

It is easy to imagine the merry twinkle that must have lurked in the youthful Spencer's eye while the symptoms of water on the brain were being graphically described by the unfortunate young man, who at last showed such anxiety that it eventually became necessary to tell him of the hoax.

"I remember once as a young man," he said, "going out to a dinner-party, and discovering just as I was leaving the house that the streets were very wet. I had no means of getting a cab, and the question arose how to keep my evening pumps clean. So I took a bundle of old newspapers with me, and whenever I came to a dirty crossing I threw down one after another, making a sort of bridge over which I could cross without soiling my shoes."

The pattern of his drawing-room carpet began to fade when it had only been down a few months. It consisted, or rather *had* consisted, of clusters of blue flowers on a drabbish ground. Now, with the principal color gone, it had become far too dull for the taste of that lover of brightness. He therefore conceived the unique idea of having each flower stamped over with red ink. For this purpose he invented a small tin tray, which was made so that it stood quite flat on the floor to prevent any possibility of the ink being spilt or dropped about. Bent in it were little wells about as large round and twice as thick as a halfpenny. These depressions were filled with the liquid.

The sempstress—whom he was always glad of an excuse to employ because she was so hard-working and so poor—was soon set to carry out his plan. Down on her knees she had to go, and as she was decidedly stout, it was no light task. With a cork cut the exact size and dipped in the ink, she pressed firmly down on each flower, thus leaving it as if covered with red cherries. No wonder it took her over a week, working all day, for the carpet was from twenty-five to thirty feet long and proportionately wide.

The chief pleasure we derived was in



witnessing Mr. Spencer's amusement and keen interest as the work progressed, and when it was at last completed he never failed to tell any one who came to the house about it. If they looked incredulous and inclined to think it was a joke, with exultant glee in his eyes he would lead them to his drawing-room that they might see for themselves how successfully he had "turned blue flowers into red in a little over a week." We were glad that that chameleonlike carpet was amongst the possessions—which also included his study chair and sofa—which he bequeathed to us in his will.

On coming into the dining-room one evening he discovered one of us asleep over a book of his which he had lent us some months before. Highly amused at the soporific effect of his writings and the length of time taken over its perusal, he exclaimed.

"Why, you take as long to read my books as I take to write them!"

"Oh," was the answer, "I don't always finish them! I was reading one of your books the other day, and I saw something you said about love, which surprised me so much that I closed the book sharply and said, 'He knows nothing whatever about it.'"

He was much tickled with this speech, but his laughter died away as the recollection of the past came over him, and then and there he told us, gravely and unimpassionedly, what he knew about love from personal experience. It occurred during his engineering days, when he was about twenty-one.

He was left in charge of the business at the house of his chief, and it so happened that the only member of the family at home was a young niece, who was bright, unconventional, and rather pretty. Every morning she used to bring the letters into the office for him, and being alone and wanting company, she started talking to him. He was attracted by her. In this way, as has often happened before, a "great friendship" sprang up between them, which he said—and it was all he would admit—would "probably have ripened into something deeper" on his side, when suddenly a carefully concealed *fiancé* turned up, and he awoke. The "probable" event must have very nearly

taken place, for he told us that even after fifty years he well remembered the unpleasant feeling he experienced on seeing her hanging on his rival's arm and looking round at him to see what he thought of it.

"She was a horrid flirt!" exclaimed one of us.

"She was nothing of the sort," he quickly retorted, loyal to the memory of this half-acknowledged love of fifty years before. And so stanch and true was he, so simple and straightforward, that he would have no word said against her conduct.

It seemed that he not only felt more deeply than he would admit, but that he still cherished his illusions about her; for after he had told us his one poor little romance he suggested rather sheepishly that he should write to her and propose exchanging photographs. For although he had never seen her since, he knew where he could get her address. Seeing that he was rather bent on it and wanted to be persuaded, we encouraged him to do it. Indeed, one of us then and there suggested that she should write the letter for him—an offer which he gladly accepted. It would have been wiser not to have written—to have left the ash of this love-story untouched to the end, like a mummy in its coffin, for the remembrance of the past was still young and fresh in him.

In due time a letter arrived with the photograph of the old lady, which he opened in his own room. But it was evident from his manner when he brought it down-stairs that he was disappointed. It was strange if he expected the course of more than half a century to have left any trace of the prettiness and bloom of a girl of twenty, but it was clear that with the opening of that envelope the last of his illusions vanished.

He looked quite sad as he slowly and thoughtfully replaced the photograph in the cover; but as one of us asked, "Why is everybody so interested in love-affairs, Mr. Spencer? Is it because they are common to all?" some pale reflection of the old fire shone out once more as he answered, "Yes, that is one reason; but a greater reason is because love is the most interesting thing in life."



# Tiphaine la Fée

BY WARWICK DEEPING

YOUNG Bertrand du Guesclin came from the woods about sunset, and saw the valley, called in those parts the Valley of the Black Mere, spreading before him like a green robe dusted with precious stones. He had ridden through the woods and over the wild moors all day from Rennes towards Gleaquin by the sea. His mail glistened in the slant rays of the sun as he scanned the valley for some abbey or house where he might crave food and lodging for the night. Bertrand was hot and weary, nor had he broken bread since noon. His red, raw-boned horse chafed under the saddle and went heavily, with dropped muzzle and unpricked ears.

Near by, on the edge of the wood, Bertrand saw a peasant cocking hay in a little hollow under the brow of the hill. He shouldered his spear, gave his weary nag the spur, and trotted down over the wild grass-land painted thick with flowers. The peasant stood up and eyed the armed man keenly, for the English robbers had made the shimmer of steel terrible in the Breton lands. Bertrand shouted to him cheerily enough, with his spear poised upon his thigh.

"Hi! Jean—Pierre—bonhomme, I want a lodging for the night."

The man, leaning on his fork, recognized the du Guesclin arms—a shield argent with a displayed eagle beaked and membered gules.

"There is the Black Tower in the mere, messire," he said; "it is the Vicomte de Bellière's. He is of your party."

Bertrand, following the man's gesture, saw the black battlements of a tower rising from a mist of green. He threw the man a piece of silver and rode on, his casque hanging at his saddle-bow, his dark-skinned, ugly face shining against the western sun. It was three days since he had stolen his father's arms and ridden in to Rennes to the tourney there. Now, with the skin wound he had gotten him at the tourney burning and twinging

under his bloody shirt, he was riding for Gleaquin to throw himself and his trophy at his mother's feet. Proud Jeanne might smile at the escapade, since her ugly son had beaten the best Breton knights in the lists at Rennes.

The Black Tower rose above a cloud of aspen-trees, with its rugged battlements gilded by the splendor of the setting sun. Bertrand slouched awkwardly in the saddle, his green eyes sparkling in his boyish yet rugged face. Though he knew not the place, it was his purpose to seek lodging there, to have his wound dressed by fair dame's hands, to rest and eat before he rode on the morrow for the sea.

The shivering chatter of the aspens met him as he came over the meadows towards the castle. A thousand tall trees flickered their flakes of silver in the wind; a thousand straight trunks dwindled column on column into mysterious aisles of light. The grass, green and vivid, was plashed by a myriad frettings through of gold. The thickets were full of movement and of sound, merged and musical murmurings like the splash of a cascade or the beating of innumerable wings.

Bertrand's rough face flushed at the sound, his eyes glistened. Mystery was here, and more than mystery. The tall trees seemed to chant and mutter to him strange and wizard prophecies. Had not Merlin spoken of old that an eagle should fly out of Brittany towards the south and draw a multitude of starlings after him? Swords should shine, trumpets scream, spears bristle against the blue. There was the breath of romance in these muttering trees, these myriad silver tongues afire with the glamour of the west.

Betwixt the straight trunks at last and over the green grass the Black Tower loomed like a great shadow in the midst of a wood. Bertrand could see that it was set on an island in a mere, with yellow flags he had known at Gleaquin grow-



ing thickly in the shallows. The water was very black about the tower, yet shredded and slashed with the sunlight sifting through the trees.

Bertrand rode down and halted, seeing that the bridge with its painted panels was broken in the midst, while some rough planking had been thrust across the gap. The chains of the drawbridge were snapped, the gate half open, the portcullis propped up by a beam. To the right of the tower, Bertrand could see the tall windows and the louvre of the hall. To the left, palisades closed in what seemed to be a garden.

There was some mystery here, something that seemed to prophesy of violence and of wrong. *Sieur Robert's* son rolled out of the saddle, tethered his horse to a tree, and thrust his spear into the grass. He put his shield forward on his left arm and bared his sword, greedy of adventure, like the great boy he was. He crossed the bridge cautiously, scanning the loops and windows of the tower. Once he thought he heard the sound of voices, a vague muttering more like the sound of the wind in the aspens beyond the mere. Peering round the edge of the half-opened gate, Bertrand came plump upon the body of a man lying prone across the guard-room door. A pool of half-clotted blood showed amid the grass and weeds. Near him was stretched the body of a dead hound thrust through with a spear.

Bertrand was stooping over the fallen man, when a loud laugh came pealing from the direction of the hall. Several rough voices were chattering in chorus, with the shrill tones of a woman's voice piercing the chant. Bertrand, starting aside to where the newel staircase of the tower ascended in the thickness of the wall, climbed it step by step, stopping often to listen like a weasel in a hole.

He came first to the room above the vaulting of the gate. A mullioned window, with the wooden shutters propped open, and cushioned seats in the jambs, looked out upon the court and garden. Opposite the window was a door that led to the cell where the portcullis winches were. The room looked like the chamber of a clerk, the table littered with scrolls, books, and curious instruments, an astrolabe, tablets of wax, things that were foreign and grotesque to Bertrand's un-

lettered soul. There was an open ambry in the wall, full of jars and caskets, glass vials, and bundles of dried herbs. Near the window stood a brazier with a bronze bowl steaming thereon, faint perfumes floating with the vapors about the room. The stone floor was strawed with flowers and rushes, and a woman's cloak hung over a carved chair by the table.

Bertrand, finding no life therein, turned back and entered the narrow passage that led to the oriel above the hall. Again the loud, rough voice, full of a neighing insolence, came up to him out of the unexplored darkness of the place. Bertrand strode into the oriel with his shield up, glaring round him rapidly as though ready for devils and for men. A great bed stood in one corner. In the midst of the floor lay a naked poniard that looked as though it had been smitten out of some desperate hand. The door opening upon the stairway leading into the great hall was ajar.

Suddenly a woman's voice sounded out in the silence of the place:

"By God and the good saints, sirs, have a care how ye tempt my brother's vengeance."

No retort came for the moment.

"Dom Etienne, madame," said the harsh, jerky voice, "shall prove anon whether you are a witch or no. Have we not caught you stewing poison for the Lord of Dol? There are waxen images hid away somewhere, I'll wager. My lord has had a running wound in the neck for weeks."

"You fools. I am innocent as a child. Nay, this is but a trick. You are of the English party. Is it manly to put bonds upon a woman?"

"Is not the name of Montfort noble enough? We have bound you with a blessed rope, madame. Had not the good Abbot crossed it with holy water, you would be up the chimney in a cloud of smoke."

There was a narrow glazed window in the oriel looking down into the hall. Bertrand, his eyes sparkling, crept to it and peered down into the great chamber beneath. The waning sunlight streamed in through the unshuttered windows, struggling with the gloom that lurked amid the beams and rafters of the high-pitched roof. There were four armed men in the



hall beneath—three of them seated on the benches, the fourth perched upon the end of the long table, with a drawn sword across his knees. Bertrand knew him for the Bastard of Auray, as big a ruffian as ever sold his loyalty for gold. In a great chair below the dais sat a woman, bound there hand and foot, her tawny hair half fallen from its golden caul. Her back was towards Bertrand, but it seemed to him that she was young and fair.

The man with the sword across his knees glanced round suddenly, as though marking that it was growing dark.

"Geffroi, the torches. Sieur Richard the Abbot should be here anon. Madame, I trust we shall not keep you waiting long for the ordeal."

"I can wait, messire, in patience," she said; "yet I would crave from you the loosing of these cords."

The Bastard slipped down from the table and went so close to her that his pointed beard was well-nigh in her face. His dark eyes shone out from under the curve of his bassinet.

"Favors go with favors," Bertrand heard him say.

"I am in no plight to bargain with you, messire," said the woman.

"You are a pretty witch, madame, though a witch and a poisoner."

"I am neither a witch nor a poisoner. Ah,—hold off, messire; am I to be treated like a baggage wench?"

Bertrand, with his jaw set, turned suddenly, and stood in the oriel, thinking. Well, it was a boy's madness, but he could not see a woman bullied. These were some of Montfort's gentry, the friends of England, hateful the more to true Bretons and to France. Should he go down by the stairway into the hall, or descend to the court and charge in by the great door?

He chose the latter strategy, and, descending the tower stair, came down into the darkening court. Four horses were standing by the steps of the kitchen, and a dark blot on the stones showed where another man had fallen. Bertrand, stealing along under the windows of the hall, came to the arched doorway, and peered in by the crevice left by the clumsy hinging. He heard the woman pleading with the Bastard of Auray, but he could

not see what was passing at the dais end of the hall.

Bertrand, putting his shield forward, burst in with a shout that set the rafters ringing. "A rescue, a rescue, Notre Dame de Guesclin." In his terrible verve and swiftness lay the Breton's strength. He cut down the man who was setting torches in the brackets along the wall, and sprang forward on the two other men-at-arms who were drinking at the long table. Taken by surprise, one fell stabbed in the throat as he was starting from the bench, while the other sought to grapple Bertrand—a grim opening for the youth, who had thrown all the best wrestlers in Brittany. Bertrand tripped up the man's heels, and found a weak joint in his harness as he rolled upon the floor.

It had all happened in the taking of twenty breaths, so swift and cunning had been du Guesclin's coming. The Bastard of Auray had drawn back from the woman's chair, amazed to see how his men went down before this short, sturdy youth in the black harness. He caught up his own sword as the last man fell, and came striding down the hall, his black beard bristling, his dark eyes aflame. He read the device on Bertrand's shield by the glare of the single torch that burnt upon the wall.

"Guard, boy, guard—"

Bertrand's eyes flashed.

"Lay on, Bastard," he said. "See, here, I fight in my father's arms. The Guesclin eagle shall whet his talons."

"I will wring your neck, you little ermine."

"Less froth, Bastard, more blows."

Bertrand cast his shield aside so as to have the other at no advantage. They circled round each other, foining, and footing it warily over the flagged floor. A brisk exchange of blows left the Bastard of Auray with a broad gash athwart the nose and forehead. He cursed, shook the red blood out of his eyes, and rushed in, snarling, with his sword leaping from side to side. Bertrand, giving back and biding his time, beat up the Bastard's blade of a sudden, and springing in, smote him with his fist full in the face. As the man staggered, he swung his sword for the joints of the gorget. The Bastard of Auray gave a hoarse cry, and tottered forward upon his knees. A second swing





*Painted by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

SHE WAS LYING BACK, WATCHING HIM, IN THE GREAT CHAIR





of the Breton's sword gave the gentleman his quittance.

Bertrand, his nostrils dilating and his eyes afire, glanced round at the fallen men, and turned for the first time towards the lady. She was lying back watching him, in the great chair, her hands bound to the arms thereof, and her feet knotted together at the ankles. She was very pale under her tawny hair, her large hazel eyes shining like elf's eyes out of her oval face. Bertrand stood looking at her with a sense of awkwardness about the knees; he was not a dame's man, and his ugly face had won him more frowns than favors from the women.

"Madame," he said bluntly, resting his hands on the pommel of his sword, "I know not who you are, only that the Vicomte de Bellière is lord of this castle. I rode hither for a night's lodging, and to earn my welcome I have had to rob these knaves of life."

She did not smile at him, but appeared cowed and frightened for the moment by the wild blood-spilling that had passed before her eyes.

"I am beholden to you, Messire Bertrand," she began—

"Ha—"

"I know you, messire, though you bear your father's shield. Quick, an you would save me, cut these cords and let me go. The Bastard of Auray surprised us while my brother was tourneying at Rennes. There were but three men in the tower. And now, messire, the Lord of Dol and the Abbot Etienne are pricking here to have my blood. They say I am a witch and have cast spells over the captains of the Montfort party. It is false, Messire Bertrand. True, I can tell the stars and gaze into crystals, but my wise lore is innocent as these men were evil."

She spoke hurriedly, breathlessly, as though under the influence of fear. Her great eyes pleaded with Bertrand like the eyes of some wild thing. He whipped out his poniard forthwith, and cut the cords with a quick turn of the wrist.

"Why, you are but a child," he said, bluntly, looking in her face, "and though I saw many books above, I doubt your skill to cast a horoscope."

She started up with a muttering thanksgiving to several saints when he

had freed her, and, as in a sudden access of joy, bent and kissed him on the lips. She was taller than Bertrand, and very fair to look upon, with her slim but sensuous figure, her warm eyes and tawny hair. A sudden color had spread into her cheeks. She smoothed her green gown with her slim hands, and tightened up the buckle of her silver girdle.

"Messire Bertrand," she said, blushing, "I am Epiphanie Ragueuel, sister to the Vicomte de Bellière. By some I am called Tiphaine la Fée, because I am skilled in astrology and the gathering of herbs. But that there is no black witchcraft in me I will take oath on the cross of your sword."

Bertrand, ugly youth, was looking at her with unfeigned delight. She was wondrous fair and elfinlike, swift and brilliant about the eyes.

"By St. Klado!" he said, bluntly, "you have white witchcraft perhaps. I will take any man by the beard who gives you the black."

She smiled at him, then went white and serious of a sudden, as though remembering the peril that threatened her that night.

"Messire Bertrand, let us go. You have a horse—?"

"Over the bridge, and the Bastard has left us four."

Her eyes darkened, and she drew to Bertrand's side.

"They will slay us both if they find us here. Ah, how your man bleeds! Is he dead, Messire Bertrand? Ah, horrible! he spoke and jested but a moment ago."

They passed out together through the darkening hall, with the single torch flaring upon the wall. Bertrand picked up the dropped shield, and coming out into the court, moved towards the four horses tethered by the kitchen. He had chosen one for his lady, and had taken the beast by the bridle, when a distant trumpet-cry, repeated thrice, sounded out across the valley. Bertrand stopped short, and turned to look at Tiphaine with a frown upon his face.

"It is the Lord of Dol," she said.

"They are in the aspen wood—"

"Messire Bertrand, we are caught in a trap."

"Wait," he answered her; "there may yet be time."



He ran across the court to the gateway under the tower, and looked out over the mere to the aspen wood, sombre in the deepening dusk. He saw the glitter of harness amid the trees, heard the muffled thunder of horses trampling in the grass. Clapping to the gate, he shot the bolts and pinned up the bar. Then, throwing down the beam that propped up the portcullis, he climbed the tower stairway to the cell above the gate, and let the great grid go clattering to the ground.

There were a couple of squints in the cell commanding the bridge and giving view to the wood beyond. Bertrand, looking out at the armed men gathering beyond the mere, heard a light step in the room behind him and the rustling of a woman's gown. He felt Tiphaine near to him even before she had entered the portcullis cell. There was a strange look in her large eyes, a wistful sadness about her mouth.

"Messire Bertrand," she said, solemnly.

The man held up a hand and pointed significantly to one of the loops. Tiphaine understood the gesture, but standing at her full height looked Bertrand frankly in the eyes.

"I am remembering that you are young," she said. "Forgive me, messire; I would not have you be as the men in yonder hall for my sake."

Bertrand frowned and hung his head.

"My quarrel is not your quarrel," she said; "your blood must not be wasted for mine. If I have seemed selfish, messire, forgive me. Since I am innocent, I fear not what my enemies may do unto me. Go, messire, and may God go with you."

Bertrand stared at her in mute astonishment for the moment. Even in the dusk he could see that she was shuddering with the fear of violence and death hovering above her soul. And yet her brave tongue was for bidding him play the coward lest he should suffer for her sake.

"Madame," he said, with a certain blunt dignity, "the ways of chivalry are not ordered so."

"Ah, messire, since we cannot both escape, I pray you strip off your armor and swim the mere. There is a wicket in the garden wall. You can trick them in the dark."

Bertrand's ugly face betrayed his extreme contempt for the suggestion. It was noble of her to wish it, but, by St. Klado, it would be a queer thing to see a du Guesclin running away naked and leaving a woman to be tortured in her own home.

"By your courtesy, madame," he said, "I refuse to budge a foot from you."

"Messire Bertrand," she answered, sharply, yet with a ring of gladness in her voice.

"I am young, madame, ha! and therefore the more supple. The Lord of Dol is at your gate. He and his men would drown you for a witch! Good. They shall not come at you save over my body."

"What will you do?" she asked, with her hands over her bosom.

"Do?" he growled, as though such a question were in truth a woman's. "What should a man do when he has a good sword and a strong arm?"

He turned from her suddenly and peered out again across the water, where the Lord of Dol and the Abbot Etienne were whispering together under the trees. They had ten spears with them—that is to say, some thirty men, well armed and harnessed. Bertrand guessed that they had found his horse, and were wondering what had befallen the Bastard of Auray. The closed gates and the silent tower gave them meat for meditation.

A squire dismounted, and taking his orders from the Lord of Dol, crossed the bridge towards the gate. He blew a blast upon his bugle-horn. Bertrand, setting a hand on Tiphaine's shoulder, looked in her face and smiled grimly.

"Stay here, madame," he said.

"But—"

"Hist! they know nothing; they are in the dark. The Bastard and his men are silent. I will go down and parley."

"I trust you, messire," she said.

"That is well," he answered, bowing down his head.

The bugle-horn blared a second time before the gate. Bertrand, hurrying down the stair, gave a glance at the dead man by the wall, and went towards the grill. It was too dark now for the herald to see aught within, or to realize the defenceless nature of the place.

"Who's there?" he shouted, his gruff voice echoing under the vaulted arch.



"Sieur Robert du Guesclin and his company."

Bertrand grimaced. The lie would have been fortunate had he not been the Sieur du Guesclin's son.

"What is his need, sir?"

"The Vicomte's courtesy, food and lodging for the night."

Bertrand pondered a moment, with his fist at his chin. The Sieur du Guesclin was at Rouen town, and therefore the lie fell strangely short of fooling those within. Hammering the dilemma in his mind, Bertrand closed the grill, turned suddenly towards the guard-room, and shouted as though to rouse the men within:

"Geoffroi, Jean, Prosper, — up, you dogs! What! dicing in the dusk, with no leisure to light a taper! Turn out the fellows from their quarters; send Jehan and three archers up to the battlements. The rest of you, run to arms in the court."

Therewith he sprang into the guard-room, heaved the table over the floor, swept a row of mugs from the shelf, upset a rack of arms, and swore nimbly to the same tune. Stamping to and fro several times betwixt the guard-room and the court, clattering with his sword, casting words into the air, now in a deep bass, now in a hoarse treble, he buoyed up the deceit with rare spirit. Picking up a broken piece of masonry, he hurled it at the horses, hallooing the while, so that the beasts broke and stampeded about the court. It was an honorable din for one man to make, and Bertrand clanged back to the gate, well satisfied.

With a broad grin, his strong teeth gleaming, he shouted lustily through the closed grill.

"Ha, messire, commend me to his Nobleness of Dol; give him the Vicomte de Bellière's good love and most holy blessing. And tell the Lord of Dol, messire, and the good Abbot Etienne that the Lady Tiphaine sups at Dinant."

Bertrand heard the fellow curse a little as he sped back nimbly over the bridge. He opened the grill and watched the armed men under the trees. The esquire was standing by the Abbot's palfrey, frothing out his news as Bertrand had plotted it. Soon, without the bleat of a trumpet, the whole

troop turned tail, and disappeared amid the aspen-trees like so many frail ghosts.

Bertrand, his green eyes sparkling, watched from the grill a while, then climbed the stair to the chamber above the gate. He found the Lady Tiphaine sitting white and silent in the window-seat, her rosary on her knees, the bowl on the brazier still smoking at her side. A single taper burned on the table. Tiphaine started up on seeing him and held out her hands.

"Messire Bertrand—"

"We have fooled them," he said, laughing and flushing before her eyes.

"How? I heard much din and clamor; the castle might have been full of armed men."

Du Guesclin bent his head to hide the roguish smile still shining out on his rugged face.

"So thought the Lord of Dol and Dom Etienne," he answered. "I tricked their herald into believing that we had a garrison within. I ordered our men-at-arms about, sent one named Jehan with three crossbowmen up to the battlements, stampeded the horses, heard our Bretons run to arms. You see, madame, it was dark, and the fellow could see nothing. They have ridden off, swearing, doubtless, that the Bastard of Auray has played them false."

He spoke modestly enough, and yet with that grim gayety that made him in years to come the foremost captain of troubled France. As for the Lady Tiphaine, she looked at him very kindly out of her wonderful eyes, till du Guesclin forgot that he was ugly.

"Messire Bertrand," she said, with her hands over her heart.

"My lady."

"You have saved my honor. By all the saints, messire, how can I thank you?"

Bertrand hung his great head and looked at her under his craggy brows.

"By not forgetting me, madame," he said.

Bertrand kept vigil in the tower all through the night, thinking of the Lady Tiphaine, who had gone to her chamber and laid herself on the great bed. Du Guesclin had foraged for himself by torchlight in the kitchen, had stabled the Bastard's horses, and searched the men



in the great hall to see whether they were dead or no. One man still breathed, and Bertrand bound up his wound, laid him on a pile of straw, and trickled wine betwixt his lips. As for the Bastard and the others, they would ride no more over the Breton moors.

Bertrand passed the night in Tiphaine's chamber above the gate. He handled her books and tablets, marvelling much that one so fair should value wisdom that pertained only to graybeards and to priests. Bertrand thought much of the Lady Tiphaine that night. It pleased him to think that she had gone to her chamber trusting in him to guard her till the dawn. By St. Klado and all the good saints of Brittany, he would take an armful of spear-points into his bosom before any ruffian foot should cross her threshold.

When the east grew great with gold, he climbed to the battlements and scanned the valley for any sign of the Lord of Dol and his men. Save that his horse was missing, Bertrand could discover no trace of the witch-hunters who had threatened the Black Tower the night before. The Abbot Etienne had suspected the Bastard of treachery, and fearing an ambush in the woods, they had galloped for the north, and had not drawn rein till they were clear of the Vicomte's lands.

The Lady Tiphaine arose soon after dawn, combed and dressed her tawny hair, and put on her green gown embroidered with crimson lilies. She looked a wild and witchful creature enough as she went in search of Bertrand du Guesclin. There was a mysterious light in her warm brown eyes as she sought him in tower and court, and even in the great hall where the dead men lay. Turning at last into the garden where fruit-trees grew and many flowers dusted the grass, she saw Bertrand's arms and clothes lying on a knoll within the palisade. The wicket gate was open to the mere, and over the water she saw a great head and a pair of massive shoulders surging slowly towards the shore. Tiphaine watched him for a moment as he came breasting the sun-kissed water, glorying in his youth and strength. He was a man after a woman's heart in those violent and perilous days, grim, passion-

ate, loyal, generous to a fault. She slipped away as he neared the island, Bertrand catching sight of her green gown as she fled out by the garden gate.

Anon, after going into the little chapel beyond the hall to pray, the Lady Tiphaine came back to him with a rich color upon her face. Bertrand had put on his armor, and had cleansed his sword from the Bastard's blood. He looked hard at Tiphaine out of his keen, all-seeing eyes, as though eager to view her in the full light of day. Like a pure gem of maidenhood, she shone yet fairer in the morning sun, her hair glowing like tawny gold, her elf's eyes sparkling above her red and mischievous mouth.

"Greeting, Messire Bertrand," she said, going very near to him and looking steadily in his face; "the night has passed without a storm."

Young du Guesclin gazed at her as though his eyes boasted more eloquence than did his tongue.

"My brother should return to-day with the Lord of St. Lo. They were at Rennes for the tourney. I wonder—"

She hesitated, and looked at Bertrand solemnly under her long lashes. The Breton expanded his great chest and threw his head back on his powerful throat.

"I was at Rennes," he said, bluntly, "and saw how the day's honor went. Many fair dames smiled on us from the galleries, and yet the fairest was not there."

Tiphaine colored and opened her brown eyes wide.

"I was not at Rennes, Messire Bertrand," she said.

"Did I not say so, madame?"

She laughed, a peculiar flowing laugh, and began to pace the grass under the apple-trees. Bertrand, following her, strode at her side, his eyes searching out the beauties of her face and body with a species of boyish awe.

"I should have been at Rennes, Messire Bertrand," she said, "but for a promise—"

"A promise? And to whom, madame?"

"To the Lord of St. Lo. Strange, Bertrand, he thought me fair—ah! and sought me for his lady. I sent him to seek his pledge at Rennes."

Bertrand squared his shoulders and



looked fierce. It was his spear that had smitten the young Lord of St. Lo down into the dust. He would have smitten the fellow yet harder had he known Tiphaine then.

"And when he returns?" he asked, bluntly.

Tiphaine swept round, her gown gathered in her hand.

"Without the prize," she answered, "he will not return. Such was his vow to me. And, moreover, my crystals—my crystals, Messire Bertrand—did not promise him the garland."

Bertrand watched her, his ugly face bathed by the sunlight. Surely this girl with the tawny hair and the hazel eyes was the fairest flower in all the Breton lands?

"Madame Tiphaine," he said, "your crystals told you the truth."

She turned again, her green gown swinging in rich folds about her body, her golden head like a rare flower upon some slender stem.

"Ha! Messire Bertrand, you are wise, it seems."

"Was I not at Rennes?" he answered, stoutly. "See, here, the rent in my harness; 'twas given me by your lordling's spear."

She stretched out her white hand suddenly and touched his breastplate, as though to prove the truth of his words.

"And you, messire?" she asked, her eyes on his.

Bertrand, a little flustered, colored and hung his head.

"I had stolen my father's arms."

"Yes—"

"And, Madame Tiphaine, St. Klado smiled on me—"

"Ah—"

"The Vicomte your brother shall prove me when he returns."

She put her hands suddenly upon his shoulders and looked steadily in his face.

"Messire Bertrand," she said.

He gazed at her, his face kindling.

"I did not love the Lord of St. Lo. You overthrew him. Therefore I am your debtor."

Bertrand had been fumbling in the leather purse that hung at his belt. Flushing very red, he drew out a gold chain set with precious stones, the prize he had won at Rennes. He had promised it to the Lady Jeanne his mother, but fate and Madame Tiphaine willed it otherwise.

"Take it," he said, gruffly, going on one knee. "I won it fairly, and, St. Klado be blessed, the Lord of St. Lo could not bring it back from Rennes. And your pledge, Madame Tiphaine, will it serve for a spurless boy?"

She took the chain and fastened it about her neck. Then, stooping, she kissed Bertrand, looking long and steadily into his face.

"Enough, Bertrand of Brittany," she said; "the stars have marked you out to me of old. When you have fought one fight for our Breton lands, then—come to me. This chain shall be thy pledge."

## Of Love

BY FRIDA SEMLER

THEY sing of love who never won his grace;  
     On harp and lute  
 They vaunt the glories of his dwelling-place.  
 They who are in his presence,—face to face  
     Are stricken mute.

# Gamesters of the Wilderness

BY AGNES C. LAUT

THE HUDSON'S BAY FUR COMPANY AND THE FRENCH RAIDERS

1670-1697

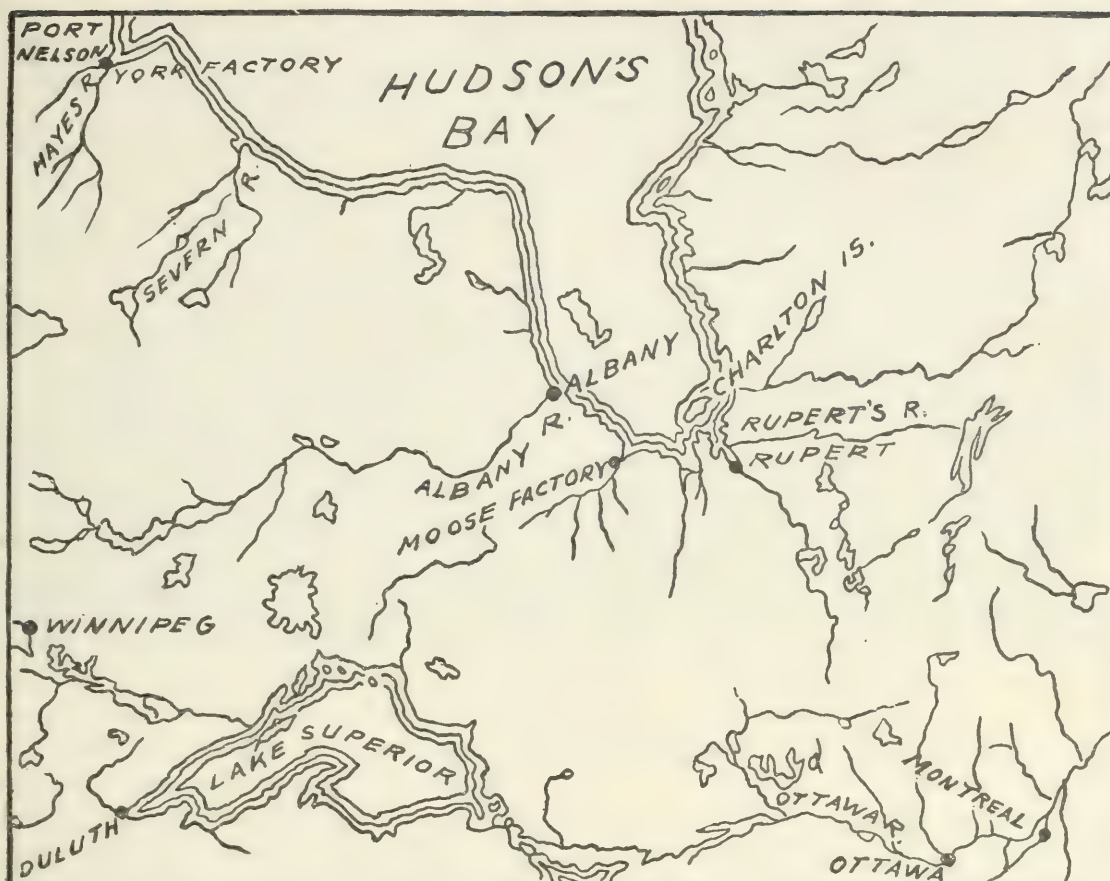
NO Robin Hoods of legend ever lived in more complete security than those "Gentlemen Adventurers Trading in Hudson's Bay" for whom Prince Rupert had secured from his cousin, King Charles, in 1670, complete monopoly of all furs north and westward of Hudson's Bay. A thousand miles of juniper swamps and impassable cataracts cut the Hudson's Bay fur traders off from the fur traders of New France to the south. To the west was impenetrable and unknown wilderness. To the north and east for eight months of the year was an impassable barrier of ice floe and berg and those elemental frozen foes to human presence.

For fifteen years after their organization the Gentlemen Adventurers of England—the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, a company numbering among its patrons King Charles II., Prince Rupert, General Munck, the Duke of York, the Duke of Marlborough, and a host of other worthies ranging from the nobility down to the goldsmiths and merchant princes of London—slumbered in security on the margin of a frozen sea. Charles Fort with its stone bastions on Rupert's River—named after King and Prince who secured the charter—quickly sent offshoots to Moose River on the west, Albany (named after an Albany far south), and Nelson (the modern York), which drained all the furs westward to the Rocky Mountains. Rupert and Moose and Albany each yearly collected three thousand five hundred beaver-pelts, worth in modern money one dollar and a half each, not to mention twice as many pelts of otter and mink and marten and ermine and sable. To the north, Nelson (York) sent out in a single year as much as one hundred thousand dollars'

worth of beaver. "The Gentlemen Adventurers of England Trading in Hudson's Bay" had found a gold-mine rich as Spanish El Dorado.

To be sure, Radisson, the Frenchman, who had helped to found the company with Prince Rupert, had gone over to the French fur traders one year, trading Nelson (York), bag and baggage, to the French Company of the North; but Radisson had become a British subject again and traded these furs back to England. He was in the employment of the company. Radisson was safe. To be sure, the ships of the French Fur Company had continued to come to the bay; but the French fur traders demanded four beaver for a musket, where the English demanded only two; and so those French fur-ships went back to Quebec empty of cargo. Two of the French fur-ships, meeting the *Merchant of Perpetuana* trapped in the ice-floes of the north, had scuttled the Hudson's Bay ship of provisions, captured master, mate, and crew, cast all in a dungeon on bread and water for eleven months in Quebec, where Edward Humes, the captain, died, and the rest were sold to life-long slavery in Martinique, whence only Smithsend, the mate, escaped. Sieur Peré, a gay adventurer from New France, had come down to the bay overland from the Great Lakes, with three comrades, to spy on the English fur traders for the French company; but the young seigneur had been given food and a hearty Godspeed from the English, and having deliberately let his canoe float off to sea while he slept, so that he could not be sent away, had been clapped with one comrade into the fortress of Albany, while the two other adventurers were put on Charlton Island





#### WILDERNESS WHERE THE GAMESTERS STRUGGLED

Modern chart showing the almost incredible distances and extent of the disputed territory

to earn their living hunting. The two adventurers had escaped to the mainland on a raft by night, and fleeing to Canada, a thousand miles by swamp and forest, had told a story of Peré's imprisonment that set the fire-eaters of New France in a flame. But all unknowing, the Gentlemen Adventurers of England slumbered secure on the margin of their frozen sea.

Like a bolt from the blue came the bold raiders of Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville into the midst of this security.

It was one of the long June nights, 1686, when twilight of the north merges with dawn. Fourteen cannon in all protruded from the embrasures of the four stone bastions round little Moose Factory to the southwest of the bay. The eighteen-foot pickets of the palisaded square wall were everywhere punctured with holes for musketry defence. In one bastion were three thousand pounds of powder. In another, twelve civilian soldiers slept. In a third were stored furs. The fourth bastion served as kitchen,

and across the middle of the courtyard, forty by forty feet, was the two-story stone house and residence of the chief factor. The sentinel had shot the strong iron bolts of the main gates facing the waterway; but so secure did he feel of the impossibility of attack that he had lain down to sleep, wrapped in a blanket, without even loading the cannon it was his duty to guard. Twilight of the long June night—the 18th, almost the longest day in the year—had deepened into the white stillness that precedes dawn, when two forms took shape in the thicket of underbrush behind the fort; and there stepped forth, clad in buckskin cap-a-pie, musket over shoulder, war-hatchet, powder-horn, dagger, pistol in belt, and unsheathed sword aglint in hand, two French wood-lopers, the far-famed *coureurs des bois*, whose scalping raids were to strike terror from Louisiana to Hudson's Bay. At first glance the two newcomers might have been marauding Iroquois come this outrageous distance over swamp and cataract from their own



fighting-ground. Closer scrutiny showed them to be young French noblemen, Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville, age twenty-four, and his brother Sainte-Hélène, trained to the wild woods of Montreal, to the roving life of the wood-loper, to pillage and raid and ambushade. Born in Montreal in 1661 and schooled to all the wilderness perils of the struggling colony's early life, Pierre le Moyne, one of nine sons of Charles le Moyne, of Montreal, became the Robin Hood of American wilds.

Sending his brother Sainte-Hélène round one side of the picketed walls to peer through the embrasures of the moonlit fortress, Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville skirted round the other side himself and quickly made the discovery that not one of the cannon was loaded. The tompion was in every muzzle. Scarcely a cat's-paw of wind dimpled the waters of the bay, smooth as silk.

With a quick glance Iberville and his brother took in every detail of the situation. Then they melted back into the pallid half-light like shadows. In a trice a hundred forms had taken shape in the mist—sixty-six Indians decked in all the war-gear of savage glory from head-dress and vermilion cheeks to naked, red-stained limbs lithe as a tiger, smooth and supple as satin. Sixty-six Indians and thirty-three half-wild French soldiers, gay in all the regimentals of French pomp, commanded by old Chevalier de Troyes, veteran of a hundred wars, now commissioned to demand the release of Monsieur Peré from the forts of the English fur traders. Beside de Troyes stood de la Chesnay, head of the Northern Company of Fur Traders in Quebec, only too glad of this chance to raid the forts of rival traders in time of peace. And well to the fore, cross in hand, head bared, the Jesuit Sylvie, come to rescue the souls of northern heathendom from hell.

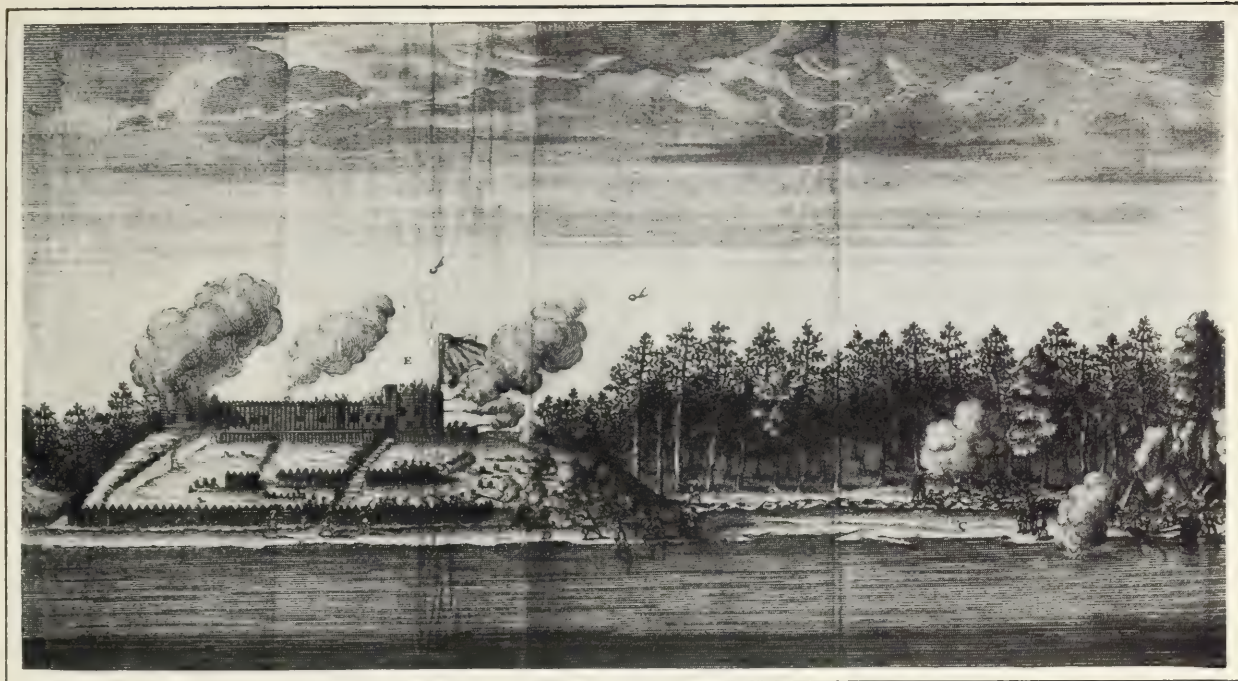
Impossible as it may seem, these hundred intrepid adventurers had come overland from Montreal. What did the incursion of these French raiders mean? It meant that they had set out in midwinter on a voyage men hardly dared in summer. Without waiting for the ice to break up, they started from Montreal in March. No tents were carried; only the

blanket, haversack fashion, tied to each man's back. Bivouac was under the stars. No provision but what each blanket carried! No protection but the musket on shoulder, the war-axe and powder-horn and pistol in belt! No reward but the vague promise of loot from the English *wigwamming*—as the Indians say—on the Northern Bay! A march of six hundred miles through trackless forests in midwinter; then down the maelstrom sweep of torrents swollen by spring thaw for three hundred miles to the juniper swamps of windfall and dank rotting forest growth around the bay!

It had been no play, this fur-trade raid; and now Iberville was back from his scouting, having seen with his own eyes that the English fur traders were really *wigwamming* on the bay. Hastily all burdens of blankets and food and clothes were cast aside and cached.

Then each man recharged his musket lest the swamp mists had dampened the powder. De Troyes led his soldiers round to the fore to make a feint of furious onslaught from the water-front. Iberville posted his Indians along each flank to fire through the embrasures of the pickets. Then with a wild yell the French soldiers swooped upon the English fort. Iberville and his brothers Sainte-Hélène and Maricourt were over the rear pickets and across the courtyard, swords in hand. Before the sleepy gunner behind the main gate could get his eyes open, one blow of Sainte-Hélène's sabre split the fellow's head to the collar-bone. The trunk of a tree had rammed in the gate. Iberville's Indians had hacked down the rear pickets, and he himself led the way into the main house. Before the sixteen inmates, dashing out in their shirts, had realized what had happened, the raiders were masters of Moose Factory. Only one other man besides the gunner was killed; and he was a Frenchman, slain by the cross-fire of his comrades over the courtyard. The cellars were searched, but there was small loot of fur. Furs were stored elsewhere; but the French were the richer by sixteen captives, twelve portable cannon, and three thousand pounds of powder. Flag unfurled, muskets firing, sod heaved in air, Chevalier de Troyes took possession of the fort for





A TYPICAL FORT OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

From "La Potherie" (Edition of 1722)

the Most Redoubtable, Most Mighty, Most Christian King of France, though a cynic might wonder how such an act was accomplished in time of peace, when the sole object of the raid had been the rescue of Monsieur Peré, imprisoned as a spy.

Eastward of Moose, a hundred miles along the south coast of the bay, on Rupert's River, was another fort, stronger, the bastions of stone, with a dock where the Hudson's Bay Company's ship commonly anchored for the summer. Northwestward of Moose, a hundred miles, was a third fort, Albany, the citadel of the English fur traders' strength, forty paces back from the water, unassailable by sea, and the storehouse of the best furs. It was decided to attack the fort on Rupert's River first. Staying only long enough at Moose to build a raft to carry Chevalier de Troyes and his prisoners along the coast, the raiders set out by sea on the 27th of June. Iberville led the way with two canoes and eight or nine men. By the 1st of July he had caught a glimpse of Rupert's bastions. Concealing his Indians, he went forward to reconnoitre. To his delight he espied the company's ship with the H. B. C. ensign flying, that signified Governor Bridgar was on board. Choosing the night, as usual, for

attack, Iberville stationed his bandits where they could fire on the decks if necessary, and glided across the water to the schooner. Hand over fist, he was up the ship's side, when the sleeping sentinel awakened with a spring at Iberville's throat. One cleave of his sword, and the fellow rolled dead at the Frenchman's feet, Iberville stamping on the deck to call the crew aloft, and killing three men in turn as they tumbled up the hatchway, till the fourth, Governor Bridgar himself, threw up his hands in unconditional surrender of the ship and crew of fourteen. Meanwhile the din had alarmed the fort. Though the bastions were dismantled for repairs, gates were hard shut and musketry poured hot shot through the embrasures, that kept the raiders at a distance. Again it was the le Moyne brothers who led to victory. The bastions served the usual twofold purpose of defence and barracks. Extemporizing ladders, Iberville clambered to the roofs of these, hacked holes through the rough thatch, and threw down hand-grenades at the imminent risk of blowing himself as well as the enemy to eternity. "*It was,*" says the old chronicle, "*with an effect most admirable,*"—which depends on the point of view; for when the sharpshooters were driven from the bastions to the main



house inside, gates were rammed down, palisades hacked out, and Iberville with his followers was on the roof of the main house, throwing down more bombs. The raid became a rout. The French had Rupert, though little the richer except for the ship and thirty prisoners.

The wild wood-rovers were now strong enough to attempt Albany, one hundred miles northeast of Moose. It was at Albany that the French spy *Peré* was supposed to be lying panting for rescue. It was also at Albany that the English fur traders had their greatest store of pelts. As usual, Iberville led off in the canoes, *de Troyes*, the French fur traders, the soldiers, and the captives following with the cannon on the ship. It was sunset when the canoes launched out from Rupert's River. To save time by crossing the south end of the bay diagonally, they had sheered out from the coast, when there blew down from the upper bay one of those bitter northeast gales that at once swept a maelstrom of churning ice-floes about the cockle-shell birch canoes. To make matters worse, a fog fell, thick as night. A birch canoe in a cross-sea is bad enough. With ice-floes it was destruction. Some made for the main shore and took refuge on land. The *le Moyne's* two canoes kept on. The 1st of August saw his Indians and wood-lopers below the embankment of Albany. A few days later came *de Troyes* on the boat with soldiers and cannon.

Governor Sargeant of Albany had had warning of the raiders from Indian *coureurs*. The fort looked as shut as a locked box. Neither side gave a sign. Not till the French began trundling their cannon ashore by all sorts of clumsy contrivance, to get them in range of the fort forty yards back, was there a sign of life, when forty-three big guns inside the wall of Albany simultaneously let go forty-three bombs in midair that flattened the raiders to earth under shelter of the embankment. Chevalier *de Troyes* then mustered all the pomp and fustian of court pageantry, flag flying, drummer beating to the fore, guard in line, and, marching forward, demanded of the English traders, come half-way out to meet him, satisfaction for and the delivery of *Sieur Peré*, a loyal subject of France suffering imprisonment on the

shores of Hudson's Bay at the hands of the English. One may wonder, perhaps, what these raiders would have done without the excuse of *Peré*. The messenger came back from Governor Sargeant with word that *Peré* had been sent home to France by way of England long ago. (That *Peré* had been delayed in an English prison was not told.) *De Troyes* then pompously demanded the surrender of the fort. Sargeant sent back word such a demand was an insult in time of peace. Under cover of night, the French retired to consider. With an extravagance now lamented they had used at Rupert most of their captured ammunition. Cannon they had in plenty, but few rounds of balls. They had thirty prisoners, but no provisions; a ship, but no booty of furs. Between them and home lay a wilderness of forest and swamps for one thousand miles. They must capture the fort by an escalade, or retreat empty-handed.

Meanwhile, such bedlam reigned inside the fort as might have delighted the raiders' hearts if they could have known. Sargeant, the sturdy old governor, was for keeping his teeth clenched to the end, though the larder was lean and only enough powder left to do the French some damage as they landed their cannon next day. When a servant fell dead from a French ball, Turner, the chief gunner, dashed from his post, vowing he would throw himself on the mercy of the French. Sargeant rounded the fellow back to his guns with the generous promise to blow his brains out if he budged one inch from his place. Two English spies sent out came back with word the French were mounting their battery in the dark.

For two days bombs sang back and forward through the air. There was more parleying. Bridgar, the governor captured down at Rupert, warned the company that the French were desperate—if they were compelled to fight to the end, there would be no mercy. Still Sargeant hoped against hope for the yearly English vessel to relieve the siege; but when Captain Outlaw came with word there was no more powder, the people threw down their arms and threatened to desert *en masse* to the French. Sargeant still stubbornly refused to beat a parley, so





PIERRE LE MOYNE D'IBERVILLE  
(From an old print)

Dixon, the under factor, hung out a white sheet as flag of truce from the fort window. The French had just ceased firing, to cool their cannon, and had actually been reduced to pouring molten iron around wooden disks for balls, when the messenger came out with word of surrender. Bluff and resolute to the end, Sargeant marched out with two flagons of port, seated himself on the French cannon, drank healths with de Troyes, and proceeded to drive as hard a bargain as if his larders had been crammed and his magazine full of powder. Drum beating, flags flying, in full possession of arms, the governor, officers, wives, and servants were to be permitted to march out in honor, to be transported to Charlton Island, there to await the coming of the English ship. Barely had the thirty English sallied out when the wood-lopers were into the fort, ransacking house and cellar. The fifty thousand crowns' worth of beaver was found, but not a morsel

of food except one bowl of barley sprouts. Thirteen hundred miles from Canada with neither powder nor food! De Troyes gave his men leave to disband on August 10, and it was a wild scramble for home—*saute qui peut*, as the old chronicler relates, some of the prisoners being taken to Quebec as carriers of the furs raided; others, to the number of fifty, being turned loose in the desolate wilderness of the bay. It was October before Iberville's forest-rovers were back in Montreal.

The French were now in possession of the south end of Hudson's Bay. Iberville's brother Maricourt with a handful of men remained to guard the captured forts; and for ten years the inland sea became the theatre of such escapades as buccaneers might have enacted on the Spanish Main. The next year saw the indomitable Iberville back at Rupert. Over at Charlton Island, where Sargeant and his men had retired, the Hudson's Bay



Company's ship *Churchill* had been caught and frozen in the ice-floes. Iberville sent four spies to reconnoitre. Three were summarily captured by the English fur traders and thrown into the hold of the ship, manacled, for the winter. In spring one was brought above-decks to give the English sailors a hand putting masts shipshape. The fellow only waited till six of the crew were up the ratlines, when he seized an axe, brained two Englishmen on the decks, rushed down-stairs to liberate his comrades, took possession of all firearms, and at pistol-point kept the six Englishmen up the mast-poles while he steered the vessel straight to Iberville, where the cargo of provisions saved Rupert's River from famine. In vain the English sent rescue-parties south from Nelson (York), on the west side of the bay, to recapture Albany. Iberville came canoeing across the ice-floes with his Indian bandits, discovered two English ships locked in the ice before Albany, ready to attack the French in the spring, lay in ambush till he had captured half the crew of eighty-two, then took possession of both the English vessels, loaded them with furs of the fort, and sailed gayly out for Quebec, eluding two other English ships in the straits by hoisting an English flag and slipping away through the fog before they could send messengers across the intervening ice.

Perhaps security bred carelessness. From 1690 to 1693 Iberville was absent from the bay on the border raids of Schenectady and Pemaquid. When Captain Michael Crimmington led three Hudson's Bay Company's ships down to Albany in 1693, he found only four Frenchmen holding the fort. The other

forty of the garrison were off in the woods. And in the woods they were forced to stay; for Crimmington took prompt possession of Albany for the company, finding in the cellars a ghastly form, naked, shackled hand to feet, and chained to the wall—a French criminal who had murdered first the surgeon and then the priest of the fort.

But Iberville was not the man to let go lightly what had been so hard won. It had become more than a guerilla warfare between gamesters of the wilderness. It was a fight for ascendancy on the continent. It was a struggle to determine which nation was to command the rivers and waterways leading inland to the unknown West. If the French raiders were to hold their forts at the bottom of the bay, they must capture the stronghold of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company upon the west coast—Nelson, or

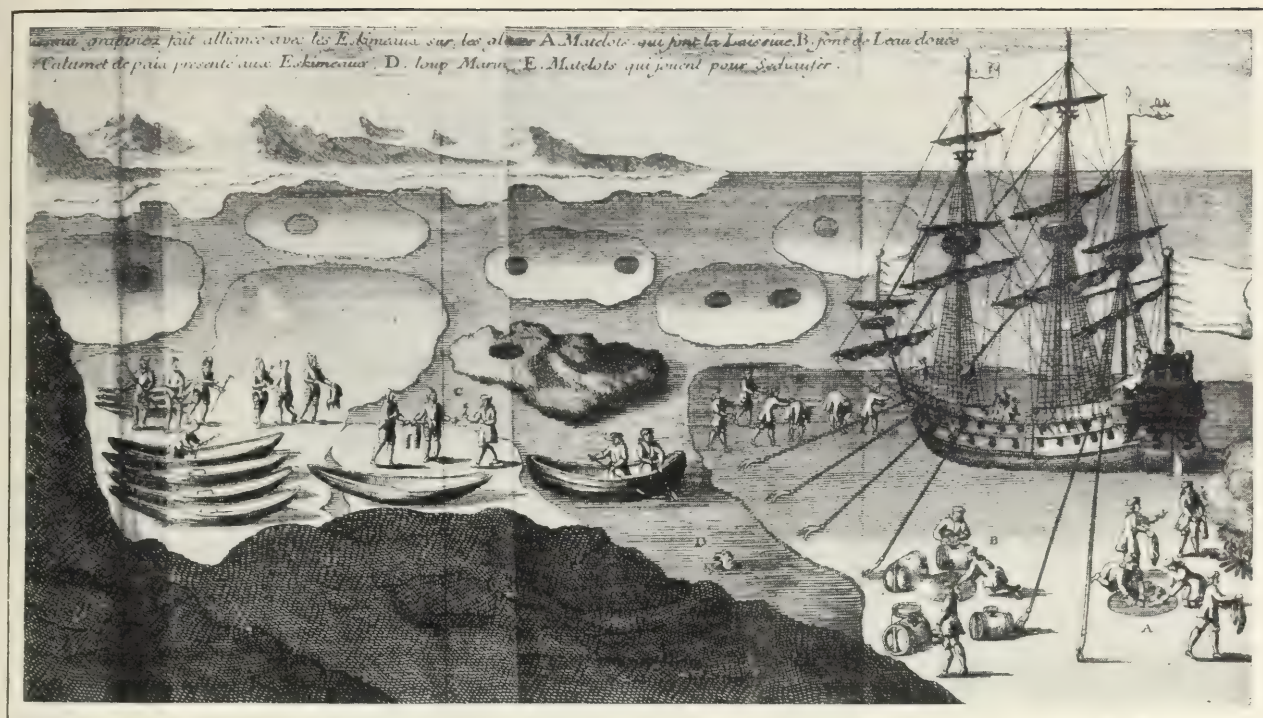
York, at the mouth of Hayes River. Taking on board one hundred and twenty wood-rangers, Iberville sailed from Quebec on the 10th of August, 1694, with the frigate *Poli* and *Salamandre*. On September 24 he was disembarking his cannon below the earthworks and one hundred great guns of Nelson. Steady bombardment poured bombs into the fort from September 25 to October 14. Châteauguay, his brother, fell



COAT OF ARMS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

wounded in the fight, which redoubled the fury of the wood-lopers. While the long-range guns ploughed up the earthworks and shattered the palisades to the fore, the wood-lopers went round and in hand-to-hand fight assaulted the fort to the rear. To save the fort from utter extermination, Walsh and Kelsey, the chief traders of the English, surrendered. Of the captured, some were turned adrift in the





UNLOADING CARGO OF A HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S SHIP  
From "La Potherie" (Edition of 1722)

woods, others carried in irons to France, because—as one of the indignant prisoners afterward complained—“*we had not the money to grease the commander's fist for our freedom.*”

And so the merry game went on between the rival traders of the Northern Bay, French and English fighting as furiously over the beaver as if each pelt had been a bar of gold. Except for one fort—Severn—half-way between Albany and Nelson, and unimportant except as a resort for the refugees driven from the other factories by the French, the Hudson's Bay Fur Company had lost all their forts on the bay. One thing favored the English adventurers. Open war had taken the place of secret treaty between France and England. The English Admiralty now furnished a convoy of frigates for the traders' supply-ships; so when Sérigny, Iberville's brother, came out from France in 1696 with provisions on the *Poli* and *Hardi* for the French at Nelson, he found English men-of-war, the *Bonaventure* and *Seaforth*, lined up for attack before Hayes River. Sérigny didn't wait. He turned swift heel for sea; so swift, indeed, that the *Hardi* split on some ice-floe and went to bottom with all hands. Without either provisions or powder, Governor de la Fôrest had no choice

but to capitulate to the Englishman, Allan, who retaliated for all Iberville's raids by carrying off his captives to England, where they lay in prison at Portsmouth for four months. Released at last, they hastened to France, where their emaciated, ragged condition spoke louder than their indignant words.

Frenchmen languishing in an English prison! Like wildfire ran the rumor of the outrage. Once before when Peré, the Frenchman, had been imprisoned on Hudson's Bay, Iberville had thrust the sword of vengeance into the very heart of the English fastness. France turned again to the same Robin Hood of Canada's rude chivalry and romance. Iberville was at the time carrying havoc from hamlet to hamlet of Newfoundland, where two hundred English had already fallen before his sword and seven hundred been captured. On the 7th of April, 1697, Sérigny, his brother, was despatched from France with five men-of-war—the *Pelican*, the *Palmier*, the *Profond*, the *Wasp*, the *Violent*—to be placed under Iberville's command at Placentia, Newfoundland, whence he was to proceed to Hudson's Bay, with orders “to leave not a vestige remaining” of the English fur trade in the north.

The squadron left Newfoundland on





JEAN BAPTISTE LE MOYNE BIEVILLE  
(Brother to Iberville. From an old print)

July 8. By the 25th the ships had entered the straits amid berg and floe, with the long transparent daylight when sunset merges with sunrise. Iberville was on the *Pelican* with Bienville, his brother, two hundred and fifty men, and fifty guns. The other brother, Sérigny, commanded the *Palmier*, and Edward Fitzmaurice, of Kerry, a Jacobite, had come as chaplain. A gun gone loose in the hold of the *Wasp* had caused some damage, and forty men were disabled from scurvy on the *Pelican*, when the ships succeeded in reaching the inner side of the straits at Cape Digges. Here the ice, contracted by the straits, locked around them in an iron grip. Fog fell, concealing the ships from each other, except for the ensigns at the masts' heads, which showed all the fleet driven far southward, except Iberville's *Pelican*. For eighteen days the impatient raider found himself forcibly anchored to the ice-floes in fog, his ship crushed and

banged and bodily lifted until perhaps a powder blast released pressure, or holes drilled and filled with bombs broke the ice-crush, or, unshipping the rudder, his men disembarked and, up to the waist in ice slush, towed the *Pelican* forward. On the 25th of August, at four in the morning, the fog suddenly lifted. Iberville saw that the *Pelican* had been carried back in the straits. The *Wasp* and *Violent* had disappeared; but straight to the fore, ice-jammed, were the *Profond*, and—Iberville could scarcely believe the evidence of his eyes—three English men-of-war, the *Hampshire* and *Dering* and *Hudson's Bay*, closing in a circle round the ill-fated French ship. Just at that moment, the ice loosening, Iberville was off like a bird on the *Pelican*, not waiting to see what became of the *Profond*, which escaped from the ice that night after a day's bombardment, when the English were in the act of running across the ice for a hand-to-hand fight.



On the 3d of September Iberville was before Port Nelson. Anxiously he scanned the sea during two days for the rest of his fleet. On the morning of the 5th the sails of three vessels rose above the horizon of the sea. Raising anchor, Iberville hastened to meet them and signalled them welcome. No response signalled back. The horrified watch at the masthead called down some warning. Then the full extent of the terrible mistake dawned on Iberville. These were not *his* consort ships at all. They were the English men-of-war, the *Hampshire*, fifty-two guns; the *Dering*, thirty; the *Hudson's Bay*, thirty-two—hemming him in a fatal circle between the English foe on land and their own cannon to sea.

One can imagine the wild shout of jubilation that went up from the two hundred and fifty Englishmen of the *Hampshire* to see their enemy of ten years' merciless raids now hopelessly trapped between their fleet and the fort. The English vessels had the wind, and raced over the waves, all sails set, like war-horses eager for battle. Iberville did not wait. He had weighed anchor to sail out when he thought the vessels were his own; and now he kept on his course. Of his original crew, forty were ill of scurvy. Some twenty-five had been sent ashore to reconnoitre. Counting the Canadians and Indians taken on at Newfoundland, he could muster only one hundred and fifty fighting-men. Quickly ropes were stretched to give the forces handhold over the frost-slippery decks. Stoppers were ripped from the fifty cannon, and the batterymen below under La Salle and Grandville had stripped off their shirts for the furnace of flame and powder that was to be their portion in the impending battle. Bienville, Iberville's brother, swung the infantrymen in line abovedecks, swords and pistols in hands, prepared for the hand-to-hand grapple that was bound to come against such desperate odds. De la Potherie got the Canadians to the forecastle, all ready to board when the ships knocked keels. Iberville knew it was to be like those old-time raids—a fight to the death, or victory; and on he swept, right up to the *Hampshire*, the strongest of the foe, where every shot

would tell. The *Hampshire* shifted broadsides to the French, and at nine in the morning let go two roaring cannonades that ploughed up the *Pelican's* decks and stripped the French of masts naked to the hull. At the same instant the *Dering* and *Hudson's Bay*, which had circled to the left of the French, poured a musketry fire across the *Pelican's* stern. At one fell blast forty French had been mowed down, but the batterymen below never ceased their torrent of balls straight into the *Hampshire's* hull; and Iberville shouted for the infantrymen to fire into the *Dering's* forecastle, and the Canadian sharpshooters to rake the decks of the *Hudson's Bay*. For three and a half hours the three-cornered battle raged. The ships were so close, shout and counter-shout could be heard across decks. Faces were literally singed with the musketry fire. Ninety French were wounded. The *Pelican's* decks swam in blood. Grape-shot and grenade had set the fallen sails in flame. Railings were gone overdecks, the bridge crumbling, a gaping wound in the hull of the French ship to fore; and still the batterymen below poured their storm of fire and bomb into the English hull. The fighters were so close, one old record says, and the holes torn by the bombs so large in the hull of each ship, that the gunners on the *Pelican* were looking into the very eyes of the smoke-grimed men belowdecks in the *Hampshire*. For three hours the English had tacked to board the *Pelican*; and the mastless, splintered *Pelican* had fought like a demon to cripple her enemy's approach. The men of both decks had rushed *en masse* for the last hand-to-hand fight, when a wild shout went up from the remnants of the French. The batteries of the *Hampshire* were suddenly silenced. The great ship refused to answer to the wheel. That persistent, undeviating fire belching from the sides of the *Pelican* had done its work. The *Hampshire* gave a quick back lurch. Before the amazed Frenchmen could believe their eyes, amid the roar of flame and crashing billow, all sails set, the *Hampshire* settled and sank like a stone amid the engulfing seas. Not a soul of her two hundred and fifty men escaped. The screams of the struggling seamen had





#### WRECK OF THE "PELICAN"

Crew landing after sinking the "Hampshire" and capturing the "Hudson's Bay"

(From an old engraving)

not died on the waves before Iberville had turned the batteries of his shattered ship full force on the *Hudson's Bay*. Promptly the *Hudson's Bay* struck colors; but while Iberville was engaged loading his captives and taking over ninety prisoners, the *Dering* showed swift heel and gained Fort Nelson.

In the fury and heat of the fight, the French had not noticed the gathering storm that now broke with hurricane gusts of sleet and rain. The hawser that towed the captive ship snapped like a thread. Captor and captive in vain threw out anchors. The anchors raked bottom. Cables were cut, and the two ships drove along the sands before the wind. The deck of the *Pelican* was now icy with blood. Every shock of smashing billows jumbled dead and dying *en masse*. The night grew black as pitch. The little railing that still clung to the shattered decks of the *Pelican* was now

washed away, and the waves carried off dead and wounded. Tables were hurled from the cabin. The rudder was broken; and the water was already to the bridge of the floundering ship when the hull began to split and the *Pelican* buried her prow in the sands six miles from the fort. All small boats had been shot away. The canoes of the Canadians were swamped as they were launched. Tying the spars of the shattered masts in four-sided racks, Iberville had the wounded bound to these and towed ashore by the others, half swimming, half wading. Many of the men sprang into the sea half naked as they had fought. Guns and powder-horns, held high above heads, were all that was saved of the wreck. Eighteen more men lost their lives trying to swim ashore. On land, the cast-aways found two feet of snow. For twelve hours they had fought, without pause for food; and now, shivering round



fires kindled in the bush, the half-famished men devoured moss and seaweed raw. It was at this terrible pass that the other ships of Iberville's fleet came to his rescue. They, too, had suffered from the storm, the *Violent* having gone to bottom, the *Palmier* having lost her steering-gear.

Nelson, or York, was the usual four-bastioned fur-post, with palisades and houses of white fir logs a foot thick, the pickets punctured for small arms, with embrasures for some hundred cannon. It stood some paces back from Hayes River, four miles up from the sea. The ship *Hudson's Bay* had also been wrecked, and her seamen carried to Governor Bailey of the fort word of Iberville's desperate plight. Nor was Bailey inclined to surrender even after the other ships came to Iberville's aid. With Bailey in the fort was that Smithsend who had been sold to slavery in Martinique by the French. When Iberville's messenger was led into the council-hall with flag of truce and bandaged eyes to demand surrender, Smithsend advised resistance till the English knew whether Iberville had been lost in the wreck. Fog favored the French. By the 11th they had been able to get their cannon ashore undetected by the English, so near the fort that the first intimation was the blow of hammers in erecting platforms. This drew the fire of the English, and the cannonading began on both sides. On the 12th Sérigny entered the council again to demand surrender.

"If you refuse, there will be no quarter," he warned.

"Quarter be cursed!" thundered the old governor. Then turning to his men, "Forty pounds sterling to every man who fights."

But the Canadians, with all the sav-

agery of Indian warfare, had begun hacking down palisades to the rear. Sérigny came once more from the French. "They are desperate," he urged. "They must take the fort or pass the winter like beasts in the wilds." Bombs had been shattering the houses. Bailey was induced to capitulate, but, game to the end, haggled for the best bargain he could get. Neither the furs nor the armaments of the fort were granted him; but he was permitted to march out with his people unharmed, drum beating, flag unfurled, ball in mouth, match lighted, bag and baggage, fife screaming its shrillest defiance—to march out with all this brave pomp to a desolate winter in the wilds, while the wood-lopers led by Boisbriant ransacked the fort.

The Treaty of Ryswick put an end to the raids. Iberville sailed away to fresh glories. A seigniory had been granted him along the Bay of Chaleurs. In 1699 he was created Chevalier of St. Louis. The rest of his years were passed founding the colony of Louisiana; and he visited Boston and New York harbors with plans of conquest in his mind, though, as the Earl of Belmont reported, he pretended it was for wood and water. In the war of the Barbadoes he hoped to capture slaves for Louisiana, and had transported hundreds; but yellow fever raged in the South and Iberville fell a victim to it on July 9, 1706. He was perhaps the most picturesque type of Canada's wild wood chivalry, with all its savage faults and romantic heroism.

And his Majesty the King of France, well pleased with the success of his brave raiders, sends out a musty old despatch that reads: "*His Majesty declines to accept the white bear sent to him from Hudson's Bay, but he will permit the fur traders to exhibit the animal.*"



# Fiddler

BY SEWELL FORD

HAVING been the owner of Fiddler for almost two weeks, Mr. Hiram Proggins arrived somewhat abruptly at the conclusion that he had made a mistake. Either Fiddler was not the horse for him or he was not the man for Fiddler. From his perch on the grain-box Mr. Proggins stared in dissatisfied contemplation at the stall where Fiddler's white nose was submerged in the manger. Yes, a mistake had been made.

Fiddler had known it all along. There were horses, plenty of them, that would have suited Hi Proggins. Some horses, you know, don't care a clover-head who own them. Fiddler was not of this kind. He could make distinctions, and very fine ones, sometimes. The mere sight of Proggins aroused his suspicions, and when Fiddler first felt the touch of the new owner's hands on the reins he was assured, by that subtle instinct common to every good horse, that he and Mr. Proggins were not in accord and never could be.

In the first place, Proggins was glum and unsociable. Fiddler's chief traits were cheerfulness and sociability. Also, he had that which many scientific folks will tell you no animal possesses—a sense of humor. Judging him by a full-face view, you would never guess it. Fiddler had a long head—an abnormally long head—which gave to his frontal expression a solemn, almost lugubrious cast. Perhaps no horse ever carried about such a doleful face. It was grotesquely wobegone.

But view him from either side, get the effect of his parrot nose, note the sly humor of his drooping eyelids, the merry drollery lurking in the mouth corners, the mischievous twitching of his pendent upper lip, and you would find yourself grinning out of sheer sympathy with his jovial mood.

Mr. Proggins, however, did not grin. He never grinned. The face of Proggins

was not fashioned for such purpose. Mainly it was whiskered—not with a long, benevolent beard, nor with an aristocratic Vandyke. It bristled with a coarse, scraggy, untractable, sandy-hued growth that suggested irritability of temper. As for the eyes of Proggins, no one might know what they expressed, for they were deeply set under bushy brows and further hidden by an overgrown pair of smoked glasses. Those glasses puzzled Fiddler, as well they might, for they gave to the unattractive face of Proggins a weird, sinister expression.

This was unfortunate. Proggins was not a bad fellow. He was simply an unsuccessful inventor whose disposition had been somewhat soured. Chiefly this was due to misdirected effort, for Proggins had inventive genius of no mean order. But he misused it. Was there anything along impossible or impractical lines, Proggins thought of it and straightway set himself the task of inventing it. He invented a mattress that would turn itself over once in ten days, provided that you wound up the weights and set the clockwork properly. The fact that the great American public did not yearn for a self-turning mattress embittered the mind of Proggins. A lawn-mower that could be converted into a feed-cutter, a hand-cultivator, a churn, or a coffee-grinder was another ingenious boon that the public declined to appreciate.

The two or three inventions which had proved of real value brought him meagre returns because manufacturers' agents had juggled the patent rights to that end. But always and endlessly, despite failure and reverses, were Proggins's best thoughts, most of his income, and the greater part of his time devoted to the construction of a perpetual-motion machine, which seemed doomed to be perpetually motionless.

It was this unoriginal folly that had estranged kin and friends, that had



caused Proggins to leave town and seek the seclusion of a ten-acre farm off the County House Road. There, in unpainted, ramshackle buildings huddled among unpruned trees and surrounded by untilled fields, Proggins lived like a hermit, working at vain things, dreaming vain dreams, and cherishing resentment against a careless world.

About once a week Proggins reluctantly tramped into the nearest town for supplies and material. With the purpose of making these trips still more infrequent, he decided to buy a horse. Unluckily for both, Fiddler chanced to be the animal which fate and an unsympathetic horse-dealer picked out to share his lot.

When you have pulled a post-cart over a suburban mail route for some five years you come to know a lot of folks and a lot of folks come to know you. When you are watched for every day by several hundred persons, when you establish intimate relations with a whole neighborhood, then your work ceases to be mere drudgery. Fiddler had found it so. He liked to see them, the women and children, and sometimes the men, standing at the gate watching for him. They seemed glad to have him stop, even though he left nothing more than the weekly paper or a patent-medicine almanac. They brought him things to eat,—bunches of clover whose honey-laden tops were deliciously sweet, red summer apples, and on baking-days fresh crullers and ginger cookies. He liked his driver, too—a jolly chap who whistled and sang as Fiddler jogged along the highway.

Changes, however, are bound to come. The driver was promoted to the railway division, and the new postman had a horse of his own. So Fiddler went to the horse-trader, and from there to the Proggins farm. Sadly did Fiddler miss his friends on the mail route. Here was only this glum-visaged man with bristling whiskers and queer-looking eyes. He neither looked nor acted friendly. But Fiddler was bound to make the best of things. In a dozen ways he tried to be sociable. He had a trick of upsetting the grain-measure by an unexpected lift of his long nose when he was being fed. The postman had enjoyed it heartily, and

every meal-time they made quite a game of it. But Proggins rapped him sharply with a stick he carried, and refused to enter into the spirit of the joke. He wanted none of Fiddler's good-natured nosings and plainly showed it.

It was clear, too, that he was afraid of the horse, approaching head or heels with much caution. Fiddler, who had never kicked or used his teeth on any one in all his life, came to enjoy lifting a threatening hoof or laying back his ears, just for the fun of seeing Mr. Proggins dance out of his way.

What was the matter with the man, anyway? Fiddler could not make out. Then there remained the mystery of those smoked glasses. So Fiddler got into the habit of watching his master closely as long as he could keep Proggins within range of his eyes. His were big, round eyes, too, deep and full and strikingly human in their expression. Fiddler could stare out of them in such a questioning way that one was almost moved to ask, "Well, old fellow, what's up; what do you want to say?"

Hi Proggins was not so moved. To him this stare of Fiddler's was intensely disconcerting. Whenever he was at work about the barn he might be certain that those big, round eyes were following him. Fiddler would even crane his neck to watch Proggins shake out the bedding or when he was fastening the traces behind him. This Mr. Proggins interpreted as an evidence that the horse was only waiting for a chance to play him some evil prank. Naturally he grew to dislike Fiddler as well as to fear him.

Once he had Fiddler safely harnessed and had climbed up on the wagon out of range of his blindered eyes, Mr. Proggins's mind was at peace. Sitting humped over on the seat, his thoughts dwelling on some new obstacle presented by the intricate contrivance in his workshop, Proggins would allow Fiddler to jog along wholly unguided for half an hour at a time.

Then it was that Fiddler tasted happiness. Hungry for the sight of horses and men, he improved each trip to town by giving full play to his sociable impulses. He whinnied friendly greetings to every passing team, and often left the road altogether just to rub noses with



a pastured horse. Could he overtake a carriage, he would follow it doggedly, if possible with nose on the seat-back. In this way he frightened several old ladies, who roused the absent-minded Proggins from his day-dreams to scold him soundly for his impertinence.

Arrived in town, it was Fiddler's delight to stop before the court-house or town hall or wherever was the biggest crowd, much to the disgust of Proggins, who wished to come in contact with as few persons as possible.

But Fiddler was bent on being sociable when opportunity offered. Twice he forced his way into funeral processions, where he was not at all wanted. Was there a crowd about a travelling fakir's wagon in the market square, Fiddler, if not closely watched, would push into the thickest of it. On one occasion he followed a stream of carriages into the fair-grounds, and Proggins was brought to his senses by an indignant ticket-collector who charged him with being a beat.

It was always Proggins who was blamed for intrusiveness. No one ever seemed to suspect Fiddler. Even Proggins himself, unwilling to credit the horse with anything more than brute instincts, was not suspicious. He was puzzled, however, when one Sunday, after starting for town under the impression that it was Saturday, he woke from a brown study to find himself in the carriage-shed of the Calvary Baptist Church just as the morning service was concluding. Proggins, who particularly disapproved of churches and church-going, had the humiliation of being compelled to drive home in the midst of the Sunday procession. Some say Fiddler wore a broad grin, but probably it was nothing more than his normal expression.

From that day, however, Fiddler was no longer trusted to find his way into town and back. At cost of much mental effort Proggins did the guiding and avoided places where he had no wish to go. Fiddler had to submit, although he eyed longingly every group and gathering.

As Proggins's dislike for the horse deepened, he began to dread the three visits which he must make every day to Fiddler's stall with feed and water.

The persistence with which he was followed about by the searching stare of inquiry disturbed and upset his mind. But Proggins was not an inventor for nothing. Resolutely suspending his tinkering on the perpetual-motion machine, for nearly a week he measured and hammered and worked about the barn. Fiddler watched and wondered, but he could make nothing of it.

Then one morning Proggins did not come to the barn at all. Yet the water-bucket in the manger was mysteriously filled, the usual two quarts of grain miraculously appeared without a sign of hands, and a big forkful of hay was noiselessly pitched down from the loft. At noon and again at night the phenomenon was repeated, and without sight or sound of Proggins. Fiddler stared and listened, but solve the puzzle he could not.

Still, considering the genius of Proggins, the thing was no great marvel. He had simply built a series of troughs from the pump to the water-bucket, hoisted the grain-box into the loft, and dropped a chute with a string-regulated slide into the manger, and contrived an automatic hay-fork. This last, it must be admitted, was really a clever device. The whole arrangement worked perfectly.

The result was that Fiddler's isolation was complete. The lonely monotony of stall-standing was not unbroken even by the brief visits of the unsociable Proggins. It was the most absolute solitude which Fiddler had ever experienced. The farm was a lonesome place at best, and the silence that hung about it like a pall was almost unbroken. In barn-yard or pasture were no lowing cows, not a hen cackled cheerfully; there was not even a dog or cat about the place. The only sound to be heard was the muffled hammering of Proggins in his distant workshop.

And Fiddler didn't like it. He soon became tired of being fed and watered by machinery. He wanted to see some one, even if it were only Proggins. So he revolted. He backed against the barn door until the rusty latch gave way. Then he walked out into the barn-yard and began to hunt for company.

Thus it was that Proggins, conscious of some unusual presence, looked up from



his work to see the solemn face of Fiddler framed in the open window and those big, curious eyes fixed upon him with disconcerting stare.

"Get out of here, you beast!" Proggins fairly shrieked. "Get out, you long-faced son of Satan!" and he waved a hammer threateningly. Arming himself with a long pole, he undertook to drive Fiddler back into the stable. But the horse was enjoying his liberty too well to go tamely back into the hateful stall. A merry chase they had of it, through the neglected orchard, about the weed-grown garden, into the road, and back again.

Then Proggins had an inspiration. He would drive Fiddler down to the highway and lose him. That would end the business, would rid him of this troublesome animal. As for Fiddler, he seemed glad enough to go, and Proggins saw him disappear over a hill with a sense of thankfulness. Two hours later, however, a boy from a neighboring farm led Fiddler back in triumph and demanded a dollar. Proggins grumbled, but paid the reward and put a new latch on the barn door.

This was the beginning of a game which progressed from day to day. Fiddler's part was to find the weak spots in the old barn and to go through them. Proggins undertook to repair the breaks and to thwart new attempts. It was a spirited contest.

At first Proggins tried to gain an advantage by putting a halter on Fiddler and tying him to a stout stanchion. Fiddler promptly gnawed through the halter rope and declined to allow a repetition of the handicap. His outbreaks were bold and ingenious. Once he forced the door of the cow-shed. Another time he backed through the side of the barn, ripping off two loosened boards. And after each escape he went straight to the window of the workshop, as if to taunt the defeated Proggins and challenge him to another prance through the orchard.

Having endured this sort of thing for several days, Proggins became desperate. He had reached what he believed to be a critical stage in his life-work. At any moment he expected to see the various wheels of his machine start into endless

motion, and he was working with feverish enthusiasm. But apply himself he could not with that long, white, solemn face leering at intervals through his window and that disturbing stare following his every movement.

"You've done it again, have you?" he growled, as Fiddler made his last appearance. "Want to drive me crazy, don't you, you four-legged old Slippery Jack? But I'll fix you, I'll fix you this time." Here Mr. Proggins shook a futile fist, while every wiry hair of his sandy whiskers bristled with anger. "I'll fasten you up now, you blamed old white hoodoo, so you can't get out. I'll do it if I have to build the whole darned barn over with walls a foot thick."

With this threat Mr. Proggins impetuously grabbed his hat and started on foot for the nearest sawmill to order a load of lumber.

Reproachfully Fiddler watched the bent form of Proggins dash down towards the County House Road. Then he stuck his long head into the open door of the workshop and sniffed curiously about. Next to the window was a carpenter's bench littered with tools and shavings and odd pieces of machinery. On the other side of the door was a hand-forge, a coffee-pot, and a frying-pan resting on the gray coals.

The rest of the room was largely occupied by a huge, flimsy-looking affair that suggested the combination of a grandfather's clock with a threshing-machine. It had wheels and weights and arms and levers and ropes and springs and pulleys. Such a contraption Fiddler had never seen before, and it attracted him. Cautiously he approached the thing, stepping carefully over the creaking floor boards, his neck stretched out, ears pricked forward, nostrils expanding and contracting, and pendent upper lip working tentatively.

All might have ended well and no mischief done had not Fiddler planted one of his hind feet on a saw. The thin steel snapped with a sharp report. Fiddler snorted in alarm and jerked upwards his long nose, striking a projecting lever. There ensued a whirring of wheels, a creaking of pulleys, a confused buzz of cogs. The thing was alive, then? It was some monstrous insect!



Fiddler reared in fright. His head struck the ceiling, and down he came with a grand crash. The machine toppled towards him, and the next that he knew he was hopelessly mixed up in the thing. So he went plunging madly about, his legs twined and tangled with ropes and springs, his iron-shod hoofs smashing and bending parts at every jump.

This is how it really happened. Mr. Proggins's theory that Fiddler deliberately attacked the machine with malicious intent is wholly absurd. Yet he thoroughly believed it at the time. Perhaps he does still. It is true that when he returned at the end of half an hour, having determined to make Fiddler haul the lumber for his own undoing, he found the old white horse dancing frantically on the ruin of the wrecked machine.

"I've had a mighty lot of hard luck in my day," said Proggins, "but I guess that was about the hardest knock I ever got. I was more scared than mad, though I'm not superstitious; but if ever a horse was possessed of the devil it was that old Fiddler. I don't want to see anything like it again. Heard folks tell about their blood running cold, haven't you? Well, mine did when I saw the antics of that four-legged demon. And that grin of his! His jaws were shut tight, but his lips were drawn up until you could see his teeth way back to his ears.

"But his eyes were the worst. They just blazed with deviltry. He had that coffin-shaped head of his up in the air, and he was switching his old white tail and rampaging about that shop as though he meant to make match-wood of the whole business—which he come pretty near doing.

"I couldn't swear and I couldn't cry, though I wanted to do both at once. I just stood there with my eyes sticking out and my hair standing up until, all of a sudden, he looks up and sees me. Then he charged through the door at me like a setter going after a rabbit. I yelled and made a dive for the old smoke-house. As I jumped in I slammed the door after me and climbed up on the top beams.

"Guess I must have roosted there nearly three hours before I dared to come

down. I heard Fiddler stamping in his stall as he used to when he wanted his feed. I tiptoed out until I could get hold of the grain-box string, and I pulled that two or three times. The grain quieted him, and while he was eating I slipped around and shut the barn door, bracing it with half a dozen fence rails. Then I walked over and took the night train to the city, where I hunted up a man who makes a business of training vicious horses. I paid him twenty-five dollars to come out and take Fiddler away. And what do you think? That contrary old beast whinnied as if he was glad to see us, and followed the man off as meekly as a mooley cow. Blast his old white hide!"

Curiously enough, the smashing of the perpetual-motion machine proved to be the making of Proggins. Quite too discouraged to begin a new one, he abandoned the whole scheme and out of sheer irony applied his genius to the fashioning of a patent stopper for tomato-ketchup bottles. In less than six months he had more money than he knew what to do with.

Nor did Fiddler pass into oblivion. Far from it. Some time or other you will probably arrive at one of the great railroad terminals in Jersey City. Should you chance to hit upon the right one, you may see, moving with leisurely steps and solemn dignity through the inbound and outgoing throngs, an old white horse with an abnormally long head.

It will be Fiddler. His business is to haul baggage-vans back and forth along the platforms. Surely, you will say, he cannot lack for society. Nor does he. Every hour of the day folks are shunted in from the far corners of the world to meet him. Men from all lands brush his flanks and carry away on their coat sleeves white hairs from his sleek quarters.

And Fiddler appears to enjoy it all immensely. On his solemn old white face sits contentment. In the midst of train-shed riot he is thoroughly at home. You may see him stand serene and tranquil as a big six-driver camel-back dragging the Chicago Limited slows down with a screech of brake-shoes from its mile-a-minute run and comes to a hard-breathing stop not ten inches from his nose.



"Hello, old Whitey!" the engineer will sing out, leaning from his cab to smooth Fiddler's ears. "We're back again, you see."

Perhaps no mere traveller was ever more surprised at meeting Fiddler on the station platform than the occupant of a Pullman section who alighted one day from the Washington express. The colored porter who followed him with his hand-baggage seemed to think him a personage, but you or I would have needed but one glance at those smoked glasses and sandy whiskers before exclaiming, "Proggins!"

The first sight of Fiddler made him gasp; and no wonder, for as he stepped from the train he found himself confronted with that unforgettable white face. Under his whiskers Proggins

turned pale, and had it not been for perilling the deep respect which his dollar tip had evoked from the porter he would have climbed back into the car and shut the door. Edging around Fiddler and well to the rear, Proggins addressed the man in charge of the baggage-van.

"Nice horse you have there, eh?"

"Yes, sir; he's all right, old Fiddler is. And knowin'— Say, he knows more'n lots of people, he does."

"Yes," assented Proggins, "I should judge so."

As he moved down the platform toward the ferry-boat, Mr. Hiram Proggins turned to take a last look at the old horse. Fiddler, too, had swung about and presented his profile. It wore a sardonic grin. And Proggins, who had learned how, grinned responsively.

## A Trail of Gold

BY MARGARET LEE ASHLEY

I WOKE, a Pagan, with the sun—  
A worshipper of dawn;  
I saw the mists of morning run  
Like ghosts across the lawn;  
I saw the trees shake off their shrouds;  
I saw a rosy ship  
Come sailing out of rosy clouds  
And dance along and dip.

It was a day of sun and wind  
That blew into the brain;—  
It beckoned me afield to find  
The gods come back again.  
It wooed me where the woods are green,—  
To where the river leads,  
And boisterous breezes pipe unseen,  
Like Pan among the reeds.

The wild-grape fragrance followed me,  
Insistent as a sound;  
From every copse I looked to see  
A vine-wreathed satyr bound.

In every bush a wood-nymph stirred—  
A thousand sighs took wing;  
I leaned against a tree and heard  
The dryads whispering.

All day I wantoned with the breeze,  
I revelled in the gold;  
I burrowed, like the drunken bees,  
In beauties manifold.  
All day the Pagan gods were mine,  
And when the sun was set,  
I worshipped at a Pagan shrine  
Of gold and violet.

It was a day of wind and sun;  
The night came cool and still,—  
A starry night, with silver spun  
In mist along the hill;—  
A quiet night of dew and air  
And sweetness of the sod.  
I folded tranquil hands in prayer  
And made my peace with God.

# The American Nile

BY G. GORDON COPP

Pictures by courtesy of the New York Botanical Garden

“WHEN you have drunk of the red waters of the Colorado you will be filled with an infinite longing to linger within sound of its voice. You may wander afar, but never again will you cease to hear the river calling. Some day you will obey and we will see you again,” the Indians who dwell along its banks will tell you, and many a white man who has felt the indescribable charm of this mighty American Nile repeats the Indian legend in explanation.

Like the Nile, the Colorado owes its being to the melting snows of mountains thousands of miles from its mouth, flows through arid lands, and terminates in an immense delta as large as the State of Massachusetts. Unlike the Nile delta, renowned for the many generations to whom it has given homes and sustenance, the great delta of the Colorado, equally if not more fertile, has lain almost idle for ages.

It is the home of the Cocopa Indians, and they alone have raised scant crops in the generous land these many years past. They build their houses of arrowweed, *Pluchea sericea*, with supports of willow or poplar, and conduct their crude husbandry according to the river's moods.

Each recurring spring the released waters rush from their mountain fastnesses and swell the river to resistless volume and current. Then follows a period of awaiting the river's pleasure to all who dwell or roam within the sphere of its influence. To casual observers there is naught of good, but much of seeming wanton destruction, in the annual bursting of the river's bonds and bounds, for the floods carry enough wreckage and sediment down to the sea each year to make a goodly State. Its quantity can only be estimated in thousands of tons, and its bulk is yearly crowding the ocean

waters farther south by slowly but surely filling in the Gulf of California. As the sea recedes, the characteristic flora of the region as constantly advances. As with most impetuous rivers, the Colorado floods subside as suddenly as they appear, and the river recedes to its usual channels, or such new ones as it frequently develops, while the ever-thirsty earth absorbs all lingering traces of the overflow with surprising rapidity.

Dr. D. T. MacDougal abandoned his duties as assistant director of the New York Botanical Garden for a trip down the Colorado early in March, and we made a hurried run across the continent. It was midnight when we were cast adrift at Mellen, a solitary station which the railroad people insist upon calling Topock. Kindly the brilliant Western moon arose to light us to welcome rest on a near-by hilltop. A hundred feet below, the Colorado was speeding on its ever-restless way, and beyond it the strangely worn and eroded Needles presented a singular medley of dignified and fantastic forms, silhouetted against the western sky. Daylight broke upon us seemingly before we had time to settle down cozily in our sleeping-bags, and the Needles appeared to have moved close upon us during the night from across the river in California.

In these lands of constant change one almost feels that he must be witnessing the birth of a new world. He finds the actual processes of moulding the earth going on all about him, and the mountains are affected only in less degree than the shifting sands which break into ripples and ridges at the behest of every idle wind.

At one point in the great desert is a chain of sand-hills averaging a hundred feet in height, which are slowly but steadily moving across the plain in the





DELTA WHERE THE COLORADO BURSTS ITS BOUNDS

direction of the prevailing winds. The wagon road which skirts them has been shifted many times, else it would have been covered. Ahead of them is the typical desert vegetation of the plain. The hills carry with them plants peculiar to themselves, and behind them, on the plain bared by the march of the hills, a flora distinctly different from either has appeared.

Erosion and weathering have honey-combed the Needles with pits and hollows and carved their summits into numberless domes, turrets, and pinnacles. Many of the more needlelike of the pinnacles are completely perforated. The sinking sun gleams through the openings with strange effect, and these sunlighted eyes suggested the mountain's name.

This year the river reached its maximum height, which only occurs at intervals of ten to twenty years. Nothing approaching its power of destructiveness

had been noted since 1891, when it did not reach the height of this year's record by several feet. Not for a decade will the conditions be likely to prove so favorable for study of the river's action and effects. To those dependent upon it for transportation or supplies the discomfort was proportionately great.

The explorers were joined at daybreak by Stanley Sykes, of Flagstaff, Arizona, who was to guide them down the river to Yuma, some three hundred miles distant. A folding canvas boat, twelve feet long, but broad of beam, and a skiff about as long, but much narrower, were depended upon for safe and speedy voyage. Volunteer advisers shook their heads ominously when they saw the little crafts loaded to their full capacity with camp-outfit supplies and apparatus, and all along the route we heard of danger-points just ahead which the tiny boats surely could not pass; but if those who would know the river at its best, learn its



THE MOVING SAND-HILLS OF THE DESERT

ever-interesting moods, and realize what it is accomplishing in the development of a new and exceedingly interesting land will trust the river, even in its wildest moods, in the very fulness of its strength, it will not betray their confidence. With ordinary precaution and the watchful observation that alone can make such a trip of any value, the journey can be and was made in a boat that two men could carry anywhere if portages were necessary. Camping alternately on the California and Arizona shores, delayed a day in camp near the mouth of Bill Williams Fork by a rain-storm, and a second day at Ehrenberg by a sand-storm, we reached Yuma on March 22, having accomplished the trip in eight days.

The upper valley of the river had received a maximum of rainfall, and numberless small annual plants, which in years of minimum moisture might not develop at all, had clothed the generally bare rocks and levels in green. The river was

still rising in irregular stages and cutting into banks and shoals. It was carrying enormous quantities of driftwood, and the shifting current, destroying alternate banks at every turn, added hundreds of living trees and tons of soil to the débris it was sweeping to the sea. One day we rode the crest of a rise of two feet; it passed us while we slept that night, but quickly swept us onward to its head when we resumed our oars the next morning. That day the current carried us eighty miles in about seven hours with but little work at the oars.

The giant cactus, *Cereus giganteus*, was found to grow as far north as Bill Williams Fork and to cross the river there into California—interesting discoveries to the botanist as extending the known area of distribution of these remarkable plants. It has hitherto been supposed that the eastern bank of the Colorado marked the western limit of the plants.

Sand-storms are of frequent occurrence



on the extensive gravel mesa at Ehrenberg. The sand-laden wind obscures the view like a fog, and in the teeth of the gale the driving sand stings like needle-points. It pervades everything; camp cooking becomes a task of magnitude, and eating an affliction, for at best a due proportion of sand must be swallowed.

The larger plants, especially the giant cactuses, suffer severely from these natural sand-blasts, and bear the scars of the encounter for many days. They are weird plants in their way, showing best perhaps standing, as they did in California, high up on rocky shelves on the mountainside, like giant sentinels ready to warn comrades on the plain below of any impending danger. Most people have been made familiar with the general appearance of the plant by numerous illustrations of it, but no photograph can convey the effects of its singular beauty amid its natural surroundings, nor tell the tale of the quaint music awakened by every breeze at play among its many spines.

The Gila River enters the Colorado just west of Yuma, and we crossed its angry waters through a maze of eddies and whirlpools through which immense quantities of driftwood were whirling in mad race. Escaping the worst of the turmoil, we reached the town at racing speed and made triumphant landing, with half our journey accomplished.

For eight days we had been cutting through the desert, but had found no barren land. Cottonwoods and willows lined the shores on either hand, to the exclusion of all view of the sandy wastes; in many places only a few feet behind the leafy screens. Tall canes diversified the scene at numerous points, and where the mud-flats prevailed the green blades of the cattail gave a familiar aspect to the scene. Most of the poplars—or cottonwoods, as the Western man invariably calls them—are a white-trunked variety: the white remarkably pure and the tree exceedingly handsome. They and the willows grow rapidly at the slightest opportunity. Thus it occurs that a mud-



GRAVELLY MESA BELOW SPUR OF COCOPA MOUNTAINS



flat escaping a single season's flood becomes a veritable nursery of young trees the following year.

In our rapid run down the river we had witnessed the destruction of dozens of such nurseries. At most places alongshore the river had reached the line of older growths and was levelling the larger trees by hundreds wherever a bend of the river directed the force of the current against the far shore. Trees ten inches in diameter and twenty to thirty feet high were constantly toppling into the insatiable river.

The fall of these larger trees was always graceful. The first intimation of it was a distinct shiver that ran through the entire tree, but was most marked in the upper branches; a moment later the tree would bend gracefully forward as if bowing to its enemy. An instant's pause and it would sink slowly into the rushing waters that had reached to and loosened the inshore roots.

Tree after tree of this larger growth would start down the river broadside to the current. Slowly at first, it would roll over and over, tangling its branches into a great skeleton wheel, rolling faster and faster as the branches became more impacted and presented fewer projecting points to catch and hold a moment in the shallower reaches. Eventually the branches would be worn off in such progress, leaving only the tougher roots to retard it. Then the denuded tree would give up the struggle, and whirling into the line of least resistance, would float head on down-stream until caught by the spreading roots in some shallow. Such snags anchored in favorable situations quickly gather and hold a tangled mass of drift, rising ten feet or more above the water. Others lie well submerged, with only a ripple above them to warn the navigator of their presence.

Mud banks, too recent to have developed vegetation, are absorbed by the river with even greater facility. Undercut by the current, such a bank will slough off in great masses, the size governed by the height of the bank and the tenacity of its composition.

Visible bars are not the only ones absorbed by the rapacious river. Floating over a surface level as a board, a ripple breaks under the bow of the boat

and is rapidly followed by others of greater and greater height, and before the little craft can be fairly turned aside it is pitching and plunging over waves of sometimes dangerous dimensions. At other times the turmoil is heralded by a sudden boiling upheaval of the waters that almost irresistibly swings the boat aside, generally into the puzzling swirl of a like upheaval. Quicker even than in the first instance, the boat is tossing on a more dangerous sea, choppy in character and usually foam-crested. In both instances the river has attacked submerged bars, and in the former is cutting it away in long slices, and in the latter in great cubes. The ultimate destination of all this sand and silt and vegetable débris is the delta, lying idle under a tropic sun, awaiting a conqueror.

At Yuma we found Godfrey Sykes awaiting us; and E. H. Goldman, of the United States Biological Survey, also decided to join the expedition to make collections of small mammals, birds, and reptiles. A larger boat was needed, and the Sykes brothers built one with a carrying capacity of a ton. We left Yuma with the new boat and the small skiff loaded to their fullest extent.

At three points the river cuts directly into the Sonora mesa. At these points the absolutely dry sand and gravel rise forty feet above the water, and every gale aids the river in cutting away the bank. The result is three of the most graceful sweeping curves in all the river's winding course.

A light gale was blowing as we passed the upper mesa. Light as it was, it had started hundreds of streams of sand flowing from the top of the bank as freely as water. One of these streams was fully eighteen inches in diameter. As we ran rapidly past the lower end of the exposure a ton or more of sand fell from the top of the bank.

We made a short stop on one of these exposures, and again were confronted with evidence of the persistence of desert vegetation and the fertility that no one would expect to find on the vast expanse of sand.

The plain was liberally dotted with white lilies blooming luxuriantly. Yet more plenty was a diminutive plant quite like the moisture-loving forget-me-not, in





BOILING SPRING WHERE THE ALGERIAN ALGA WAS FOUND

full bloom. Shrubs were plentiful enough to appear to form quite close thickets in the near distance, but all strictly desert plants are of individual habit, and none are ever crowded. Collectively they are a multitude, and in variety and in beauty of form and blossom compare well with plants of more favored climes.

Four families of Cocopa Indians were found at Colonia Lerdo. They had laid out melon-patches along the river front, and each group of seedlings occupied the centre of a depression six feet in diameter and a foot deep, excavated to retain moisture.

We engaged Cocopa Mike, the head of the colony, to help us row the big boat against the current of the Hardy—or Hardy's Colorado, as it is generally known. A short run took us to this river's mouth, and three days later we reached a point where the main channel runs for several hundred yards along the base of a spur of the Cocopa Mountains. Here we camped for ten days.

Back of this spur lies an extensive gravel mesa, and we found the desert expanse gay with flowers. The tall, thorny, rugged ocotillo uplifted its gaudy crest of crimson flowers. At frequent intervals throughout the plain the yellow blossoms of a plant quite like the coreopsis nodded and bowed to every passing breeze. The lycium, or matrimony-bush, was ablaze with its brilliant red fruits, and the crested quail feasted upon them to repletion without being able to reduce the quantity appreciably. Farther northward, evening-primroses, some of most delicate pink, others a lemon yellow, bloomed abundantly; while on the stonier mounds and levels to the southward varieties of cacti displayed their beautiful blooms. The river banks were guarded by heavy thickets of mesquite and willow, affording shelter to innumerable birds.

Across the narrow river, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the flooded delta that some day will be brought under subjection and bent to the will of man. Climb



MUD-VOLCANOES STILL ACTIVELY AT WORK

high on the spur or mountain as one might, and the view of the flooded plain was merely extended. Laughingly we called our camps our happy homes, but this one was the brightest and most interesting of all.

Many living plants and a large variety of specimens of small mammals, reptiles, and birds were collected. Extensive observations were made, from which Mr. Godfrey Sykes is preparing a sketch map as a contribution to the geography of the country. The mysterious Cocopas, long so called because of their inaccessibility and the little there was known about them, had been fairly well conquered.

In the closing days of the expedition we followed the Hardy to its head at Volcano Lake, and spent a day in examining the many active mud-volcanoes, which cover an extent of some two square miles overlooking the lake. The land all about is strongly impregnated with salts and sulphur, but even here *sesuvium sessile* was abundant in places, and in a hot spring near the volcanoes was found an alga hitherto only reported from Algeria.

The expedition disbanded at Calexico, a town too young to yet be indicated on any map. It is located on New River, and the boundary-line between the United States and Baja California is all that separates it from its Mexican neighbor, Mexicala. It is an object-lesson in what a slight control of the abundant waters will accomplish in the delta of the Colorado. Only some three years old, it is the prosperous centre of an area devoted mainly to fruit and grain, and its people talk enthusiastically of four to six crops of some farm products in a single season.

Expert gardeners who desire to develop the finest of fruits and flowers seek the woodlands and swamps, and there laboriously gather leaf-mould, the wreckage of forest and stream. Carefully they combine this with sand, lest the plants become cloyed with the overrich food or sodden from improper drainage, and not a plant ever fails to repay them their intelligent care. And this is precisely the work that the Colorado is performing, and the product is stored in the great delta of the American Nile.



# The Passing

BY JOSEPHINE A. MEYER

**S**UDDENLY she awoke.

She had not been asleep—there had been no dreams to mark the interval of time, but when she had last seen the room the central light had been lit and three dizzy stars had been visible through the upper pane of the window. Now the sun glowed through the green leaves of the trees without and the room was deluged with rich day. A faint, sweet breeze stirred the thin white curtain with the soft breath of early summer.

She lay perfectly still, absorbing it all. Never, it seemed, had her faculties been more sensibly acute; never had the joy of the world so thrilled her: it was near to complete happiness. She thought of the dark weeks before—she thought of the nights, those long, long, wretched nights, filled with shadows and pain and unreasoning fear. Death had been so close—and now . . .

The fluttering of the leaves, the bright dancing, glinting, beautiful, beautiful sun! What had death to do with a day like this—in June? It was June, the month she had always loved above all the others, the best month. That alone was an omen of Hope and Life.

Her hand, when she tried to raise it, was heavy beyond belief, but that was natural. One could not be so ill as she had been and still retain one's strength. Now that she had awakened, now that the sun had come and June was here, the weakness would soon go. Each day would contribute to regenerate her vitality. How glorious it would be to rediscover the world! To stroll about among the new-leaved trees and the roses, to be alive! To see the daisies gleam before the sun and to smell hot clover—to be alive.

Some one walked softly across the room, and there was the subdued click of a very gently closing door. A murmur came low and almost melodious to her ear.

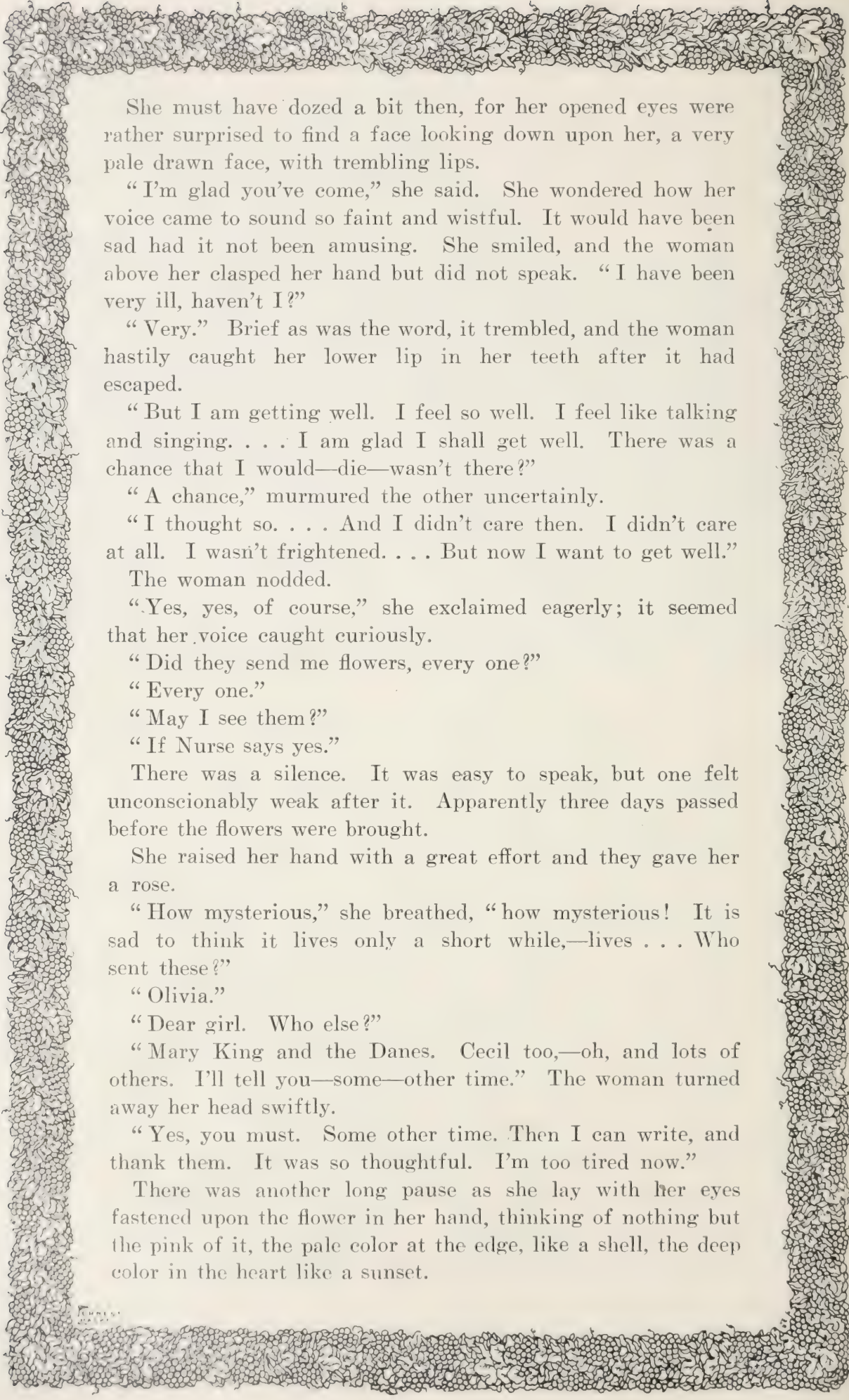
"And now,—do you think—?"

"I am sorry— I fear not. She is sinking very fast."

"Unconscious still?"

"Up till three minutes ago. . . ."





She must have dozed a bit then, for her opened eyes were rather surprised to find a face looking down upon her, a very pale drawn face, with trembling lips.

"I'm glad you've come," she said. She wondered how her voice came to sound so faint and wistful. It would have been sad had it not been amusing. She smiled, and the woman above her clasped her hand but did not speak. "I have been very ill, haven't I?"

"Very." Brief as was the word, it trembled, and the woman hastily caught her lower lip in her teeth after it had escaped.

"But I am getting well. I feel so well. I feel like talking and singing. . . . I am glad I shall get well. There was a chance that I would—die—wasn't there?"

"A chance," murmured the other uncertainly.

"I thought so. . . . And I didn't care then. I didn't care at all. I wasn't frightened. . . . But now I want to get well."

The woman nodded.

"Yes, yes, of course," she exclaimed eagerly; it seemed that her voice caught curiously.

"Did they send me flowers, every one?"

"Every one."

"May I see them?"

"If Nurse says yes."

There was a silence. It was easy to speak, but one felt unconscionably weak after it. Apparently three days passed before the flowers were brought.

She raised her hand with a great effort and they gave her a rose.

"How mysterious," she breathed, "how mysterious! It is sad to think it lives only a short while,—lives . . . Who sent these?"

"Olivia."

"Dear girl. Who else?"

"Mary King and the Danes. Cecil too,—oh, and lots of others. I'll tell you—some—other time." The woman turned away her head swiftly.

"Yes, you must. Some other time. Then I can write, and thank them. It was so thoughtful. I'm too tired now."

There was another long pause as she lay with her eyes fastened upon the flower in her hand, thinking of nothing but the pink of it, the pale color at the edge, like a shell, the deep color in the heart like a sunset.



"You must have my monogram stamped—on some new paper. To be ready. . . . I used up all the last. Different colors, to surprise me. You choose them," she began again.

"Yes," said the woman.

"Have you a cold?"

"Why?"

"Your voice is husky."

"Oh,—yes,—I have." The woman choked a bit and hid her face for a moment in her handkerchief.

"And a cough. You must be careful.—Till I'm able to nurse you.—As you did me." She sighed a bit in weary contentment.

It seemed a long time after, when the woman shifted her position.

"Would you like me to read, dear?"

"What?—Oh, yes. It may put me to sleep. I ought to sleep. . . . It gives strength. . . ." Her voice had grown unwontedly thin. She hoped she had not talked too much. It gave her an odd feeling of fear; in future she must be careful to not overdo things. Sleep would cure her.

The woman beside her had begun to read, and the words were strangely familiar. She seemed always to have been hearing them, and they were coming through infinite space to her ear, getting confused and almost losing significance in their journey.

"The Lord is my Shepherd—I shall—shall not want—maketh me to lie—down—green pastures—green—beside—waters. . . ."

She had known it always. She had always travelled beside the waters—that brook she heard, rushing over stones—rushing, roaring, roaring now, like a torrent. And evening came up and blurred all things...roaring... She clutched convulsively, and a pressure from the hand in hers steadied her. The roaring grew fainter, and close at hand, sane, and oh, how comfortingly homelike and substantial,—came the voice that stilled the supernatural noises.

"He restoreth my soul—He leadeth me—the paths—"

The darkness of evening increased; the tumult of the waves was stiller, but yet sounded. The voice came now across an abyss in fits and starts, growing more distant and muffled.

"... righteousness—for his name's sake. . . . Yea . . . I walk . . . Valley of the . . . Shadow . . . Valley . . . of the . . . Shadow . . . Valley . . . Shadow . . ."

EMERY  
DANIEL



## Editor's Easy Chair.

NOT very long ago we had the advantage of a conversation with a gentleman who had passed a great part of his life in a certain relation to wild animals. He had not followed and studied them in their native haunts, but as their proprietor and employer he had found frequent occasion to note their characteristics in the intervals between their public appearances. He had thus ceased to regard them wholly from the showman's point of view; they were still of a prime business interest, but they had secondarily become interesting to him as fellow creatures. In his talk he brought the philosophic mind to the illustration of their simple psychology, but he took such a practical view of their habits and customs; their very restricted sympathies and elementary social instincts, that it was with a start of surprise we heard him conclude, "Still, I do believe it is true that a lion won't hurt a lady." This was a sharp reversion to the region of the ideal where he saved himself from the dull air of the commonplace, and drew a breath of the vital ether of romance. We were just going to ask him for any proofs he could allege of the chivalrous delicacy of the lion's nature, when he rose and said he guessed it was about his bedtime; it was, in fact, rather late in the evening.

Thinking his case over afterwards it seemed to us that it was not out of line with a certain trend in modern emotioning towards what we may call the heraldic in natural history. It was his response to the fine demand in the arts for something more beautiful than truth, something nobler than nature; and at the same time it testified to the progress of that understanding between man and the lower animals which every one must have noticed in the writings of the new naturalists. We were not ungrateful, and we see much to hearten and inspire in the *rap-prochement* of the higher and the lower forms of life. We are proud that our own species has made the advances to which the other species have so hand-

somely, if not always very articulately, responded. It were too nice, perhaps, to inquire whether in the modest doubt which overtook our race when many people began, under the instruction of evolution, to be not so sure they had souls, there was an insensible reaching out from us towards the beasts that perish. There had been trouble before that time in the minds of some who could not believe that their favorite dogs, so much kinder, wiser, and truer than certain persons they could name, had no souls; but if men themselves had no souls, that simplified matters immensely. It is not impossible that from this moment arose the dog-cult which appears to have spread through all ranks of society in the civilized world, until now it has become as much as one's place in it is worth to say one does not like dogs.

In spite of all this, however, we will venture to own that it was with a sense of something purposely banal in his answer, when the other day we asked a young novelist whether he had ever thought of taking an animal for a hero, and he replied, "Yes, a dog!" Dogs have been heroes almost from the moment they ceased to be wolves and foxes and turned upon their savage ancestors in defence of their new-found human friends. There is doubtless something to be said on the side of the wolves and foxes in the matter; one can see how they might well accuse the dogs of race-treason; but that is a point of view which no believer in the heroism of dogs will take. "Allow," we imagine such a one urging, "that the wolves and foxes are right in much that they claim. Admit, for the sake of argument, that dogs are filthy brutes, with habits that no wolf or fox would indulge; that they bring fleas into the house, and a bad smell; that they will go straight from a perfumed bath, the curled darlings of tender mistresses, and seize the first occasion of rolling in carrion; that they are worse than swinish in their diet if permitted to indulge their preferences; that in guarding the shepherd's flocks



by night they will sup on the lambs of neighboring folds if opportunity offers; that they are nervous and hysterical, and that they will rouse the households they watch over with a thousand false alarms, and then yield to the first burglar who tempts them with a bit of meat; that knowing the superior intelligence of their own species, they have such a low taste for society that they will rather consort with the stupidest little boy, or the greatest blackguard of a man, or the silliest doll of a woman, than with the best and wisest dog that ever was; that they are vain, jealous, vindictive, and cruel; that their peculiarly excitable temperament renders them liable to the most dreadful of diseases, especially in a state of high domestication, when they go mad and incontinently bite their dearest friends, who presently expire in inexpressible torments; that in the country they minister mainly to the idleness of man, and in towns are an unmitigated nuisance. But what of all that? Do they not throttle venomous serpents about to bite infants in their cribs and then suffer themselves to be precipitately slain by the rash fathers who mistake the blood of the reptile for that of their offspring? Do they not constantly save children from drowning? Do they not come and notify people that their masters are lying helpless from injury or exhaustion in waste places, and pull at the garments of the incredulous till they go to the rescue? Do they not fly at the throats of footpads and other dangerous characters who would steal unsuspected upon their victims? Will they not refuse to be driven from the doors of their sick masters, and then go and lie on their graves, refusing all food till they die?"

It must be confessed that arguments like these leave the wolves and foxes scarcely a leg to stand on, and establish the dog almost unassailably in that quality of hero in which he has not yet been adequately, or at least coherently, painted. His heroism illustrates a thousand anecdotes and a hundred short stories, but it does not yet illumine a sustained fiction, say, of a hundred and twenty thousand words. In the mean time his universal acceptance as a factor of civilization is perhaps the first step

toward that great union of the higher and lower species inaugurated under the ægis of agnosticism. If we are *all* beasts that perish why should not we be better friends, or at least more intimate acquaintance? It has always been accepted by the innocence of infancy that there are good bears, good tigers, good panthers, who reverse their instincts at the behest of a higher impulse, and lead lost children back to their homes. The goodness of elephants is notorious; they are stern disciplinarians in the case of boys who give them tobacco instead of peanuts or sweetmeats; after twenty years they return to drench them with water from the wayside pools when they recognize them in the crowd of other boys come out from town to meet the menagerie; but in the case of the brown babes of the Hindus carelessly rolling in the dust of the highway, they have the habit of lifting them tenderly with their trunks and passing them over to their mothers at the very moment when these had expected them to be crushed beneath the ponderous feet of their rescuers. In proof of the rule that elephants are good, there are exceptional bad elephants which seize every occasion to kill their keepers, or even disinterested spectators; and all elephants are subject to emotional crises, when they forget their better nature, and go through the town, banging the bazars to pieces right and left, and playing havoc with the foot-passengers. Still, they have on the whole been as constantly if not as universally the friends of man as the dogs themselves, their sole rivals in intelligence. They cannot be so conveniently kept as pets, but in the increasing amity between man and other animals, there is no reason why an elephant should not be taken for a hero. In the Orient, elephants are largely employed in works of construction, and one of them might be figured as a walking delegate, calling out the other elephants from their labors in an open shop; or still better, he might be portrayed as a public-spirited strike-breaker in cases where union elephants have gone out in violation of their contracts.

In the ravage of fiction so many heroes of the human species will have



been consumed that our authors must begin to draw upon the other species, and they ought really to look about them in the light of the new natural history. We are ourselves so little acquainted with this that we are not prepared to say whether science has shed a Roentgen ray upon the nature of a useful animal long celebrated for its patience and known for its sagacity and stubborn endurance. But so many human heroes of romance are donkeys that the transition to their archetype would be easy. The cat, which is of a cold, ironical temper, would not lend itself so readily to idealism in fiction. As a lion, it has indeed shown a devotion to allegorical if not actual ladies; the good actions of Puss-in-Boots, and his high efficiency in behalf of humble worth and modest ambition, are certainly not to be lightly passed over. Another animal, which in signal instances has shown itself such a gifted mathematician as to have associated its very name with the idea of learning, is not apparently susceptible of use as a hero. But what of the vast and various tribes of apes, which, suspending themselves by their interlocked tails, may be imagined bridging the chasm of the missing link and affording humankind a safe passage over to unquestionable solidarity with all the other animals? It is but a few years since an enthusiastic scientist was studying their speech with the hope of finding coherence and significance in their utterances. We believe he went to Africa and dwelt in tropical forest with a phonograph, on the sensitive records of which their cries were to impress themselves. Are none of these records available for fiction? The simian hero would not be so bad. Say that his race is at best a caricature of humanity: are most of the heraldic heroes otherwise?

But if we must have something native, something strictly indigenous, for our heraldic fictionists to deal with after their long wanderings in factitious realms and far-off times, why should not some bold young beginner try a leap into fame from the back of the American buffalo? Those noble brutes, which scarce a generation ago were as the sands of the sea for number and the plunge of its surges for passion and terror, are

now reduced to a few scattered remnants, sad captives sinking to slow extinction in the hybrid cattelo with his mongrel name. But at the moment we write, an aged monarch of their savage race is dying of pneumonia in a paddock of Central Park. What his feelings, his thoughts must be as he recalls the days of his ancestors when they roamed the immeasurable plains in incalculable multitude, let the daring genius of the heraldic novelist ask the science of the new naturalist, and together let them write the great American novel, which we have all so long looked for, in *The Last of the Bisons!*

There is something very charming and inspiring in the enlargement of our sympathies to such of our cousins of the animal kingdom as do not yet speak our language, and have not emulated our rash haste in getting about on two feet. Some physiologists hold that they are all the better, or at least the healthier, for still going on all fours and have more generally their organs in the right place. But there are bipeds besides ourselves, more normally conditioned than we, with which we may consort without a sense of precipitate self-assertion. We hope to be winged like them when we die, if we are good, and even here some of the most persistent endeavors of modern invention are in emulation of their powers of flight. The balloon, the parachute, the aeroplane, the aerodrome, are all types of human endeavor for that dominion of the air which now belongs to the birds. In the mean time it has been found that wild birds are far tamer than they had been supposed. There seems to reside in most of them the potentiality of the high domestication of the hen; and though her culture has been rather of the heart than of the head, there seems no reason why certain birds, hitherto believed untamable, should not develop the qualities of a much more intellectual companionship. The appeal to their social instincts has apparently to be made through their stomachs; but if they are constantly and regularly fed, robins, bluebirds, sparrows, and others of the house-haunting tribes are said to become fearless, and even affectionate. In the course of time, as we win their confidence more and more, it is imag-



inable that they may impart their secret of aerostation; and thus one of the most pressing of the modern problems may be solved for us. In the hope of such an event we suggest the cultivation of an intimacy with the various members of the crow family as promising the most immediate results. These readily learn to talk, and though the crow himself is not a very neat bird, he is quite as neat as the dog, which never gets beyond a bark, while the crow's cousin, the jay, is quite as intelligent, and is irreproachable in his habits. We would commend certain other birds to the heraldic novelists as susceptible of a high degree of development as heroes. The eagle will at once occur to the fancy as a fit hero for a tale of patriotic adventure, a story of Revolutionary times; for his contemplative habit of mind an owl would figure as the wise old friend of the lovers, coming to their rescue at the moment when a happy *dénouement* seemed hopeless.

We find something extraordinarily consoling and inspiring in the enlargement of our sympathies to the whole animal kingdom. If we have not dwelt upon their extension to such a particular ally of man as the horse, it is because we feel that more impassioned pens have already done the fact full justice. As our friendship with the birds may be expected to develop in an ultimate type of dirigible balloon, so our love for the horse will yet doubtless give us an automobile of the most perfect self-control, incapable of turning turtle, with impenetrable, non-explosive, indestructible tires, with delegate chauffeurs stationed at all the police courts for arrest, fine, and imprisonment in cases of illegal speeding, while the machine keeps on its way uninterrupted, and for all persons run over by it with taximetric pensions precisely graduated to the nature and extent of their injuries.

We are probably just beginning to know the moral and social capabilities of the horse, who, through the Horse Shows, is becoming every year more and more an important factor in civilization; but in every direction we are reaching out to our fellow creatures,

whether or not they part the hoof and chew the cud, or are of the far larger orders once considered unclean. A beautiful phase of our modern friendship with them is that we are not cultivating it selfishly, though at the same time we are not restricted in any use or pleasure which we derive from the destruction and consumption of our friends. Lo, the poor Indian who expects

His faithful dog shall bear him company

to the Happy Hunting-Grounds of the sky, makes sure of his society by first eating him; and we who are now detecting a reason like our own in the wild birds and brutes have no scruple in killing them for sport or food. Still, their furs and feathers keep us from the cold or heighten our beauty and bravery, as in the old days when no one dreamed of them as kindred intelligences.

We have left ourselves no space to inquire fully what has inspired us to this modern unity with the lower animals. Possibly the widespread reading of heraldic fiction may have something to do with it in familiarizing us with such elemental and unvarying types that a run of heroes and heroines will not seem much more differenced one from another or much more deeply motivated than a herd of the field or a flock of the air. But this is a little fantastic, and we prefer to look for the explanation in the perfection of human affairs. With the cessation of wars in an armed peace which no nation dares to break; with a diffusion of well-being so general that there is practically no longer any poverty in the world; with the discovery of so many beneficent microbes that the diseases now stand aghast and no longer attack the human family; with the greed for money finally glutted; with the suppression of snobbishness through the prevalence of an enlightened social equality; with the extirpation of vice, or at least its transplantation; with the cessation of graft in finance, and the disappearance of the boss in politics, there is every reason why the human mind, which might otherwise prey upon itself, should turn to cultivate an intellectual friendship with all our fellow creatures.



## Editor's Study.

SINCE more than a century romance has dominated English literature.

This was really but a reversion to the original and characteristic note. Many of the features which marked the beginnings of the revival soon vanished; they belonged to mist-land or ghost-land as seen in moonlight, to old ballads and ruined abbeys—to a world of unreal but haunting mystery, which could have no permanent sway over the sane and re-awakened English mind. These elements were banished into a forgotten limbo along with the invented Ossian, the Chatterton illusion, Horace Walpole's medieval bric-à-brac, and Mrs. Radcliffe's novels.

It was not necessary to borrow mystery any more than to borrow trouble. The whole world of living men and women was full of it. The truths of this world were stronger than any invention, and lost their essential wonder if in any way disguised. Thus romance has come to be identified with truth itself.

Another change has come over the spirit of modern romance. At the close of the eighteenth century, literature reflected the gloom of the French Reign of Terror, and the buoyant romance of the happy Elizabethan era was impossible to it. For a long time, too, it suffered the Puritanic depression. These dismal shadows have been dispelled, and favorable conditions have permitted that free play of thought and feeling from which spring a lighter grace and a gayer humor. A brighter romance attends all freshly disclosed truth, which, even if painful, has the blood-red color of life, never the blackness of dull melancholy. Quick sympathy begets optimism and banishes both fear and cowardice in our quest of truth. We let the dead bury its dead, and so shun that leaden degeneracy which has no part in life or in any vision of the living truth; but we are not afraid to confront those elements of human passion which we call evil, so they throb and quiver as bits of life. If our sympathy prompts companionship with sinners and we give this society its due place in literary portraiture, we are, in such association, following the great example.

Nothing that is a part of life need be hidden. Romance, whatever element it may be that gives it its strangeness, is not the satisfaction of a mere craving for novelty, of an idle curiosity; it is a response to the sincerity of our quest, whose faith is illuminated by the flaming torch of sympathy.

We of to-day, in the field of fiction, demand a living human drama, such as Mrs. Abby Meguire Roach has given us in some of her stories. Instead of aversion, from a formally moral sense condemnatory of certain lines of human conduct, there is in such stories the invitation to approach these human souls in stress, to intimately comprehend them, not in judgment, but with sympathy. The situation itself, in terms of logic or of conventional morality, is not in process of explication. It is the spiritual implication which concerns us—and it is that alone which justifies fiction of this kind.

You see, it is not a criminal, awaiting the particular penalty condign to his offence, who is brought near to us. No accusers are present. They who are listening to the story see only a human being to whom they stand in stead of the Master of all human comprehension. In this way romance has taken on the Christian spirit, instituting a court whose functions are as far different from those of civil or criminal jurisprudence as the heavens are above the earth.

Readers have become just this high audience, willing to forego the old-fashioned masquerade. It is not enough to say that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives. No man knows how the man next to him lives, beyond the phenomena outwardly open to observation. Modern romance seizes upon this large unknown world as its province and brings out of its darkness luminous points. It introduces us to our neighbors and, indeed, to ourselves.

It sometimes happens to us that in dreams—where we are supreme dramatists—we come to know our friends and acquaintances and ourselves more intimately than in our wakeful intercourse, whose very intentness of observation hides from



us a large area of phenomena which nevertheless is occultly or faintly brought within the range of our consciousness, registered there as on a photographic negative, without development. In dreams, the brain serves as a developing-room, and this outlying field of phenomena not only takes form, but very significantly shapes the drama, affording pleasant or unpleasant surprises. So in a world that seems to us quite familiar, through unlimited means of information supplementing our narrow observation and experience, Genius, working as in a dream, develops, as from some unsuspected region outside of our definite knowledge, luminous points which serve for the divination of a world beyond our ordinary ken. It may be the genius of a novelist, of a scientific investigator, of an interpreter of history, or of a traveller with the creative eye; but in each of these quests what wonderful disclosures, often not in the line of expectation, but entering obliquely to the main intent of discovery! What surprises—and every surprise a new romance!

It is this vast and varied field of romance outside of fiction to which we wish to invite the reader's attention, because it is the field in which our magazine literature has in recent years achieved the most important results—really the accomplishments we had clearly in view when in this Magazine the consideration of timely topics was relegated to the daily and weekly press. To the question, Which would the reader more miss in his magazine—the matter he could get elsewhere just as well and more promptly, or that which elsewhere he would not be likely to get at all? there seemed to be but one answer. The best organization of magazine material must favor the economy of the reader's time and attention.

This economy was further considered in the exclusion of articles conveying the information which as a fairly well educated person the reader might be supposed to possess already, and such information, general or special, as was easily accessible in books or in widely circulated periodicals dealing with specialties. It would have been as wise to continue the publication of fashion plates at the end of the early numbers of this Magazine as to

maintain that educational function formerly of almost indispensable value, or to publish articles on the use of the microscope or camera or on industrial and agricultural economies. The old-fashioned conventional travel article was once an important supplement to secondary education, but its use has been superseded.

Thus the matter to be either necessarily or wisely excluded from the well-organized magazine of to-day covered a vast field, apart from subjects of a religious or political character, which had been excluded from the beginning. A large class of subjects was relegated to reviews—such as those on social questions, and those furnishing statistics of progress or elaborate notices of current literature.

What, then, is the principle of selection in the new organization of magazine material—that is, in articles outside of fiction? Broadly indicated, the scope embraces wholly new disclosures in the various departments of knowledge: in science; in geographical exploration; in archæological research, illuminating the retrospect of human history; in interpretative scholarship, throwing new light upon past literature and social forms; in psychology, as affecting problems of everlasting human interest; in travel, for new impressions of nature and humanity; in history and biography, for new revelations concerning epoch-making movements and distinguished characters, often involving a radical revision of established and obstinately fixed judgments; in sociology, for remarkable instances of past experiments freshly brought to mind, illustrating ardent aspirations in the development of new ideals, and for suggestions from the foremost thinkers in this field, inspiring new departures; and in education, for such novel exposition of its psychological aspects as have been given by recent contributions from President Hadley.

The appeal is to intellectual curiosity on its highest plane, inspiring and uplifting. The field is so wide, in all the variations we have indicated, that only a meagre portion of it could be given place but for the vast exclusion, rigidly insisted upon, of "timely" articles, of mere information, or of general or special discussion, however practical or useful. The



infinite variety of fiction in the Magazine does not more essentially belong to the field of romance than do these new disclosures in science and other departments of knowledge, lifted up into the literature of power by writers as eminent in the power and in the art of expression, when such art is required, as our novelists are and our short-story writers. Oliver Lodge's imaginative coordinations in science are of as high an order as are those of Henry James in the interpretation of human character. Our most important recent articles of travel—"London Films," and other portraiture of the English country and people—have been contributed by the greatest master of expression in American fiction. It is the fine imaginative sensibility of such writers as Arthur Symons which has elevated the descriptive sketch into the region of art, affording the highest intellectual satisfaction. Agnes C. Laut's chronicles of adventure—another variety in our scope of fresh disclosures—have the charm and interest of stories in the field of imagination.

Miss Laut's efforts to establish beyond the possibility of dispute the credit due to Pierre Esprit Radisson as the first discoverer of the vast region beyond the Great Lakes and of the Mississippi River, twelve years before the explorations of Marquette and Joliet, have recently been crowned by her discovery in London of the record of this great traveller's last years and death—a record which has eluded the diligent search of scholars during the last twenty years. Here is another most interesting romance for Magazine readers.

Another, in the field of arctic exploration, is to come from Mr. Einar Mikkelsen, who is about to undertake what Sir Clements R. Markham, president of the Royal Geographical Society, says points unerringly to "the next great exploit that is needed in the interests of polar geography." The Magazine is helping to make this expedition possible, and the explorer will first give to the world the results of his discoveries in these pages.

How many intimate truths of history lie hidden in the dry records of critical State Trials—such as that of Aaron Burr! Frederick Trevor Hill is writing a series of papers having in view the dis-

closure of such truths. The results of his careful study will be for our readers somewhat remarkable surprises.

Our readers are familiar with recent striking disclosures in astronomy as revealed by writers directly from their observatories, and those concerning the physical elements—especially the marvellous developments of radioactivity, presented at every new stage of the thrilling series. The discoveries of science are the romance of the universe, revealing mysteries hidden from the foundation of the world and complementary to the psychical wonders of the mind and heart of man as disclosed by the master interpreters of fiction.

It is pure science that is of supreme intellectual interest, wholly apart from its industrial application. That which made the Bessemer furnace possible was first conceived in purely scientific investigation with reference to the physical elements, and with no thought of its practical utility. In that new world which Professor Robert Duncan is opening up to our readers in his articles on the Chemistry of Commerce, which he is preparing in Europe in immediate relations with the work going on in laboratories as well as in the factory, the highest interest for him and for us is in his study of the elements and their wonderful potences—such as those of catalysis, disclosed in his introductory chapter. While these articles are of immense practical importance and for that reason alone will command the attention of all who are especially interested in the radical transformations of industry effected by the new discoveries—so new in their application, in some instances, as to have here their first announcement even to the commercial world—yet for all of us there is that transcendent interest in a romance which eclipses the most wonderful enchantments and magical phenomena of the fairy-tale. The work had been temporarily interrupted by the writer's illness, but is now resumed.

That which is beyond our ordinary ken, beyond the reach of our senses and our casual contacts with man and nature—this is the field of modern romance, limitless in its possibilities of interest, inspiring and expanding the human imagination.



# Her First Trip Abroad

BY MAY ISABEL FISK

*She comes along the deck a bit unsteadily, a stewardess following close in her wake carrying a rug and cushions. It is the third day out. The water has an unpleasant greenish hue, and a subsiding but still heavy swell causes the boat to lurch considerably. She is snugly ensconced in her chair, which is drawn beside another, whose occupant greets the newcomer briskly. [N. B.—It is the return trip of her maiden voyage, and she is keenly conscious of the obloquy always attached to such inexperience.]*

WHY, how do you do?—I didn't recognize you at first—you had such a pretty suit on that first day at luncheon. . . . Oh, please don't misunderstand me—of course no one would wear anything decent on the steamer after you are out, and I do like that shapeless bunchy hat—everything flops down in this damp air, anyway. I can't do a thing with my hair. In fact, to-day is the first day I have really had it fixed since I came aboard. . . . Oh, no, not at all. I never am. I simply had a bad cold, and I was so tired out I just thought I wouldn't try to get up-stairs. Quite a little motion still, isn't there? . . . No, I don't mind it at all. I don't think I shall stay up long—there seems to be such a draught. . . .

Do you know, I think I shall have my chair moved over to the other side—I don't believe it can be as rough as this. I wonder where the steward is. . . . Now just look at those stupid women, simply monopolizing him—you wouldn't think he had anything to do but wait on them.

. . . . Steward, I don't seem to care for this side of the boat; can't you move my chair over to the other? . . . This is the what? . . . Lee side? Oh, it is? Well—oh, yes, I remember now, that's the side with the red light at night. Well, it doesn't matter, really, I know the best people prefer the lee, and it was nice of you to think of

putting my chair here, but I would much rather sit where there is less wind. . . . Oh-h-h, it is!—Well, they didn't have it like that on the boat I went over on—I had it very carefully explained to me; besides, I have crossed so many times, there isn't anything about a vessel I don't know, from the main cockpits down to the tiller. . . . Well, all right, I suppose I had better stay right here. . . .

Bouillon? Oh, no,—please, please, take it away, quick. I'm not at all hungry—I ate such a hearty breakfast, I mean.

. . . Yes, I heard it stop in the night. I thought probably it was to take on water or something. . . . Oh, this one doesn't? . . . Something the matter with the rudder?



*Flora Seavey Skinn*

THE THIRD DAY OUT

. . . Now, isn't that funny, it doesn't show at all, yet they make all that fuss! That's what they call keeping things shipshape, I suppose—they are always painting and fixing everything up.

How pretty the fog looks coming down, doesn't it? . . . Makes you nervous? Why, how foolish,—what for? . . . Why, I think

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you are much safer when you are all hidden than when you stand right out ready for other boats to bang into. No, indeed, I love the fog, and my face-woman says it's splendid for the complexion. Going over we had one of those wireless boats, and never had a bit of trouble—our waiter got awfully drunk one night, but that was all.

There's that good-looking steward. Steward—steward, would you please go down to my room and get a book; in the left hand corner of—... What? ... You're the first officer? Well, I think you can find it. Now, remember, in the left—... You will send the deck-steward? You're too kind—I beg you won't trouble—

Well, what do you think of that? Did you ever hear of such impertinence? ... I don't care; just because he has a few more brass buttons than the other is no reason why he shouldn't do a little thing like that. ... I don't agree with you, for on all the other boats I ever travelled on, *all* of them, from the captain down, just waited on me tooth and nail. ...

You know, after being in London, I simply can—can't talk like an American—everybody took me for English; sometimes for Spanish, or French, but never for American. I suppose I shall get back into it again, though, after a long while. ... Yes, I was there ten days—of course in point of real time it doesn't seem so long, but I just *lived* every moment. I think the court life and real society are so wonderful in London. ... Well, I really didn't join in so much, but I saw a good deal of it, don't you know, sort of looking on. I didn't feel like being very gay myself, but I went to the music-halls and places, and observed.

... No, I didn't like it nearly as much as

Paris; the stores—shops, I mean—aren't nearly so attractive. But I like English people so much better than Americans. There was the nicest man in a little store—shop—off Strand Street—I went in to ask for a paper of pins and he hadn't any, but he gave me a whole handful out of a box, or at least several dozen, and he wouldn't take a cent. You wouldn't find that in America. The pins were so large I couldn't use them, but that doesn't make it any different about the man.

... The what? National Gallery? Oh, you mean Paris—the Galerie something, where they had those lovely silk petticoats for almost nothing. I got the loveliest pale-blue one, with rows and rows of insertion and lace, and I only paid twenty-five francs for it, and—... Oh, a picture-gallery—London—yes, I remember. That gloomy-looking building in a square, with a monument in front—Vendôme, I think, they called it. Yes, I used to pass it every day going to that cheap little glove place in a side street. I never bought anything, but it was such a treat to see cheap gloves. I never went in the gallery, for, to tell you the truth, I took this trip for enjoyment, and I didn't look at a thing I didn't want to. After I had been to one gallery and looked at everything, I made up my mind if you had seen one picture you had seen them all, and I wasn't going to bother my head about any more. I wanted a good time.

Did you get one of those tea-baskets at that store—shop—in Regent Street? ... A friend of mine bought one the day after I got mine and paid exactly the same price as I did, and I got six more teaspoons than she did. It was precisely the same thing. The handles on her basket were





bent in the middle a little differently than mine, but otherwise it was exactly the same. She was awfully mad about it, and I was tickled to death, for she is always trying to get ahead of me in some way. I hate that kind of a woman, don't you? But we're great friends just the same.

. . . Oh, yes, I love Paris. It's so shiny and bright, and the cabmen can't cheat you with those taxidermist cabs. . . . Oh, *taxa-metre*—I knew it was something like that—and I got the prettiest little brooches in one of those places on the rue something, for only a franc, and they make such nice presents for your family and the servants. I like to take them all something—I think it's so selfish for people to come over and then never think of those left at home. I can't tell you how many of those picture postals I sent back. I hate to have them sent to me, but it's such an easy way of saying nothing when you don't want to write.

. . . The Louvre? I went in the magazine part every day, but in the other I only stayed long enough to get out. I didn't go above the first floor—I never saw anything so stupid as those old pieces of broken images. And that horrid sort of Rogers Group—the man and his two sons, I suppose they are—all having the d. t's, with snakes all over them! Perfectly horrid. I don't see any art in unpleasant things. Still, they say travel is a great educator. That is, of course, if you are really intelligent and can pick out the dross from the tinkling cymbals.

. . . Dear me, that was an awful wave—



*Florence Sevel Shinn.*

SUCH A TREAT TO SEE CHEAP GLOVES

I do believe it's getting rougher. It's given me quite a headache. I didn't think I should stay up long. I—I—think I'll go down-stairs again. . . . No, I don't believe I'll go in to luncheon—I don't feel hungry. Good-by.

#### Familiar

"I THINK Ethel is old enough to go to Sunday-school," said the proud little wife of the newly fledged vestryman, somewhere in very suburban New Jersey.

So Ethel had a front seat in the infant class the same Sunday upon which her father first passed the alms-basin in church.

The Rector told the children, in his most effective style, the dramatic story of the infant Moses.

He was just under good headway, when Ethel's birdlike treble piped up: "Iss zat my farvver's 'Holy Moses'?"

#### Logical

WHEN a small boy, recently, asked what was meant by the Darwinian theory, he was greatly shocked by the statement that many people believed that monkeys were the ancestors of man. "But that cannot be," he repeated, many times in dismay, evidently searching for a more satisfactory answer to this startling theory. Finally, his face lighted up at the discovery of a conclusive argument against it. "Don't you see," he said, "some day *we* shall be ancestors, and we're not monkeys!"

#### Good Cause

FRANCIS and David, six and four years respectively, were standing by the nurse, upon whose lap lay their little baby brother, crying lustily.

"Huh!" said Francis, scornfully, "what *you* cryin' for? You ain't a girl. Jus' girls cry. Boys don't cry. What *you* cryin' for?"

But David bent sympathetically over the baby.

"I know what he's cryin' for," he said, tenderly: "he's cryin' 'cause he ain't a girl, so's he *can* cry!"

#### The Poet's Complaint

THE horseless cart pervades the land,  
The wireless telegram;  
We have the seedless apple, and  
The boneless ham.

These are to me of small portent,  
But, oh, my need is sore!  
If only some one would invent  
A wolfless door!

CAROLYN WELLS.

# Prelude

I HAVE lived in three rooms and bath,  
I have frozen when nights were cold,  
Have been choking with thirst when the  
water-pipe burst,  
But did not complain or scold.

When I lived in my three-room flat,  
Was there aught that I did not stand,  
Did I ever talk back to the janitor's slack,  
Or question his full command?

I have written the tale down here  
For the brownstone-dweller's mirth,  
In jesting guise—but ye who are wise  
Will know what the jest is worth.

## MOVING

"WHAT makes the door-bell ring so hard?" the husband asked his bride.

"The van has come to take our things," the tired wife replied.

"What makes you look so worried, dear?" the husband asked his bride.

"I'm thinking of the things they'll break," the tired wife replied.

For they've taken an apartment, and they're moving in to-day.  
The chiffonnier's been carried down, two beds and the buffet,  
The bookcase and piano, they are carting them away,  
And they're moving to the city in the morning.

"What makes the mover puff so hard?" the husband asked his bride.

"He has the couch upon his back," the tired wife replied.

"What makes the little man fall down?" the husband asked his bride.

"He tried to carry all the chairs at once," the wife replied.

They have taken out the furniture; it's lying all around,  
A quarter of it in the van, the rest upon the ground.  
Hear the table legs a-cracking. It is not a pleasant sound.  
Oh, they're moving to the city in the morning.

"The bed belongs in here—in here," remarked the pretty bride.

"The room is several feet too short," the moving-man replied.

"What makes the table look so queer?" remarked the pretty bride.

"It's lost a leg or two, I guess," the moving-man replied.

For they've taken an apartment, and it's really a disgrace,  
The splinters from the furniture are all about the place.  
Upon the sacred rosewood chair reclines a packing-case.  
They are moving to the city in the morning.

"What's that so black against the sun?" the husband asked his bride.

"They're hoisting the piano through the window," she replied.

"What makes the cracking overhead?" the husband asked his bride.

"It's scraping up against the bricks," the tired wife replied.

For they've moved in their apartment, and everything looks queer.  
The bride sits weeping on a trunk, her hat upon her ear.  
If they are very lucky they'll be settled in a year,  
After moving to the city in the morning.

REYNALD SMITH PICKERING.





## The Apterix (Beast)

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

HAVE you heard of the truly terrible fix  
 Of the miscellaneous Apterix?  
 It sits and mourns, in a voice forlorn:  
 "Oh what and why was I ever born?"  
 (But an answering word it ne'er has heard)  
 "Oh, am I a beast or am I a bird?"  
 The worst of tricks 'twas thus to mix  
 The family tree of the Apterix!

"At times, in spite of my wingless state,  
 I claim I'm an *avis vertebrate*.  
 And I prove my point on weightiest grounds,  
 By laying an egg of several pounds.  
 But the birds all say, who chance that way,  
 'For a beast, that's a most remarkable lay!'  
 And each one kicks, when asked to mix  
 In a social way with the Apterix.

"Ah me! What manner of thing am I?  
 Though I've hairy hide and I cannot fly,  
 When beasts in a cousinly way I greet,  
 They spot my bill and my birdlike feet.

Dear, kind artist, this time at least,  
 Beneath my portrait write 'A Beast';  
 And if it sticks, and no one kicks,  
 You'll earn the love of the Apterix."



### A Submarine Morning

*"Come, John, do get up; it's getting late. The Sun-fish has been up an hour."*

### Absolute Silence

A CERTAIN colored school in a Southern city, formerly taught by white teachers, had been equipped with a colored faculty, and one of the dusky pupils told of it in this wise:

"Dey tuk ouh white teachers away, and done sent us niggah teachers, and de fust thing de niggah teacher done was to put all de white niggahs in de front, and de black niggahs in de back, and den she say she want aib-s'lute silence. What is aib-s'lute silence, anyway? We willin' to gib it to her, but we ain't know what 'tis. We huntin' all round foh aibs'lute silence an' ain't found it yit."

His listener replied: "Why, John, don't you know what absolute silence means? It means to keep quiet, and not talk."

"Huh!" said John, "is dat all she mean? Well, why ain't she say *shet up*, like de white teachers does, 'sted o' walkin' round heah askin for aibs'lute silence."

gills, was easy, but behold a difficulty! The bent little figure straightened up from his desk, the blue eyes took on a puzzled look, then came the poser: "How can you reduce hedgehogs to gallons, mother?"

### How the Judge Found

MY father, remarked a prominent lawyer, practised law in Texas in the "early days," and as a child I heard him tell many interesting stories concerning the rulings, etc., of a certain Judge, a unique character, who held court in one of the far-western counties of that State. This one has lingered in my memory:

A man was found dead in the creek that runs through the county-seat. At the coroner's inquest, where the Judge presided, a search discovered in the man's pockets a wallet containing five \$5 gold pieces, and in the hip pocket a revolver. The Judge "found" as follows:

"I find that this man came to his death of accidental drowning. I also find him guilty of carrying concealed weapons. Constable, seize the \$25 to pay his fine."

### A Poser

"COMPOUND numbers" were unfolding their intricacies to the small boy. To turn gallons into quarts, quarts into pints, pints into



*"What's the matter with Thomas, he doesn't speak to me any more?"*

*"Oh, papa gave him some pennies the other day, and he buried them, and he thinks he has a copper-mine."*





THE MONKEY. *"Heavens! They've skied my picture."*

THE GIRAFFE. *"On the contrary, it hangs just on the line."*

## "'Long in Apple-blossom Time"

BY CHARLES POOLE CLEAVES

WHEN the orchard lanes are white  
 With the blossoms of the trees,  
 Far and fast a fairy sprite  
 Rides upon the scented breeze.  
 Every heart he hovers over  
 Feels an influence sublime;  
 Every lad becomes a lover  
 'Long in apple-blossom time.

'Long in apple-blossom time,  
 'Long in apple-blossom time,  
 When the dainty bloom is falling, falling  
 softly, rhyme on rhyme;  
 When the summer breeze is stealing, then  
 awakes the heart's deep feeling;  
 Every lad becomes a lover  
 'Long in apple-blossom time.

Underneath the pink and cream,  
 Strolling softly to and fro,—  
 Is it love or just a dream?  
 Better wait until you know!  
 But with every falling blossom,  
 Hark! I hear a wedding-chime;  
 For the lasses are so lovely!  
 'Long in apple-blossom time.

'Long in apple-blossom time,  
 'Long in apple-blossom time,  
 When the heart is bubbling over, and the  
 lover lives in clover;  
 Is it fancy? Is it reason? No, 'tis apple-  
 blossom season,  
 And the lassies are so lovely!  
 'Long in apple-blossom time.

Every heart that hath its home  
 Where the apple-blossoms reign,  
 Though afar and long it roam,  
 Feels the old thrill come again  
 When the apple-blossom fairy  
 Whispers of the dear old clime!  
 Lass and lad again are lovers  
 'Long in apple-blossom time.

'Long in apple-blossom time,  
 'Long in apple-blossom time,  
 When the blossom bells are calling, calling  
 softly, chime on chime;  
 Then the old familiar feeling comes across  
 the heart-strings stealing;  
 Every life's again a lover  
 'Long in apple-blossom time.





## War-Song of the Liverbone Goops

BY GELETT BURGESS

THE galloping Goops  
Are coming in troops  
With quadropedantical frantical whoops!  
In truly vermicular  
Slanticodicular  
Quite irresistible twistable loops!  
Goops, every one of them  
Goops, don't make fun of them  
Goops, do you see them?  
(—) Two! Three!

With their arms—like this!  
And their charms—like that,

Without hair, or care, each pair so fat—  
With their feet like this!  
Aren't they sweet—like that?  
And they don't know never where they're at!  
No, they don't care, never,  
As they gallop on forever,  
For they know they are clever as a cat!  
Goops every one of them,  
Liverbones, some of them,  
If you chance to understand them, you will  
evermore demand them and the maniac  
who planned them,  
Think of that!



"Hi, Jimmie, come up here, quick, an' see  
the brass-band goin' by."  
"Where?"  
"On Nellie's finger."

### Physiology up to Date

AFTER a lesson on digestion the teacher, anxious to know just how much her instruction had been understood, questioned the class. The first answer was rather discouraging, as the girl called upon made this startling statement:

"Digestion begins in the mouth and ends in the big and little testament."

It was the same teacher who received the following note:

"Pleas teacher do not tel Mary any more about her incides it makes her so proud."

### Unfair

"GRANDPA, what's that board got on it? This isn't the Park, there's no grass to keep off of," said little Gilbert, out for his Sunday walk in the woods.

"All dogs found on these premises, without their owners, will be shot."

"Why, that ain't fair, grandpa! The poor dogs can't read!"







Illustration for "The Volume"

See page 830

THEY BORE GALEONE UP THE STAIR



# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## My Explorations in Unknown Labrador

BY MINA B. HUBBARD

IN undertaking a Labrador expedition of exploration it was my purpose to carry to completion the plans which Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., my husband, had mapped out for himself in his expedition of 1903.

Mr. Hubbard planned to explore and map one and perhaps both of the two large unknown rivers of northeastern Labrador—the Northwest River, draining the great interior lake, Michikamau, to Hamilton Inlet; and the George River, draining the northern slope of the plateau to Ungava Bay,—to witness the annual caribou migration said by the Indians to take place about the upper waters of the George River; to visit in their home camp the Nascaupsee Indians, or “Barren Ground People”; and to secure

to the name, besides the honor of mapping the rivers, that of being first after McLean to cross the six hundred miles of unexplored wilderness lying between Hamilton Inlet and Ungava Bay. In 1838 John McLean, a trader of the Hudson Bay Company, had crossed this part of Labrador, but he left no map, and his account of the journey is so incomplete that to this day it is not certain what route he took. Thus the country still remained *terra incognita*.

The tragic ending of Mr. Hubbard's expedition is well known. The fatal mistake in the rivers, to which so many things contributed to lead him, was made, and he failed to accomplish his purpose; but that did not prove his expedition a carelessly and ignorantly



OUR STARTING-POINT, NORTHWEST RIVER POST, LAKE MELVILLE

planned undertaking. On the contrary, all the information obtained by his survivors from the Indians at Northwest River Post in December of that year went only to show that had it not been for the mistake in the rivers the expedition would have been entirely successful. I knew, what, strangely, does not appear in the published account of the trip, that the Indians who hunt that country make the journey from Northwest River post to Lake Michikamau by the Nascaupee route in twenty-one days, and that they do not consider it a hard journey, nor one nearly so difficult of achievement as that which Mr. Hubbard actually made.

It seemed to me fit that my husband's name should reap the fruits of service which had cost him so much, and in the summer of 1905 I undertook and in every particular successfully completed the work which Mr. Hubbard had so greatly desired to have the honor of doing.

My expedition demonstrated that geographers were mistaken in supposing the Northwest River, draining Lake Michikamau, and the Nascaupee River, draining Seal Lake, to be two distinct rivers. They are one and the same, the outlet of Lake Michikamau carrying its waters northeast to Seal Lake, and thence southeast to Hamilton Inlet. The head waters of the Nascaupee River I traced northward through Lake Michikamau and the other lakes and streams leading to the height of land—a narrow strip of bog some three hundred yards in

width,—and located the head waters of the George River immediately beyond it, following three hundred miles to its mouth the course of the stream, which, at its source a tiny rivulet, is at its discharge into Ungava Bay a great river three miles in width, and securing correct maps of the waters traversed. I witnessed also the annual caribou migration, and visited in their home camps the two bands of Indians inhabiting the northern slope of the plateau—the Montagnais and the Nascaupees,—travelling three hundred and fifty miles of wilderness before seeing any human faces other than those of my crew. On the 27th of August I reached the George River Hudson Bay Company's post at Ungava, first after McLean to cross the country.

The entire journey of six hundred miles was accomplished in a few hours less than sixty-one days, forty-three days of actual travel and eighteen days in camp; for we did not travel on rainy days, and sometimes not on Sunday. We had all we could eat all the time, and at the journey's end there was, including my gifts to the Nascaupee Indians, a surplus of one hundred and fifty pounds of provisions.

With me I had three men of my crew, chief among whom was George Elson, the Scotch Indian who had so loyally served Mr. Hubbard on his expedition of 1903, and whose devotion had culminated in his nobly heroic, though unsuccessful, efforts to save Mr. Hubbard's life. The other two were Joseph Iserhoff, a Russian half-breed, and Job



Chapies, a pure-blood Cree Indian. All three had been born and brought up in the Hudson Bay country, and were expert hunters and canoemen. They had come to me from Missanabie, some eight hundred miles west of Montreal.

Monday morning, June 26, found us at our real starting-point in Labrador, Northwest River Post, Lake Melville, and at work in earnest. There was a really perplexing array of stuff when the outfit was unpacked and spread out in the store. It seemed as if the little canoes could never hold it all. The men looked a little doubtful too. I wondered what I should have to leave behind.

M. Duclos, of the French post, and Mr. Cotter, of the Hudson Bay Company, cheerfully raided their kitchens to supply my lack in utensils, the flour-bags were finished and filled, and before noon Tuesday most of the outfit was packed, and the men tried it in the canoes. There were two of these, canvas-covered, and nineteen feet long, thirteen inches deep, and thirty-four inches wide, and with each three paddles and a sponge. The remainder of the outfit consisted of 2 balloon-silk tents, 1 stove, 5 12" water-proof canvas bags, 2 9" water-proof canvas bags, 1 doz. 10-lb. water-proof balloon-silk bags, 392 lbs. of flour, 4 lbs. baking-powder, 15 lbs. of rice, 20 lbs. erbswurst, 20 cans of standard emergency rations, 12 lbs. tea, 60 lbs. sugar, 1 oz. crystallose, 4 cans condensed milk, 12 lbs. chocolate, 4 cans condensed soup, 5 lbs. hard-tack, 200 lbs. bacon, 14 lbs. salt. There were kitchen utensils, 3 small axes, 1 crooked knife, 2 nets, 2 rifles, and 3 tarpaulins. For each of the men there were a 22-cal. 10" barrel single-shot pistol for partridges and other small game, a bowie-knife, and a pair of light wool blankets. They took also two pairs of "shoe-packs" each.

For myself I had a revolver, a hunting-knife, and some fishing-tackle; one pocket folding-kodak, one pan-

oram kodak, a sextant, a barometer, a thermometer. I wore a short skirt over knickerbockers, a short sweater, and a belt, to which were attached a handsome embroidered cartridge-pouch and my revolver and knife. My hat was a rather narrow-brimmed soft felt. I had one pair of heavy leather moccasins reaching almost to my knees, one pair of high seal-skin boots, one pair low ones, which M. Duclos had given me, and three pairs of duffel. Of underwear I had four suits and five pairs of stockings—all wool. I took also a rubber automobile-shirt, a long Swedish dogskin coat, one pair leather gloves, one pair woollen gloves, and a shirt-waist—for Sundays. For my tent I had an air mattress, crib size, one pair light, gray camp-blankets, one light wool comfortable weighing three and a half pounds, one little feather pillow, and one hot-water bottle.

Thanks to the courtesy of M. Duclos, Gilbert Blake had been added to my crew. Gilbert was one of the two young lads of the rescue party George Elson



WIND-BOUND ON MICHIKAMAU



had sent back two years before when his desperate efforts to get help had brought him to Donald Blake's house. He was one of the trappers whose paths run to Seal Lake, and he could guide us so far by the trapper's route, should we go that way. Beyond that we should have to hunt the way.

We started at 3.15 in the afternoon of June 27, 1905, with a few days more than I had hoped added to the time we should have to do the work. It was alarmingly short at best. I had been informed at the Hudson Bay Company's post at Rigolett that their ship *Pelican* would be at the George River post at Ungava the last week in August. This ship was my only means of returning to civilization before winter. That left just two months to cross the country, a distance of six hundred miles.

Thirteen miles above Grand Lake we came to where the Red Wine River flows in from the south. Here on the north

bank the first of the portage routes by which the Indians avoid the roughest parts of the river leads out to run through a chain of lakes, entering the river again at Seal Lake. By this route the Indians reach Seal Lake from Northwest River in less than two weeks, taking just twenty-one days to make the journey through to Lake Michikamau.

When at Northwest River I had secured a map of both routes from them. The trappers told us that going by the river it would take us a month to reach Seal Lake. I wished very much to go by the river route, because that is the way Mr. Hubbard would have gone had he not missed the way. Yet our time was short. It was hard to decide which was best to do. George Elson had had experience of what it means to try to find a way through Labrador lakes. The trail was old and might not be easily found. Our map was crude, and we knew that we should not be able to make the trip as quickly as the Indians even at best, and it was quite possible that a good deal of time might have to be spent looking for the trail. Going ashore, the men examined the trail. When they returned to the canoe the decision was reached to keep to the river.

As the river grew more and more difficult, part of the outfit had to be portaged. One day, two miles above camp, about half a load of outfit was put into one of the canoes, and slipping the tracking-line round the bow, George and Gilbert went forward with it, while Job and Joe got into the canoe to pole. Had it not been for my confidence in them I should have been a little anxious, for here the river was very rough, and close to the shore where they would have to go was a big rock, round which the water poured in a way that to me looked impassable. But I only thought, "They will know how to manage that," and picking up my kodaks, I climbed the



TREE AT LAKE MICHIKAMAU, WHERE RECORDS WERE LEFT



banks to avoid the willows. I had just reached the top, when, turning round, I saw the canoe turn bottom side up like a flash, and both men disappeared.

I stood unable to move. Right away Joe came up. He had caught the tracking-line and held to it. Then I saw Job appear. He had not been able to hold to the canoe; the current had swept him off, and was now carrying him down the river. My heart sickened at the sight, and still I could not move. Then an eddy caught him, and he went down. Again he appeared, and this time closer to us, for the eddy had somehow thrown him inshore where the water was not so deep. He was on his back now and swimming a little, but could neither get up nor turn over. I wondered why the men stood there watching him without a move. Then it dawned on me that George was holding the canoe, and I found my voice to shout, "Run, Joe!" Joe's own experience had for the moment dazed him, but now he suddenly came to life. Springing forward, he waded out and caught Job's hand before he was carried into deep water again. As he felt himself caught in Joe's strong grasp, Job asked: "Where is Mrs. Hubbard? Is she all right?"

For more than a week our progress was very slow, for there was much carrying to be done. Twenty-five miles above the first rapid we were obliged to leave the river, which here became impassable.

The tributary stream along which our way next led us was too large to be called a brook, and learning from Gilbert that it was a great marten country, I called it Wapustan River. This also we found a swift stream. It dropped from ledge to ledge down rocky hillsides. For much of the seven miles we followed it there was rough portaging to be done, though

in places the outfit could be taken up in the canoes.

On Saturday, July 15, we left the Wapustan and began on a nine-mile cross-country trip, working up to the northwest, from which direction a brook



SKINNING THE CARIBOU

flows. A two-mile carry brought us out on Saturday evening to a lake at its head. After dinner Sunday we again went forward. It seemed very fine to have a whole mile of paddling. From the head of the lake a mile of good portaging brought us to waters flowing to Seal Lake.

Our way now led through three exquisitely beautiful little lakes to where their waters drop down over rocky ledges in a noisy stream, on their way to Seal Lake. Here on the left of the outlet we made our camp. On either side rose a high hill only recently burned over—last summer, Gilbert said. George, Gilbert, and I climbed the hill back of our camp in hopes of catching a first glimpse of Seal Lake, but we could not see it.

Slipping down the hill again, I reached camp just as supper was ready, and after the meal George and I crossed to climb the hill on the other side, which rose five hundred and forty feet above our camp. A brisk climb brought us to



the top in time to see the sunset and one of the most magnificent views I had ever beheld. George, being taller, caught sight of the lake before I, and said, "There is Seal Lake."

It blew cold on the mountain and a shower passed over from the northeast, but it was soon gone, and the sun set over the hills in a blaze of red and gold. The way down the mountain seemed long. When we reached camp at 9.15 P.M. it was still quite light. Joe had been fishing, and had four brook-trout for my breakfast. Job and Gilbert had been down the valley a couple of miles prospecting, and soon came in with the information that a mile below camp we could put our canoes in the water. Beyond there would be two short portages, and then we should not again have to take them out of the water before reaching Seal Lake. The day following we camped at the head of the lake.

Beyond Seal Lake the river is not so difficult, though at one place we were obliged to leave it for nine miles of its course, where it is crowded between high rocky hills, flowing narrow, swift, and deep—too swift and deep for either poles or paddles. Monday, July 31, we reached the lake country east of Michikamau, and a little before noon Tuesday morning, August 1, we came, in the fourth lake, to where the river flows in from the south down three heavy falls and rapids. On the west side of its entrance to the lake we found the old trail. The blazing was weather-worn and old, but the trail was a good one, and had been much used

in the days long ago. The portage was a little more than a quarter of a mile long, and we put our canoes into the water again in a tiny bay above the islands.

We had lunch a little way above the portage, and in the afternoon passed up

the short reach of river into another lake, stretching, the men thought, about ten miles to the east and twelve to fifteen miles west. The lake seemed to average about four miles wide. The narrowest part was where we entered it, and on the opposite shore, three miles away, rose a high hill. It seemed as if we should even now be in Michikamau, perhaps shut from the main body of the lake only by the islands. From the top of the hill we should be able to see, we thought, and paddled towards it.

The hill was wooded almost to the top. Above the woods was the barren moss-covered summit. It seemed to me as we climbed that I should strangle with the heat and the flies and the effort, but most of all with the thoughts that were crowding my mind. Instead of being only glad that we were nearing Michikamau, I had been growing more and more to dread the moment when I should first look out over its broad waters. Sometimes it seemed that I could never go to the top, but I did.

The panorama of mountain and lake and island was wonderful. For miles in every direction were the lakes. Countless wooded islands, large and small, dotted their surfaces, and westward beyond the confusion of island and



MRS. LEONIDAS HUBBARD



water around us lay the great shining Michikamau. Still we could see no open way to reach it. Lying along its eastern shore a low ridge swept away northward, and east of this again the lakes. We thought this might perhaps be the Indian inland route to George River, which Mr. Low speaks of in his report on the survey of Michikamau. Far away in the north were the mountains with their snow patches, which we had seen from Lookout Mount. Turning to the east, we could trace the course of the Nascaptee to where we had entered it on Sunday. We could see Lookout Mount, and away beyond it the irregular tops of the hills we had come through from a little west of Seal Lake. In the south great rugged hills stood out to the west towards Michikamau. North and south of the hill upon which we stood were big waters. The one to the south we hoped would lead us out to Michikamau. It emptied into the lake we had just crossed in a broad shallow rapid at the foot of our hill, a mile and a half to the west.

George showed me, only a few miles from where we were standing, Mount Hubbard, from which Mr. Hubbard and he had seen Michikamau; Windbound Lake and the lakes through which they hoped to find their way to the great lake; the dip in the hills to the east through which they had passed on their long portage.

As we crossed a long lake the next day, Wednesday, Job remarked that there was some current here. On nearing a point to the west we were startled by a sudden exclamation from him. He had caught sight of a freshly cut chip on the water. We stopped and the chip was picked up. The two canoes drew together. It was examined closely, and an animated discussion in Indian went on. It was fine to watch them, and a revelation to me to see an ordinary little chip create so much excitement. The conclusion finally reached

was that the wind had brought it here in the night from our own camp.

Passing a point, the canoe again stopped some distance beyond it. Another brisk conversation ensued, and then I learned they had discovered a current coming from the south, and we turned to meet it. Following it up one mile south and one mile west, we came to where the river flows in from the south in a rapid. This was really a joke. We had so comfortably settled ourselves in the belief that the rapids had all been passed. Job and Gilbert had taken off their "shoe-packs" with the prospect of a good day's paddling, and here were the rapids again. Our course for four miles above this point was up a tortuous, rapid river. It seemed to flow from all points of the compass and in almost continuous rapids. The rapids were not rough, but the currents were fearfully swift and seemed to move in all directions. They are more dangerous than many of the rougher rapids.



MRS. HUBBARD TALKING WITH INDIAN WOMEN





THE ARRIVAL AT GEORGE RIVER POST AT UNGAVA

About 2 P.M. we came out to a lake. It was not very large and its upper end was crowded with islands. Four miles from the outlet the lake narrowed and the water flowed down round the islands with tremendous swiftness. Again it widened, and a mile west from the rapids we landed to climb a hill. Everybody went, and by the time I was half-way up, the men were already at the top, jumping about and waving their hats and yelling like demons—or men at a polo match. As I came toward them, Gilbert shouted, "Rice pudding for supper to-night, Mrs. Hubbard." It was not hard to guess what all the demonstration meant. We could not see all the channel from our hilltop, there were so many islands; but it could be seen part of the way, and, what was most important, we could see where it led straight west to Michikamau.

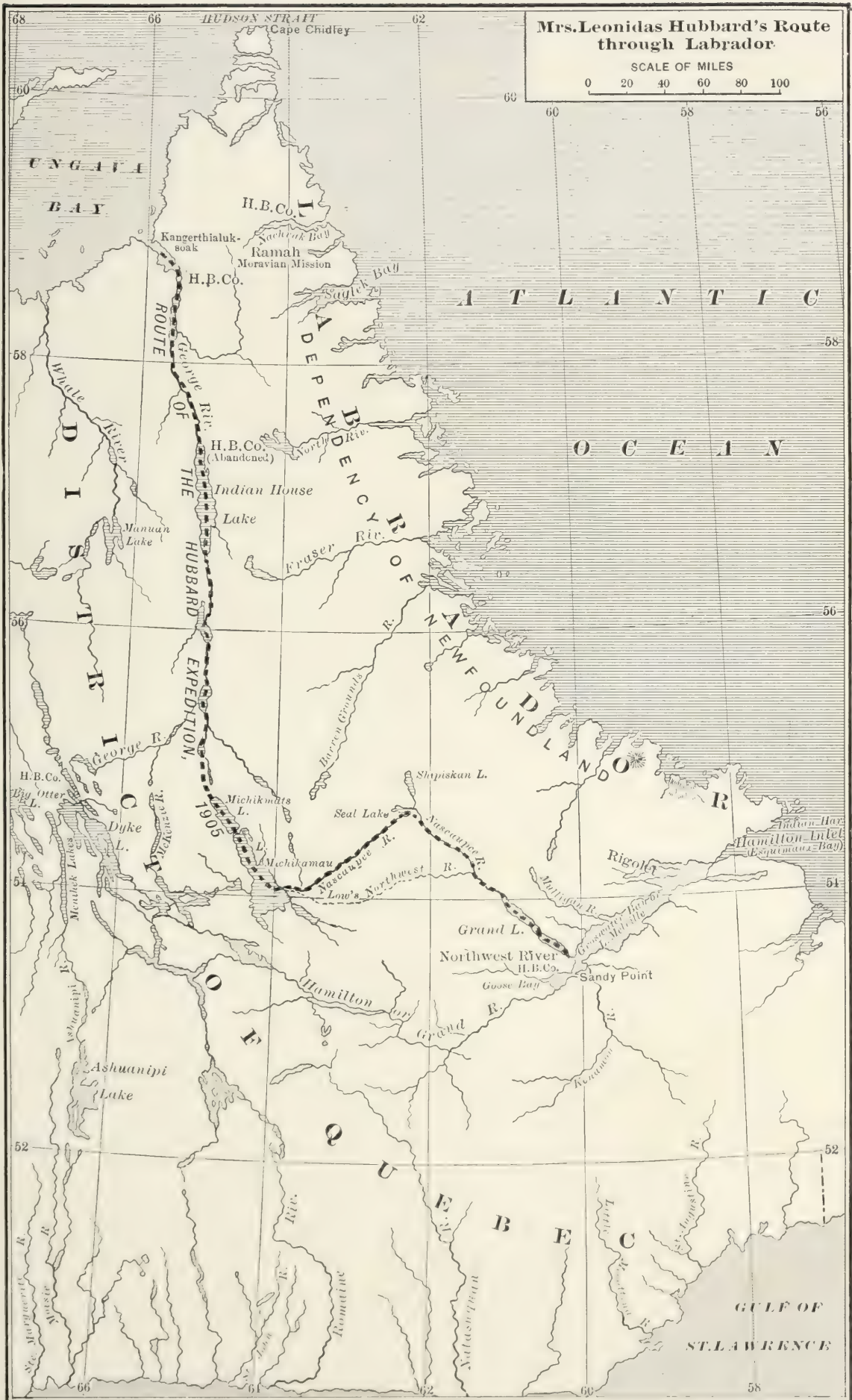
Once more in the canoes, our way still led among the islands up the swift-flowing water. It was not till 5.15 P.M. that we at last reached the point where the Nascaupée first receives the waters of the great lake. Continuing west-

ward near the shore of a long island, we landed shortly before 7 P.M. on its outer shore to make our first camp on Lake Michikamau.

It was a beautiful place and had evidently been a favorite with the Indians. There were the remains of many old camps there. Near the shore grew a thick wall of stunted spruce, and back of this an open space some fifty yards wide, sloping gently up to the greenwoods above. On going ashore we caught sight of a flock of ptarmigan just disappearing among the bushes. The men gave chase, but the birds managed to elude them, and they came back empty-handed. Here the flies and mosquitoes were awful. It made me shiver just to feel them creeping over my hands, not to speak of their bites. Nowhere on the whole journey had we found them so thick as they were that night. It was good to escape into the tent.

Next morning I arose early. It was cloudy but calm, and Michikamau was like a pond. How I wondered what fortune would be ours in the voyage on this





The dotted line "Low's Northwest R." indicates the previously supposed course of river draining Lake Michikamau

THE TRAIL FROM NORTHWEST RIVER TO UNGAVA BAY





big water—the canoes seemed so tiny here. I called the men at 6.30 A.M., and at nine we were ready to start. Before our start, Job blazed two trees at the landing, and in one he placed a big flat stone, on which I wrote with a piece of flint Joe brought me:

HUBBARD EXPEDITION  
ARRIVED HERE AUG. 2ND, '05.

Underneath it the names of all the party. Then we embarked, and it was "All aboard for George River!" our next objective point.

The way the men managed the canoes in the lake was fine to see. They were as much at home on Michikamau as they had been in the rapids of the Nascaupée. By 10 A.M. of our third day on the lake we could see plainly the long rocky point at the entrance of the bay at its northern extremity. The wind was blowing the waves straight against it, and it looked fearsome to me. Now the sails had to come down, for we were going too much into the wind. Fortunately for us, it calmed a little when we got to within half a mile of the point, and at 10.30 A.M. we passed safely round it into the sheltered bay.

We had not reached our haven too soon. Almost immediately the wind rose again, and by noon was blowing so strong that we could have done nothing in any part of Lake Michikamau, to say nothing of crossing the upper end in a heavy south wind.

Nine miles to northward we made camp on an island in Lake Michikamats, which is some twelve miles long and from two to four miles wide. My tent was pitched in a charming nook among the spruce-trees, and had such a beautiful carpet of boughs, all tipped with fresh green. The moss itself was almost too beautiful to cover, but nothing is quite so nice for carpet as the boughs. Through the night the south wind rose to a gale and showers of rain fell. Sunday morning I was up at 7 A.M., and after a nice, lazy bath luxuriously dressed myself in clean clothes. Just after 9 A.M. I lay down to go to sleep again. I had not realized it before, but I was very tired. My eyes had closed but a moment when a rat-a-tat-tat on the mixing-pan announced breakfast.

There was much speculation as to what we should find at the head of Lake Michikamats. If only we could see the Indians we should be all right. Our caribou meat was nearly gone, and we could do very well with a fresh supply of game now. There would be a chance to put out the nets when we reached the head of the lake, and the scouting had to be done. The nets had not yet touched the water.

It was nearly noon next day when the men, preparing dinner, caught sight of a big stag caribou swimming across to the point south of us. There was a spring for the canoe, and in much less time than it takes to tell it the canoe was in the water, with Job, Gilbert, and George plying their paddles with all strength. As the beautiful creature almost reached the shore, a flying bullet dropped in front of him and he turned back. His efforts were now no match for the swift paddle-strokes that sent the canoe lightly towards him, and soon a shot from George's rifle ended the struggle. He was towed ashore, bled, and brought to camp in the canoe.

The following day we got our first glimpse of the great caribou migration. On the west shore of the lake we found thousands of the beautiful creatures gathered on a plain at the foot of a barren hill. Later we saw them swimming to an island three-quarters of a mile out, making a broad, unbroken bridge from shore to shore. For fifty miles beyond this point the country was alive with them.

Wednesday we passed northward from the head of Lake Michikamats through several small lakes and streams, and at 5 P.M. we arrived at the height of land. A short portage of three hundred yards and we put the canoes into a little lake, which proved to be the source of the Great George River. We camped that night where its waters begin their swift descent to Ungava Bay.

Some fifty miles below the head of the river we came upon the Indians. There were only the women of the tribe there. The men had gone to Davis Inlet on the east coast to trade for their winter supplies, and had not returned. These people we found belonged to the Montagnais tribe. They received us in friendly manner, eagerly urging us to remain longer



with them. George Elson spoke to them in their own tongue, and here we learned that we were but two days' journey from the Nascaupée camp, farther down the river. The women speak only their own language, but we learned that some of the men speak English quite easily.

Sunday morning, August 20, I awoke in a state of expectancy. We had slept three times since leaving the Montagnais camp, and unless the Barren Ground People were not now in their accustomed camping-place we ought to see them before night. Many thoughts came of how greatly Mr. Hubbard had wished to see them and what a privilege he would have thought it to be able to visit them.

It seemed this morning as if something unusual must happen. It was as if we were coming into a hidden country.

As we paddled along at pretty brisk rate, suddenly George exclaimed, "There it is."

There it was indeed, a covered wigwam high up on a sandy hill which sloped to the river and formed the point round which it flowed to the lake among the mountains. Very soon a second wigwam came in sight. At first we saw no one at the camp. Then a figure appeared moving about near one of the wigwams. It was evident that they had not yet caught sight of us; but as we paddled slowly along, the figure suddenly stopped, a whole company came running together, and plainly our sudden appearance was causing great excitement. There was a hurried moving to and fro, and after a time came the sound of two rifle-shots. I replied with my revolver. Again they fired, and I replied again. Then more shots from the hill.

As we drew slowly near, the men ran down towards the landing, but halted above a narrow belt of trees growing near the water's edge. There, it was plain, a very animated discussion of the newcomers was going on.

We all shouted: "Bo jou! Bo jou!" (Bon jour!)

A chorus of Bo jous came back from the hill. George called to them in Indian, "We are strangers, and are passing through your country."

The sound of words in their own tongue reassured them, and they ran down to the landing. As we drew near

we could hear them talking. I, of course, could not understand a word of it, but I learned from George later what they were saying.

It was a strangely striking picture they made that quiet Sabbath morning, as they stood there at the shore with the dark-green woods behind them and all about them the great wilderness of rock and river and lake. They had strongly Indian faces, and those of the older men showed plainly the marks of the battle for life they had been fighting. They were tall, lithe, and active-looking, with a certain air of self-possession and dignity which almost all Indians seem to have. They wore dressed deerskin breeches and moccasins, and over the breeches were drawn bright-red cloth leggings, reaching from ankle to well above the knees, and held in place by straps fastened about the waist. The shirts, some of which were of cloth and some of dressed deer-skin, were worn outside the breeches, and over these a white coat bound about the edges with blue or red. Their hair they wore long and cut straight round below the ears, and tied about the head was a bright-colored kerchief. The faces were full of interest. Up on the hill where the wigwams were the women and children and old men stood watching, perhaps waiting till it should develop whether the strangers were friendly or hostile.

"Where did you come into the river?" the chief asked.

George explained that we had come the whole length of the river, that we had come into it from Michikamau, which we reached by way of the Nascaupée. He was greatly surprised. He knew the route and had been at Northwest River. Turning to the others, he told them of our long journey. Then they came forward and gathered eagerly about us. We told them we were going down the river to the post at Ungava.

"Oh, you are near now," they said. "You will sleep only five times if you travel fast."

My heart bounded as this was interpreted to me. It meant that we should be at the post before the end of August, for this was only the 20th. There was still a chance that we should be in time for the ship.



We then inquired about the river. All were eager to tell about it, and many expressive gestures were added to their words to tell that the river was rapid all the way. An arm held at an angle showed what we were to expect in the rapids, and a vigorous drop of the hand expressed something about the falls. There would be a few portages, but they were not long, and in some places there would be just a short lift over; but it was nearly all rapid.

"And when you come to a river coming in on the other side in quite a fall you are not far from the post."

There was a tightening in my throat as I thought, "What if I had decided to turn back rather than winter in Labrador!"

Meanwhile the old women had gathered about me, begging eagerly for tobacco. Of course I did not know what it was they wanted, and when the coveted tobacco did not appear they began to complain bitterly. "She is not giving us any tobacco." And again, "See, she does not want to give us any tobacco." George explained to them that I did not smoke and had no tobacco. I succeeded in appeasing them, however, by gifts of flour, tea, pork, and rice, and accompanied them to their camp on the hill for a necessarily short visit, seeing and talking with the younger women and children, and learning a little of what life means to them.

When the word went forth that we were about to leave, all gathered for the parting. I was looking about for something which I might carry away with me as a souvenir of the visit. The chief's daughter stood near, and stepping towards her, I touched the beaded band on her hair, thinking that perhaps they had others they might be willing to let me take. She drew sharply away and said something in tones that had a plainly resentful note in them. It was, "That is mine." I determined not to be discouraged and made another effort. Stretched on a frame to dry was a very pretty deerskin, and I had George ask if I might have that. This seemed to appeal to them as a not unreasonable request, but they suggested that I take one that was dressed. A woman who wanted

my sweater went into the wigwam and brought one out. It was very pretty, and beautifully soft and white on the inside. She again pleaded for my sweater. I felt so sorry to have to refuse her, but had to do so. I handed her back the skin, but she bade me keep it. They gave George a piece of deerskin dressed without the hair—"To line a pair of mitts," they said.

When I said "Good-by," they made no move to accompany us to the canoe.

On the evening of August 22 we reached the foot of Indian House Lake, and the day following began the descent of what proved to be one hundred and thirty miles of almost continuous rapid. The river was fearfully steep, there being places where the little canoes were carried down at the rate of a mile in four minutes. We had five days of almost constant rapid running.

Saturday at noon my observation showed us very near our destination, and we camped at night within ten miles of the post. The men smiled a little incredulously when I said we should be at the post before noon Sunday. There was a bit of quiet fun Sunday morning after breakfast over my putting the remainder of the tea into a bottle to keep as a souvenir of the trip. I learned later that it was the opinion of the crew—expressed in Indian, of course—that the tea would probably taste good at lunch. However, inside of two hours we were in sight of what I knew must be the island opposite the post, and before 11 A.M. there was a sudden exclamation from George—"There it is!"

Half an hour later Mr. Ford, agent at the post, followed by a retinue of Eskimos, came over the mud left by the retreating tide to meet us, while Mrs. Ford waited at the foot of the hill, all as eagerly excited at our arrival as I was to reach the post. As my hostess, with shining eyes, took my hand in greeting, she said, "Mrs. Hubbard, yours is the first white woman's face I have seen for two years."

In reply to eager questioning I was told that the ship had not arrived, and would not be there until the middle of September.



# The Vulture

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

*" . . . . There is in me life, said the knight, but it is but little, and therefore leap thou up behind me, when thou hast holpen me up; and hold me fast that I fall not, and bring me to Queen Morgan le Fay, for deep draughts of death draw to my heart, that I may not live, for I would fain speak with her or I died. For else my soul will be in great peril and I die. . . ."*  
—"Le Morte d'Arthur." Book IX. Chap. XLIII.

YOU will have heard so much that is bad of him—for the great name he bore spread his infamy very widely abroad—and so little that is good—if indeed anything at all—that I am all but disheartened at the very outset of my tale with having such weight of prejudice to combat. Men said, and still say, that from first to last his life was an evil one, that neither youth nor innocence, neither weakness nor trust, was ever safe from him, that in the wake of his predatory career he left but tears and anguish, dishonor and death. It was the old Duca di Nemira who one day in a fit of disgust gave him that name which clung to him ever after—the Vulture.

"Where there is battle, murder, or death," the old man said, "look above you! You'll see Gian Galeone circling round and round in the sky waiting for his pickings." And in spite of this Nemira loved the man, in an unwilling shamefaced fashion, as did many of us, to the very end.

Ay, he lived an ignoble life, as men say, but when they go on to contend that he died also ignobly—a fitting end in a tavern brawl over a woman—there I beg leave to differ with them, for I know more than they. If I can make it plain to you that he died a good death, if I can persuade you that in his end he went far towards making amends for that evil life of his, I shall have wrought well, done Galeone the last

service that I or any one can do him. He is gone now—God rest his soul that knew no rest here on earth!

A party of four gentlemen posting from the Duca di Nemira's place near Castrovillari, in Calabria, to Canitello—whence they meant to cross the straits to Messina—halted to rest their horses at a roadside inn between Palmi and Bagnara. They were travelling by night because they were in a hurry. It was somewhat after midnight when they reached the inn, but they expected after a rest of an hour or two to reach Canitello with the first light of the morning.

The four men were the old Duca di Nemira, the Marchese Nero di Neri, Marino Loredan, a Venetian, and Don Pietro Cassaro, a surly and ill-natured youth who was generally disliked, but who, for family and other reasons, could not be ignored as he deserved.

As they went into the public room of the inn, preceded by a very obsequious waiter, a man seated at a table in the far corner—the only occupant of the place—half rose to his feet and made as if he would call out to them in greeting, but after an instant he dropped back again into his chair with a little bitter mirthless laugh. He had been out of Italy for three years, and he had almost forgotten that it was wiser to allow his Italian acquaintances—he had no friends—the first word. Sometimes they spoke it and sometimes not, as their humor or the surroundings dictated. The newcomers seated themselves about a round table near the centre of the room, and the waiter brought heavy glasses and an armful of bottles of the strong country wine.

The old Duca di Nemira paused, with his glass half-way to his lips.

"There is Gian Galeone!" he said, in a tone of surprise. "There is Gian Galeone, in the corner yonder!" He looked at Neri, who sat beside him, and



then, after a moment, set down his glass and went across the room. Galeone rose to meet him.

"You here, Gian?" said the old man, and held out his hand. "I thought you were in the East. Loredan was saying only a day or two ago that he had not heard of you for more than a year. We thought you might be dead."

The other man's face softened for a moment and he smiled, but a wry smile.

"Death will have none of me, Nemira," he said. "Death turns its back when I seek it." He gave a little laugh. "It is a rather terrible thing not to be able to die," said he.

The elder man shook his head gravely.

"I will not jest with you about death, Gian," he said. "It may be waiting for either or both of us to-night. Will you not join us at our table yonder? You are alone, I see. I think you know Neri and Loredan and Cassaro."

A quick flush came up over Galeone's face, and he turned his head away for a moment to hide it. It had been a long time since any one of Nemira's class had offered him such a civility, and the act touched hidden springs in him which he had believed to be dead and dry. When he spoke his voice was not quite steady.

"Thank you!" he said, simply. "I should—like to join you. I have not seen an old acquaintance for three years. I landed at Messina from the East only this morning." He squared his shoulders and unconsciously straightened his back as he moved across the room towards the other three men. He was more keenly pleased at Nemira's friendliness than he could have expressed. It may be that in the warm flush of the moment he even had some vague mad thought that this might mean the beginning of a rehabilitation; that with such men as these to count upon, the world, which had so long since turned from him, might receive him again and the mantle of a new respectability cloak his ancient sins. He was very tired.

But if such a thought flashed into his mind in that moment it cannot long have endured. To be sure, the three gentlemen bowed very civilly to him, and Nero di Neri and young Loredan took his hand and said they were glad to see him again in Italy, but Cassaro made excuse of the

table which stood between them to avoid the latter form of greeting, and his eyebrows were lifted a fraction of an inch above their normal line.

They sat down, Galeone between Nemira and Loredan, and the four politely toasted his return, but after the few first formal questions and inquiries the Marchese di Neri and Don Pietro turned their shoulders and began a conversation of their own, leaving the newcomer to the other two. It was not a happy experiment that old Nemira had made, and it is probable that more than once during the next hour he very earnestly regretted having made it. On his own part he did his best to engage Galeone in talk, choosing such topics as seemed to offer the greatest freedom from embarrassment—and this was not easy; also young Loredan seconded his efforts as well as any man could have done, but in spite of them both the attitude of the other two was all too patent, and it grew more glaringly so with each moment.

Galeone sank deeper and deeper into a bitter hard-eyed gloom, and, as the time went by, his answers to Nemira's or to Loredan's kindly questions became more brief, until they were but "yes" or "no"; sometimes he did not answer at all, but only nodded or shook his head, never stirring his eyes from the glass which his brown hand gripped on the table before him.

Young Loredan the Venetian watched the man, at first covertly, out of the corners of his eyes; later, as it became possible, quite openly. He had never known Galeone well, but like every one else in the Italian states and many abroad he knew the man's sinister history. In consequence he was very glad of this chance to see him close at hand. The personality of any one, man or woman, whose life has been extraordinarily tragic or evil or both is certain to be of great interest to others. One must watch the face of such an individual with an eager scrutiny, wondering what event or influence has scored this or that line, hollowed thus the cheek under its cheekbone, twisted so awry the telltale curves of the mouth. The face of any such man or woman is a battle-field, scarred, drawn, indelibly stamped with what has fought there.



And so young Loredan watched the tired lean face of the man whose infamy had become almost a proverb, and instead of horror or repulsion a great pity stirred in him, for the face had things in it not evil, but good—there was an odd unlooked-for sweetness there. And the man stood so alone!

Don Pietro turned his head and, after a slant-eyed glance towards Gian Galeone, glooming over his wine, buried in abstraction, spoke to the Duca.

"Did we not pass Donna Vittoria Malvagna's castle somewhere between Palmi and here?" he asked. "Neri thinks it is farther inland." Old Nemira frowned and looked at the man beside him, but Galeone sat patently apart. His ears were deaf to what went on about him.

"The castle is on the slope of Monte Elia above Palmi," said the old man. "We passed under it an hour ago." His eyes signalled caution, and he jerked his white head to one side significantly, but young Cassaro's wits were too blunt to understand.

"The shameless baggage!" he said, with a short laugh of contempt. "She does well to hide herself down here in the mountains. She does well to stay away from Rome. Poor young Monforte dead for her, and his wife mad!—Neri says that she has her claws in Andrea Bordone now. She'll pluck him bare in a year's time."

As if the name had suddenly recalled his wits from their wandering, Gian Galeone raised his head, and his eyes sharpened from dulness to attention. The old Duca made a clicking noise with his tongue.

"What was that you said?" asked Galeone. "Bordone? Don Andrea Bordone? Why, I—used to know him. He's a poor thing at best, but I knew him.—Who did you say had her claws in him?"

Old Nemira started hastily to speak, but before his tongue had formed the words, Don Pietro had answered.

"Vittoria Malvagna," he said, "the Marchese di Malvagna's widow. She is an old hand at that—" He halted suddenly, with the sentence unfinished, and sat staring across the table. Galeone was trembling from head to foot, so that his hands shook violently before him and his teeth chattered.

"Liar!" he said, in a queer, choking whisper. "You foul and utterly damned liar!" Marino Loredan caught him by the left arm, and at the same instant Neri cried out sharply to Don Pietro. But on the moment the truth of the situation seemed to break in upon Cassaro's slow brain, and he began to laugh.

"Eh, Madonna Santissima!" he cried. "I had forgotten. You used to worship that star, years back, didn't you, Galeone, when the star was not so easy to reach! Ho, ho! Try again! You may find it easier now.—Birds of a feather!" Neri di Neri was dragging at his shoulder and whispering fiercely to him, and from the other side old Nemira cried out an angry reproof, but the man laughed on. He must have been mad.

"Try again!" he cried. "It is easy now."

"Liar! Liar!" whispered Gian Galeone across the table, and with his free right hand threw the half-filled wine-glass hard into the other's grinning face.

Upon that there was of course immediate uproar, with cries and curses and a great overturning of chairs, but through it all Galeone stood quiet and still. The three others had pushed Don Pietro, furious and screaming hysterical threats, towards the opposite wall of the room, and held him there, trying to quiet him. The old Duca turned excitedly back to Galeone.

"You must not fight with him, Gian!" he cried. "The boy is mad. He must have drunk too much wine. You must not fight with him over this." Galeone turned his still eyes to the elder man and Nemira's eyes dropped.

"Not—fight?" said he. "You heard what he said. You heard the—name. *Not fight?*"

The old man looked up and down and at last aside.

"You have—been away a long time, Gian," he said at last. "Things—many things have changed. Even the best of women sometimes—" He could not meet those still eyes.

"I—am sorry, Gian," he said, uncomfortably. "No jury of honor would compel Cassaro to meet you on this excuse. Wait until you know more of the—circumstances."

Galeone beat his two hands suddenly





*Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence*

THROUGH IT ALL GALEONE STOOD QUIET AND STILL





together. "God!" he cried out, "must I fight you all?—I tell you if that dog, that—foul lying swine does not fight, I will kill him with my hands!"

The three men across the room came forward, Don Pietro Cassaro between the other two, who held to his arms. He was breathing hard and his face was purple.

"When will you fight—Vulture?" he demanded, and licked his lips. He was of the south, and rage turned him into a beast, very unpleasant to see.

"The sooner the better," said Galeone, gently. "I must, with all possible despatch, rid the earth of so unclean a thing. Now, if you will! There is a full moon, very bright. I should like to do it now."

The others broke into immediate and stormy protest, contending that it was irregular and absurd and altogether impossible; but while Galeone stood by silent, Don Pietro beat the three from him with his hands.

"The devil take your irregularities, and you with them!" he cried. "Let it be now, as the fellow says! I shall die of an apoplexy if I do not kill him tonight. There will be swords here in the inn."

They turned in desperation to Galeone, but he faced them unmoved.

"I feel that I cannot wait," he said. And then: "I am travelling alone. I have no friend to stand with me as second. Would one of you—as a mere formality"—a flush came over his face and for the first time his eyes wavered—"as a mere formality," he said, "be willing—"

"I will, Galeone!" cried young Loredan, and sprang forward to him. "I will! Not in formality, but in friendship if you will allow it so. I will, gladly."

"Why—why—" the man began, and something like a sob came into his throat. The red burned to crimson in his cheeks. "I—cannot thank you," he said, unsteadily. "It is a long time since—you are very good. I—cannot thank you as I should like." He caught the younger man's hand in his, and the old Duca di Nemira turned away winking. The little scene was oddly pathetic.

Swords were brought by the frightened innkeeper and preparations made. There was no surgeon in the place, and for a

long time Nemira made that sufficient ground for refusing to countenance the meeting, but Marino Loredan had some rough knowledge of the treatment of wounds, and at last the old man, protesting still, was forced to give over.

They went out into the night. It was a warm, still night of early summer, with a round moon, whose glow lay white upon the dust of the highroad, and gray upon the open fields, and velvet black upon the bordering groves of orange and lemon and olive. It was nearing two of the morning. The innkeeper, teeth achatter with the chill of fright, led the little party to an open space of trodden turf beyond the stables. It was masked from the highroad by trees, and the moon shone there, making the place almost as light as day.

The two principals laid off their coats and waistcoats and removed the stocks from their throats. Then with small ceremony they took their places in the centre of the open space. The Marchese Nero di Neri acted as second to Don Pietro, and old Nemira was witness. They made their salutes, Galeone with quiet formality, the other contemptuously, as one eager to be at the serious work. Then their blades crossed and they fought.

From the beginning it was patent that the younger man's life lay in the elder's hands. Don Pietro was no mean swordsman. He had the fair degree of skill which all Italians of the upper class possessed in that day—and, for that matter, still possess,—but Galeone was a soldier. He slept, as it were, sword in hand, and before ill living had dulled his eye, slackened his wrist, he had been rather famous as a duellist.

He seemed to play with the lad before him. Cassaro attacked with an insensate fury. He was still in his fever of mad rage, and rage had robbed him of all judgment. The other played with him, and the three men who watched held their breaths to see the calm, almost unerring security of his defence.

Then the ever-possible accident occurred. Galeone gave ground for a pace, quite obviously with the mere intent of goading his opponent into a hotter and more exhausting fury, when all at once his foot slipped on the smooth turf, and



for an instant his guard was down. Before the seconds' blades could be interposed they saw Don Pietro lunge and a quick stain come upon the front of Galeone's white shirt.

Loredan ran to him, but the other waved him away.

"A scratch," he said, lightly. "The merest scratch. I am ready to go on." The Venetian knew that it was not true, but he fell back, and after a moment they encountered again. This time Galeone did not stand upon his defence. He attacked swiftly, though without that foolish outcry and stamping of the feet to which most Italian swordsmen are addicted.

It seemed to those who watched that he made no more than a single thrust, when Don Pietro's arm fell to his side and he went down on his knees slowly, as if of his own accord, and there coughed once, and so fell upon his face and lay still.

Galeone turned away, and the others ran to the fallen man and knelt over him. After a few moments Loredan rose, shaking his head, and went towards his principal. Galeone stood at a little distance, leaning against a tree. He had drawn his long cloak over his shoulders. It hung nearly to his feet, covering him. He looked up as the young man approached.

"Dead?" he asked, quietly. The other nodded.

"I thank God!" said Gian Galeone. "The world—is—cleaner—without him." Something in his attitude, some quality in the voice, caught at the younger man's throat.

"But *you, you!*" he cried, stammering, and sought to pull away the cloak from the other's breast.

"I shall—follow him ere—morning," said Galeone. "Hush! I do not want the others to know. Go to them now and help them if they need you. Then bring my horse here to me. I have a journey—to make—before I die.—Be quick!"

Young Marino drew a sharp sobbing breath and turned about. The other two, aided by the innkeeper, were carrying the body of Don Pietro from the place. He ran to them and spoke in old Nemira's ear. Then, as quickly as he

might, he made his way to the stable. A stable-lad was leading Galeone's horse, already saddled and bridled, into the courtyard of the inn. Orders had been given to this effect before the little party had left the house. Young Loredan took the bridle from the lad and led the animal round to the open place where its master waited. He stood as before, leaning against a tree, cloaked and still.

"I have brought the horse," said Don Marino, "because I will not waste time or words in disputing with you. If you must be gone from here to-night, you must, and that is all there is of it. Of course I shall go with you. I doubt you could ride alone. First, however, we must see to your wound."

Galeone would have protested, but the younger man gently forced him to sit down upon the turf, and finally to lie back against the little hillock of earth which was at the tree's foot. The stable-lad, to whom he had given instructions, came running with strips of linen. The Venetian took them and sent the boy away. Then he opened Gian Galeone's shirt at the breast and gave a sharp cry. The man had been thrust through the body a hand's breadth below the heart, and he was bleeding to death.

"You cannot ride!" cried young Loredan. "It is impossible."

"I must ride to-night, friend," said the wounded man, "or crawl on hands and knees. There is a little strength left in me. Be as quick as you can with your bandaging, and then lift me to the horse's back. Ride you behind me, if you will. I must see Madonna Vittoria Malvagna's face at Roccaflorita before my eyes are blind.—For my soul's sake I must see her face once before I go."

"Oh, my God!" said young Loredan, under his breath, and with a sick dismay he stared at the man, who lay before him white in the moonlight.

"You must not go there!" he said, whispering. "You must not!" And again Galeone said weakly,

"For my soul's sake I must see her face once—before I go."

After that the Venetian said no more, but finished his rude bandaging as best he could, and wrapped the long cloak about the dying man. In a pocket of the coat was a flask of brandy, and he made



him swallow some of this. Then with difficulty, by the exertion of all the strength he possessed, he got him upon the horse's back and mounted behind him. He turned the beast's head to the north and, holding Galeone's body between his arms, rode away through the moonlight night towards Palmi and Monte Elia.

They had not above three miles to go, but they were more than an hour in covering the distance, since the horse must go at a walk all the way. They came into the olive groves at the foot of the great hill, and there left the highroad, taking to a winding zigzag avenue which led upwards into Roccafortita. From time to time young Marino held the brandy-flask to the other's lips, or asked him how he did, and always Galeone answered strongly:

"I shall live until I have seen her face."

So they came into the fir-bordered drive within the park walls and presently to the castle itself. Despite the hour there were lights in the upper windows. Loredan dismounted and took Gian Galeone down in his arms. Then he knocked loudly with the iron knocker and called out for admittance. A window opened and a servant's voice demanded to know who was there. He said: "One who must see the Marchesa, and that at once—a matter of life and death. Make haste!"

The window closed and there were sounds within. Presently chains rattled and bolts were drawn. The door swung open and two servants, half dressed, rubbing the sleep from their eyes, peered out into the gloom, sulkily curious.

"Look to the horse yonder!" said Marino Loredan, and went in, his arm about Galeone's shoulders, supporting him. He went through a narrow passage and came into the great state hall of the castle from one side. Here another servant barred their way, and another still was making lights about the great room.

"Say to the Marchesa," said young Loredan, "that Don Gian Galeone must see her immediately—immediately!" The man stared and went away, running up the broad stairway which mounted from the hall. But half-way to the top he met a woman coming down.

Loredan had never seen Donna Vittoria Malvagna, but on the instant he knew that this was she, and in the same instant he felt that he could not wonder at poor Monforte's wreck and death or at Andrea Bordone's mad infatuation. He said to himself that for such women kingdoms had more than once been lost, empires given over, history made and unmade.

The servant spoke quickly, and the woman gave a little cry.

"It is impossible, impossible!" she said. "You have mistaken the name." She came a little farther down the great stair, peering through the dim light at the two men who stood together. Suddenly she halted, and something like a sob broke from her. She put up her two hands over her face. But when after a moment she dropped them her great eyes blazed across the hall.

"You swore to me, Galeone," she said, "that you would never again come before me or trouble my peace to the last day of your life! You swore it."

Gian Galeone took a step forward away from his friend's supporting arm.

"It is—the last day of my life—Vittoria," said he. The cloak slipped from his shoulders and fell about his heels on the flagstones. He stood forth in his shirt, swaying upon his feet, a ghastly object—all the front of him crimson with his blood.

The woman screamed terribly. Even the servants fell back with cries of horror.

"I could not—die," said Gian Galeone, speaking with great difficulty, "until I had—seen your face—once." And he would have fallen prone but that Marino Loredan caught him in his arms and bore him up.

At that Donna Vittoria seemed suddenly to waken from her frozen stupor. She ran to them with a great cry.

"Gian!" she cried, in an exceedingly bitter agony, "Gian, Gian!" She took him from Loredan's support and held him bodily in her arms. She was a tall strong woman, and her passion of grief had made her stronger. Galeone lay heavily against her breast, his head in the hollow of her shoulder. He had fainted from exhaustion. And holding him so, the woman's great eyes burned across his body to young Marino

Loredan. Out of her agony her lips said voicelessly:

"How?—Why?"

"He was wounded in a duel," said Don Marino, in a low voice. "He knew that he must die, and so made me bring him here. I rode upon the horse behind him and held him up. He cannot last much longer, I think. It is a miracle that he should have reached here alive."

The woman began a terrible dry sobbing which shook all her strong body. She hid her face against Galeone's white cheek. Then presently,

"Help me with him!" she said, calming herself. "Help me to carry him up the stair and lay him in a bed!" But Don Marino beckoned one of the servants, and the man brought a chair at his bidding. In this they set Galeone's lax body, and so bore him up the stair and into a chamber where the woman led them.

They laid him upon a couch there, and while Donna Vittoria and the servants brought restoratives and a basin of water and clean linen for bandages, Loredan cut the shirt away from his friend's wounded breast and made the wound ready for a fresh dressing.

The man came slowly out of his swoon, and his eyes opened upon what must have seemed to him the very gates of paradise; for the Marchesa knelt beside the couch, her arms laid out across his body and her face bent close to his.

"Eh, my sweet!" said he, whispering, "it is very good to die so." He said it over and over again, and there was peace unspeakable in his sunken eyes—love unutterable in them.

"Oh, Gian!" she wept, tearless, "what is it has brought you to your death? Tell me what it is, Gian!"

"A liar," said he, whispering still, because he was very weak,—“a liar spoke a—very foul lie, Vittoria, and I sent him before—his God. God will blacken—his face—eh, I burn, I burn!—his face, and—cast him into the hell which—yawns for such. In the fight I—took a wound.—That is all.—Mother of God! it is—good to die so—here—looking into your eyes!"

Donna Vittoria's face went very white.

"What—lie did this liar speak, Gian?" she asked, watching his eyes.

"It—does not matter," he said. "It was a foul lie—against the—purest and—loveliest lady who lives." She raised her head and looked across Galeone's body to Marino Loredan, who sat beyond in the shadows. Loredan turned his eyes away. Then the woman gave a very bitter moan and hid her face upon the body of the man who lay before her. She lay so for a long time, and tremors of spasmodic trembling shook her at intervals. Gian Galeone spoke on in fitful gasping whispers, halting for very weakness between the sentences.

"Eh!" said he, "the Vulture has made his last—flight, torn at his last prey.—Even so must vultures end—Nay, a sweet end, Vittoria!—Undreamt of sweetness! I had thought to die in battle or in some despicable quest. Not thus in a good fight—for you, my queen. Eh, what good thing has my evil life compassed that—God should make my end—beautiful?—I have lived vilely—in shame and dishonor."

The woman raised her head.

"My doing, Gian, mine!" she said. "I had your golden love long, long ago, and I was mad and cast it into the mire. If there are stains upon you, it is because of me. I might have saved you pure and good.—Oh!" she cried, in agony, "I have brought all your ill upon you from the first to this last, and never anything but ill!"

"If you could have—loved me—a little, Vittoria!" sighed the man who was dying.

"Oh, Gian!" she wept, "I have loved you all my life long, and no other—only at first I did not know—and then I was proud—and afterwards bitter, thinking that you had forgotten. But always I loved you.—And now," she said, her face twisting awry,—“now I have brought you to your death."

Gian Galeone's sunken eyes blazed suddenly and a splendor came upon his face as if some great light had shone there. He tried to cry out, but his lips were bound, and he tried to raise his arms, but there was no strength in them. Donna Vittoria saw what he would have, and she bent forward and kissed him.

At last, when his tongue could make the words, he said,

"I thank—God that I die—thus—in your honor—sweet!" And at that, as at



something unbearable, the woman's face twisted again in a strange agony, and she hid it with her hands.

Later they fell into such talk as lovers use—foolish tendernesses, sweet oaths, remembrances out of the far-away unspoiled past. And so time dragged on until the gray dawn crept in like a mist through the row of eastward windows, but still the strong spirit clung within Galeone's body and would not be cast forth. Only his breathing grew more difficult and more painful and his speech fainter, so that Donna Vittoria had to stoop to his lips to hear what he would say. He waited, it would seem, for the sunrise. When the first golden beams fell upon the green and yellow Sicilian coast across the strait—Faro, the old castle of Scilla, Messina town and harbor, with the squat bulk of *Ætna* behind, Stromboli and the Lipari Islands to the north, Milazzo in between,—then Galeone died.

At the last, as so often happens, an odd burst of strength came to him, so that his voice swelled suddenly from its former whisper, and he half raised himself on the couch. He seemed to be blind, for he put out one hand to feel if Donna Vittoria were there.

"I am—going—now, Vittoria," he said, aloud. "Tell me—before I go, that you are glad I came to you—to-night—glad I die—for your—honor!"

"I am glad, Gian," she said, steadily. "If ever you have done wrong, I think your death will wipe that out. A noble death, Gian, in a good cause.—Gian! Gian!"

Once again she leant forward and kissed him. Then he coughed, putting

his hands to his breast. He said her name once, in a whisper, smiling. Then he coughed again, blood came from his lips, and he died.

Over his body Marino Loredan faced the woman. Her face was white and very haggard, her eyes tortured depths of gloom.

"Would you lie to him into the very grave?" said young Loredan. "Is there no shame in you at all?" She met his gaze without shrinking.

"It was a good lie, Don Marino," she said. "It sent him on his way in peace—with joy. I would do the same again—a thousand times. I am not ashamed."

She moved across to the row of eastward windows and, for a moment, stood looking out into the brightening day. Then she turned back.

"I wonder," said she, "if you will understand when I say that—he has not died in vain."

A single dry sob wrung her.

"I loved him!" she said. "If I have done evil, it was because I thought he had forgotten, and I was—mad. What has been done cannot be undone, but—Galeone has not died in vain. It may be that in his death he has saved two souls. Who knows, Don Marino? Who knows?"

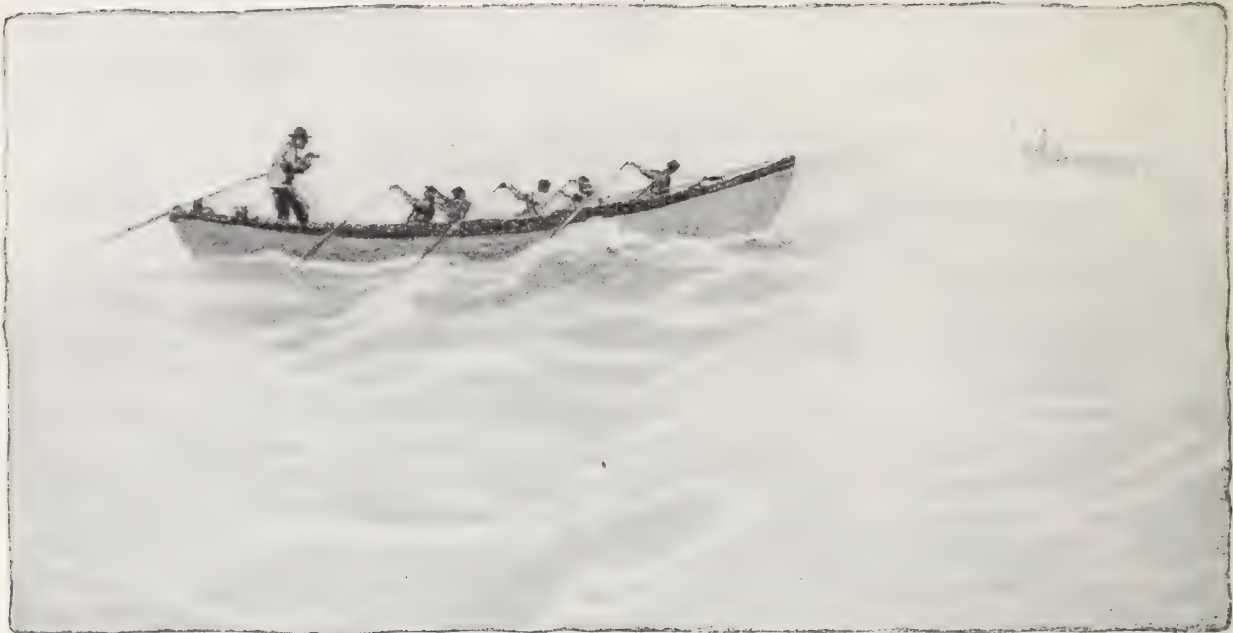
Her eyes fell upon the couch and what lay there, and she began to tremble.

"Leave me alone with my dead!" she cried, in a very bitter voice. Grief beyond description wrung her face. "I loved him!" she said. "Leave me alone with my dead!" Loredan tiptoed out of the chamber. At the door he heard the woman beginning to sob behind him.

## Afterglow

BY THOMAS WALSH

OVER the orchard one great star;  
The mellow moon—; and the harvest done;  
And the cheek of the river crimsoned far  
From the kiss of the vanished sun.



# The Blubber Hunters

BY CLIFFORD WARREN ASHLEY

PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

## II.—TAKING WHALES

WE raised our next whale at sun-up on another Sunday some weeks later, and almost before the first long-drawn "Bl-o-o-w" from aloft had ceased its echo our boats had dropped like shadows on the surface of the desert ocean. One moment the decks had been hushed and quiet. The next it was as if a squall had struck us—a hurricane of orders preceded a wild stampede, and underfoot was instantly strewn with a tangle of braces, sheets, and halyards thrown by the mates from the pins. The men reached and hauled, the mates slacked away, the great yards swung, and the old bark slowly came about. Shoes were kicked from feet, and while we still luffed, the bow boat took to the water with scarcely a ripple, and the boat's crew swarmed down the falls and dropped catlike into their places.

With a whirl of tackle the waist and starboard boats followed; so closely, they

seemed almost to strike the water in unison. Carried away in the excitement of the moment, I forgot a pair of burned hands I then was nursing, and brushing aside one of the regular boatmen, I slid down the davit tackle, and found myself in the mate's boat, struggling with the rest of the crew in the maze of gear.

Wallowing precariously in the heavy wash, we balanced on gunwale and thwart and swayed and stepped the awkward swinging mast, then made fast the stays. The sail was hoisted and peaked, the sheet paid out, and with the boom sousing through the water we started down the wind full thirty yards ahead of Mr. Freitas. The boats were soon widely scattered. Occasionally another could be seen when the seas at the same instant tossed both of us high. The *Sunbeam* in the distance showed only her top-hamper. Of the whereabouts of the whale we were advised from time to



time by her signals aloft. The colors soon had disappeared from the main-truck, indicating that the creature had sounded. So we held our course unaltered till the weather-clew of the fore-t'-gallant-s'l told us he had broken water far off to our windward, and there was nothing left but to in sail and pull for it.

For four hours or more we tugged at the oars, changing our course from time to time to suit the varying whim of the whale; several times we were almost within "darting distance," when he turned flukes and sounded. So we pulled down, perceptibly gaining nearer, and the chase every moment becoming more and more intense. We strained at the oars till the mate, crouching by the stern-sheets, was blurred to our sight, and brilliant specks of light danced before us; our throats were parched, our hands were bleeding.

Suddenly, "Stand by your iron, Tony!" and from somewhere back of us came a faint, sonorous whistle. I twisted my neck, and caught a glimpse of a dark mass cleaving the water a hundred fathoms ahead. Our oars bent like reeds, the boat leaped ahead like an animal under the lash. Stooping low

over the steering-oar, Mr. Hicks jerked out crisp words of encouragement to us. Again the whale spouted nearer, and then, for a third time, that long-drawn whistling exhaust; and the humid vapor escaping from the pent-up lungs drifted like a mist over the boat, and we felt on our necks its dampness. The rankness of it was still in our nostrils, when there were a swirl and a rush, and the huge monster breached clear of the sea, and with mighty flukes tossed high, for an instant was silhouetted against the yellow of the afternoon sky; then, with a deafening roar of displaced waters, disappeared beneath the surface, just as another whale, coming from we knew not where, broke water under our very bows. "Give it to him!" yelled the mate. Tony gave a frantic lunge, and the harpoon was buried to its hitches; overboard went the second iron.

"Fast, by ——! Peak your oars! Get out of the way of that line! Empty some water on that loggerhead, you —— lubbers!" and with a dash over the tottering thwarts, Tony and Mr. Hicks shifted places. A jerk pitched those unprepared in a heap to the bottom. For an instant our stem was sucked



OVERBOARD WENT THE SECOND IRON

under and we shipped a barrel of water. Then we were off with the speed of an express, with the water pouring in a sheet over our bows and sifting the full length of the boat, till the last of us was drenched to the skin. Writhing and squirming from tub to loggerhead, from loggerhead to chock, under the kicking-strap and along the channel formed by our peaked oars, the line whistled and tore, sometimes with a rumble like the roll of drums, sometimes with the wailing shriek of a siren—whistled till it smoked, yet still the boat was being lashed through the water like a fly on a trout-line and behind us rolled up a wash like that of a steamboat. The water boiled at our bows and eddied by our quarter, leaving a line of suds behind us far back to the horizon. Buffeted from side to side by the oncoming waves, the boat creaking and quivering under the impacts, we tore in an arrowlike flight due westward, till the ship was but a speck in the distance.

Tony stood by the stern-sheets, a canvas patch in hand; from time to time he threw a turn of the line over the

loggerhead, sometimes cast one off, but only to go on again the instant after. And so we held our pace without let-up; for though, after a while, the whale slackened his first mad pace, the line also went out slower, and ever the bow of the boat was kept just above the level of the water. And we, crouching in the bottom to steady her, bailed constantly to keep from filling with the influx over the bows. Slower and slower the line surged, but the stern tub was emptied and the waist tub was being drawn on heavily. Then came a moment when it ceased running through the chocks and the boat began to lag.

"Stand by to haul in line!" came the order, and getting out of our cramped positions, we grasped the now inanimate rope and hauled and strained with feet braced on the thwarts, winning it back inch by inch, painfully and slowly, Tony holding what we made with his turn on the loggerhead. Span by span, fathom by fathom, the line crawled in, and we coiled it aft in the bottom.

Gradually we hauled up to the whale, and our nerves tingled again in breath-

less suspense. With knee braced in the clumsy cleat, Mr. Hicks stood ready, his lance poised high. We dragged up abaft the churning flukes, then got out our oars and pulled till we scraped the barnacled flanks, "wood to black-skin." Almost bending double, Mr. Hicks ground in the lance till it brought up at the socket, a full six feet of cold steel; then for an instant the whale "churned." The great fanlike flukes lifted from the water; gently they seemed to tap the surface, but



TOWING A WHALE ALONGSIDE THE SHIP



ne report was like that of a cannon, and the other boats, two miles away, caught its reverberations. "Vast pulling! Stern all! Peak your oars!" and we watched all that coil of line, fruit of an hour's toil, roll over the bow again, to be hauled in anew.

But our quarry was now spouting thin blood and visibly growing weaker. Four wearisome times, hand over hand, we hauled up to and lanced him. Each time he carried out less of our line. He no longer swam with the decision of his first frenzied flight, but frequently altered his course, spouting oftener and thicker and with visible effort, and behind him he left an ever-darkening trail of crimson. Then, when we were still

at some distance, as though goaded afresh, he churned his flukes, and with vast form listing to one side, tore with some suggestion of his original pace in a large arc around us. Suddenly he veered sharply; then, with a horrid inward convulsion, a stream of clotted crimson gushed from his spiracle, and the great carcass turned belly up, with the seas lapping over it—lay just awash, a huge, shadowy, undulating mass, with no more semblance to a living creature than had the seaweed drifting by it. Already the scavengers of the deep were gathering, their sharp fins cutting the water knifelike all about us. Not a moment could we halt; the day was all too short for the task before us. Reeving a short warp through the spout-hole, we passed a line from one boat to another, and, all tandem, began the long dead tow to ship.

Luckily the *Sunbeam* crowded sail,



WE TRICED THE BOATS UP TO THEIR PLACES

and with a favorable wind bore down to us. After what seemed an interminable pull we dragged the carcass alongside and passed up the tow-rope. With a rattle and jangle the fluke-chain was belted, and heaving away at the windlass, the whale was soon fast alongside.

As we rounded the *Sunbeam's* stern to get under our davits, the grateful aroma of coffee greeted our nostrils, and with renewed energy we clambered to deck and triced the boats up to their places, swung the cranes, and fastened the gripes.

"Dinner, all hands! Dinner, Cook, dinner!" There was a stampede aft, and with a clattering of pots and pans the half-starved crew mobbed the galley in a fight for double rations.

A whale-ship "cuts in" a whale always over the starboard side. To admit of this, three of the four whale-boats are suspended from the port side, while to



starboard, over the gangway, is lashed a long platform, or cutting-stage. This is lowered from the ship's side and boomed out some fifteen feet over the dead whale. From this platform, which has a hand-rail, the mates work, cutting at the blubber with long-handled, keen-edged spades, similar in shape to those used to clear ice from sidewalks.

If the weather is not too rough, a ship will "cut to windward" (with the whale on the starboard side toward the wind). By so doing the wind pressure on the sails will counterbalance to a greater or lesser degree the weight of the cutting-falls, and so tend to keep the ship on an even keel. The strain at the mainmast is terrific. Several instances are on record where the weight of a whale's head has caused the foot of the mast to crush through a vessel's back-bone, so scuttling her.

The cutting-tackle consists of a cluster of gigantic blocks made fast to the maintop, through which are rove the two falls, each suspending a heavy block and blubber-hook. This cluster of blocks is braced well forward with a jigger, in order that the two hooks may swing directly over the blubber-room at the main-hatch.

The blubber, except for a filmlike coating called blackskin, easily scraped off with the thumb nail, is the only outer covering of the whale. It is of a fatty nature, but is of very close texture and exceedingly tough. This separates readily from the flesh beneath, so that in cutting, only vertical incisions are made with the spades, along a general line termed the scarf, and the lift of the windlass rips the blubber from the carcass as the peel is skinned from an orange, requiring only an occasional jab from the spade to keep it free, the whale rolling over and over in the water as it is unwound, the mates on the stage hacking with their spades a corkscrew line about the rolling body, the windlass tearing away the blubber. When the end of the strip has been hauled to the lower masthead, the third mate at his station in the waist, with a long boarding-knife punctures two holes through it close to the deck and at some distance apart. Through these a chain strap is rove and the second fall attached to it. Then,

all hands standing back from the gangway, with a few well-directed lunges the mate severs the mass above the newly fastened tackle, and to the lusty shout of "Board ho!" the great weight of the first "blanket piece" swings inboard, sweeping any luckless obstacle from its path, and dragging about with it those who are attempting to steady it down the hatchway.

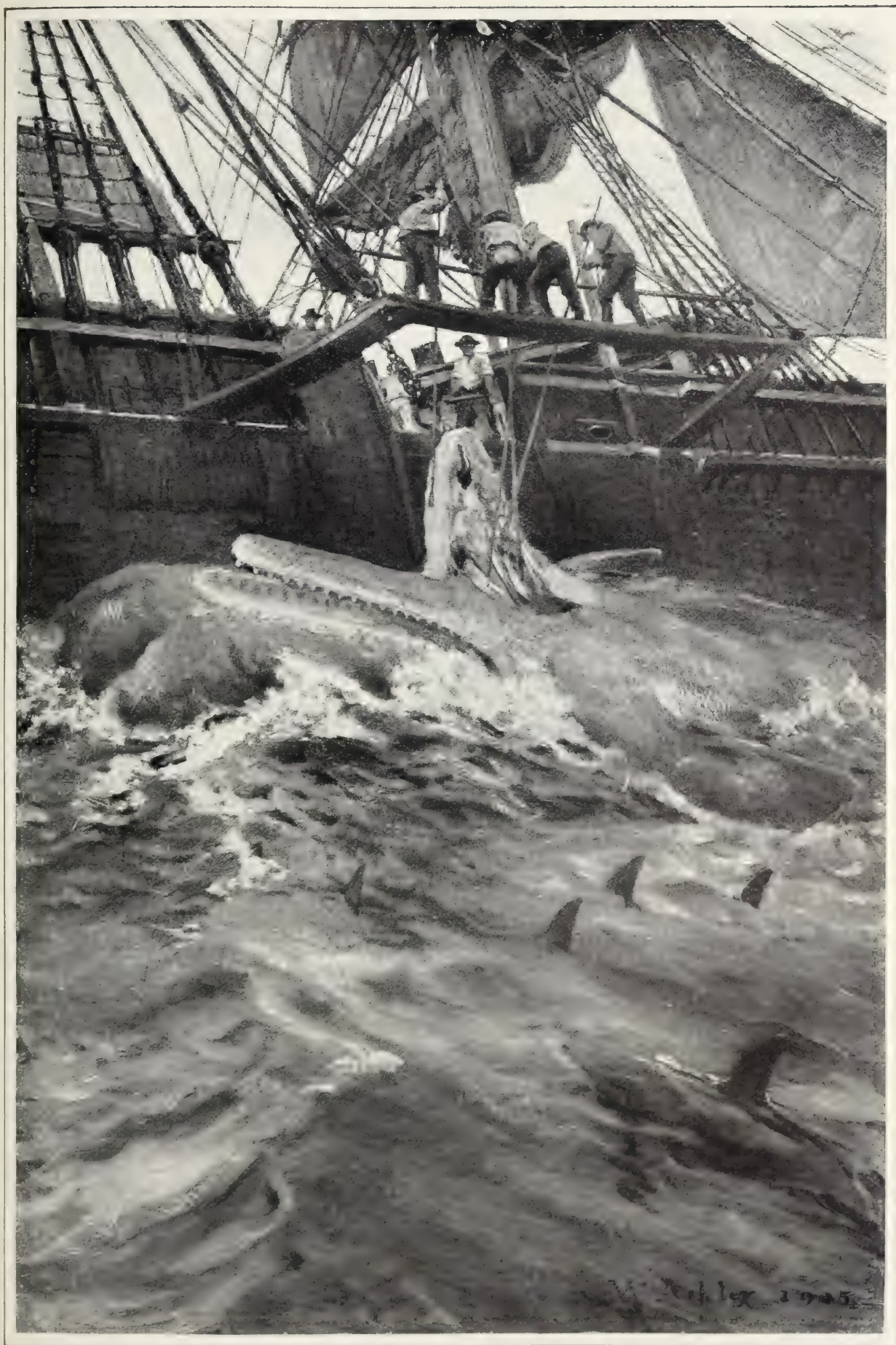
The day was too far advanced when we got our first whale alongside to do more than get the fluke-chain in place and prepare for an early start in the morning. During the night the wind freshened, and by morning was blowing half a gale. The ship labored badly, with the whale's enormous bulk jerking and bumping alongside. After the expenditure of an infinite amount of patience and labor, the first blubber-hook was embedded at the base of the left fin and a semicircular cut made below it. With the carcass yawing and twisting, the seas continually breaking over it till it was often submerged completely, not one thrust in six of the cutting-spades was effective. To get the hook in place it was necessary to send down a man.

"Who's overboard?" Mr. Goomes asked.

From a dozen volunteers one was selected—a big, hulking negro, distinguished from the rest by a wide cotton rag he wore under his jaws to keep his hat in place. Giving the man chance to remove only his coat, a "monkey-rope" was fastened about his waist, and he was dropped sprawling on the slippery, heaving flank of the whale. About him hovered innumerable sharks, gliding like shadows alongside, now and then tearing away a hunk of flesh and flopping silently off, pursued by others equally ravenous.

With lines a couple of us eased the weight of the enormous blubber-hook while the negro groped for the hole made near the flipper. The mates, with backs to the hand-rail, fought off the sharks from too close a proximity. The seas constantly broke over him, and twice the man was washed from his task, and was only preserved by the rope about his waist from being ground between the whale and the ship's side. Then, with the hook in position, the windlass crawled up on





CUTTING-IN THE WHALE



the slackened fall so slowly that the poor fellow seemed to be under water for nearly a minute hugging the hook to its place. Suddenly the ship yawed, and then with a slap and a jerk the fall tightened. There was a hollow rending sound, and the blood-dripping semicircle of blubber lifted from the carcass, with the disjointed fin flopping at

and the second blubber-hook was left dangling in mid-air, so much junk.

The officers by this time were all well out of patience, and the crew naturally had to bear the brunt. Orders followed each other in a torrent, and were no sooner given than countermanded, the whole interspersed plentifully with curses for the fancied stupidity of the crew.

A little late in the day, perhaps, it was decided to tack ship and cut to leeward. Our unwieldy burden, acting as a "drug," made it impossible to get up headway sufficient to put over directly. So over two hours were spent wearing ship. For a long while it looked as though even this was not feasible, but at last we got about, and were well rewarded by the comparative quiet in which our cut lay. We swayed the stage a trifle higher to allow for the starboard list of the ship, and the wind having abated considerably since early morning, but for the heavy ground-swell no easier cutting could have been desired. The only remaining blubber-hook—a new one and much larger than the others—was broken out, and for the third time a man went overboard to secure the hook in place.

It would seem that we had received our due of accidents. Yet no sooner had the blanket

been well started toward the maintop than a sudden lurch gave an extra strain to the fall, which was an old one. It parted and the block, tackle, and our third and last blubber-hook went clanking overboard.

While Cooper hewed an old-fashioned toggle from an oaken plank, the rest of us sat down to a glum meal in the cabin. Skipper even omitted his customary joke—a threat to tie his napkin about the cabin-boy's neck, when that individual had forgotten to fetch it. We faced at this juncture the dismaying prospect of cutting-in a whole voyage without a hook, and the outlook was anything but cheerful. So dinner was bolted in a



DETACHING THE BLANKET-PIECE

its end. As the ship rolled far over, the carcass raised a third of its bulk from the water, then settled suddenly back with a sullen splash, and a straightened blubber-hook jerked high in the air and fell with a crash on deck. The whole wearisome process was to be gone through with again.

A second hook having been fetched, it seemed about to hold, when a sea a little larger than common broke completely over the stage, and lifting the whale bodily, crashed it up under the stage planks, and would have carried away the mates but for their lashings; as it subsided, the whole weight of the whale was thrown suddenly on the tackle,



gravelike gloom and the work on deck resumed directly. A chain strap having been with considerable difficulty shackled about the lower jaw, the body was rolled over, and there, pinned by the strap in the angle of the jaws, were the missing block and hook. How they had remained in such an insecure position is a mystery. But no time was given to speculation. A fourth man plunged recklessly overboard without pausing to make fast the monkey-rope, and three more sharks gave up the ghost.

Seven hours' arduous labor performed and our job as yet unstated! But if all things before had seemed to hinder, all now seemed to facilitate matters. A new fall was rove through the blocks, the hook was lowered from the cutting-stage and dropped directly into the hole without necessitating a man's going overboard. The blubber lifted easily; the ship rode quietly; the work progressed without a hitch. The carcass was decapitated; the head secured astern. The body rolled over and over, weltering in gore, the great dripping blankets followed each other up the alternating falls.

Mr. Freitas by the gangway sliced with his boarding-knife and swung the pieces inboard. Cooper perspired over the squeaking grindstone, muttering curses on those whose continual call, "Sharp spade! Sharp spade!" kept him "humping." Between decks, in the blubber-room, one watch stowed back the "blankets" and cut them into smaller "horse-pieces." Above, the other watch steadied the huge chunks by the hatch-coamings and lugged the heavy block and chain back to the gangway, slopping and sliding in the slush and gurry.

Moving too deliberately from the path of one of the inswinging blankets, one of the green hands was swept from his feet like a tenpin, carried across the deck and slapped down the hatchway. He managed to work out the remainder of the day, but for the rest of the season was on the sick-list.

About us in a great circle the waters were quite crimson with the outpour of blood from the carcass. The sea fairly boiled with monstrous sharks battling among themselves for the detached fragments. The work was progressing smoothly, when suddenly the ship lost

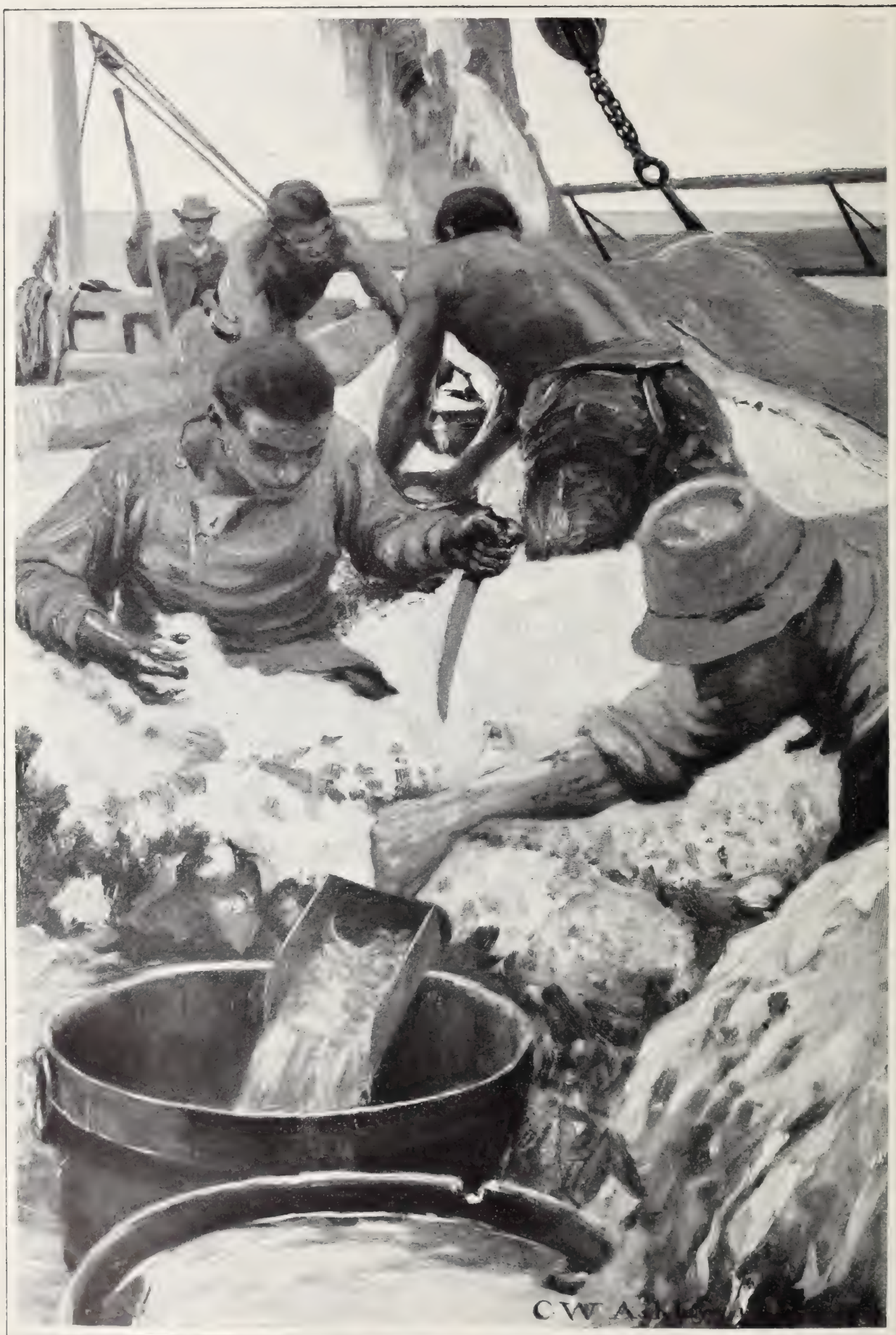
her headway, and a faint, all but imperceptible tremor was felt in the deck. We were already hove to; now we made sternway. It seemed almost as though some curious unknown current had seized us. The whale swung from under the stage, making further work impossible. The men exchanged superstitious glances; the mates stared aloft, but everything seemed drawing properly. Suddenly a shriek from somewhere aft broke the strained silence, and Steward struggled from the rear of the galley, dragging hapless Cook by the ear. "This — nigger been an' harpooned a shark!" Sure-enough, furiously lashing the water into a foam astern, a thirty-foot shark was just succeeding in freeing himself from the cook's investigating iron, made fast to a cleat at the taffrail. The ship, freed once more, serenely gathered headway, the whale swung in, and all hands resumed their labors.

The spiral cutting progressed to a point midway between the hump and flukes; then, after the body had been disembowelled and searched for possible ambergris, two vertebræ were disjoined and the carcass cast adrift. Hauling the remnant partially from the water, the flukes were severed at the small, and, freed of the chain, followed the denuded carcass down to the sharks. To the exultant cry of all hands, "Five-and-forty mo-o-ah!" the shank of the tail smashed over the sheer-plank and spun across the deck.

We hoisted the junk and made it fast to the lash-rail, aft the gangway. Then came the case, the real lift of the day. Its thirty tons or more brought the starboard scuppers down to the water-level; the ship's hull cracked and groaned under the strain. Half on deck, half by the board, it was secured fast and the stage hoisted out of the way.

"All hands aft and splice the main-brace!" came the welcome call. And further work on the whale was stayed till observance was paid to this time-honored custom. It may be that the hearty bawl when the last of the cut swings inboard is as much due to the anticipated grog as to the five-and-forty barrels nearer "full ship." Standing by the quarter-deck, our skipper dealt out the stimulant from a cracked and brim-





THEY HALF CUT, HALF LADLED THE BARRELS OF PULPY SUBSTANCE FROM ITS CELLS



ming pitcher. Filing past, each man in turn received the tumblerful, and tossing the raw stuff at a single gulp, passed forward with watery eyes.

"Bailing the case" is perhaps the most interesting of the several processes peculiar to whaling. After the "splicing of the main-brace" some portion of the litter had been cleared away from deck and the cutting-tackle sent down. A hurried supper was partaken of, after which one watch was sent below and the other turned to preparing the try-works, cutting horse-pieces, and lastly bailing the case. The decks were lighted with a few thick-globed lanterns, which diffused a feeble radiance over the scene.

The tail of a beaver, the hump of a camel, and the case of a sperm-whale have each the same function—the hoarding up of reserve nourishment against a time of fast. Fatty and unctuous, glistening and pearly white, the cavernous reservoir lay opened before us like some vast comb of honey, trickling its stored-up treasure over the sullied planking, turning it to purest snow. Stark naked, three negroes climbed into its tanklike interior, and wallowing up to their waists, with knives and scoops, half cut, half ladled the barrels of pulpy, dripping substance from its cells. With coal-hods, tubs, and pails, an improvised bucket brigade passed the prized contents forward to the try-pots, where two bronzelike figures, standing in the capacious kettles, with groping fingers tore the oozing pulp to shreds.

Delving deeper and deeper with an eagerness requiring no encouragement, the bailers labored without cessation. The try-pots were filled, but still the supply held, till thirty barrels and more of pure spermaceti stood in brimming tubs along the bulwarks. The scuppers had been stoppered, and the deck washed inches deep in gurry and congealing case-matter. Through this the men splashed and slipped, and with scoop and shovel reclaimed the precious leakage and poured it into tubs.

Under the try-pots fires were started, and the flames leaped hungrily high above the funnels, throwing a lurid glare over the shifting scene. Above, the wan ghostly sails flapped and glowed, the flames contorting wildly in the back-

draught caused by the flapping. Black toiling figures teemed like ants about the decks; and all made a picture the weirdness of which suggested a transcript from the nether world. Like a presiding evil spirit, Smalley's dark face shone in the intense heat before the works as he forked the minced strips of blubber and soused them in the seething caldrons.

Watch relieved watch, but all through the night the work went on. The horse-pieces were minced, the tried-out "scrap" was fed to the fire. Black smoke belched from the chimneys, darkening with a cobwebby soot the rigging aloft and the near-by bow boat. The tried-out oil was bailed to a temporary cooler. More blubber was fed. The men, passing by, helped themselves to choice bits of well-fried scrap. A pungent, sickening odor of burning fat burdened the air.

In the morning we sighted another New Bedford whaler, also boiling, the schooner *Eleanor B. Conwell*. But before there was opportunity to speak her we again raised whales, and by noon had another alongside. In a drizzling rain we finished cutting-in and stowed the damp blubber between decks.

The second morning the Portuguese skipper of the *Conwell* came over with a boat's crew and gammed with us; during his stay on board his crew joined in the labors with ours, and as they worked they discussed the comparative merits of the two ships, their captains, and the fare.

Mr. Goomes, myself, Tony, and a boat's crew lowered in the starboard boat and cruised till nightfall with the schooner. In the heavy ground-swell running she made bad weather of it, the big boom thrashing from side to side, jarring and racking the whole craft. The steward was the only white man aboard, and he made a melancholy tale of his trials with the captain, who, he said, permitted him no molasses to cook with, no yeast for his bread, and as for butter, "why, the blamed Gue eats lard on his bread, and thinks a white man oughter."

The crew were a wild lot, and already underfed; their mutiny a few months later might then have been predicted. I came back to the *Sunbeam* minus a jack-knife but with my pockets full of gingerbread.

Our pots could try out about two barrels



of oil an hour, and at this rate we now had perhaps fifty barrels of all but boiling oil in the large metal coolers between decks. Driven aft by the heat, the cockroaches that night literally swarmed the cabin. Time and again we were awakened by their running across our faces. Pulling on my boot hurriedly in the morning, I encountered no less than six of them. Almost under the try-pots, and with the floor buried in a heap of musty and mildewed garments, wet and oily from constant duty overboard and contact with the dripping blubber, the rat-hole of a fore-castle, with its twenty occupants, must have been a veritable hell.

The wet blubber between decks began to rot within twenty-four hours after being stowed down. Which was the more obnoxious, the burning scrap on deck or the decaying blubber below, is difficult to determine. That night I attempted to sleep on the galley roof, propped against a line-tub. At 2 A.M. there was

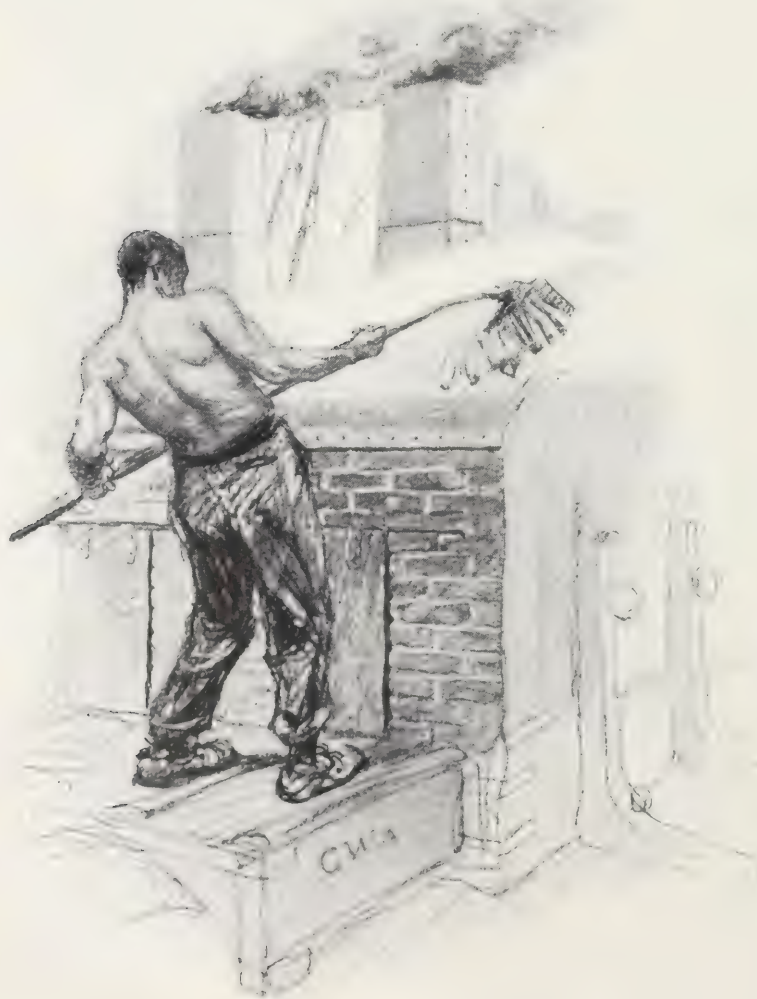
a miniature cloudburst, and I went below and spent the remainder of the night in a temperature of 162°.

If anything, it was hotter below the second night. I had planned to sleep under one of the spare boats, but found Steward and Cook occupying the only suitable place. I determined to risk another night on the galley. There was scarcely any breeze blowing, but the flapping of the spanker to the ship's pronounced roll made a considerable draught, which fanned my face unpleasantly. Half a mile off our beam the *Conwell* pitched and rolled, boiling her oil. Her sails were ruddy in the light from the try-works, which cast a dulled reflection over the water. I went to sleep with its baleful glow dancing confusedly before my eyes, and, perhaps as a consequence, was tortured by the most blood-curdling dreams. In the end a realistic whack brought me to my senses, and I wildly grabbed the davit I had struck

against, barely in time to save myself from going overboard. Rolling up my blanket, I started below, noticing with a shudder as I passed the binnacle that the man at the wheel was sound asleep. There was not another person to be seen about deck.

We raised whales again within the week, and for a second time the five pounds tobacco reward fell to Bo's'n. The commotion of the other occasions was repeated. Amid creaking of blocks, flapping of sails, shuffling of feet, the babel of orders and curses, and the crew's hearty "aye, aye, sir!" covers were removed from line-tubs, casks and stores hurriedly lowered to the hold, breakfast swallowed, and in fifteen minutes the boats were sent down and a long pull to windward ensued.

On account of my hands, now in bad shape, I this time remained aboard ship. After the boats had lowered I slung a pair of field-glasses



TRYING OUT OIL



about my neck and joined Captain in the hoops. The day was hot and sultry, and the water reflected the sun's blinding glare into our eyes. 'Way below us the pygmy seamen scurried about deck, handling ship, and setting the various signals to keep the boats advised of the whales' whereabouts. Evidently we were pursuing a large school this time, for the spouting was continuous. So the colors stayed hauled to the main-truck. After a long chase one of the boats got fast, and the panicky flight of the whale soon carried them all but beyond our vision. I went to deck and stretched my legs and again took my post at the lookout in time to witness the flurry. While we were absorbed in the culmination of the distant tragedy, Cooper announced from deck the sighting of another whale. Sure-enough, not two hundred fathoms off our quarter, another leviathan was steaming up, logging about two feet to our one and heading directly across our bows. He swam so near, not varying his course, that a collision seemed imminent, and recalling the fate of other vessels that had permitted a whale to ram them, Captain Gifford became alarmed and ordered those below to make all noise possible. So they pounded the deck and the water-butts with cord-wood sticks, pumped the squeaking windlass, clanged the ship's bells, and banged tin pans. Amid the clatter, but with a dignity consistent with his proportions, the whale settled from sight and passed under our bilge and away. Under a fair wind we now ran down and picked up the waiting boats, and so got the second "cut" alongside.

From then on we captured whales in rapid succession, till one day we raised another solitary bull, and took to the boats on sighting him. Ours had lowered first, and we were full and going free before the next boat, Mr. Goomes's, swung from



MINCING THE "HORSE-PIECE"

the cranes. Just before she took the water the forward tackle fouled, and the boat's stern swinging under the *Sunbeam's* counter, just settling in a swell, the stern-post and steering-oar brace were smashed to splinters and the rudder put out of commission. We left Mr. Goomes stretched at full length over the cuddy-board, furiously rigging a jury steering-gear, and jabbering, while he worked, a stream of Portuguese oaths, impartially directed at both his crew and the job. But the chase was a long one, and when we finally got an iron to the whale it was from Mr. Goomes's boat, and later Mr. Freitas closed in and got fast also.

It was toward the end of the afternoon that we found ourselves racing abeam of Mr. Goomes and within ear-shot of the labored spouting of the whale.

Mr. Hicks and Tony quickly shifted places and we pulled up beside the fugi-

tive. Quickly the varying orders came: "Give way all!—Vast pulling Three! Pull Three!—Stern Two!—Vast pulling Two!—Give way all!—Hit her up lively there!—All together now!—Steady! Ste-a-dy!" Then the great mossy hump was swimming so close to us I could have reached over and touched it; and bobbing

in place when the whale broke water again, and with an exhaust like the bellows of a bull, cut across our bows. Instantly the drawn lines trailing behind him to the other boats slipped over our blades with a deadly grip, and began to creep up the looms of our oars. The boat listed and the water rose to the gunwale. We struggled vainly to liberate ourselves. Tony tried to swing off, but we were being carried broadside with such force that the steering-oar was of no avail. "Cut the line!" yelled Mr. Hicks. The man at my back dropped his oar and drew a sheath-knife. The line was whizzing over the oars with a rumble like thunder. He raised the knife and slashed. Not having allowed for the velocity at which the line was running, his edge turned, and the knife buried itself an inch in his thigh.

All this while the fast boats were tearing down on us, yet it seemed as if they would never realize our predicament and slacken line.

I saw the man with his knife poised for a second jab; then there was a violent concussion, and a shooting sense of pain in the back of my head. A distorted vision loomed before me with threatening steel held aloft; then all was oblivion. Just in the nick of time the others had slackened line, but not before a mass of fouled gear had created considerable damage. When I came to, we were floating tranquilly on an even keel. Alfred, our stroke, was emptying a bucket

of sea water over me. The other boats were clustered about, and the lifeless whale was drifting quietly up to windward.

Far in the distance the *Sunbeam's* canvas caught the golden rays of the setting sun, and in the beauty and serenity of the scene it was difficult to conceive of the stir and passion which so recently had swayed us.



"THE NANTUCKET SLEIGH-RIDE"—LANCING A WHALE

some fifty fathoms astern, with drawn, anxious faces, trailed the other two boats, mere puppets in the drama. Suddenly we heard the sharp suck of the lance, then a hoarse, "Vast pulling! stern all! stern all!" We obeyed just in time! Under us the great tail lifted with a crash, and we canted off and nearly floundered. I had barely got my oar back



# The Advocate

BY ALICE BROWN

"YOU goin'?" called Isabel Wilde from the road, to Ardelia, sitting forlornly on the front steps. It was seven o'clock of a wonderful August morning, with all the bloom of summer and the lull of fall. Isabel was a dark, strong young creature who walked with her head in the air, and Ardelia, pretty and frail and perfect in her own small way, looked like a child in comparison. Isabel had been down to carry a frosted cake to her little niece Ellen, for Ellen's share of the picnic at Poole's Woods. It was Fairfax day, when once a year all Fairfax went to the spot where the first settlers drank of the "b'ilin' spring" on their way to a clearing.

"You goin'?" she called again, imperiously, and Ardelia answered, as if from some unwillingness:

"I guess so."

"Now what do you want to say that for?" rang her mother's voice from an upper window, where, trusting to her distance from the road, she thought she could speak her mind without Isabel's hearing. "You know you ain't. Oliver's gone off to work in the acre lot."

Isabel had heard. She stood regarding Ardelia thoughtfully, her black brows drawn together and her teeth set upon one full lip.

"Ardelia," she called, softly, after that moment of consideration.

"What is it?" came Ardelia's unwilling voice, the tone of one who has emotion to conceal.

"Come here a minute."

Ardelia rose slowly and came down the path. She was a wisp of a creature, perfectly fashioned and very appealing in her blond prettiness. Isabel eyed her sharply and judged from certain signs that she had at least meant to go. She had on her light-blue dainty with the Hamburg frills, and her sorrowful face indicated that she had donned it to no avail.

"What time you goin', 'Delia?" asked Isabel, quietly over the fence.

Ardelia could not look at her. She stood with bent head, busily arranging a spray of coreopsis that fell out over the path, and Isabel was sure her eyes were wet.

"I don't know," she said, evasively; "maybe not very early."

Isabel was looking at her tenderly. It was not a personal tenderness so much as a softness born out of peculiar circumstance. She knew exactly why she was sorry for Ardelia in a way no one else could be. Yet there seemed to be no present means of helping her.

"Well," she said, turning away, "maybe I'll see you there. Say, 'Delia!" A sudden thought was brightening her eyes to even a kinder glow. "If you haven't planned any other way, s'pose you go with us. Jim Bryant's goin' to take me, and he'd admire to have you, too. What say, 'Delia?"

Ardelia's delicate figure straightened, and now she looked at Isabel. There was something new in her gentle glance. It looked like dignity.

"I'm much obliged to you, Isabel," she returned, stiffly. "If I go, I've arranged to go another way."

"All right," said Isabel. "Well, I guess I'll be gettin' along."

But before she was half-way to the turning of the road she heard Mrs. Drake's shrill voice from the upper window:

"He's begun to dig, 'Delia. Oliver's begun to dig. He won't stop for no picnics, I can tell ye that."

It seemed to Isabel as if the world were very much out of tune for delicate girls like 'Delia who wanted pleasure and could not have it. She paused a moment at the crossing of the roads, the frown of consideration again upon her brow. "Makes me mad," she said to herself, but half absently, as if that



Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

"YOU GOIN'?" CALLED ISABEL WILDE FROM THE ROAD

were not the issue at all. Then she turned her back on her own home road and the house where her starched dress was awaiting her, and where Jim Bryant would presently call to take her to Poole's Woods, and walked briskly down the other way. Isabel stopped at the acre field, but she had no idea of what she meant to say when she was there. Oliver was digging potatoes, as she knew he would be, and she recognized the bend of the back, the steady stress of one who

toiled too long and too unrestingly, so that his very pose spoke like a lifelong purpose. She stood still for a moment or two before he saw her, gazing at him. Old tenderness awoke in her, old angers also. She remembered how he had made her suffer in the obstinate course of his own will, and how free she had felt when at last she had broken their engagement and seen him drift under Ardelia's charm. But he would always mean something to her more than other men, in



a fashion quite peculiar to himself. She had agonized too much over him. She had protected him too long against the faults of his own nature, and now she could not be content unless, for his sake, she protected Ardelia a little also. Suddenly he lifted himself to rest his back, and saw her. They stood confronting each other, each with a sense of familiarity and pain. Oliver was a handsome fellow, tall, splendidly made, with rich, warm coloring. He looked kindly, but stolidly set in his own way.

"That you, Isabel?" he asked, awkwardly.

They had met only for a passing word since the breaking of their troth.

"Yes," said Isabel, briefly. "I've got to speak to you. Wait a minute. I'll come in by the bars, and you meet me under the old cherry. It 'll be shady there." She turned back to the bars, ducked deftly under, and, holding her skirts from the rough land, made her way to the cherry in the corner of the lot. Oliver wonderingly followed. She felt again that particular anger she reserved for him, when she saw him stalking along, hoe in hand. It was a settled tread, with little spring in it, and for the moment it seemed to her a prophecy of what it would be when he was an old man, with a staff instead of the hoe. She was waiting for him under the tree.

"Oliver," she began, speaking out of an impulse hardly yet approved by judgment, "you goin' to the picnic?"

Oliver looked at her in wonder.

"Why, no," said he, slowly.

"Didn't you promise 'Delia you'd go?"

"No, I guess not. I said mebbe I'd be round if I had time, but I ain't found the time. These 'taters have got to be dug."

The red had surged into Isabel's full cheeks. She looked an eloquent remonstrance.

"Oliver," she said, impetuously, "'Delia's sittin' on the front steps, waitin' for you to come. She'll be terrible disappointed if you put her off like this."

Oliver took off his hat and passed a hand over his forehead. She noticed, as she had a hundred times, how fine his hair was at the roots, and was angry again because he would not, with his

exasperating ways, let any woman love him as she might. He seemed to have nothing to say, but she knew the picture of lone 'Delia sitting on the steps was far from moving him. It did cause him an honest trouble, for he was kind; but not for that would he put off his work.

"Oliver," she continued, "did you ever know what 'twas that made me tell you we must break off bein'—engaged?"

He was looking at her earnestly. His own mind seemed returning to a past ache and loss.

"I understood," he said at length—"I understood 'twas because you kinder figured it out we shouldn't get along well."

She stood there, a frowning figure, her lips compressed, her eyes stormy. Then she turned to him, all frankness and candor.

"Oliver," she said, "I never give you any reasons. What's the use? I was terrible fond of you. I was. I don't know's any girl ought to say that when you're engaged to somebody else, an' I'm engaged myself, an' happy as the day is long. But what 'twas—what come between us—you never made me have a good time."

He stood leaning upon his hoe, very handsome, very stern in his attention to her, and, as she could see, entirely surprised. The child in her, that rare, ingenuous part of her she kept in hiding, came out and spoke:

"Why, Oliver, we never had any fun! You were awful good to me. You'd worry yourself to pieces if I was sick; but we never had more'n one or two good times together, long's it lasted, and them I planned. And I got terrible sick of it, and I says to myself, 'If it's so now, when we're only goin' together, it 'll be a million times worse when we're married.' And then when you took a fancy to 'Delia, I was real pleased. I says to myself: 'Maybe she'll know how to manage him. Maybe 'twas somethin' in me,' I says, 'that made him not want to have a good time with me, and maybe now 'twon't be so.' An' when I see you goin' on the same old way, workin' from mornin' till night, I says to myself: 'Somethin's got to be done. I ain't goin' to have 'Delia put upon like this.' 'Tain't because it's 'Delia. I ain't

so terrible fond of 'Delia, only we went to school together. But don't you see, Oliver, I couldn't say it for myself? No girl could. But I can for 'Delia."

"Well," said Oliver, "well." He was entirely amazed. Then as he looked at the field, a general maxim occurred to him, and he remarked, "The farm's got to be carried on."

"No, it ain't, either," said Isabel, with a passionate earnestness, "not as you do it. Other folks don't work themselves to death the way you do, and you're forehanded, too. It's because you like it. You like it better'n anything else. You were born so, an' it's just as bad as bein' born with an appetite for drink or anything else."

"I never knew you felt so, Isabel," he said, gravely. "I don't see why you didn't speak on't before when—old times."

"I'd rather have died," she declared, passionately. "Any girl would. 'Delia would. Maybe she'll cry all the afternoon if she finds she ain't goin', but if you call over there Saturday night, butter won't melt in her mouth. She won't tell you how 'shamed she is before folks to think you didn't take the trouble to go with her. Anyways, she won't if she's any kind of a girl."

Oliver had plucked some wisps of grass from the edge of turf under the tree, and he was wiping his hoe thoughtfully. Isabel began to laugh. She was trembling all over from old anger and the excitement of her new daring, and she kept on laughing.

"One thing," she said, as she brushed away the tears with an impatient hand, "'Delia's mother's got her spy-glass on us this very minute. What under the sun she thinks I'm here for I don't know and I don't much care. You can tell her anything you're a mind to. Only you come. Come now, Oliver, you come!"

Oliver quite meekly hung up his hoe in the branches and waited for her to lead the way.

"I've got to ketch the colt," he said. "Mother took Dolly to go after Aunt Huldy. Mother's always made a good deal o' the picnic."

There was a beat of hoofs upon the road, and Isabel, her present mission stricken from her mind, turned to see. It was Jim Bryant, driving by to call

for her. "My soul!" she said, under her breath.

"What is it, Isabel?" Oliver was asking her, with concern.

She had caught herself up, and she laughed in a sorry mirth.

"Nothin'," she said. "You catch the colt."

They walked out of the field in silence. At the stone wall he paused.

"Isabel," he said, solemnly, and with that double sense she had had all through the interview she thought this was the look she had seen on his grandfather's face when he led in prayer—"Isabel, you'd ought to spoke to me before. Why, I've been tryin' to get ahead so's to make her comfortable, when—we set up housekeepin'."

Isabel was not sure whether he meant her or Ardelia. At any rate, it was the woman to whom he meant to be loyally kind. She paused also, and looked at him with earnest eyes. It was the last moment in all her life to convince and alter him.

"Don't you see, Oliver," she urged, "that's what folks are together for, chiefly, to have a good time. I don't mean they've got to be on the go from mornin' till night. They've got to work hard, too. Why, what's 'Delia marryin' you for, anyways? 'Tain't to stay at home and work, day in, day out. She can do that now, right where she is. 'Tain't so's she can see you workin'. She can take her mother's spy-glass and have that, too, till she's sick to death of it. You go along, Oliver, and catch the colt."

He looked at her very kindly, gratefully, too, perhaps, and turned away toward the live-oak field. But Isabel, hurrying homeward, stopped and called him.

"Oliver, you say your mother's gone?"

"Yes."

"She lay your things out?"

"No, I guess not. I told her I wa'n't goin'."

"Well, I'll see to it as I run along."

Laying out the things of the men folks of the family was rigidly observed in this household, where Oliver was regarded as the cherished head. He had been brought up to a helpless lack of acquaintance with his best clothes. He knew them only as lendings apt to con-





*Drawn by Henry J. Peck*

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

HE SEEMED TO HAVE NOTHING TO SAY



strict him a little when he got them on, and to rouse in his mother a tendency to make unwelcome remarks about his personal charms. Where they lived, between those times of warfare, he scarcely knew. Isabel laughed a little to herself, in a rueful fashion, as she hurried along the road. Her own swain was waiting for her, but not for that would she give up the quest. She ran up Oliver's driveway and, without pausing, opened the blind where the key, she knew, was hidden, and snatched it forth. She unlocked the door and crossed the kitchen, rigid in its order, with Oliver's cold luncheon set out on the table under wire covers. She made her way up-stairs, and in his room, also in beautiful array, stood for a moment looking about her. Isabel gave a little laugh. "I should think I was crazy," she said to herself, and then she opened bureau drawers until she found the careful display of bosomed shirts she knew were there. She laid one on the bed, his collar and necktie beside it, and took down his best suit from the closet. She gave the collar of the coat a little unnecessary brush with her hand. It seemed almost a wifely touch, and she was angry with herself. Yet it was only that this was mating-time, and the tender and the maternal strove blindly in her, and brought forth a largess great enough to touch other lots besides her own. Then she sped down-stairs and went away to her own home. Her mother—a little woman, all energy—met her at the gate. She had on her best bonnet and carried her Paisley shawl. She was shading her eyes with her hand and looking tense in a way Isabel declaimed against, for it made wrinkles in her mother's nice forehead.

"For mercy sake, where you been?" she called. "Ain't you seen Jim?"

"No," said Isabel, lightly. "Where is he?"

"Well, I dun'no' where he is," said her mother, reprovably. "He come here after you, all dressed up, an' I told him you was gone down to Ellen's to carry the cake. So he said he'd go along down an' fetch you up, an' I told him he better stop to Ardelia's an' see if you wasn't there. An' then he come back, ridin' like the wind, an' he said I could tell you Mis' Drake said you's goin' to the

picnic with Oliver. She see you through the spy-glass, an' Oliver'd gone to ketch the colt."

"There's father," said Isabel, steadily. "He's drivin' out the carriage-house now. You got the cake in the buggy?"

"You do worry me 'most to death," said Mrs. Wilde. Her face had tied itself into a snarl of knots, from which the kindly eyes looked angrily. "Who you goin' with, Isabel? You ain't been an' took up with Oliver again, after all's said an' done?"

Isabel laughed, but her voice shook a little, and not with mirth.

"I'm all right, mother. Don't you say anything to anybody. That's all. Here comes father. Take care your dress. You'll get wheel-grease on it."

Her strong hands were lifting the little creature, and Mrs. Wilde found herself driven away. She was turning a glance over her shoulder to the last, and calling, "Isabel, you tell me—" But father, who had Isabel's masterful purpose, whipped up, and they were gone. Isabel, still smiling, as if the sun itself could judge her and it was desirable to keep up some appearance before it, went into the house and closed the door behind her. She took off her hat and hung it on its nail in the front hall. Then her muscles seemed to weaken in a strange way, and she went into the darkened parlor where no neighbor would find her, and sat down by the centre-table. She bowed her head upon the great picture-Bible, and unmindful of the cross and anchor in perforated paper below and the green wool mat with its glass beads, began to cry. Isabel hated tears with a fiery scorn. She liked to stand on her two feet and face the world as her father did; yet here she was sobbing over the centre-table and drawing quick breaths of misery. Even then, in the passion of her grief, it did occur to her that in all the anger she had felt toward Oliver in times past, she had never wanted to cry. Something now had hurt a deeper heart than she knew she had. She had got over the first tempest of her grief, and sat drying her eyes with a wondering shame, and suddenly there was a sound of a horse driven rapidly. Hope flooded her face with color. She sprang up and slipped to the window and peered





"I SHOULD THINK I WAS CRAZY," SHE SAID TO HERSELF

out at the side of the curtain. But it was not he. It was Oliver, erect and handsome in his best clothes, and Ardelia beside him. Oliver glanced up at the house as they went by; but he bent to Ardelia again in a way that looked fondness and protection at once. And Ardelia was openly in paradise. She was looking up to him with no eyes for any face at the window, and as they whirled out of sight Isabel saw her lift a hand and with an intimate, pretty motion brush something from his coat. Then they were gone, and immediately the

neighborhood seemed to settle into a quiet. All the town was at Poole's Woods, and Isabel was left behind. For a long time, it seemed to her, she sat there, trying to still her breath and school herself into her old serenity. Then, with her handkerchief, a little wet ball, tight in one hand, she rose, went to the glass that even in the darkened light showed her a miserable look, made a little face at herself, and walked out into the kitchen. There she stood idly for a moment, debating what she should do. Jim Bryant had not lived long in the town,



"I GUESS I CAN HAVE A BURNFIRE IF I WANT TO"

but she knew him well from these few weeks of intimacy. He was tempestuously devoted to her, in a way that stirred her blood. There was plenty of fire and passion in him; he had a temper, and he would not come back. Isabel set her lips. "I guess," she said to herself, "I'll have the burnfire." She thought of baking pound-cake, but all the day before they had made cake for the picnic. She might wash the blankets, or begin quilting, or clean the cistern. These dramas were hardly exciting enough. The bonfire was better. She tied on her father's hat and kilted her skirts. Then she brought out the iron rake from the barn and settled the brush-heap anew.

It was on the square of land where she had had her perennial bed for three years, and now she had decided to sow it down to grass. The litter of the garden was there, with splinters of shingle and dried weeds, and next week her father meant to burn it. Isabel touched her match and stood by, watching, while the flames curled and crept. Then they crackled among the brush, and she held them down and got excited over it, and for an instant forgot Poole's Woods. It was a good little fight out-of-doors in the hot sun, with a stream of fire when it caught something dry, and then a column of smoke that made a tang in the air and stirred her blood deliciously. Isabel



was like a creature of the earth combating something for the earth's good, and getting hotter and more breathless every minute.

"What you doin' there?" called a voice from the gate.

She forgot the bonfire, remembering her father's hat and her kilted skirts. Jim Bryant threw the gate shut with a clang and came striding across the yard. He was tall and brown and sturdy. Isabel knew exactly how he looked with his brow set and his blue eyes blazing.

"I've got a burnfire," she said, and raked the harder.

Jim came up and took the rake out of her hand. It seemed to be for no purpose save that he had to do something. Isabel put up her head and looked at him. There was hostility in her glance, but it was the challenge of sex that meets and measures.

"I see the smoke comin' up over this way, an' I thought there was the devil to pay," he said, harshly. "What you carryin' on like this for?"

"I ain't carryin' on," said Isabel, from tense lips. "This is our land, and I guess I can have a burnfire if I want to."

"Why ain't you at Poole's Woods?"

The fire was dying down a little, but one persistent flame moved like a snake in the dry stubble and he savagely stamped it out. "Why ain't you? I come after you."

"You didn't wait, did you?"

"Old Mis' Drake said you were goin' with Briggs."

"Did I tell you so?"

He weakened a little.

"N-no! But she said you'd been down talkin' it over an' Oliver'd gone to ketch the colt. She offered me the spy-glass."

Isabel's lips had a little line of white about them. She looked full at him now.

"Did you take it, Jim?"

"Take it? No!" he roared at her.

"Do you think I'd do a thing like that?"

They stood looking at each other, glance holding glance, their eyes blazing. Suddenly he threw the rake as if he had been throwing down a shield and held out his arms to her. Isabel walked into them, and while they kissed, her father's straw hat slipped back over her shoulders,

and she laughed and never missed the fluffly headgear lying in her room up-stairs, waiting for Poole's Woods. Suddenly she remembered that they were out in the broad sunlight, in sight of the road, and then she bethought her that all the town had gone to Poole's Woods to leave them the world alone to kiss in. She remembered, too, that old Mrs. Drake's spy-glass might be trained on them at that moment.

"I don't care," she said, and laughed.

"Don't care for what?" asked her lover, his lips at her ear.

"For anything. There! let me go. There's some more fire in the grass."

They stamped and raked quite soberly for a moment, and then Isabel began to laugh again. She looked wild and beautiful in her fight with the earth and her own heart. Jim laughed a little, too.

"What is it, Belle?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said, in the ecstasy of happiness. "I guess I like a burnfire."

When it died still lower, they walked toward the house, hand in hand, and sat there on the steps watching it.

"Well," said Bryant, smiling at her, "you want to go to Poole's Woods?"

Isabel smiled back.

"I guess so," she said. "We can be there by luncheon-time now."

"All right. I'll go home an' harness up." Half-way down the path he stopped and turned. "Say, Isabel!"

She answered from the porch on her way in to don the muslin dress.

"What is it?"

"You never told me what you were down there for."

"Where?"

"Down to Oliver's."

She shook her head and laughed.

"No, nor I sha'n't, either." His brows were coming together. "'Twas an errand," she called to him. "It wa'n't mine, either. You got to know?"

Again they stood looking at each other, this time with a steady challenge as if more things were decided than the moment's victory. Then suddenly, as if in the same breath, they smiled again, and Bryant gave her a little nod.

"Get your things on," he called. "We're goin' to Poole's Woods. That's all I want to know."

# Lyonors of Lyonesse

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

FROM her dark tower she lightly threw  
To him three roses red;  
He spake no word as near he drew,  
But bowed his troubled head.

Two lilies white, for Innocence,  
Burned on his shield, like flame;  
He dare not view that wall from whence  
Three sin-dark roses came.

For her red mouth was wise with love,  
No shame her laughter screened,  
Where, moonlight-bosomed, she above  
His wall-bound pathway leaned,—

Since clad in mail he rode for Christ,  
And strait the path he trod;  
Nor scorned he to be sacrificed  
For his most jealous God.

But from her rose-grown tower she came,  
And laughed into his eyes.  
He flushed to his pale brow with shame,  
And spake unto the skies:

“To Christ this woman yet shall bow,  
Or be cast down!” he said.  
“Yea, where she flaunts her scarlet now,  
Shall float the Cross instead!”

She laughed where swayed her spear aloft,  
For she no arms did wear;  
All her slim body, white and soft,  
Of steel and mail was bare.

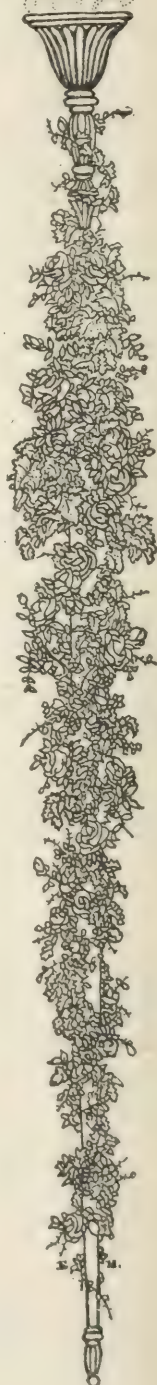
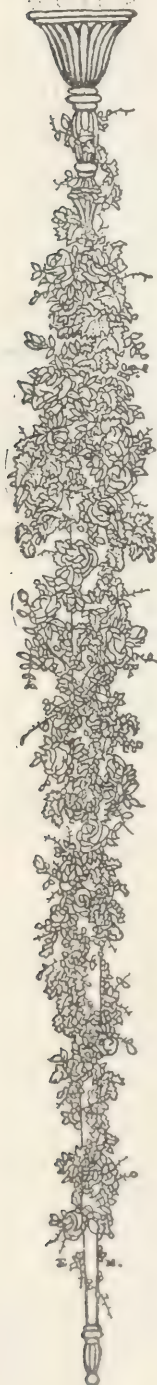
Her embattled eyes broke into song;  
A challenge paled her cheek,  
For in her weakness she stood strong,  
He, in his strength, lay weak.

She, in twined gold soft-helmeted,  
Cuirassed in yielding rose,  
From her wise pleading mouth of red  
Let fall sweet words, for blows.

Oft had he fought in his stern mail,  
But no such fight as this;  
She crept where he stood stunned and pale  
And his pained mouth did kiss.

He said no word, but on his face  
Like fire her red lips burned;  
He said no word, but from that place  
Broken and bent he turned.

She saw him sere and stricken seek  
His lonelier paths again;  
Then two strange tears crept down her cheek  
And crowned her face with pain.





She sank before him on the ground,  
 And clasped his iron greaves;  
 And wept forlorn where she had frowned,—  
 Her hot tears fell, like leaves.

"This man took not my wanton kiss,  
 He stooped and shamed me not!  
 I ne'er have known a man like this,—  
 And such I need, God wot!"

But, trembling, he still sought the way  
 That lightly, once, he trod,  
 And riding whispered: "From this day,  
 I need thy strength, O God!"

And like a little child, she wept;  
 Then smiled, that it was so;  
 And watching long, like one who slept  
 And wakened, saw him go.

And saw, with widened eyes, that hour  
 A beauty known not of  
 From her torn body break and flower,  
 Yet dreamed not it was love,

But prayed, that night, for his pure soul  
 And thanked her new-found God  
 That he had gone unhurt and whole  
 To that white world he trod.

She dreamed not once, how like a sword  
 Still through his visor press'd  
 Her perilous face, how each soft word,  
 Like thorns, still tore his breast.

She dreamed not of the fight he fought,—  
 Till lo, he crept again  
 To her with all his vows forgot;  
 And then she knew his pain!

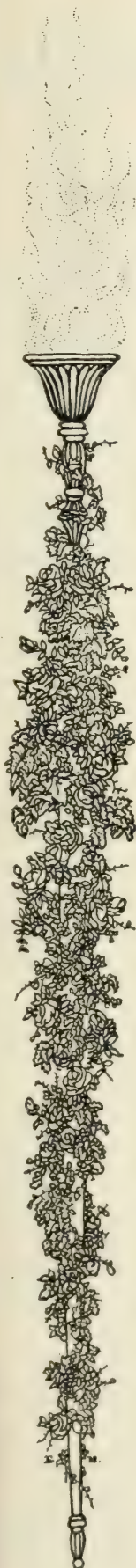
Then on his fallen sword she wept;  
 From where his arms did cling  
 About her conquering knees, she leapt  
 And cried, "I did this thing!"

"But see, the white blade of your soul  
 It ne'er was mine to slay!  
 From its soiled sheath, unscathed and whole  
 It shall flash on its way!"

"For me," she cried, "for God, you must  
 The better knight remain!"...  
 And through his naked heart she thrust  
 The sword his hand would stain.

On his dead mouth she pressed one kiss,  
 And "God, I thank thee!" cried,  
 "For giving me the strength for this;  
 That spotless, see, he died!"

Then on her woman's breast she bound  
 His coat of mail that day,  
 And with grim plume and armet crowned  
 Rode e'er for Christ, men say!



# The Awakening of Helena Richie

## A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

### CHAPTER XIX

DAVID was quite a personage in Old Chester for a few days. Mrs. Richie was his slave, and hardly left him, day or night; Dr. King came to see him five times in one week; Mrs. Barkley sent him some wine jelly in a sheaf-of-wheat mould; Dr. Lavendar climbed the hill on two afternoons, to play dominoes with him. but Mrs. Richie as it happened, was not present either day to watch the game. The first time she had just gone to lie down, Sarah said; the second time she had that moment started out to walk—"Why, my goodness!" said Sarah, "she must 'a' just gone! She was here not a minute ago. I should 'a' thought she'd 'a' seen you tyin' up at the gate?"

"Well, evidently she didn't," Dr. Lavendar said, "or she would have waited. Tell her I'm sorry to miss her, Sarah." Then, eagerly, he went on up-stairs to David.

William King, too, was scarcely more fortunate; he only found her at home once, so at the end of the week he was unable to tell her that David was improving. It was, of course, necessary that she should be told this; so that was why he and Jinny continued to come up the hill for another week. At any rate that was the explanation he gave his Martha.

"I must let her know just when David can go back to school," he said. And Martha, with a tightening lip remarked that she should have supposed a woman of Mrs. Richie's years could use her own judgment in such a matter. William's explanation to Dr. Lavendar was somewhat fuller:

"I make a point of calling, on the plea of seeing David, but it's really to see her. She's so high strung, that this little accident of his has completely upset

her. I notice that she sort of keeps out of the way of people. I'm pretty sure that yesterday she saw me coming and slipped out into the garden to avoid me—think of that! Nervousness; pure nervousness. But I have a plan to brighten her up a little—a surprise-party. What do you say?"

Dr. Lavendar looked doubtful. "William," he said, "isn't life surprising enough? Now, here's Sam Wright's Sam's performance."

Dr. Lavendar looked care-worn, and with reason. Sam Wright's Sam had indeed provided a surprise for Old Chester. He had quietly announced that he was going to leave town.

"Going away!" repeated the Senior Warden. "What are you talking about?"

Sam said briefly that he wanted to try to get a drama he had written, published.

"You are out of your senses!" his father said; "I forbid it, sir. Do you hear me?"

Young Sam sighed and looked out of the window. "I shall go, I think, tomorrow," he said thoughtfully.

Samuel Wright stared at his wife in dumbfounded silence. When he got his voice, he said in awful tones, "Eliza, he defies me! A child of mine, and lost to all sense of duty! I cannot understand it; unless such things have happened in *your* family?" he ended with sudden suspicion.

"Never!" protested the poor mother; "but Samuel, my dear—Sammy, my darling—"

The Senior Warden raised a majestic hand. "Silence, if you please, Eliza." Then he thrust his right hand into his bosom, rested his left fist on the marble-topped centre-table, and advanced one foot. Standing thus, he began to tell his son what he thought of him, and as he proceeded his anger mounted, he for-



got his periods and his attitudes, and his voice grew shrill and mean. But, alas, he could not tell the boy all that he thought; he could not tell him of his high ambitions for him, of his pitiful desire for his love, of his anguished fear lest he might be unhappy, or foolish, or bad. These thoughts the Senior Warden had never known how to speak. Instead, he detailed his grievances and his disappointments; he told Sam with ruthless candor what the world called his conduct: dishonest, idiotic, ungrateful. He had a terrifying string of adjectives, and through them all the boy looked out of the window. Once, at a particularly impassioned period, he glanced at his father with interest; that phrase would be fine in a play, he reflected. Then he looked out of the window again.

"And now," Mr. Wright ended sonorously, "what reply have you to make, sir?"

Sam looked confused. "I beg your pardon, father? I did not hear what you were saying."

Samuel Wright stared at him, speechless.

As for the boy, he said calmly, "Good night, father," and went up-stairs to his own room, where he began his packing. The next morning he had gone.

"Where?" asked Dr. Lavendar, when the angry father brought him the news.

"I do not know," said the Senior Warden, "and I do not—"

"Yes, you do," said Dr. Lavendar; "but that's not the point. The point is that it doesn't really matter, except for our comfort, whether we know or not. Sam is a man, and our protection is an impertinence. He's taking a dive on his own account. And as I look at it, he has a right to. But he'll come up for breath, and then we'll get some information. And he'll get some sense."

But of course the Wright family was in a most distressed state. The mother was overwhelmed with anxious grief; the father was consumed with mortification and blazing with anger.

"He didn't take his second-weight flannels," moaned Mrs. Wright; "he will catch cold. Oh, where is he? And nobody knows how to cook his hominy for him but our Betsy. Oh, my boy!"

"Good riddance," said Sam Sr. between his teeth; "ungrateful puppy!"

Dr. Lavendar had his hands full. To reassure the mother, and tell her that the weather was so warm that Sam couldn't use the second-weight flannels if he had them, and that when he came back Betsy's hominy would seem better than ever—"Old Chester food will taste mighty good, after a few husks," said Dr. Lavendar, cheerfully—to tell Sam Sr. that a grateful puppy would be an abnormal monster, and to refrain from telling him that whatever a father sows he will undoubtedly reap—took time and strength. So Dr. Lavendar did not enter very heartily into William King's plans for a surprise-party. However, he did promise to come, if the doctor succeeded in getting Old Chester together.

Meantime he and Danny and Goliath went up to The Top to tell Benjamin Wright about Sam's Sam. The grandfather displayed no surprise.

"I knew he was going to clear out," he said. He was poking about among his canaries when Dr. Lavendar came in, and he stopped and sat down, panting. "These fowls wear me out," he complained. "Whiskey? No? Dear me! Your Senior Warden's got you to sign the pledge, I suppose? Well, I will; to drink the cub's health. He'll amount to something yet, if he doesn't eat his fatted calf too soon. Fatted calf is very bad for the digestion."

"Wright, I don't suppose you need to be told that you behaved abominably Sunday night? Do you know where Sam is?"

"I don't; and I don't want to. Behaved abominably? He wouldn't shake hands with me! Sam told me he was going, and I gave him some money—well! why do you look at me like that? Gad-a-mercy, ain't he my grandson? Besides, since our love-feast, ain't it my duty to help his father along? I've had a change of heart," he said, grinning; "where's your joy over the one sinner that repenteth? I'm helping young Sam, so that old Sam may get some sense. Lavendar, the man who has not learned what a damned fool he is, hasn't learned anything. And if I mistake not, the boy will teach my very respectable son, who won't smoke, and won't drink, that interesting fact. As for the boy, he will



come back a man, sir. A man! Anyway, I've done my part. I gave him his first tobie, and his first drink, and now I've given him a chance to see the world. I've evened things up." He thrust a trembling hand down into the blue ginger-jar for some orange-skin. "He said he'd pay the money back; I said, 'Go to thunder!' As if I cared about the money. I've got him out of Old Chester; that's all I care about."

"Well," said Dr. Lavendar, "I hope you haven't got him merely out of the frying-pan."

"So you think there is no fire in Old Chester? She's a pretty creetur, Lavendar, ain't she? Poor thing!"

Dr. Lavendar did not follow the connection of ideas in the older man's mind, but he did say to himself, as he and Goliath went away, that it was queer how possessed Benjamin Wright was that Sam's love-making was dangerous. Then he sighed, and his face fell into troubled lines. For all his brave words, he wished he knew where the boy was; and though he was already late for dinner, he drew up at William King's door to ask the doctor if he had any new ideas on the subject.

But Willy was not at home. Martha was sitting under the grape-vine trellis at the back door, topping and tailing gooseberries. From the kitchen behind her came the pleasant smell of preserving. She had a big yellow earthenware bowl in her lap, and excused herself for not rising when Dr. Lavendar came round the corner of the house to find her.

"I am a housekeeper, Dr. Lavendar. William thinks it's pretty not to understand housekeeping; but I expect if he didn't have preserves for his supper, he wouldn't think it was so pretty. No; he isn't at home, sir. He's gone out—with the thermometer at ninety—to see about that party he is getting up for Mrs. Richie. So long as he has time to spare from his patients, I should think he would like to take up my spare-room carpet for me. But, oh dear, no. He has to see about parties!"

"William is always doing friendly things," said Dr. Lavendar, sitting down on the door-step and helping himself to a gooseberry from Martha's bowl. "You are going to make some fool for the

supper, of course?" He took off his hat, and wiped his hot forehead with his big red handkerchief.

"Oh, of course. I'm very tired, and I have my housekeeping to attend to; but I can make gooseberry fool. That's what I'm for."

"When is this party?" said Dr. Lavendar. "I declare, I've been so worried about Sam's Sam, I've forgotten."

"It's next week; Thursday. Yes; she can send that boy to his death, maybe; but we must have parties to cheer her up."

"Oh, come now," Dr. Lavendar remonstrated; "I don't believe a glimpse of the world will kill him. And nobody can blame Mrs. Richie for his foolishness. I suppose we are all going?"

"Everybody," Martha King said scornfully; "even Samuel Wright. He told his wife that he wouldn't have any nonsense about Sam, and she'd got to go. I think it's positively cruel; because, of course, everybody knows that the boy was in love with this housekeeper, that doesn't even know how to make soap!" Martha shook her bowl sharply, and the toppling green pyramid crumbled. Dr. Lavendar looked at her over his spectacles, instantly her face reddened, and she tossed her head. "Of course, you understand that I haven't the slightest personal feeling about it. Nobody despises anything like—that, more than I do. I merely regret William's judgment."

"Regret William's judgment! Why, think of the judgment he displayed in choosing a wife," said Dr. Lavendar. But when he climbed into his old buggy he had the grace to be ashamed of himself; he admitted as much to Danny. "For she's a sensible woman, Daniel, and, at bottom, kind." Danny yawned, and Dr. Lavendar added, "Poor Willy!"

Mrs. Richie's first hint of Dr. King's proposed festivity came a week later from David, who happened to be at home to dinner, and who saw fit to mention that Lydia Wright wasn't to be allowed to come up with her father and mother.

"Come up where?" Mrs. Richie said, idly. She was leaning forward, her elbows on the table, watching the child eat. When he said, "To your party to-night," she sat up in astonished dismay.

"My *what*? David! Tell me—exactly.



Who is coming? Oh, dear!" she ended, tears of distress standing in her eyes.

David continued to eat his rice pudding. "Can I sit up till nine?"

Mrs. Richie pushed her chair back from the table, and caught her lower lip between her teeth. What should she do? But even as she asked herself the question, Dr. King stood, smiling, in the French window that opened on to the lawn.

"May I come in?" he said.

The fact was, a misgiving had risen in William's mind; perhaps a complete surprise would not be pleasant. Perhaps she would rather have an idea of what was going to happen. Perhaps she might want to dress up, or something. And so he dropped in to give a hint: "Half a dozen of us are coming in to-night to say how-do-you-do," he confessed. ("Whew! she doesn't need to dress up," he commented inwardly.) The red rose in her hair and her white cross-barred muslin with elbow sleeves seemed very elegant to William. He was so lost in admiration of her toilet, that her start of angry astonishment escaped him.

"Dr. King," said David, scraping up the sugar from his saucer, "is God good because He likes to be, or because He has to be?"

"David," said William King, "you will be the death of me!"

"Because, if He likes to be," David murmured, "I don't see why He gets praised; and if He has to be, why—"

"Dr. King," said Helena breathlessly, "I'm afraid—really, I'm not prepared for company; and—"

"Oh," said William, cheerfully, "don't bother about that. Mrs. King is going to bring up one or two little things, and I believe Mrs. Barkley has some ideas on the subject. Well, I must be going along. I hope you won't be sorry to see us? The fact is, you are too lonely up here, with only David to keep you busy; though I must say, if he fires off questions like this one, I should think you would be pretty well occupied!"

When he had gone, Helena Richie sat looking blankly at David. "What on earth shall I do?" she demanded aloud.

"If God was wicked," David went on, "and turned round to be good, then I'd

praise Him. Do you like to be good, or do you have to be good?"

"I think," she said hurriedly, "that I'll send word I have a headache."

"Dr. King didn't look at my scar," David said resentfully; "but I made Theophilus Bell pay me a penny to show it to him—and Lydia, too, and Thomas Hayes. That's three cents. Mrs. Richie, when I am a man, I'm *never* going to wash behind my ears. I tell Sarah so every morning. I'm going to see my rabbits, now. Good-by."

He slipped down from his chair and left her to her perplexity—as if she had not perplexity enough without this. For the last few days she had been worried almost to death about Mr. Benjamin Wright. She had not written to Lloyd yet of that terrible interview in the garden which would drive her from Old Chester; she had been afraid to. She felt instinctively that his mood was not hospitable to any plan that would bring her to live in the East. He would be less hospitable if she came because she had been found out in Old Chester. But her timidity about writing to him was a curious alarm to her; it was a confession of something she would not admit even long enough to deny. Nevertheless, she did not write; "I will to-morrow," she assured herself each day. But now, on top of her worry of indecision and unacknowledged fear, came this new dismay—a party! How furious Lloyd would be if he heard of it; well, he must not hear of it. But what could she do? If she put it off with a flimsy excuse, it would only defer the descent upon her. How helpless she was! They would come, these people; they would be friendly; she could not escape them!

"Oh, I must stop this kind of thing," she said to herself, desperately.

## CHAPTER XX

WITH the exception of Benjamin Wright, all Old Chester lent itself to William King's project with very good grace. Mr. Wright said, gruffly, that a man with one foot in the grave couldn't dance a jig, so he preferred to stay at home. But the rest of Old Chester said that although she was so quiet and kept herself to herself so much, Mrs. Richie



was a ladylike person; a little shy, perhaps—or perhaps only properly hesitant to push her way into society; at any rate it was but kind to show her some attention.

"Her modesty does her credit," Mrs. Barkley said, "but it will be gratifying to her to be noticed. I'll come, William, and bring a cake. And Maria Welwood shall tell Ezra to take three bottles of Catawba."

A little before eight, the company began to assemble, full of such cordial courtesy that Mrs. Richie's shrinking and awkward coldness only incited them to heartier friendliness. Dr. King, master of ceremonies, was ably assisted by his Martha. Mrs. King may have been, as she told all the guests, very tired, but she could be depended upon to be efficient. It was she who had engaged Uncle Davy and his fiddle; she who put the cakes and wine and fruit upon the dining-room table, already somewhat meagrely arranged by Helena's reluctant hands; she who bustled about to find card-tables, and induced Tom Dilworth to sing:

*"Thou—Thou reignest in this bosom!"—*

and got Mr. Ezra Barkley to ask statistical conundrums.

"It's well there is somebody to attend to things," she said in a dry aside to William. "Mrs. Richie just walks around as if she didn't belong here. And she lets that child sit up until this hour! I can't understand how a sensible woman can deliberately spoil a child. I wish I knew what that perfume was," she ended, frowning.

It was after supper, while the husband and wife, still oppressed with their responsibilities, were standing in the doorway looking in upon the cheerful party now in full enjoyment of its own hospitality, that Eddy Minns came up behind them and touched William King's arm.

"Dr. King," he said breathlessly, "a telegram, sir. For Mrs. Richie. And mother said it was bad news, Dr. King!"

"Oh, William!" said Martha; "bad news! Do you know what it is, Eddy?"

"Somebody is dead," the boy said, important and solemn.

"Her brother?" William King asked, in dismay.

"Well, not the brother that comes here; his name is Lloyd, mother said. This is somebody whose name begins with 'F.' Perhaps another brother. Mother showed the despatch to me; it just said: 'F. died suddenly yesterday in Paris.' It was signed 'S. R.'"

"It isn't from Pryor, then," William commented.

"Oh, William," Martha whispered, "what shall we do? Must you give it to her *now*?—oh, William!"

Dr. King stood staring at the orange-colored envelope in silence.

"Shall I call Dr. Lavendar?" Martha asked breathlessly.

"Wait," her husband said; "let me think: it may not be anybody very near and dear; but whether it is or not, there is nothing she can do about it to-night. The telegraph-office is closed. I don't see why her evening need be spoiled. No; I won't give it to her now. When the people go—"

"Oh, dear! Dr. Lavendar says we must end up with a reel. But I'll get them off as soon as I can," Martha declared in her capable voice, "then I'll break it to her."

"I will tell her," the doctor said. He put the envelope in his pocket with a troubled frown.

"If she is in affliction, a woman will be more comfort to her than a man," Martha objected. "Look at her now, poor thing! She little thinks—No indeed; I must stay with her. I'm very tired, and she's not very friendly; but I won't shirk my duty on that account."

"It isn't your duty," William said impatiently; "you'd better arrange about the reel." And with that he left her. But he was so uneasy at withholding the telegram that he forgot to choose a partner.

With a start he let Martha push him into place opposite Miss Maggie Jay, who was so stout that when the two large bodies went jiggling down the lane, the clasping hands arched above their heads had to break apart to give them room.

"She may think I ought to have told her at once," William was saying to himself, watching Mrs. Richie with such furtive attention that he forgot to turn his partner, until Martha's sharp reminder set him shuffling his feet, and grin-



ning in a sickly way at panting Miss Maggie. . . . "Who is 'F.'? Will 'F.'s death be a great grief? Will she suffer?" William King's kind heart began to beat thickly in his throat. If she should cry! He bowed, with stiffly swinging arms to Miss Maggie. He thought of Helena,—who was moving through the dance as a flower sways on its stalk,—as one thinks of a child in pain; with the impulse to hold out his arms. In his absorption he stood stock-still—but happily the reel was over, and the people were beginning to say good-by. He drew a long breath of relief at getting rid of them, and as he stood waiting, Martha plucked at his sleeve. "Give me the despatch; I'll break it to her."

He started at her touch. "No; I'll see to it. But I wish, as you go down the hill, you'd tell Dr. Lavendar about it. He'll come up and see her in the morning."

Mrs. King drew back, affronted. "Oh, very well," she said, and made her adieux with cold eyes.

But Helena Richie was oblivious of Mrs. King's coldness; her anxiety and dismay had grown into an uncontrollable nervousness, and when at last, thinking she was alone, she threw up her arms with a gesture of relief, the sight of William King, coming gravely towards her, made her break into an angry exclamation. But before she knew it, he had taken her hand, and was holding it in his kind clasp.

"Mrs. Richie, I am afraid I must give you bad news."

"Bad—news—?"

"A telegram has come," he began, taking the orange envelope from his pocket; but she interrupted him, seizing it with a sort of gasp and tearing it open. A moment later she stood quite still, looking at the despatch, then with dilating eyes at the doctor, and again at the despatch. She pressed her fingers hard against her lips, and he saw that she was trembling.

"You must sit down," he said gently, and put his big, quiet hand on her shoulder. She sank under his firm touch into a chair.

"It is not—bad news."

"I am glad of that," William said. "But you are a little pale," he added smiling.

"It was a shock."

"I am glad it was nothing more."

She spread out the telegram and read it again. She did not seem to hear him. Dr. King looked at her uneasily. There was certainly no grief in her face, yet her color did not come back.

"Some one is dead," she said. "Not—a friend." William was silent. "But it startled me."

"Yes," the doctor said.

"Oh, Dr. King!" she cried out violently, and put her hands over her face. He thought with relief that tears had come. "He was—an enemy," she said.

"He is dead, Mrs. Richie; forgive him."

She did not answer. It was all William King could do not to stroke the soft hair of the bent head, and say "Don't cry," as if to a child.

But when she lifted her face, her eyes were quite dry; there was a flashing look in them that broke into breathless, wavering laughter. "I beg your pardon; it is just the—the shock, you know."

"Yes," the doctor said; "I know." He could not help covering with his big, warm palm, the nervous hands that were pulling and twisting the telegram. "There, there! My dear Mrs. Richie—where is that bromide I gave you for David? I want you to take some."

"Oh, it isn't necessary; truly it isn't. I am not unhappy. I am just—"

"You are startled; and you must have a good night's sleep. Is the bromide in David's room? I'll get it."

When he came back with the medicine, she took it hurriedly—anything to get rid of him! "Is there anything I can do?" he said. "Do you want to send any reply? I can take it down to-night and send it the first thing in the morning."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "what am I thinking of! Of course, a message—I must send a message. Will you take it? Oh, I am afraid I trouble you very much, but you are so kind. I'll go and write it."

She tried to rise, but she was still so shaken that involuntarily he put out his hand to help her. At the old mahogany desk between the windows she hunted about for paper and pencil, and when she found them, knelt down and



wrote for a moment, rapidly; then paused, and tore the paper up. William glanced at her sidewise; she was pressing the pencil against her lips, her left hand opening and closing with agitation. The doctor shook his head. "That won't do," he said to himself. Again she wrote; again hesitated; again tore the sheet of paper across. It seemed to him that he waited a long time. But when she brought him the message, it was very short; only: "*F. is dead*," and her initials. It was addressed to Mr. Lloyd Pryor.

"I am very much obliged to you," she said; her color was coming back, and she had evidently got control of herself. But she hardly noticed William's farewell, and he had not left the porch steps before she began to pace up and down the parlor.

"Well!" said Martha, "was it a brother, or sister? How did she take it? I suppose you think she found it easier because you broke it to her. I must say, William, flatly and frankly, that I think a nice woman would rather have a woman near her when she is in trouble, than a man. I was very tired, but I was perfectly willing to remain. Well! what relation was this F.? A cousin?"

"Why, I don't know," the doctor confessed blankly; "she didn't say, and it never occurred to me to ask; and—"

"Well, upon my word!" said Martha King.

## CHAPTER XXI

HELENA stood breathing quickly; it was as if she had been smothering, and suddenly felt free air. She was alone. The people—the terrible, persistently friendly, suffocating people, were gone! She could face her own blazing fact; she could draw a full breath. . . . *Frederick was dead.*

She was walking back and forth, staring with unseeing eyes at the confusion of the room—chairs pulled out from their accustomed places; two card-tables with a litter of cards and counters; the astral-lamp burning low on the big rosewood table that was cluttered with old daguerreotypes belonging to the house. The dining-room door was ajar,

and as she passed it she had a glimpse of the empty disorder of the room, and could hear her two women moving about, carrying off plates and glasses and talking to each other.

"Well, I like company," she heard Sarah say. "I wish she'd have somebody in every day."

And Maggie's harsh murmur; "You ain't got to cook for 'em." Then the clatter of forks and spoons in the pantry.

"Seemed to me like as if she wasn't real glad to see 'em," Sarah commented. "My! look at all this here good cake crumbled up on somebody's plate."

"Well, a widow woman don't enjoy company," Maggie explained.

A minute later Sarah came bustling in to close the parlor windows for the night, and started to find the room still occupied. "I thought you had gone up-stairs, ma'am," the girl stammered, wondering nervously if she had said anything that she would not care to have overheard.

"I am going now," Mrs. Richie told her, drawing a long breath, and opening and shutting her eyes in a dazed way. "Just like as if she'd been asleep and was woke up, sudden," Sarah explained to Maggie later.

In her own room, the door locked, she sank down in a chair, her clasped hands falling between her knees, her eyes staring at the floor.

*Dead.* . . . How long he had been about dying. Thirteen years ago Lloyd had said, "He'll drink himself to death in six months; and then—!" Well; at least part of the programme was carried out: he drank. But he did not die. No; he went on living, living, living! That first year they were constantly asking each other for news of him: "Have you heard anything?" "Yes; an awful debauch. Oh, he can't stand it. He'll be in his grave before Christmas." But Christmas came, and Frederick was still living. Then it was "before spring"—"before fall"—"before Christmas" again. And yet he went on living. And she had gone on living, too. At first, joyously—except when she brooded over the baby's death; then impatiently—for Frederick would not die! Then, gradually, gradually, with weary acceptance of the situation. Only in the last two



or three years had she begun to live anxiously, as she realized how easily Lloyd was accepting Frederick's lease of life. Less and less often he inquired whether Mr. Raynor had mentioned Frederick's health in the letter that came with her quarterly statement. By and by, it was she, not Lloyd, who asked, "Have you heard anything of Frederick?"

The house was quite silent now, except when Sarah trudged up the back stairs with the clanking silver-basket on her arm. The lamp on the corner of her bureau flickered, and a spark wavered up the chimney; the oil was gone and the wick charring. She got up and blew the smouldering flame out; then sat down again in the darkness. . . . Yes; Lloyd was no longer vitally interested in Frederick's health. She must make up her mind to that. But after all, what difference did that make? He loved her just the same; only men are not like women, they don't keep on saying so; they are more matter-of-course. No; she would not distrust him. Yet behind her most emphatic assertions cowered that dumb apprehension which had struck its cold talons into her heart the day that David had hurt his hand. . . . *Suppose Frederick's death should be an embarrassment to Lloyd!*

In the darkness, with the brush of the locust branches against the closed shutters of the east window, her face blazed with angry color, and she threw her head back with a surge of pride. "If he doesn't want me, I don't want him!" she said aloud. She pulled the lace berth from her shoulders, and began to take out her hairpins; "*I sha'n't be the one to say 'Let us be married.'*"

When she lay down in the darkness, her eyes wide open, her arms straight at her sides, it flashed into her mind that Frederick was lying still and straight, too. His face must be white, now; sunken, perhaps; the leer of his pale eyes changed into the sly smile of the dead. *Dead.* Oh, at last, at last!—and her mind rushed back to its own affairs. . . . That horrible old Benjamin Wright and his insinuations; how she had worried over them and over the difficulty of getting away from Old Chester, only that afternoon. Ah, well, she need never think of such things again, for never

again could any one have an insulting thought about her; and as for her fear that Lloyd would not want her to leave Old Chester—why, he would take her away himself! And once outside of Old Chester, she would have a place in the world like other women. She was conscious of a sudden and passionate elation: *Like other women.* The very words were triumphant! Yes; like that dreadful Mrs. King; oh, how intolerably stupid the woman was, how she disliked her; but when Lloyd came and they went away together, she would be like Mrs. King! She drew an exultant breath and smiled proudly in the darkness. For the moment the cowering fear was forgotten. . . . How soon could he come? He ought to have the telegram by ten the next morning—too late to catch the express for Mercer. He would take the night train, and arrive at noon on Saturday. A day and a half to wait. And at that she realized with sudden astonishment that it was still Thursday. It seemed hours and hours since she had read that telegram. Yet it was scarcely an hour ago that she had been dancing the Virginia reel with those terrible people. A little later she had noticed William King lingering behind the departing guests—how annoyed she had been at his slowness. Then he had taken that envelope out of his pocket—she gasped again, remembering the shock of its contents.

In this tumult of broken and incoherent thought, the night passed. It was not until dawn that her mind cleared enough for consecutive thinking, and when it did she was so fatigued that she fell asleep and slept heavily till awakened by an anxious knock at her door. Had Mrs. Richie one of her headaches? Dr. Lavendar was down-stairs; what should Sarah tell him?

"Tell him—oh, just say I have a headache. Ask him to excuse me. And bring me my coffee, Sarah. Has David gone to school? What time is it? Ten!" She was broad awake at that—he must have got the despatch. Allowing for delays, his answer ought to reach her by noon.

She sprang up with the instinct to do something, to get ready. She began to plan her packing, the thrill



of action tingling through her. She dressed hurriedly, looking incessantly at the clock, and then laughing to herself. What difference did it make how late it was? By no possibility could Lloyd appear on the morning stage; unless, yes, it *was* possible; Mr. Raynor might have telegraphed him. No; Mr. Raynor had never recognized the situation. Lloyd could not reach her until noon on Saturday; he could only telegraph. She sighed and resigned herself to facts, drinking the coffee Sarah brought her, and asking whether David was all right. "Poor darling, having his breakfast all alone," she said. Then she looked at the clock; Lloyd's despatch could hardly reach her for another hour.

The still, hot morning stretched interminably before her. A dozen times it was on her lips to order the trunks brought down from the garret. A dozen times some undefined sense of fitness held her back. When his answer came, when he actually said the word—then; but not till then. . . . What time was it? After eleven! She would go into the garden, where she could look down the road and have the first glimpse of Eddy Minns climbing the hill. With her thoughts in galloping confusion, she put on her flat hat with its twist of white lace about the crown, and went out into the heat. From the bench under the big poplar she looked across at the girdling hills, blue and hot in the still flood of noon; below her was the valley, now a sea of treetops islanded with Old Chester roofs and chimneys; there was no gleam of the river through the midsummer foliage. She took her watch out of the little watch-pocket at her waist—nearly twelve! If he had got the despatch at nine, it was surely time for an answer. Still, so many things might have happened to delay it. He might have been late in getting to his office; or, for that matter, Eddy Minns might be slow about coming up the hill. Everybody was slow in Old Chester!

The empty road ran down to the foot of the hill; no trudging messenger climbed its hot slope. Twelve! "I'll not look at the road for five minutes," she told herself, resolutely, and sat staring at the watch open in her hand. Five minutes later she snapped the lid shut,

and looked. Blazing, unbroken sunshine. "It ought to have been here by this time," she said to herself with a tightening of her lips. Perhaps he was away? Her heart sank at that; but how absurd! Suppose he was. What did a few hours' waiting amount to? She had waited thirteen years.

For another hour she watched in the heat and silence of the garden; then started to hear Sarah, at her elbow, saying that dinner was on the table.

"Very well," she answered impatiently. "I'll wait another five minutes," she said to herself. But she waited ten. When she sat down in the dining-room, she ate almost nothing. Once she asked Sarah if she knew how long it took for a despatch to come from Philadelphia to Old Chester. Sarah gaped at the question, and said she didn't know as she'd ever heard.

In the afternoon, with covert glances out of the window, she kept indoors and tried to put her mind on practical things: the arrangements with her landlord for cancelling the lease; the packing and shipping which George must attend to. At last, on a sudden impulse, she said to herself that she would go and meet David as he came home from school—and call at the telegraph-office.

In the post-office, where the telegraph bound Old Chester to the outer world, Mrs. Minns, looking up from her knitting, saw the tense face at the delivery window.

"No letters for you, Mrs. Richie," she said; then she remembered the telegram that had by this time interested all Old Chester, and got up and came forward, sympathetically curious. "Well'm; I suppose there's a good deal of dyin' this time of year?"

"Have you a despatch for me?" Mrs. Richie said curtly.

"No'm;" said Mrs. Minns.

"Did Dr. King send a telegram for me this morning?" she asked in a sudden panic of alarm.

"Yes'm," the postmistress said, "he sent it."

Mrs. Richie turned away, and began to walk about the office; up and down, up and down. Once she stopped and read the names on the pigeonholes of the letter-rack; once the telegraph instru-



ment clicked, and she held her breath: "Is that mine?"

"It ain't," Mrs. Minns said laconically.

Helena went to the open doorway, and gazed blankly out into Main Street. She might as well go home; he wasn't going to telegraph. She told herself that he was out of town, and had not received her despatch. But her explanation was not convincing; if he was away, the despatch would have been forwarded to him. It must be that as he was coming on Saturday, he had not thought it worth while to telegraph. She wandered aimlessly out into the hot street—there was no use waiting any longer; and as for meeting David, he had gone home long ago.

As she went up the street, Dr. Lavendar stopped her. He had been told that the news of the night before did not mean affliction, but Dr. Lavendar knew that there are worse things than affliction, so he stood ready to offer comfort if it was needed. But apparently it was not wanted, and after a minute's pause, he began to speak of his own affairs: "I've been wondering if you would trust David to me for two or three days in October."

"David?" she repeated, blankly; her mind was very far away from David.

"I have to go to Philadelphia then"—Dr. Lavendar was really eager—"and if you will let me take him along—I guess Rose Knight will let him off—we would have a fine time!"

"Certainly, Dr. Lavendar," she said, courteously. But she thought quickly, that very much might happen between now and October. However, she could not explain that to Dr. Lavendar. It was easier to say yes, and be done with it. "Good evening," she added impatiently, for the old gentleman would have kept her indefinitely, talking about David.

But as she climbed the hill her mind went out to the child with the relief of one who in darkness opens a door towards the light. She found him in the parlor, curled up in a big chair by the window, looking at a picture-book. He climbed down immediately, and came and took her hand in his, a demonstration of affection so unusual that she caught him in her arms and might have cuddled him with the undesired "forty kisses," if he had not gently moved his head aside.

But her eyes were so blurred with tears of fatigue and fright she did not notice the rebuff. It was several minutes before she was able to smile, then hand in hand she and David went in to tea.

The next twenty-four hours were tense with expectation and fear. Helena's mind veered almost with every breath: He had not telegraphed because he had not received her despatch; because he was away from home; because he was coming on Saturday;—*because he was sorry Frederick was dead . . .*

Saturday morning she and David watched the hill road from nine o'clock until stage-time. From the green bench under the poplar, the tavern porch on Main Street could just be seen; and at a little before twelve Jonas's lean, shambling nags drew up before it. Mrs. Richie was very pale. David, fretting at the dulness of the morning, asked her some question, but she did not hear him, and he pulled at her skirt. "Does everything grow?"

"Yes, dear, yes; I suppose so."

"How big is everything when it begins to grow?"

"Oh, dear little boy, don't ask so many questions!"

"When you began to grow, how big were you? Were you an inch big?"

"If he has come," she said breathlessly, "the stage will get up here in fifteen minutes!"

David sighed.

"Oh, why don't they start?" she panted; "what is the matter!"

"It's starting," David said.

"Come, David! Hurry!" she cried. "We must be at the gate." She took his hand, and ran down the path to the gate in the hedge. As she stood there, panting, she pressed her fingers hard on her lips; they must not quiver before the child. She kept her watch in her hand. "It isn't time yet to see them; it will take Jonas ten minutes to get round to the foot of the hill."

Overhead the flicker of locust leaves cast checkering lights and shadows on her white dress and across the strained anxiety of her face. She kept her eyes on her watch, and the ten minutes passed in silence. Then she went out into the road and looked down its length of noon-



tide sunshine; the stage was not in sight. "Perhaps," she said, "it would take twenty minutes to get to the foot of the hill? I'll not look down the road for ten minutes more." After a while she said faintly, "Is it—coming?"

"No'm," David assured her. "Mrs. Richie, what does God eat?"

There was no answer.

"Does he eat us?"

"No; of course not."

"Why not?"

Helena lifted her head, suddenly; "It would take twenty-five minutes—I'm sure it would."

She got up and walked a little way down the road, David tagging thoughtfully behind her. There was no stage in sight. "David, run down the hill to the turn, and look."

The little boy, nothing loath, ran; at the turn he shook his head, and called back, "No'm. Mrs. Richie, He *must*, 'cause there's nothing goes to heaven but us. Chickens don't," David explained anxiously. But she did not notice his alarm.

"I'll wait another five minutes," she said. She waited ten; and then another ten. "David," she said, in a smothered voice, "go; tell Maggie he isn't coming—to dinner. You have your dinner, dear little boy. I—don't want any."

She went up-stairs to her own room, and shut and locked the door. All over. All over. All over.

Yet when, in the early afternoon, the mail arrived, a spasm of hope that was absolute agony, caught her by the throat and turned her faint—for he had written.

There were only a dozen lines besides the "Dearest Nelly":

"I am just starting out West, rather unexpectedly, on business. I am taking Alice along, and she is greatly delighted at the idea of a journey—her first. I don't know just when I'll get back; not for six weeks anyhow. Probably eight. Hope you and your youngster are all right.

Yours, L. P.

"Your despatch received. We must talk things over the next time I come to Old Chester."

She passed her hand over her eyes in

a bewildered way; for a moment the words had absolutely no sense. Then she read them again: "We must talk things over—"

What things? Why, their marriage of course. Their marriage! She burst out laughing; and David, looking at her, shrank away.

## CHAPTER XXII

THE next few days were intolerable. But of course, after the first passion of disappointment, she began to hope; he would write fully in a few days. She kept calculating how soon she might expect this fuller letter. She did not write to him, for as he had given no address it was evident that he did not wish to hear from her.

It was at this time that Helena saw herself age. But that week passed, and then another, and though he wrote, he did not write "fully." In fact, he made no allusion whatever to Frederick or the future. She was instant with explanation; he was absorbed with business; Alice was with him; he had no time. That these were absurd excuses she knew. But they were the best she could find, and she had to have excuses. When still another week passed, the tension lessened; indeed, she would have broken down under the strain if she had not fallen into a sort of apathy. She told herself that after all there was no reason why she should leave Old Chester immediately. Mr. Benjamin Wright's insolence had been outrageous and he was a horrible old man; but he had said that he would not speak of her affairs. So as far as he was concerned she could perfectly well wait until that Western trip was over; she would just try not to think of him. So she played with David, and talked to him, and listened to his confidences about the journey to Philadelphia which Dr. Lavendar planned. It was more than two months off, but that did not trouble David. He and Dr. Lavendar had long talks on the subject of which occasionally, David dropped condescending hints.

"Maybe I'll take you to Philadelphia," Helena said once, jealously; "will you like that?"

"Yes'm," said David, without enthusiasm.



At which she reproached him; "Wouldn't you like to go with me, to see Liberty Bell?"

"Yes'm."

"And maybe Mr. Pryor will take you to ride on a steamboat," she lured him.

"I like Dr. Lavendar best," said David with alarm.

It was only David with whom Helena talked in these days of waiting; Old Chester found her still unsociable, and William King was obliged to admit that his party had not accomplished much. However, he insisted upon being sociable himself, and continued to come frequently to see her on the ground that she was not very well. Before she knew it she yielded again to the temptation of friendliness, and was glad to see the big, kind figure trudging up the garden path. He told her all the news Old Chester afforded, which was not extensive, and she replied with that listening silence which is so pleasant and which gave the doctor the opportunity—so valued by us all—to hear himself talk; an opportunity not often allowed him in his own house. The silence covered bleak anxiety and often an entire absence of mind; but William, rambling on, could not know that. He was perfectly happy to look at her, although sometimes his face sobered, for hers had changed. It was paler; the charming indolence had gone; the eyes had lost their sweet shallowness, something cowered in their depths that he could not clearly see—fear, perhaps, or pain; or perhaps it was just bewilderment. The delicate oval of her cheek had hollowed; there was a droop about her lips that touched him as a child's grieving would have done. Yes; she had changed greatly. "Depressed," he told himself. So he did his best to cheer her with Old Chester's harmless gossip; and one day—it was in September—she did show a quick and even anxious interest.

"Sam Wright's Sam has come back," the doctor said; "the young man arrived on the noon stage. I wonder what monkey-shines he'll be up to next!"

"Oh!" she said, and he saw her hands clasp in her lap; "I wonder if his grandfather knows?"

He looked at her, and then looked away—the color was hot in her face. William said to himself that the cub

ought to be thrashed. "Maybe he's got some sense by this journey in search of a publisher," he announced comfortingly.

In her consciousness of old Mr. Wright's dismay, she hardly heard what the doctor said; but she asked vaguely if Sam had found a publisher.

"Perhaps; I don't know. There are fools in every profession—except medicine, of course! But I believe he has not imparted any information on that point. His father merely told me he had come back." In spite of himself, William's face fell into its own kind lines. "His father is hard on him," he said; and then he began to tell her stories of the three generations of Wrights; ending with the statement that Samuel loved his son in a dumb sort of fashion, like the apple of his eye. "But he has always taken hold of him the wrong way," William said.

Certainly the doctor's opinion was borne out by the way in which Sam Sr. took hold of his son on his return. Reproaches were perhaps to be expected; but, alas, the poor, sore-hearted father tried sneers as well. A sneer is like a flame; it may occasionally be curative because it cauterizes, but it leaves a bitter scar. Of his dreadful anxiety in these seven or eight weeks of absence, of his sleepless nights, of his self-accusings, of his anguished affection, the Senior Warden could find nothing to say; but for anger and disappointment and contempt he had fluent and searing words. Such words were only the recoil from anxiety. But Sam could not know that; he only knew that he was a disgrace to his family. The information left him apparently unmoved. He did not betray—very likely he really did not recognize in himself—the moral let-down that is almost always the result of such upbraiding. He was silent under his father's reproaches, and patient under his mother's embraces. He vouchsafed no information beyond, "I had to come back"; which was really no information at all. Mr. Wright sneered at it, but Mrs. Wright was moved; she said, her mild eyes swimming in tears, "Of course, Sammy, dear. Mother understands. I knew you couldn't stay away from us."

Sam sighed, submitting to be kissed, and turned to go up-stairs; but some-



thing made him hesitate,—perhaps his mother's worn face. He came back, and bending down kissed her cheek. Mrs. Wright caught her breath with astonishment, but the boy made no explanation. He went on up to his own room and standing listlessly at the window, said again to himself, "I had to come back." After a while he added, "But I won't bother her." He had already forgotten the two sore hearts down-stairs.

The next morning he hurried to church; but Mrs. Richie was not there, and in his disappointment he was as blind to Old Chester's curious glances as he was deaf to Dr. Lavendar's sermon.

The long morning loitered past. After dinner the Wright family dispersed for its customary Sunday afternoon nap. The Senior Warden, with *The Episcopalian*, as large as a small blanket, spread over his face, slept heavily in the library; Mrs. Wright dozed in her bedroom with one finger marking her place in a closed volume of sermons; the little girls wandered stealthily about the garden, memorizing by their father's orders their weekly hymn. The house was still, and very hot. All the afternoon young Sam lay upon his bed and brooded over his failures: He could not make Mrs. Richie love him; he could not write a great drama; he could not add up a column of figures; he could not understand his father's rages at unimportant things; "and nobody cares a continental whether I am dead or alive!—except mother," he ended, and his face softened. At five o'clock he reminded himself, listlessly, that he must go up to The Top for supper. But it was nearly six before he had energy enough to rise. The fact was, he shrank from telling his grandfather that the drama was no longer in existence. He had been somewhat rudely rebuffed by the only person who had looked at his manuscript, and had promptly torn the play up and scattered the fragments out of the window of his boarding-house. That was two days ago. The curious lassitude which had followed this *accès* of passion was probably increased by the Senior Warden's reproaches. But Sam believed himself entirely indifferent both to his literary failure, and to his father's scolding. Neither was in his mind as he climbed

the hill, and halted for a wistful moment at the green gate in the hedge; but he had no glimpse of Mrs. Richie.

He found his grandfather sitting on the veranda, reading aloud, and gesticulating with one hand:

"But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,  
Heaven turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!  
Or like the snaky wreath of Sisiphon—"

He looked up irritably at the sound of a step on the weedy driveway, then his eyes snapped with delight.

"Hullo—hullo! what's this?"

"I had to come back, grandfather," Sam said.

"Well! Well!" said Benjamin Wright, his whole face wrinkling with pleasure. "'Had to come back?' Money gave out, I suppose? Sit down, sit down! Hi, Simmons! Damn that nigger. Simmons, here's Master Sam. What have you got for supper? Well, young man, did you get some sense knocked into you?" He was trembling with eagerness. Marlowe, in worm-eaten calf, dropped from his hand to the porch floor. Sam picked the book up, and sat down.

"If you wanted some more money, why the devil didn't you say so?"

"I had money enough, sir."

"Well—what about the drama?" his grandfather demanded.

"He said it was no good."

"Who said it was no good?" Mr. Wright pulled off his hat, fiercely, and began to chew orange-skin. Sam, vaguely turning over the leaves of the book upon his knee, mentioned the name of a publisher. "Fool!" said Benjamin Wright; "what does he know? Well; I hope you didn't waste time over him. Then who did you send it to?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody! What did you do with it?"

"Oh, tore it up," Sam said patiently.

His grandfather fell back in his chair, speechless. A moment later, he told Sam he was not only a fool, but a d——

"Supper's ready, suh," said Simmons. "Glad you're back, Master Sam. He ain't lookin' peart, suh?" Simmons added confidentially to Mr. Wright.

"Well, you get some of that Madeira—'12," commanded the old man, pulling





*Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark*

SAM TAKES TEA WITH HIS GRANDFATHER





himself up from his chair. "Sam, you are a born idiot, aren't you? Come and have some supper. Didn't I tell you you might have to try a dozen publishers before you found one who had any sense? Your experience just shows they're a fool lot. And you tore up your manuscript! Gad-a-mercy!" He grinned and swore alternately, and banged his hat on to his head so that his ears flattened out beneath the brim like two red flaps.

They sat down at either end of the dining-room table, Simmons standing at one side, his yellow eyes gleaming with interested affection and his fly-brush of long peacock feathers waving steadily, even when he moved about with the decanter.

"I had to come back," Sam repeated, and drank his glass of '12 Madeira with as much appreciation as if it had been water.

"I've got a new family," Mr. Wright declared. "Simmons, unhook that second cage, and show him the nest. Look at that. Three of 'em. Hideous, ain't they? Simmons, you didn't chop that egg fine enough. Do you want to kill 'em all? A nigger has no more feeling for birds than a cat."

"I done chop it, as—"

"Hold your tongue!" said Mr. Wright, amiably. "Here; take that." He fumbled in his vest pocket, and the peacock feathers dipped dangerously as Simmons caught the expected cigar. "Come, come, young man, haven't you had enough to eat? Give him another glass of wine, Simmons, you freckled nigger! Come out on the porch, and tell me your wanderings, Telemachus."

The boy was faintly impressed by his grandfather's attentions; he felt that he was welcome, which gave him a sort of pleasure. Out on the porch, in the hot dusk, Benjamin Wright talked; once or twice, apropos of nothing, he quoted some noble stanza, apparently for the joy of the rolling numbers. The fact was, he was full of happiness at his grandson's return, but he had had so little experience in happiness that he did not know how to express it. He asked a good many questions, and received very vague answers.

"Have you got any notes of the drama?"

"No, sir."

"Doggone your picter!"

"Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song,  
And let the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound!"

So you made up your mind to come home?"

"I had to come back," Sam said.

There was a pause. Benjamin Wright was reminding himself that in handling a boy, one must be careful not to say the wrong thing; one must express oneself with reserve and delicacy; one must weigh one's words—boys were such jackasses.

"Well;" he said, "got over your fool falling in love with a female old enough to be your mother?"

Sam looked at him.

"I hope your trip has put sense into you on that subject, anyhow?"

"I love Mrs. Richie as much as I ever did, if that's what you mean, sir," Sam said listlessly.

Upon which his grandfather flew into instant rage. "As much in love as ever! Gad-a-mercy! Well; I give you up, sir, I give you up. I spend my money to get you out of this place, away from this female, old enough to be your grandmother, and you come back and say you are as much in love with her as ever. I swear, I don't believe you have a drop of my blood in you!" He flung his cigar away, and plunged his hand down into the ginger-jar on the bench beside him; "A little boy like you, just in breeches! Why, your mother ought to put you over her knee, and—" he stopped. "You have no sense, Sam," he added with startling mildness.

But Sam's face was red as his grandfather's. "She is only ten years older than I. That is nothing. Nothing at all. If she will overlook my comparative youth and marry me, I—"

"Damnation!" his grandfather screamed. "*She*, overlook? *She*—" he could not speak for rage.

"I am younger," the boy said; "but love isn't a matter of age. It's a matter of the soul."

"A matter of the soul!" said Benjamin Wright; "a matter of—of a sugar-tit for a toothless baby! Which is just



about what you are. That female, I tell you, could have dandled you on her knee ten years ago."

Sam got up; he was trembling all over. "You needn't insult me," he said.

Instantly his grandfather was calm. He stopped chewing orange-skin, and looked hard at his ridgy finger-nails.

"I shall ask her again," Sam said. "I said I wouldn't, but I will. I must. That was why I came back. And as for my age, that's her business and mine."

"You've drunk too much," said his grandfather. "Sit down. I've something to say to you. You can't marry that woman. Do you understand me?"

"You mean she doesn't care for me?" Sam laughed noisily. "I'll make her. Old—young—what does it matter? She must!" He flung up his arms, and then sank down and hid his face in his hands.

"Sammy," said the old man, and stopped. "Sam, it can't be. Don't you understand me? She isn't fit to marry."

The young man gaped at him, blankly.

"She's—bad;" Benjamin Wright said in a low voice.

"How dare you!" cried the other, his frowning bewilderment changing slowly to fury; "how dare you? If she had a relative here to protect her, you would never dare! If her brother was here, he would shoot you; but she has me, and I—"

"Her brother!" said Benjamin Wright; "Sam, my boy, he isn't her brother."

"Isn't he?" Sam flung back at him, "well, what of that? I'm glad of it; I hate him." He stood up, his hands clenched, his head flung back. "What difference does it make to me what he is? Her cousin, her friend—what do I care? If she marries me, what do I care for her relations?"

His grandfather looked up at him aghast; the young, insulted innocence of love blazed in the boy's face. "Gad-a-mercy," said Mr. Wright, in a whisper, "*he doesn't understand!*" He pulled himself on to his shaking legs, and laid his hand on the young man's shoulder. "Sam," he said very gently, "he is her lover, my boy."

Sam's lips fell apart; he gasped heavily; his hands slowly opened and shut, and he swayed from side to side; his wild eyes were fixed on that old face, all soft-

ened and moved and pitying. Then, with a discordant shriek of laughter, he flung out his open hand and struck his grandfather full in the face.

"You old fool! You lie! You lie! Do you hear me?"

Benjamin Wright, staggering slightly from the blow, tried to speak, but the boy, still laughing shrilly, leaped down the porch steps, and out into the darkness.

"I'll ask her!" he screamed back; "you liar!"

## CHAPTER XXIII

HELENA had gone up-stairs to put David to bed. There was some delay in the process, because the young man had insisted upon looking at the stars to trace out Orion's little sword, and the Dipper. That accomplished however, he was very docile, and willing to get into bed by shinning up the mast of a pirate-ship—which some people might have called a bedpost. After he had fallen asleep, Helena still sat beside him in the darkness, her absent eyes fixed on the little warm body, where, the sheets kicked off, he sprawled in a sort of spread-eagle over the bed. It was very hot, and she would have been more comfortable on the porch, but she could not leave the child. When she was with David, the sense of aching apprehension dulled into the comfort of loving. After a while, with a long sigh she got up, but stopped to draw the sheet over his shoulders; then smiled to see how quickly he kicked it off. She pulled it up again as far as his knees, and to this he resigned himself with a despairing grunt.

There was a lamp burning dimly in the hall; as she passed she took it up and went slowly down-stairs. Away from David, her thoughts fell at once into the groove of the past weeks. Each hour she had tormented herself by some new question, and now she was wondering what she should do if, when Lloyd came to fulfil his promise, she should see a shade, oh, even the faintest hint, of hesitation in his manner. Well; she would meet it! She threw her head up, and came down with a quicker step, carrying the lamp high, like a torch. But as she lifted her eyes, in that gust of pride, young Sam Wright stood panting in the doorway. As his strangled voice fell on her ear, she knew that he knew.



"I have—come—"

Without a word she put the lamp down on the table at the foot of the stairs, and looked at him standing there in the darkness. Instantly he was across the threshold and at her side. He gripped her wrist and shook it, his eyes burning into hers.

"You will tell me that he lied! I told him he lied. I didn't believe him for a second. I told him I would ask you."

"Please let go of my arm," she said, faintly. "I don't know what you are—talking about."

"Did he lie?"

"Who?" she stammered.

"My grandfather. He said your brother was not your brother. He said he was your lover. My God! Your lover! Did he lie?" He shook her arm, worrying it as a dog might, his nails cutting into her flesh, and snarling his question out between shut teeth. His fury swept words from her lips.

She stepped back with a spring of terror, trying to pull her wrist from his grasp; but he followed her, his dreadful young face close to hers. She put her other hand behind her, and clutched at the banister-rail of the stairs. She stared at him in a trance of fright. There was a long minute of silence.

Then Sam said slowly, as though he were reading it word by word, aloud, from the open page of her face, "He—did—not—lie." He dropped her wrist; flung it from him, even, and stood motionless. Again neither of them spoke. Then Sam drew a long breath. "So, *this* is life," he said, in a curiously meditative way. "Well; I have had enough of it." He turned as he spoke, and went quietly out into the summer night.

Helena Richie sat down on the lowest step of the stairs. She breathed in gasps. Suddenly she looked at her arm on which were four deep red marks; in two places the skin was broken. Upon the fierce pangs of her mind, flayed and stabbed by the boy's words, this physical pain of which she had just become conscious, was like some soothing lotion. She stroked her wrist tenderly, jealous of the lessening smart. She knew vaguely that she was really wincing lest the smart should cease and the other agony begin. She looked with blind eyes at the lamp, then

got up and turned the wick down; it had been smoking slightly and a half-moon of black had settled on the chimney. "Sarah doesn't half look after the lamps," she said, aloud, fretfully, and drew in her lips; the nail-marks stung. But the red was dying out of them. Yes; the other pain was coming back. She paled with fright of that pain which was coming; coming; had come. She covered her face with her hands. . . .

"Who," demanded a sleepy voice, "was scolding?"

Helena looked around quickly; David, in his little cotton night-drawers, was standing at the head of the stairs.

"Who scolded? I heard 'em," he said, beginning to come down, one little foot at a time; his eyes blinked drowsily at the lamp. Helena caught him in her arms, and sank down again on the step. But he struggled up out of her lap, and stood before her. "It's too hot," he said; "I heard 'em. And I came down. Was anybody scolding you?"

"Yes, David," she said in a smothered voice.

"Were you bad?" David asked with interest.

Helena dropped her poor shamed forehead on to his little warm shoulder. She could feel his heart beating, and his breath on her neck.

"Your head's pretty heavy," said David patiently; "and hot."

At that she lifted herself up, and tried to smile; "Come, dear precious; come up-stairs. Never mind if people scold me. I—deserve it."

"Do you?" said David. "Why?"

He was wide awake by this time, and pleaded against bed. "Tell me why, on the porch; I don't mind sitting on your lap out there," he bribed her; "though you are pretty hot to sit on," he added, truthfully.

She could not resist him; to have him on her knee, his tousled head on her breast, was an inexpressible comfort.

"When I go travelling with Dr. Lavendar," David announced drowsily, "I am going to put my trousers into the tops of my boots, like George does. Does God drink out of that Dipper in the sky?"

Her doubtful murmur seemed to satisfy him; he shut his eyes, nuzzling his head



into her breast, and as she leaned her cheek on his hair—which he permitted because he was too sleepy to protest—the ache of sobs lessened in her throat. After a while, when he was sound asleep again, she carried him up-stairs and laid him in his bed, sitting beside him for a while lest he should awake. Then she went down to the porch and faced the situation. . . .

Sometimes she got up and walked about; sometimes sat down, her elbows on her knees, her forehead in her hands, one foot tapping, tapping, tapping. Her first idea was flight: she must not wait for Lloyd; she must take David and go at once. By to-morrow, everybody would know. She would write Lloyd that she would await him in Philadelphia. "I will go to a hotel," she told herself. Of course, it was possible that Sam would keep his knowledge to himself, as his grandfather had done, but it was not probable. And even if he did, his knowledge made the place absolutely unendurable to her; she could not bear it for a day—for an hour! Yes; she must get off by to-morrow night; and—

Suddenly, into the midst of this horrible personal alarm, came, like an echo, Sam's last words. The memory of them was so clear that it was almost as if he uttered them aloud at her side: "Well; I have had enough of it." Enough of what? Of loving her? Ah, yes; he was cured now of all that. But was that what he meant? "So this is life. . . . I have had enough of it."

Helena Richie leaped to her feet. It seemed to her as if all her blood was flowing slowly back to her heart. There was no pain now in those nail-marks; there was no pain in her crushed humiliation. "*I have had enough of it.*" . . .

Good God! She caught her skirts up in her hand and flew down the steps and out into the garden. At the gate, under the lacey roof of locust leaves, she stood motionless, straining her ears. All was still. How long ago was it that he had rushed away? More than an hour. Oh, no, no; he could not have meant—! But all the same, she must find him: "*I have had enough of it.*" Under her breath she called his name. Silence. She told herself distractedly that she was a fool; but a moment later she fled down the hill.

She must find Dr. King; he would know what to do.

She was panting when she reached his gate, and after she had rung and was beating upon the door with the palm of her hand, she had to cling to the knob for support.

"Oh come; oh, hurry! *Hurry!*" she said, listening to Mrs. King's deliberate step on the oilcloth of the hall.

"Where is Dr. King?" she gasped, as the door opened; "I want Dr. King!"

Martha, in her astonishment at this white-faced creature with skirts dragged by the dew and dust of the grass-fringed road, started back, the flame of the lamp she carried flickering and jumping in the draught. "What is the matter? Is David—"

"Oh, where is Dr. King? Please—please! I want Dr. King—"

William by this time was in the hall, and when he saw her face he, too, said:

"David?"

"No. It's— May I speak to you a moment? In the office? I am alarmed about—something."

She brushed past Mrs. King, who was still gaping at the suddenness of this apparition from the night, and followed the doctor into the little room on the left of the passage. Martha, deeply affronted, saw the door shut in her face.

As for Mrs. Richie, she stood in the darkness of the office with her back against the door, one hand behind her on the knob.

"I am very much frightened; Sam Wright has just left me, and—"

William King, scratching a match under the table and fumbling with the lamp chimney, laughed. "Is that all? I thought somebody had hung himself."

"Oh, Dr. King," she cried, "I'm afraid, I'm afraid!"

He put out his friendly hand and led her to a chair. "Now, Mrs. Richie," he said in his comforting voice, "sit down here, and get your breath. There's nothing the matter with that scalawag, I assure you. Has he been making himself a nuisance? I'll kick him!"

At these commonplace words, the tension broke in a rush of hysterical tears, which, while it relieved her, maddened her because for a moment she was unable to speak. But she managed to say brokenly,



that the boy had said something which frightened her, for fear that he might—

"Kill himself?" said the doctor, cheerfully. "No indeed! The people who threaten to kill themselves, never do. Come now, forget all about him." And William smiling, drew one of her hands down from her eyes. "Gracious! what a wrist! Did David scratch you?"

She pulled her hand away, and hid it in the folds of her skirt. "Oh, I do hope you are right; but Dr. King, he said something—and I was so frightened. Oh, if I could just know he had got home, all safe!"

"Well, it's easy to know that," said William. "Come, let us walk down to Mr. Wright's; I bet a hat we'll find the young gentleman eating a late supper with an excellent appetite. Love doesn't kill, Mrs. Richie—at Sam's age."

She was silent.

William took his lantern out of a closet, and made a somewhat elaborate matter of lighting it, wiping off the oozing oil from the tank, and then shutting the frame with a cheerful snap. It would give her time to get hold of herself, he thought.

"I must apologize to Mrs. King," Helena said. "I was so frightened, that I'm afraid I was abrupt."

"Oh, that's all right," said Martha's husband, easily, and opened the outer door of the office. "Come."

She followed him down the garden path to the street; there in the darkness, broken by the gay zigzag of the lantern across the flagstones of the sidewalk, William found it easier to speak out.

"I hope you don't mind my referring to Sam's being in love, Mrs. Richie? Of course, we have all known that he had lost his heart. Boys will, you know. And, honestly, I think if ever a boy had excuse for—that sort of thing, Sam had. But it has distressed me to have you bothered. And to-night is the climax. For him to talk like a—a jackdonkey, because you very properly snubbed him—you mustn't mind my speaking plainly; I have understood the whole thing from the beginning—makes me mad. You're really worn out. Confound that boy! You are too good, Mrs. Richie, that's the trouble. You let yourself be imposed upon."

Her broken "no—no," seemed to him a lovely humility, and he laughed and shook his head.

"Yes, yes! When I see how gentle women are with us clods of men, I really, I—you know—" William had never since his courting days got into such a bog of sentiment, and he stammered his way out of it by saying that Sam was a perfect nuisance.

When they reached the gateway of the Senior Warden's place, Mrs. Richie said that she would wait. "I'll stand here in the road; and if you will make some excuse, and find out—"

"You won't go in?" he asked her; but realized at once that her call would need an explanation. "Very well; you wait here. I'll come back and tell you he's all right. There isn't a particle of reason for anxiety, but it's a better sedative for you than bromide. That's the why I'm doing it," said William, candidly. He gave her the lantern, and said he did not like to leave her. "You won't be frightened? You can see the house from here, and can call if you want me. I'll have to stay about ten minutes, or they wouldn't understand my coming in."

She nodded, impatient at his delay, and he slipped into the shadows of the maples and disappeared. For a minute she could hear the crunch of his footsteps on the gravel of the driveway. She sat down on the grass by the roadside, and leaned her head against the big white gate-post. The lantern burned steadily beside her, casting on the ground a shower of yellow spots that blurred into a widening circle of light. Except for the crickets all was still. The cooler air of night brought out the heavy scents of damp earth and leaves, and over in the deep grass a late May-apple spilled from its ivory cup the heavy odor of death. A bob-white fluted in the darkness on the other side of the road.

Her acute apprehension had ceased. William King was so certain that, had the reality been less dreadful, she would have been ashamed of the fuss she had made. She wanted only this final assurance that the boy was at home, safe and sound; then she would think of her own affairs. She watched the moths fly about the lantern, and when one poor downy pair of wings touched the hot,



domed top and fell fluttering into the road, she bent forward and looked at it, wondering what she could do for it. To kill it would be the kindest thing,—to put it out of its pain. But some obscure connection of ideas made her shudder back from death, even a moth's death; she lifted the little creature gently, and laid it in the dewy grass.

Down the Wrights' carriage road she heard a footstep on the gravel; a step that grew louder and louder, the confident, comforting step of the kind friend on whom she relied as she had never relied on any human being.

"What did I tell you?" William called to her, as he loomed out of the darkness into the circle of light from the lantern.

"He is all right?" she said trembling; "you saw him?"

"I didn't see him, but—"

"Oh," she said blankly.

"I saw those who had, ten minutes before; won't that do?" he teased her. "I found the Wright family just going to bed—where you ought to be this minute. I said I had just stopped in to say how-do-you-do. Samuel at once reproved me, because I hadn't been to evening church."

"And he—Sam? Was he—"

"He was in the house, up-stairs, his mother said. I asked about him sort of casually, and she said he had just come in and gone up to his room. His father made some uncomplimentary remarks about him. Samuel oughtn't to be so hard on him," William said thoughtfully; "he said he had told Sam that he supposed he might look forward to supporting him for the rest of his life—'as if he were a criminal or an idiot.' Imagine a father saying a thing like that!" William lifted his lantern and turned the wick up. "Now, I'm only hard on him when he is a goose; but his father—"

*What was that?*

William King stood bolt upright, motionless, his lips parted. Mrs. Richie caught at his arm, and the lantern swinging sharply, scattered a flying shower of light; they were both rigid, straining their ears, not breathing. There was no sound except the vague movement of leaves overhead, and faintly from across the meadow—"Bob-white! bob-white!"

"I thought—I heard—" the doctor said

in a whisper; Helena, clutching at his arm, reeled heavily against him.

"Yes. It was. That was what it was."

"No! Impossible!" he stammered. And they stood listening breathlessly; then, just as the strain began to relax, down through the darkness from the house behind the trees came a cry:

"Dr. King—"

An instant later the sound of flying steps on the gravel, and a girl's shrill voice: "Dr. King!"

"Here, Lydia," William said, running towards the little figure; "what's the matter!"

Helena, in the shadow of the gate-post, only caught a word:

"Sam—"

And the doctor and the child were swallowed up in the night.

When William King came out of that house of confusion and death, he found her huddled against the gate-post, haggard, drenched with dew, waiting for him. He started, with a distressed word, and lifted her in his arms. "Oh, you ought not to be here; I thought you had gone home long ago!"

"Dead?"

"Yes."

"He—shot—?"

"Yes. Poor boy; poor, foolish, crazy boy! But it wasn't your fault. Oh, my poor child!"

She shivered away from him, then without a word turned towards Old Chester. The doctor walked at her side. It was nearly three. No one saw them as they went through the sleeping streets; at William's house, she stopped, with a silent gesture of dismissal.

"I am going to take you home," he said gently. And a few minutes later he began to tell her about it. "He was dead when I got there. They think it was an accident; and it is best they should. I am afraid I'll have to explain to my wife, because she saw your apprehension. But nobody else need know. Except—I must tell Dr. Lavendar, of course; but not until after the funeral. There is no use complicating things. But other people can just think it was an accident. It was, in one way. He was insane. Everybody is, who does—that. Poor Samuel! Poor Mrs. Wright!





*Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark*

Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

HE FOUND HER HUDDLED AGAINST THE GATE-POST, WAITING FOR HIM





I could not leave them; but I thought you had gone home, or I would have come. Mrs. Richie, promise me one thing: promise me not to feel it was your fault."

She dropped her face in her hands. "Not my fault! . . . I killed him."

#### CHAPTER XXIV

"HE was cleaning his father's pistol, and it went off—" the poor, dazed mother said, over and over. The father said nothing. He sat, his elbow on his knee, his forehead resting in the palm of his hand. Sometimes his heavy eyes glanced up, but he did not lift his head. He had hardly spoken since the accident. Then, he had said to William King:

"I suppose he undertook to clean my revolver. He always did things at queer times. I suppose it went off. It had a tricky hammer. It went off. By accident—not . . . He hadn't any reason to . . . He said, only yesterday, when he got back, that he couldn't stay away from home any longer. He said he *had* to come back. So, you see, there isn't any reason to think . . . He was cleaning it. And it went off. The hammer was tricky."

The slow, bewildered words were spoken with his eyes fixed blindly on the floor. At the sight of his dreadful composure, his wife's loud weeping died into a frightened whimper. He did not repeat the explanation. Dr. Lavendar heard it from Mrs. Wright, as she knelt beside the poor, stony father, patting his hand and mothering him.

"It was an accident, Dr. Lavendar. Sammy took a notion to clean his father's pistol. And it went off. And oh, he had just come back to us again. And he was so glad to get home. He went to church yesterday morning. I didn't have to urge him. He wanted to go. I feel sure he had begun to think of his Saviour. Yes; and he wanted to go back to the bank, and write up his ledgers; he was so happy to be among us again. Oh, Dr. Lavendar, he said to me, 'I just had to come home, mother.' And I kissed him, and I said, 'Yes, my darling; home is the best place.' And—he kissed me, Dr. Lavendar. Sammy was not one to do that—a big boy, you know. Oh, I am so glad he *wanted* to come

home. And now the Lord has taken him. Oh, Samuel, try, try to say: 'Blessed be the name of the Lord!'"

The Senior Warden stared in silence at her plump hand, shaking and trembling on his knee. Dr. Lavendar did not urge any word of resignation. He sat beside the stricken pair, hearing the mother's pitiful babble, looking at the father's bent gray head, saying what he could of Sam—his truthfulness, his good nature, his kindness. "I remember once he spent a whole afternoon making a splint for Danny's leg. And it was a good splint," said Dr. Lavendar. Alas! how little he could find to say of the young creature who was a stranger to them all!

Dr. Lavendar stayed with them until noon. He had been summoned just as he was sitting down to breakfast, and he had gone instantly, leaving Mary wringing her hands at the double distress of a dreadful calamity and Dr. Lavendar's going without his breakfast. When he saw William King he asked no questions, except,

"Who will tell his grandfather?"

But of course there was only one person to tell Mr. Benjamin Wright, and Dr. Lavendar knew it. "But you must come with me, William; Benjamin is very frail."

"Yes;" said William King; "only you've got to have something to eat first."

And that gave Dr. Lavendar the chance to ask Mrs. Wright for some breakfast, which made her stop crying, poor soul, for a little while.

As Goliath pulled them slowly up the hill, William told part of his part of the story. He had dropped in to the Wrights' the night before to say how-do-you-do. "It was nearly ten. I only stayed a few minutes; then I went off; I had got as far as the gate, and I was—was fixing my lantern, and I thought I heard a shot. And I said—'*What's that?*' And I stood there, sort of holding my breath, you know; I couldn't believe it was a shot. And then they called. When I got to the house, it was all over. It was instantaneous. Samuel told me that Sam had been fooling with his revolver, and—"

"Yes;" said Dr. Lavendar; "that's what they told me."



Both men were silent. Then Dr. Lavendar said, "Will it kill Benjamin?"

"I don't know. I don't know," the doctor said, sighing. "Oh, Dr. Lavendar, why does the Lord hit the innocent over the guilty's shoulder? The boy is out of it; but his father and mother, and grandfather, and—and others, they have got to bear it."

"Why, Willy, my boy," said Dr. Lavendar, "that's where the comfort of it is. It means we're all one—don't you see? If we suffer in the boy's suffering or wrong-doing, it is because we and he are one in Christ Jesus."

"Yes, sir," said William, respectfully. But he did not understand.

When they reached The Top, it seemed to take them a long time to hitch Goliath. It was Dr. Lavendar who got himself together first and said calmly, "Come, William."

The front door was open, and the two bearers of heavy news entered unannounced. Benjamin Wright was in the dining-room, where the shutters were bowed to keep out the heat. He had taken off his hat, and was pottering about among his canaries, scolding Simmons, and swearing at the weather. Dr. Lavendar and William, coming from the white glare of sunshine, could hardly distinguish him as he shuffled back and forth among the shadows, except when he crossed the strip of dazzling green light between the bowed shutters. Dr. Lavendar stopped on the threshold; William stood a little behind him.

Mr. Wright, declaiming sonorously:

"—Did you ever see the Devil,  
With his wooden leg and shovel,  
A-scratching up the gravel—"

paused to stick a cuttlefish between the bars of a cage and caught sight of the first figure. He instantly began to snarl a reproach:

"I might have been in my grave, for all you know, Edward Lavendar; except you'd have had to 'give hearty thanks for the good example' of the deceased. What a humbug the burial service is—hey? Same thing for an innocent like me, or for a senior warden. Come in. Simmons! Whiskey!"

He stopped short; William had moved in the shadows. "Why, that's Willy

King," he said; and dropped the cuttlefish. "Something is wrong. Two black coats at this hour of the day mean something. Well! Out with it! What's happened?"

"Benjamin," said Dr. Lavendar, coming into the room, "Sam's Sam—"

"Keep Willy King out!" commanded the very old man, in a high, peevish voice. "I'm not going to die of it. He's—killed himself? Well; it's my fault. I angered him." He took up his hat, clutching the brim with shaking hands and pulling it fiercely down over his eyes. "Keep Willy off! I'm not—I'm not—"

Simmons caught him as he lurched back into a chair, and Dr. Lavendar bent over him, his old face moving with tears.

"It was an accident, Benjamin, either of the body or the soul—it doesn't matter which."

William King, standing behind the chair that held the forlorn and quivering heap, ventured gently: "Samuel says that Sam was cleaning his pistol, and—"

But Dr. Lavendar held up his hand and William was silent.

"Hold your tongue," said Benjamin Wright. "Lavendar knows I don't like lies. Yes; my fault. I've done it again. Second time. Second time. Simmons! Get these—gentlemen some—whiskey."

Simmons, his yellow jaws mumbling with terror, looked at Dr. Lavendar, who nodded. But even as the old man got himself together, the brain flagged; William saw the twist come across the mouth, and the eyes blink and fix.

It was not a very severe shock, and after the first moments of alarm, the doctor said quietly.

"He is not dying."

But he was, of course, perfectly helpless and silenced; his miserable eyes seemed to watch them, fixedly, as they carried him to his bed, and did what little could be done; but he could make no demand, and offer no explanation.

It was not until late in the afternoon that William King had time to go to the Stuffed Animal House. "But I've thought of you all day," he told Mrs. Richie, taking her hand and looking pitifully into her face. It was strangely changed. Something was stamped into it that had never been there be-



fore. . . . Weeks ago, a hurricane of anger had uprooted vanity and left confusion behind it. There was no confusion now; it had cleared into terror.

William found her walking restlessly up and down the long parlor; she gave him a look, and then stood quite still, shrinking a little to one side, as if she expected a blow. Something in that frightened, sidewise attitude made him hesitate to tell her of Benjamin Wright; she hardly knew the old gentleman, but it would startle her, the doctor reasoned. And yet, when very carefully, almost casually, he said that Mr. Wright had had a slight shock—"his life is not in danger just now," said William, "but he can't speak;"—she lifted her head and looked at him, drawing a full breath, as if eased of some burdening thought.

"Will he ever speak?" she said.

"I don't know; I think so. But probably it is the beginning of the end; poor old man!"

"Poor old man," she repeated, mechanically; "poor old man!"

After a pause the doctor said gently, that he hoped she would sit with Mrs. King and himself at the funeral on Wednesday.

Helena caught her hands together convulsively; "*I go?* Oh, no, no! I am not going."

The doctor was greatly distressed. "I know it is hard for you, but I'm afraid Samuel and his wife will be so hurt if you don't come? They know the boy was fond of you—you were always so good to him. I don't like to urge you, because I know it pains you; but—"

"Oh, I can't—I can't!"

She turned so white that William had not the heart to say anything more. But that same kind heart ached so for the father and mother, that he was grateful to her when he saw her on Wednesday, among the people gathering at the church. "Just like her unselfishness!" he said to himself.

All Old Chester, saddened and awed, came to show its sympathy for the stricken parents, and its pity, if nothing more, for the dead boy. But Helena, ghastly pale, had no room in her mind for either pity or sympathy. She heard Mr. Dilworth's subdued voice directing her to a pew, and a few minutes after-

wards found herself sitting between Dr. and Mrs. King. Martha leaned over to greet her with an appropriate sigh; but Mrs. Richie did not notice her. There was no sound in the waiting church, except once in a while a long-drawn breath, or the faint rustle of turning leaves as some one looked for the burial service. The windows with their little borders of stained glass, were tilted half-way open this hot morning, and sometimes the silence was stirred by the brush of sparrows in the ivy under the sills. On the worn carpet in the chancel the sunshine lay in patches of red and blue and purple, that flickered noiselessly when the wind moved the maple leaves outside; it was all so quiet that Helena could hear her own half-sobbing breaths. After a while, the first low note of the organ crept into the stillness, and as it deepened into a throbbing chord, there was the grave rustle of a rising congregation. Then from the church door came the sudden shock of words:

*"I am the Resurrection and the Life, said the Lord."*

Helena, clutching at the back of the next pew, stood up with the rest. Suddenly she swayed, as though the earth was moving under her feet. . . . The step of the bearers came heavily up the aisle. Her eyes fled from what they carried—"oh, was he so tall?"—and then shuddered back again to stare.

Martha King touched her arm; "We sit down now."

Helena sat down. Far outside her consciousness words were being said: "Now is Christ risen—" but she did not hear them; she did not see the people about her. She only saw, before the chancel, that long black shape. After a while the doctor's wife touched her again; "Here we stand up." Mechanically, she rose; her lips were moving in a terrified whisper, and Martha King, glancing at her sidewise, looked respectfully away. "Praying," the good woman thought; and softened a little.

But Helena was far from prayer. As she stared at that black thing before the chancel, her selfishness uncovered itself before her eyes and showed its nakedness.

The solid ground of experience was heaving and staggering under her feet, and

in the midst of the elemental tumult, she had her first dim glimpse of responsibility. It was a blasting glimpse, that sent her cowering back to assertions of her right to her own happiness. Thirteen years ago Lloyd made those assertions, and she had accepted them and built them into a shelter against the disagreeable consciousness that she was an outlaw, pillaging respect and honor from her community. Until now nothing had ever shaken that shelter, nor had its dark walls been pierced by the disturbing light of any heavenly vision declaring that when personal happiness conflicts with any great human ideal, the right to claim such happiness is as nothing compared to the privilege of resigning it. She had not liked the secrecy which her shelter involved; no refined temperament likes secrecy. But the breaking of the law, in itself, had given her no particular concern; so that behind her excusing platitudes she had always been comfortable enough. Even that whirlwind of anger at old Benjamin Wright's contempt had only roused her to buttress her shelter with declarations that she was not harming anybody. But sitting there between William King and his wife, in the midst of decorously mournful Old Chester, she knew she could never say that any more; not only because a foolish and ill-balanced youth had been unable to survive a shattered ideal, but because she began suddenly and with consternation to understand that the whole vast fabric of society rested on that same ideal. And she had been secretly

undermining it! Her breath caught, strangling, in her throat. In the crack of the pistol and the crash of ruined family life she heard for the first time the dreadful sound of the argument of her life to other lives; and at that sound the very foundation of those excuses of her right to happiness rocked and crumbled and left her selfishness naked before her eyes.

It was so unbearable, that instantly she sought another cover: obedience to the letter of the Law—Marriage. To marry her fellow outlaw seemed to promise both shelter and stability—for in her confusion she mistook marriage for morality. At once! Never mind if he were tired of her; never mind if she must humble what she called her pride, and plead with him to keep his word; never mind anything—except this dreadful revelation: that no one of us may do that which it would not be best for all to do. Yes; because she had not understood that, a boy had taken his own life. . . . Marriage! That was all she thought of; then, suddenly, she cowered—the feet of the bearers again.

"I will be married—" she said with dry lips, "oh, I will—I *will!*" And Martha King, looking at her furtively, thought she prayed.

It was not a prayer, it was only a promise. For with the organic upheaval into her consciousness of the primal fact of social responsibility, had come the knowledge of guilt.

*But the Lord was not in the earthquake.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Nocturne

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

I WAKED from sleep, I knew not why;  
 The air was with thy presence sweet:  
 Yet no voice answered to my cry,  
 Nor hand to mine outstretched to greet.  
 The cold, dead moon hung in the sky,  
 Wrapped in her misty, winding sheet;  
 I listened and there loitered by,  
 A footfall in the empty street.





THE PORTALES DE SANTO DOMINGO STILL EXIST

## A Return to Mexico

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

THROUGHOUT all my wanderings, byways and back streets ever have been most to my liking. On coming into a new strange country it is well enough, of course, to go a stage or two upon main highroads, and to be at least on nodding terms with city thoroughfares; but the folk frequenting such crowded places—having been rubbed into a sort of common smoothness by their constant jostlings—have ceased to be typical: and the traveller who would do more than tickle the surface of things must go aside a little—along the footpaths where the common people walk, and into the little streets where in their own way they live their lives out—really to get into touch with that new strange country's heart.

Such browsings in nooks and corners have a pleasant flavor everywhere. Human nature is much the same the world over; and the world over—I generalize broadly from the few parts of it which I

have visited—the well-disposed stranger who stops in humble places to have a dish of friendly talk with casual humble wayfarers has no need to fear rebuffs nor coldness. For the good coin that he offers, honest change will be given him; and he is sure to pick up a store of intimate knowledge about the land in which he sojourns, and equally is sure to find himself engaged in many pleasing small adventures, if he will but make the most of his opportunities for wayside gossiping by clinging closely to the skirts of happy chance.

Here in the City of Mexico my most profitable prowlings still are—as in ancient times they were—away from the town's cosmopolitan centre into the outer regions where its truly personal life goes on. I confess that I had my hesitations about beginning them again; and even about coming back to Mexico at all. In the old years, when this city for a while





THE EVANGELISTA WRITES LETTERS FOR PATRONS

was my home, things went slowly and very easily here—with only a gentle buzzing of new-born activity central over the terminal stations of the new railways, then just come in from the North. It was a pleasant place to live in. The days drifted past placidly—having even in what was looked upon as their strenuous mornings an agreeable touch of the languorous calm of elsewhere afternoons. Remembering all that, I could not but have my doubts as to how Mexico and I, under new conditions, would get on together. At the best it is a dangerous adventure to try to pick up again a long-interrupted friendship. In my case the risk was extrahazardous: because in the seventeen years of our separation I knew that I myself, being grown older and rustier, had changed for the worse; and I was assured that Mexico had changed so much for the better (as it was put to me) that I feared that the old-time charm of my dear city would be gone.

On the very threshold of my return this fear seemed to be justified. At the Colonia Station we found waiting to welcome us those whom—of all in the whole Republic—we most longed to see: but the vehicle in which they carried us

cityward—and actually over streets laid with asphalt—was an automobile! The asphalt alone would have dashed me. To find that subserviently smooth and characterless substance in the place of the masterful stones which I remembered—every one of them with a will of its own and a bump of its individual devising—was distinctly disheartening. As for the automobile—in the Mexico with which I was familiar, a flying-machine would have been no more out of place—it fairly numbed me with a gloomy surprise. A year or so ago, in Normandy, I felt that I was nothing less than an itinerant anachronism when I went motoring over roads trodden by Richard Cœur de Lion and William the Conqueror. Here in Mexico—where the transition from armored knights to automobiles has been practically instantaneous—the anachronistic elements of the situation were even more acute. An uneasy dread beset me that among the casual wayfarers whom we were liable to knock down and mangle (in the customary manner) might be Bernal Diaz, or Don Fernando del Tapia, or even Cortés himself; and the brilliant electric lamps which replaced in the streets the former dim oil-lanterns—while appreciably lessening the danger



of such encounters—only increased by their inappropriate modernity the confusion of my loosely hung ideas.

At the end of the run, being come to our hotel, a leisurely elevator ambled us upward to an apartment that included a white-tiled bath-room enshrining a porcelain-lined tub that was our very own. Elevators and private baths in Mexico! I went to sleep quite worn out with wondering: pursued by dizzied fancyings of the Spaniards fleeing on the Dismal Night along electric-lighted causeways, and of Alvarado making his famous leap—loop-the-loop fashion—in a motor-car!

In accordance with my habit in foreign countries, my first wanderings were in the grand parts of the town: along the main central thoroughfares, and later through the whole new quarter that in recent years has sprung up on the city's western rim. In the course of them, because I carried with me my old loving memories, I got a good many bruises and even one serious wound; and at the end of them, because of my old conservatism, I had the feeling that an unwarrantable advantage had been taken

of my prolonged absence to infuse a jarringly youthful friskiness into my Mexico's sedate antiquity.

My serious hurt—the scar will be lasting—came when I found that the Portales in the Coliseo Viejo and Refugio and Tlalpaleros had been destroyed. Those arcaded sidewalks made one of the most picturesque bits in all the city; and of a Sunday or a feast-day—when the interarch spaces were filled with vendors of old books and old bric-à-brac—they were luminously exemplary of one phase of the city's character. I cannot reconcile myself to the loss of them. Their demolition was an archæological crime. With the new buildings that I found scattered through the old streets—none of them objectionable, and some of them of an admirable elegance—I could not reasonably pick a quarrel: save on the ethical ground that they stood out in too arrogant contrast with, and so put shame upon, their modest old neighbors left over from an earlier and a simpler time. After all, I said to myself tolerantly, a city that is very much alive has the right to keep on growing; and a part of its growth necessarily must involve the destruction and the renewal of its out-



ONE OF THE TINY CAKE-STANDS

worn parts. This large view of the matter comforted me; and I found farther comfort in perceiving that, so far—with the lamentable exception of the Portales—nothing has been sacrificed in the making-over process that could assert a right, historical or artistic, to be preserved.

As for the new western suburb, I frankly accepted it as a legitimate growth: a pardonable development of the strong new life that is thrilling into energy my city's three centuries of drowsiness. As it stands on land that has been vacant since the morning of Creation, nothing has been lost in the making of it; and for the comfort and for the dignity of the city much has been gained. On its minor streets the small houses, having a well-to-do air about them, keep in friendly touch with the architectural traditions of the country; yet depart a little from those traditions in ways which make them less monotonous without and tell of a greater comfort within. On its grand street, the Paseo de la Reforma—while the old architecture fairly is broken with in favor of a new order, in some of its manifestations suggestive of a *mésalliance* between French Suburban and Euclid Avenue Renaissance—the effect of the rather spirited villas and of the graver palaces (the term is not an exaggeration) which rub elbows together for a half-mile or more is of an affluent impressiveness. And the Paseo itself—what with its great width, emphasized by its lines of trees and by its bordering gardens; its well-thought and well-worked central monuments—which set in rather trying contrast its double row of statues of Mexican heroes; and, above all, its superb perspective leading up to the hill and castle of Chapultepec—assuredly is one of the most original, and on large lines one of the most noble, driveways to be found in any land. In a word, I gave to the new quarter the refreshment of my approval: with the single reserve that it tended—by striking a note so modern—to force still farther into the background the old Mexico of my old ideals.

For this same reason I resented, and sharply, the American-built electric cars which nowadays go whizzing everywhere about my city, and the electric lamps

which at night fill it everywhere with an unseemly electric glitter. The little cars drawn by little mules, with drivers who at every corner outdid Gabriel with their tin-trumpetings, were characteristic institutions which I missed regretfully; and still more regretfully I missed the shadowy romance of the oil-lamp lighted streets: dotted—the dots growing fainter and fainter down the long perspective—with the serenos' lanterns, set in the middle of every crossway to warn evil-doers of the night that the city-watch was vigilant.

To be sure, the little points of light still are at the crossways, but they are lost in electric blazings; and the muffled figures of the serenos, of old so alluringly mysterious, are changed into mere commonplace policemen in the electric glare. As to the classic spectres of the streets of Mexico, a very sturdy imagination is required now-a-nights to have faith in them. The Vaca de Lumbre—that devilish fire-breathing cow which comes out from the Potrero de San Sebastian at midnight and goes galloping about the city, luminous with an unholy halo of hell-fire and darting forth living flames from her nostrils—can make but a poor showing with the best of her infernal pyrotechnics against arc-lamps. La Llorona, the Wailer—who wanders shrieking for her lost children, and who incidentally kills with her icy breath whoever is luckless enough to encounter her—is so essentially a spirit of darkness that her wailings under electric lights really would have to take the form of apologies. And Don Juan Manuel—that sinner above all sinners, who roves at night, his hand muffled in his cloak holding a keen dagger, questioning whom he meets “what hour is it?” and then slaying whom he has questioned—could make no excuse for his incongruous presence in a well-lighted thoroughfare. The natural reply to his question would be: “Why don't you look at your watch?”—and even a spectre of Don Juan Manuel's known malevolence, being addressed so prosaically, would not have the effrontery to venture upon romantic crime. Assuredly, I said to myself in the course of my first evening's walk, a legendary city is taking dangerous chances when it jeopardizes its legends by tampering



with electricity; and, in my heat over the concession that had been made to mere popular convenience, I confess to having had some pretty harsh thoughts about the City Council and the Mayor!

Yet another atmospheric change wholly to my unliking was the new flavor that I found in the streets of Plateros and San Francisco—virtually a single street, the most fashionable in the city—where lines of English signs, backed by notices in the shop-windows that English was spoken by the shopkeepers, and where the preponderating presence of my own country-folk speaking unmistakable

American with an incisive energy, did their bad best to destroy the old-time foreign charm.

Still more seriously disconcerting was my discovery, on my first Sunday, that the church parade on San Francisco—an ancient institution of the capital—had lost its most entrancing distinction from church parades elsewhere. In the days that are dear to my memory, the ornate youth of the city lined up against the house fronts—with the look of uncapped caryatides—and along the narrow pavement in front of them the ladies of the city streamed homeward from the churches clad in seemly black of a richness and wearing on their heads black lace mantillas: a garb in which the plainest of women becomes a bewitchment, and that so ravishingly enhances the beauty of a beautiful woman as to make her seem a landfall in the latitude of dreams! The parade still goes on. The young men still stand in their caryatid row; and still (very handsomely, I think, under the existing conditions) look, and

even speak, their admiration as the ladies still stream past them—but the ladies no longer wear black, and their grace-giving mantillas are gone! To their undoing, they are clad in silks of dynamic colorings, not always harmonized; and upon their unhappy heads are the hideously



MOST APPETIZING MEAT STEWS SOLD FROM DOORWAYS

huge hats of the period—and the result of casting aside a beautiful racial dress for an ugly passing fashion is so disastrous that to comment upon it would be not less ungallant than unkind. To find the women of Mexico thus helping in the hapless work of uprooting ancient customs—and in a manner so conspicuously to their own disadvantage—was my most painful blow!

Having come upon so much that was changed in the body and in the soul of my city, in its high places, I had my hesitations—as I have said—about resuming my prowlings, of old always so delighting, on its lower planes. Over there was my last chance—and I was shy of taking it. If it failed me, my moody doubts would be resolved into the gloomy certainty that I had done unwisely in seeking to revive a love which better had been left to smoulder warmly deep-bedded in the embers of the past.

In a way, the investigations that I dreaded to venture upon were compelled



by a practical necessity: the need that we should search for our old lavandera, Joséfa Correa—whose home, in the Street of the Little Magueys, was in the humble northern quarter of the city that precisely corresponds with the East End of London and the East Side of New York.

Joséfa was a most lovable old body who for a long time was both our washerwoman and our friend. Her semi-weekly visits gave us always a cordial pleasure; and her talk—of which she was no miser—gave us always much of interest to ponder upon: she being a very wise old woman, with views of life that were large and sound. Moreover, she was a link between the new Mexico and the old—between the Clerical times and the times which came in with the Laws of the Reform. In her politics she was a conservative; but not narrow. “Porfirio is a little hasty,” she once said, “but he means well”—and she showed a most intelligent appreciation of the betterments which have come to Mexico under this great and wise dictator’s rule. Some good things had been lost, she said, in the course of the change; most notably—this was a natural reflection from her standpoint—the kindly care that of old was taken by the Churchmen of the very poor. But she approved, on the whole, of the new order of things: holding that the lower classes had a better chance to make a good life for themselves under the new dispensation than had been open to them under the old ordering—when each social stratum stayed fixed in its appointed station; and when the poor, with few exceptions, remained the poor from the beginning to the ending of their toiling days.

To meet again this sage and dear old woman was a pleasure to which we looked forward, in returning to Mexico, with a warm eagerness. But, being come upon the very edge of it, we had our doubtings and our fears. The lower-class Mexicans rarely are long-lived—and our Joséfa, we reflected sorrowfully, was an old woman when we parted from her seventeen years ago.

At that parting she gave us instructions for finding her when—at the end of the twelvemonth or so that we fancied would be the limit of our absence—we should return to Mexico. Such instruc-

tions were necessary. As the poor are prone to be, Joséfa was migratory in her habits. Two or three times in the course of our four years’ acquaintance she had changed her dwelling place; and she was quite of the opinion that her flittings—the pleasurable excitement incident to which seemed to be the main cause of them—would continue, and that the Calle de Magueyitos (in which we left her) soon would cease to be her home. It therefore would be best, she said, to give the Magueyitos the go-by and to obtain her new address by going direct to her kinsman Don Juan Guzman Rosales: who surely would know it; and whose abode, in the Tercera de Soto, was as permanent as that of the Archbishop—and almost as well known! She spoke of this relative with a pride that was justifiable. He was a Profesor de Armas, and the actual proprietor of a tiro de pistola—a shooting-gallery. He was all that, on her word! Any one, for streets around, could and gladly would direct us to him. But, in point of fact, directions would be needless—because in two ways his house in the Third de Soto was conspicuous above all the other houses in the block: on the front of it we would find painted (very well done, too) a picture of a Señor Caballero firing a pistol at a target; also, from within the house would come a noble crackling of pistol-shots, and with this the clash of swords. Mistakes about that house were impossible. The sword-play and the shooting were continuous. All day long caballeros came to Don Juan’s gallery to perfect themselves under his instruction in the art of arms. And so we parted from our Joséfa: holding to her future whereabouts—in the person of her stably eminent relative—what had the look of being a permanent clue.

It was this clue that we followed hopefully—but of course not directly. Going straight from one point to another—and so missing side chances of investigation and adventure—is among the rarest of my indiscretions. The Tercera de Soto—the Calle de Soto is made up of nine blocks numbered sequently—bore northwest by north from our starting-point, and I therefore laid my course for it northeast northerly: a course that car-





THEY EAT MORE FOOD IN PUBLIC

ried us down past the Cathedral to the Plazuela de Santo Domingo; and thence by a long leg westward—through a street cut up under seven names into seven sections—to our prescribed landfall.

In the matter of reviving my wavering faith in the permanence of Mexican institutions, that was a happy voyage. We were no more than past the Cathedral than I was again in the atmosphere that I longed for—with nothing to suggest the intruding foreign element but the American-built electric cars; and those so packed with men in cotton shirts and cotton trousers, and with women in calico petticoats and rebosos, that their Americanism was reduced to the lowest terms. Being come to the Plazuela, I was made yet more happy by finding the Portales de Santo Domingo—as characteristic and as picturesque as the others which so outrageously have been demolished—still blessedly existing: with their shoe-shops, and their little puestos for the sale of toys and sweets, and their line of evangelistas writing letters for those to whom penmanship is a sealed mystery—all as it had been, and as it ought to be. The only

inroad upon the customs of antiquity that I noted was an evangelista (who ought to have been ashamed of himself) hard at work upon a typewriter; and obviously taking in his manipulation of that pernicious instrument an unseemly pride.

As we made our westing toward the Calle de Soto—in spite of the ever-present electric tramway—the true Mexican flavor grew increasingly strong. In this region, and in the region eastward of the Volador, I am persuaded that little shops are crowded more closely together than in any other city (not excepting the shabby quarter of Naples) in the world; and nowhere, certainly, are minute commercial transactions carried on with a more spirited energy. Yet the lively chaffing—in contrast with Whitechapel or Hester Street—rarely crosses the line of civility; and is apt to be lightened by a strong dash of chaff. The common people of the City of Mexico have inherited from both their Spanish and their Aztec ancestors a tradition of politeness; and on the Aztec side they have also a heritage of dry humor and of innate gentleness. That they have by





IN A "CASA DE VECINDAD"

both descents a strain of ferocity is true, and when pulque gets the worse of them they fight like incarnate devils; but that is the exception—their normal dealings with each other being carried on smilingly, and their voices having normally a kind ring. Their love for their children is in the way of being a racial touchstone. Only twice in all the years that I have been in Mexico have I seen even an approach to harshness with a child.

Quite as characteristic as the tiny shops which we passed were the tinier street eating-places. Probably the common people of Mexico do not eat more food than any other people; but they certainly do eat more food in public, in a casual and incidental sort of way, than overtly is consumed elsewhere. Partly to supply this extraordinary demand, partly by temptation to create it, eating-stands are scattered thickly throughout the poorer quarter. Everywhere are affable old women crouched in doorways who sell cakes and pastry and sandwiches of meat and radishes and lettuce dashed with chile; those of them in a large way of business having cooking establishments—a brazier of some sort—for the

frying of pancakes, and the baking of tortillas and tamales, and the making of most appetizing-looking meat stews: all of which both look and smell so enticingly, and are so cleanly made, that the blessed Saint Anthony the Abbot—should he chance to come walking with his pig Barabbas in Mexico—would have reason to be well on his guard! I have the impression that these excellent old women severally have their regular customers. Certainly, their patrons chat away with them in a most friendly fashion between mouthfuls, and usually stop to talk for a while longer when the eating is at an end: much as, in other social latitudes, a regular diner at a restaurant stops to pass with its proprietor—when dinner is over—a word or two of well-fed good-will.

Most refreshing of all the refreshments of this pleasing walk were our encounters with many sedate but lovable cats—of the kind which of old were a feature of every shop doorway in the city; but which now, disastrously, are missing from its grander parts. They are grave and dignified to a degree, these shop-keeping cats; and even, now and then,



a little offend good cat-manners by their too marked air of self-importance. But amiability is the very essence of their small beings—and to come again within stroking reach of their soft little jowls, and to hear them purr their acknowledgment (in cat Spanish) of my small courtesy, made me feel that I had found again the Mexico which too hastily I had fancied was lost.

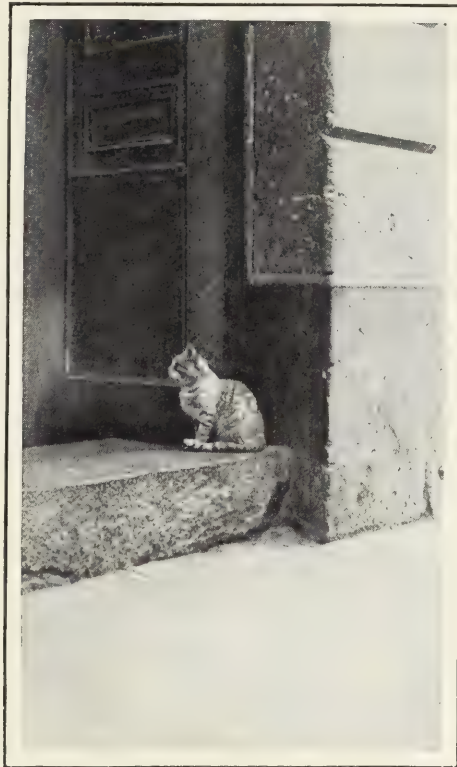
It was in a very happy spirit, therefore, that we came at last to the Tercera de Soto and began our quest for Don Juan Guzman Rosales, Profesor de Armas: whose abiding-place was as fixed as that of the Archbishop, and who was to tell us where our Joséfa lived.

But many things may happen—even to profesores de armas—in seventeen years. We went the length, and back again, of the Third de Soto: but on none of the houses was there a picture of a pistol-shooting caballero, and from none of them came the rattle of pistol-shots and the clash of swords.

Failing to find what we searched for, we applied ourselves to a botica on the corner for information. It was a small botica; but the little clerk within it was even disproportionately smaller, and very young. Indeed, he was so embryotic an apothecary that to let him loose at dispensing drugs struck me as being but a left-handed way of inviting the extermination by poison of the entire neighborhood. Yet it is but fair to add that he seemed to have an immense sense of his poisonous responsibilities, and obviously did his best to live up to them by affecting an air of age. So far as our search was concerned, he was useless. The shooting-gallery perceptibly touched his youthful imagination; but it was too remote to touch his youthful memory.

Checking his unprofessional interest in it, he answered gravely that Don Juan Guzman Rosales was all unknown to him, and that if ever there had been a tiro de pistola in the Tercera de Soto much time had been made since it vanished—and he so inflected the phrase "hace mucho tiempo" as to relegate Don Juan and the pistols to a period not less remote than the Spanish conquest.

At the panadería, on the opposite corner, better fortune attended us. The baker was an old baker; and his bakery—as he told us impressively—had been planted on that very corner by his father, before he himself was born. Assuredly, he said, he knew—that is, he had known—the Profesor de Armas whom we sought. Many and many a time he had practised with the pistol in Don Juan's gallery. But, alas, he added, he should practise there no more! Don Juan was with the saints—and the pistol-gallery had ceased to be! Perceiving how greatly we were disconcerted by this intelligence—he was a most amiable old man and seemed truly desirous of helping us—he continued, encouragingly, that in the matter



A SHOPKEEPING CAT

of the señora lavandera whom we sought our case was not desperate. The family Rosales, from whom no doubt we could obtain the address of the lady washerwoman, was living he believed—he was not personally acquainted with its members—in a casa de vecindad, only a step away. The entrance to the tenement, he explained, was through the archway nearest to the corner; and, once within that archway, anybody could direct us to the Rosales dwelling. The matter was of great simplicity—we would have no trouble at all. And he accepted our thanks with a cordial dignity and wished us a very good day.

Casas de vecindad are little courts, open only to foot traffic, in which the little houses—usually of a single story—are as small as houses well can be. They are picturesque to a degree. On lines stretched zigzag bright-colored clothes hang out to dry in the sunshine; a swarm of women wearing bright-colored skirts and blue rebosos crowd the doorways; a minor swarm of children, clad more or less in sunbeams, roll on the ground contentedly; and always about the common hydrant, in the court's centre, is there a sociable group engaged in chattering talk. In these cheerful tenements men are seen only in the early mornings and at night-time. The husbands and fathers are laborers, who spend their days abroad.

Having found our court, and entered it, we addressed ourselves to the women about the hydrant. Our coming made a stir among them. Their gossipings—carried on in pleasant-sounding gentle voices—ceased suddenly as we approached. But they received us with a charming courtesy; and the eldest of them, in answer to our questioning, gave us the comprehensive information that the whole of the family Rosales—save one nephew, who had vanished into unknown parts—was dead! We gathered from what was told us that things had gone very badly indeed with these luckless Rosales after their head, the Profesor de Armas, had departed—as the baker had told us—to dwell among the saints; so badly that, really, they had acted with a sound discretion in making haste to follow him. But (as we never had so much as laid eyes on a single one of them) our regret for their misfortunes, ending in their extinction, was of an abstract and impersonal sort.

It was with a real anxiety, however, that we asked—on the chance that these friends of her relatives might have some knowledge of her—for information concerning our Joséfa; and the answer given us was the answer that we dreaded: our dear Joséfa was dead—had been dead

for seven years! There was a break in the woman's voice as she spoke, and a note of strong sorrow—which were explained when she added that Joséfa had been her close friend, and had died in that very court. Most of the others, we found, also had known her, and seemed truly to have loved her; and presently we all were talking away together—that she had been the friend of all of us sufficed to make all of us friends—as though we had known each other for years. What they told of her excellencies—her loving-kindness, her sagacity, her rectitude, her punctuality in her duties—tallied exactly with our own less extended knowledge of her admirable life; and we found a sorrow-touched pleasure in listening to their warm-hearted praises of this truly good woman: who had left behind her so sweet a memory among her intimates; and whose memory was dear to us also, although she had been but casually our friend. At last, with a great outburst of polite leave-takings, we came away from them all and homeward: happier for our encounter with that little friendly company, but with an under-sorrow because our dear Joséfa was gone.

But though we found her not, I am happy in the thought that it was Joséfa who brought me into touch again with the real Mexico of my affections; that it was my quest for her which gave me the comforting assurance—notwithstanding the many painful changes in my city—that the Mexico of the kindly, honest, lovable common people has not changed at all.

And I like to fancy that Joséfa, up there in heaven—laying aside the harp that probably rather bothers her, and gazing downward over the great golden walls with her earth-tired old elbows resting comfortably on the glittering parapet—watched us while we made our wandering search for her: and so knows the good turn that she has done me, and is glad too.





# Foresight

BY NELSON LLOYD

I AM to die to-morrow. The clouds that have obscured the brink of life drift away as I come nearer. All is clear now; I see the sheer cliff, and then nothingness.

To-day, to the world's eye, Edward Garth is a strong man with years of happiness before him, but as I sit at this same desk writing, the end will come, to-morrow at five. One moment in God's sunshine, the next in His darkness; one moment envied for my riches and power, the next a mere heap! Beyond that I cannot pierce. My foresight carries me only to that instant when soul and body part. There the future closes about me as mysteriously as the past. When that moment comes, I would that I could pause at the brink, by the heap, by the lifeless body half stretched across the table, and know what those will say that held that I was mad. What will say Kraemler, and Ritzka, and Browning, the men of science, who, limping backward through life themselves, saw in prescience only madness. Learned egotists—if I was mad, you were blind!

So I move to the end, not with fear, but with elation. Of hope, I have none; I do not ask it. I know the hour, and there is no escape. To live would be to prove myself mad. To die is my victory. The heap upon the table will be the conqueror, and the conquered those wise men who, living, stand by it and wonder. They must admit defeat. How can they quibble longer when I have written to them to come to this room at five on the minute and see my proof?

Thus closes the journal of my friend Edward Garth. He did write after that, but disconnectedly. We found the pages scattered about him that day when we called "at five on the minute." To Kraemler and Ritzka these last incoherent scribbles meant madness. To me they meant madness, but it was only

the madness that Garth foresaw. He lived in the future, and when that future was narrowed down to minutes he lacked experience for the business of his brain. His past was gone. As he drew nearer and nearer the brink he could know nothing, see nothing, think of nothing but death. So he had said it would be. His nerveless hand clutched the pen; his cheek, still warm, pressed the page that held his last strange record.

"I am strong—every faculty is keen—sight, hearing, every sense—but my brain runs wild, like a mill with no grist—thinking over and over the little left—I am coming nearer and nearer—soon a blow—a blur—peace—and—a moment—and—" Garth had reached the edge of Life and stepped bravely on.

"Mad, Dr. Browning—your friend was brilliantly mad," Kraemler said to me, as we stood gazing at the heap.

There lay the body half stretched across the table. Here were Kraemler, Ritzka, and Browning, the men of science, the learned egotists. Was he pausing at the brink, I wondered. Was his soul lingering there to hear the verdict of the blind fools who had condemned him, because they saw not as he did? Could he know that the victory was his? I knew it. In my hand was the story of his life; there in the damp pages was the proof of it. Garth was dead; and, living, I was the witness of what he had foreseen.

"But was he mad, Dr. Kraemler?" I returned, in gentle protest. "And you, Ritzka, do you not feel some doubt as to the correctness of your conclusions? Perhaps we are blind. We live in grooves. We inherit from our ancestors absurd political systems and foolish theologies, and those who arise to attack and refute them we damn as revolutionists, demagogues, heretics. Even in our way of using our minds we are abject slaves to heredity. Generation after generation moves backward through life, seeing only

that which has passed, blinking at the future as though it were the blinding sun. And when one comes who turns around, puts his back to the past and his face to the future, we call him a lunatic and try to cure him."

Ritzka was half beaten. He turned from the heap, and going to the window, stood in silence looking down the sweep of broad lawns to the beach, where the children of Edward Garth were playing in the waters of the Sound.

"Do you still hold to your view?" I demanded.

My friend turned. "If all mankind moved in darkness, Browning, those who saw would be called blind," he answered, quietly.

"Exactly," said Kraemler, in that didactic way of his that brooks no contradiction. The greatest alienist of the time was almost beaten. I knew it. But all his dearest theories, his years of labor, were in danger, and he was fighting to the last to save them. Placing his hand upon the heap, he spoke as coldly as though in the lecture-room. "This one case proves nothing. Let me see three or even two like it, and then I shall be willing to admit the possibility of such a mental state as you believe existed here. We have had what I held to be an ordinary case of mental derangement, such as we have seen hundreds of, though, I confess, none where the patient possessed the same hallucinations. Garth was a victim of amnesia, and we have had frequent evidences that since he was stricken, two years ago, he partially recovered his memory. With that faculty so seriously crippled it was not surprising that there should come to his disordered mind the idea of prescience. Knowing that the past was almost closed to him, he turned in desperation to the future. But that he could have gained foresight when he lost memory is absurd—highly absurd. It is astonishing, Dr. Browning, that you should take the ground that the vague ramblings of the patient were truths; that, to use his own expressive way of putting it, his mind was turned around."

"The proofs, Kraemler," I interrupted. "Garth hoodwinked us. We now know that the day we declared him sane enough to leave his home alone, unguarded, he

was as mad as the day we were first called to his bedside, when he could not even remember his wife. Look at the wonders he worked with his crippled mind. I tell you he was either all mad, or more sane than you or I. Remember again and again—"

"Coincidence—accident," cried Kraemler. "I admit that you can point to a half-dozen instances where Garth's foresight proved as accurate as memory, but in none of these was the chance of coincidence entirely eliminated. We should have taken a single case as evidence of clear reasoning, coupled with subsequent circumstances that conspired to support his predictions. The recurrence of these cases is certainly puzzling, but his whole contention is too absurd for me to allow it, strange though the facts are."

"Look at his death," said I. "You see now how his prophecy has been fulfilled."

"The weakest point in your argument," returned Kraemler, sharply. "Cases are not unknown where men have predicted their own deaths. Once the idea is fixed in the mind, it seems as though every power of the will bent itself to forming the physical conditions that would bring about a fulfilment of what has become a desire."

"Granted," said I, with heat. "Give me a score of such cases and you cannot move me. I believe that the day of Edward Garth's death was fixed when he was born; that this was the day, as he knew; that no power on earth could have changed it—not even you, Kraemler, nor I, with all our boasted skill."

Kraemler was exasperatingly calm. He shrugged his shoulders by right of his greater fame. "Undoubtedly this was the day of Garth's death, fixed when he was born or before that—in the beginning of things, if you will," he said. "There is no disproving that every event in this life was foreordained. But to take the view that you do one must cast science to the winds."

Science? A carpentry of obvious facts; a house of cards that a puff of air brings tumbling about our heads; a crude structure that rises proudly above the plain of Ignorance! The blind man gropes in the dark and knows only the object on which he can lay his hands.



Kraemler was blind. And had Kraemler called aloud that Edward Garth was mad, the world would have believed him, for the world moves backwards, lives with its eyes intent upon the past, and looks askance at those who break from the narrow groove down which it goes to eternity. There was a time when Kraemler, with the power of his great name and intellect, had bent my mind to his, but that day when I saw the heap upon the table, when I read the pages scattered there about it, I believed the story of Edward Garth.

There is reason in those pages which Kraemler calls the vague ramblings of a madman, but it is not reason as he knows it, or as Ritzka knows it, or I know it, for Garth's mind had gone far beyond our silly rule of measurement. He proved it in those two strange years, but in our wisdom we doubted and tried to cure him. He proved it in his death, but even then I alone of the three surrendered absolutely. My justification is my friend's own story, as I have gathered it from his papers. I found at times puzzling omissions, lapses, confusions, which taken on the face seemed to indicate that he had indeed been insane. But when we consider that the events he describes occurred at a time when he had no memory, that he had to recover his past from fragmentary notes and piece it out with such facts as he could surreptitiously wheedle from his friends, we see in every line how sane he really was.

My last dollar was gone. The record of my ruin was before me on the white tape that curled over the table in inextricable chaos. The closing sale of Central Pacific was sixty points above the opening, and no doubt existed now that the stock was cornered and would climb next morning past all buying. But, up or down, the movement of the shares made no difference to me, for the last vestige of my fortune had gone that day, even with the little that was my wife's, in vain effort to save me from disaster.

I have said that I was ruined. To my mind I was. But most people in the world are born ruined, live ruined, and die ruined, judging from our low point of view. At middle age I faced the world again without a cent, for the results of

my years of labor had been swept away in a fever of speculation. Money comes in so slowly in mercantile pursuits. In Wall Street fortunes are made overnight. I was weary of honest little profits. I wanted riches in a hurry. So I had staked a few thousands and lost; staked a few more to recover them and met with success; then doubled my ventures, till that moment came when only my debts were left as reminders of my former affluence.

I folded the paper on which I had been figuring and put it in my pocket. With one sweep of the arm the tape rattled to the floor and curled snakelike around my feet. I kicked myself free, and rising, turned to Cogden.

"I am down and out," I said. "Tomorrow I shall come here and try to straighten the tangle."

"It is too bad you were caught," the broker returned, with a sympathy tempered by my debts to him. "Dine with me at the club to-night, Garth, and we will talk it over. Perhaps we can find some way—"

"There is no way," I cried. "Every available share of stock I own has been put up as collateral. I have borrowed from my friends to the limit of their good nature. I owe more than a hundred thousand dollars, and in my business I shall have to scrimp and scrape for the rest of my life to make it. I am going home to be alone—to think—though God only knows what good it will do me."

I did not want sympathy. It was not deserved. I had played a big game and lost. Had I won I should have transferred to my account the fortunes of others without a qualm, simply because they were unknown. The wraiths of the market would never have haunted me. The money was real, the losers were shadows, not worth a thought, and I should have gone home whistling. Now they were whistling, and I, worse than penniless, stood again face to face with the greatest problem of life—that of merely living. To myself alone poverty would have meant nothing, for I had lived in it and thrived on it in my younger days, but my wife and children had known only comfort. It was the thought of what my financial ruin meant to them that drove me half mad, for there must

be a struggle of years before I could return to them what I had lost in a few reckless days. Was it a wonder that I felt half a criminal? Was it a wonder that when I reached home I feared to face them with the truth, slunk by the library where I could hear their voices, crept up-stairs to my study? I wanted to be alone. I wanted to gather together my scattered wits and nerves. I wanted them to see me standing erect, not crouching under the blow, stunned.

Hours and hours I passed there—working—thinking. They tell me now that it was only minutes. But I was working as I had never before worked in my life, sitting motionless, my head in my hands, my brain throbbing, thinking, seeking some escape from my straits. There seemed nowhere that I could turn. Simple labor would not settle obligations such as mine in twenty years. My debts alone demanded my life. In the market only could I rise, in that market where I had come to grief. Yet with money to start again the future might find me as blind as the past. I had been blind. A little foresight yesterday and I might have been saved, and more.

Foresight—that was what I lacked—that was where I failed. I had hindsight in plenty, like all mankind, a useless power of seeing what has gone. What I wanted was to know the future. The past was full of the dead. The future held life.

Memory—what is it? An eaten cake, a sop to man in the creation, a half-gift, for to him is denied a foretaste of the sweets to come.

Foresight—give me foresight, and the world would march to my music! Foresight—over and over I prayed for it in my desperation. God, take back your foolish gift of memory and let me really see!

Garth was insane, they said of me; misfortune had robbed him of his mind. The experts declared it after many consultations at my bedside, and the more I argued with them, the more fixed became their belief. My wife said it, poor woman, for she it was who first discovered my condition, when she came to my study that night, to be admitted only after wild appeals, to be confronted angrily and

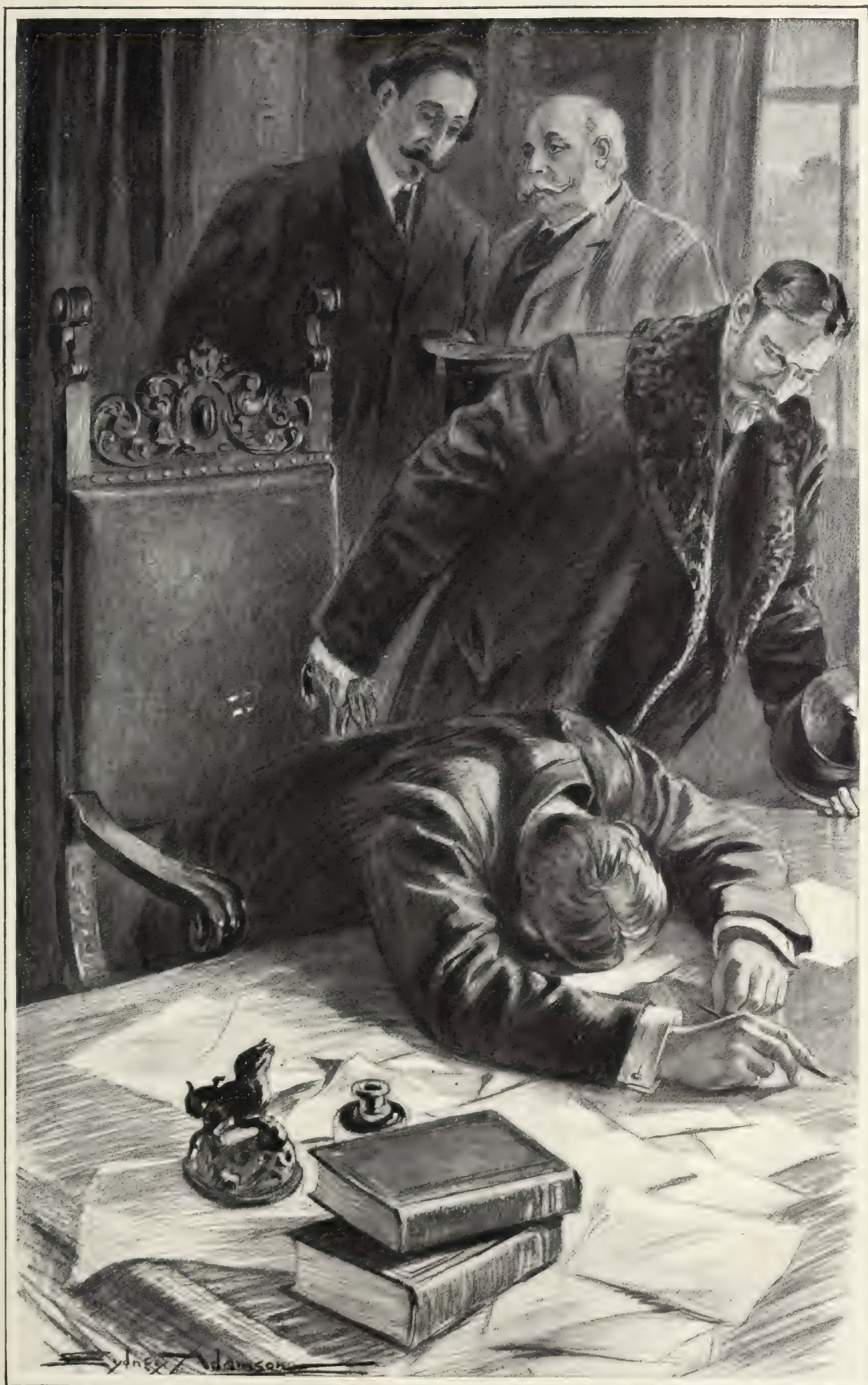
denied as though I had never seen her before in my life. So it was with the children. The evidence was clear, and one and all they held me deranged.

My memory was gone. I admitted that. But it was the sole point on which we all agreed. When I went farther and averred that I had gained something better, the experts listened to my claims with forced gravity, and decided that I had hallucinations. By that time I had adjusted myself to my changed mental state, and was able to match my wits with theirs. At first I had been bewildered by the loss of the much-used faculty; for, unaccustomed to the new one of prescience, ignorant of its possibilities, of its transcending value, I had been like one living only in the present, as an oyster or a fish. But as I regained the strength my long illness had robbed me of, my mind worked more freely in the new channel, and the day came when I could face the alienists with reason. It was not reason as they knew it. To them I was mad. To me they were blind.

But even Kraemler would be carried away in the heat of the argument and forget that he was pitted against a lunatic. My idea was absurd, he said. A man's intelligence is the sum of his experience; unless the record of his past is imprinted on his mind it is impossible for him to think—he must be bereft of reason.

"An idea that should long ago have been abandoned," I returned. "A man's life is a fixed road, fixed from the moment of his birth until his death. Every incident is set there firmly, irrevocably. He moves along it instant by instant. The real life is the present moment. You, gentlemen, like all mankind, go down the road backwards. You see what has passed, and from it you reason in your crude way concerning what is to come. I have turned around. The present is as clear to me as it is to you. Even you cannot recall all the past; neither can I recall all the future. Only the imprint of what we deem great events is in our minds. The man who has dined all his life on brown bread and water remembers the night when he had pease. I see the future as you the past, and the past as you do the future. As you have a blurred conception of what will occur in





*Drawn by Sydney Adamson*

Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

HE LAY HALF STRETCHED ACROSS THE TABLE



this room in the next half-hour, so have I concerning what has already happened. You get your future by arguing from cause to effect; I get my past by arguing from effect to cause."

"A simple case of amnesia complicated by hallucinations," said Kraemler to Ritzka and Browning.

Hallucinations? They gave me no chance to prove them truths. Prisoner as they made me, my experience was so limited as to leave always for my vaunted prophecies the possibility of accident. That my wife should bring my breakfast with her own hand next day was not unusual; that my brother should visit me, natural; that he should stumble over a chair on leaving my room, mere coincidence. Did I plunge into the future for great events the recurrence of which would prove my foresight, Kraemler and his learned professional brothers smiled pityingly. They could not wait months to see. Their duty was with the present. My body was weakened, my mind gone, and it was their part to build me up again.

Then there came to me the hopelessness of my case, did I persist in my claims. To them I was insane; worse than that, to my wife and to my children, because I thought the right way. The future gave me a lesson in the matter of Lang, a bishop of the church hooted from the pulpit a year hence for maintaining that he had conversed with the spirits of the dead; in the case of Candler, the great scientist, lampooned by an ignorant and egotistical press for announcing that he had been in communication with the Martians. If I was to live without a madhouse, I must live as the world did, as madly, seeming like it to go backward through life.

It was possible for me to simulate a partial cure, for, after all, what is memory? The rich storehouse of the mind, they say. A storehouse stuffed with straw! I could get the few grains and asked no more. How well I succeeded, Kraemler knows, and Ritzka and Browning. They humored me—kind men. They let me have my paper memory, my note-book, where I could record experiences that were really worth the keeping. They mourned because I could not recall the useless things, dinners, persons

whom I was never to hear of more, world's events that could in no way affect my future. Friends faded away into the past—enemies went with them. Those that I was to see again I knew, and is it not better to have friends coming to meet you than leaving you forever? The wife, lost in the first bewilderment, came back to me, for this was the woman who was to be my wife to-morrow, so to-day I knew her. My children too—I saw them around me daily in the years to come, and I knew their right to be with me in the present. This was not insanity. It was reason. With all the world thinking as I did, I could have gone through life easily. But other men had memory. To be sane is to be like other men, no matter how mad they are. If I was to use my power, I must be free.

When I think now of Kraemler, of Ritzka, and of Browning, I laugh. They rubbed their hands and smiled over me, and said that they were curing me, for I told them when my eldest son was born; I did not tell them that I figured back from his coming twenty-second birthday. I remembered where I lived, they thought, and I did not enlighten them, but I knew my home because I was to be there in time to come. The learned men decreed that I might safely go abroad again, the numbed faculty was awakening, and familiar scenes might arouse it to its former activity. Yet, as I wrote before them, line after line faded away the moment it left my sight. Perhaps they will not believe that as I write to-day, page after page, as it is turned, sinks into the blackness of the unknown. They will point to the coherency and say that Garth was almost sane. Altogether sane, I retort, but it has taken me months to recover the few facts that I set forth here. One by one I have wheedled them from my wife and children. Then Browning has helped me, for he does not know as much as Kraemler of the workings of the human brain, and at times has wavered in his opinion. Cogden has helped me. He half believes, but excuses himself on the ground that he is superstitious. In his ignorance he draws nearer the light than the wise men, though the truth has never been told him, even as Kraemler knows it. Garth is half mad, he says, but he has a strange



intuition about the market. And Cogden has reason to know!

That day when they let me leave my house I hurried to the broker's office. He spoke of my debts, the thousands that I owed my friends, and though this was the first I knew of my present financial condition, I took him at his word. The obligations would all be settled quickly, I said, as I was about to open a new line of operations. I wanted to begin by selling short 1000 shares of Central Pacific.

Cogden smiled pityingly. "You have not a cent with us, Garth," he explained. "Worse—you stand several thousands in our debt. I dined last night with Harlan and Kingsbury, and they intimated that they had made you considerable advances on no security other than friendship and their trust in you."

"But Central is sure to break to-morrow," I returned, stoutly. "It will smash to 91 $\frac{1}{8}$ . I know it positively. Remember that figure—91 $\frac{1}{8}$ ."

My friend was sympathetic, but I bore with him. "You have been unstrung by your illness," he said. "Don't worry about your obligations now, but go to the country and come back when you are altogether well and in condition to do something."

It was impossible for me to be angry with him. Cogden was right in his way of thinking, and as at that moment he knew more about my financial affairs than I did myself, he was surely justified in refusing to further me in any more reckless speculation. The situation was clear. I needed his support, and the way to win it was to demonstrate that I had at last attained an intimate knowledge of the inside workings of the market. That was my bait. I flung it at him as I left the office, he returning a well-meant admonition to try the Hot Springs. But the next afternoon when he called me on the telephone there was in his voice evident relief that I had not taken his advice and left town.

"Have you any more information about Central?" he inquired, eagerly.

"Yes," I answered, easily. "Plenty. How did the shares act to-day?"

"Closed at 94 $\frac{1}{4}$ ," he laughed. "They went all to pieces at noon and sold down to 91 $\frac{1}{8}$ . The price then went up on heavy

buying, presumably by the insiders. I have a tip that they will drive it back above par to-morrow. What do you hear?"

"I am going to Hot Springs on the night train," I replied. "With no money to operate, what good does it do me to know all about Central?"

"Do you advise my buying?" he asked, anxiously.

"Can you handle a thousand for me to-morrow?" I returned.

"Have you good information?"

"Absolute."

"All right—then we will take a flyer together," Cogden said. "It's a buy, of course."

"No," said I. "Sell. Keep out at the opening. They will get Central up to 98—then the bottom will drop out of it. Buy in around 79 at noon."

That made the broker laugh sceptically. "It sounds foolish," he snapped.

But next day I received a hurry message from him. "Don't leave town. I have a scheme."

They called me a wizard. That is a common name in Wall Street for a man with some foresight and no memory. To them I was a wizard, I suppose; to myself I was only a man who saw, walking among the blind. By their own law, I could have taken their all; I could have made the kings of finance march to my music, and the world keeps step with them, but I was kind.

In Cogden I had a slave, for he followed me to wealth beyond his dreams. He followed blindly, wondering. His first admiration at my acuteness gave place to awe, and then fear. Had he been less avaricious he would have pressed me for an explanation, demanded the sources of information on which a man who gave every evidence of being deranged based his startling conclusions on the market movements. Just once his curiosity overcame his discretion—never afterwards. He cringed, our connection meant so much to him, and contented himself with silence, but he paralleled every order I put into his office. I owned him because he was avaricious. I hated him because he seemed at times to half guess the truth, and if free of the hold I had on him would blurt it to the world. I did not fear him, for I knew that while

I lived that hold would not be broken. Still, I wanted to work out my life plan alone, and to blind him I played him, throwing away a half-million by selling short a stock that I knew was to rise twenty points in a single week. He, plunging after me, lost double the sum. The lesson was well learned. Faith was shaken, as I foresaw, and he was more cautious in his dealings. The wizard could make mistakes, and his broker grew more wary.

They called me successful. Surely he is successful who in a year can pile up millions of other people's money! Garth, rising from the ashes of his fortune to a new one forty times its sum, was a figure in the Street. The more that fortune grew, the wiser he was held. He was eccentric, no longer deranged, for he was rich. You might hail him in the club and he would stare at you for five minutes before he remembered you, but if you were his friend he would whisper things that meant profits—large profits. Oh, it paid to be Garth's friend!

Up-town, women smile upon the sons of Edward Garth, for where Fortune smiles women follow. These were lads of promise, the promise of millions. Men seek his daughters, for love sprouts quickly where the soil is rich. Dear, plain daughters! Sometimes when I read in the papers the fulsome accounts of their beauty, I wonder could I love them were they another's, or would I pass them by as in my young days I must have passed by their sisters by the score to marry the prettiest girl I knew? Sometimes I try to pierce the blackness beyond the brink toward which I am moving and learn my children's future. Will they be loved or simply married? Will they be happy with all ambition gone and their fate a life of play? Will they reach the valley of content dragging a heavy ball of gold?

They call me happy. I am happy—as happy as a man can be. For myself I have no care, for I know the little of the way that is left me. And those blind charges of mine that I must leave in the road shall not want, but neither shall they surfeit. My care has been for them, and now that fear is gone and I move calmly to the end of life.

A cloud seems to hover over my last

days as in the old time my memory could not carry back to birth. I have long been conscious that I was coming to the sheer cliff. As yet I cannot fix the day and the hour when I shall reach it, but, as I move, the heavy mist is lifting. Impressions, once vague and indistinct, now stand out boldly before me. Soon I shall see my death, and I do not fear it. Once, just once, I did shrink back when I saw how near the brink I stood. I prayed again—prayed wildly for memory and blindness. Then strength came and wisdom, and now I go forward, erect, with eyes fixed fearlessly on the blackness ahead.

I go on gladly. So little of the future remains that I lack experience for the business of my brain. Each day I lose knowledge; each passing moment narrows down my range of thought. A man with memory builds up a life, then dies, his soul mourning to leave the home it knows and go into the unknown. With foresight I have spent my life; my mind is starving; soon I shall know nothing, think of nothing, see nothing but the black chasm, and I long to leap it, into the fulness of the eternal future beyond.

To go bravely, I must go clean. I robbed the world when its back was turned, and by its own rules I could decree that it slave for centuries for my children and my children's children. To-day I have its promise for it. To-morrow I will release it, give back the millions that I took. I will buy, buy, buy, for the market is going to fall. It will be my last great coup; so when I stand at the brink I can turn and say, "Poor world, you were blind and I did not rob you; you were down and I did not strike you; yet you call me mad."

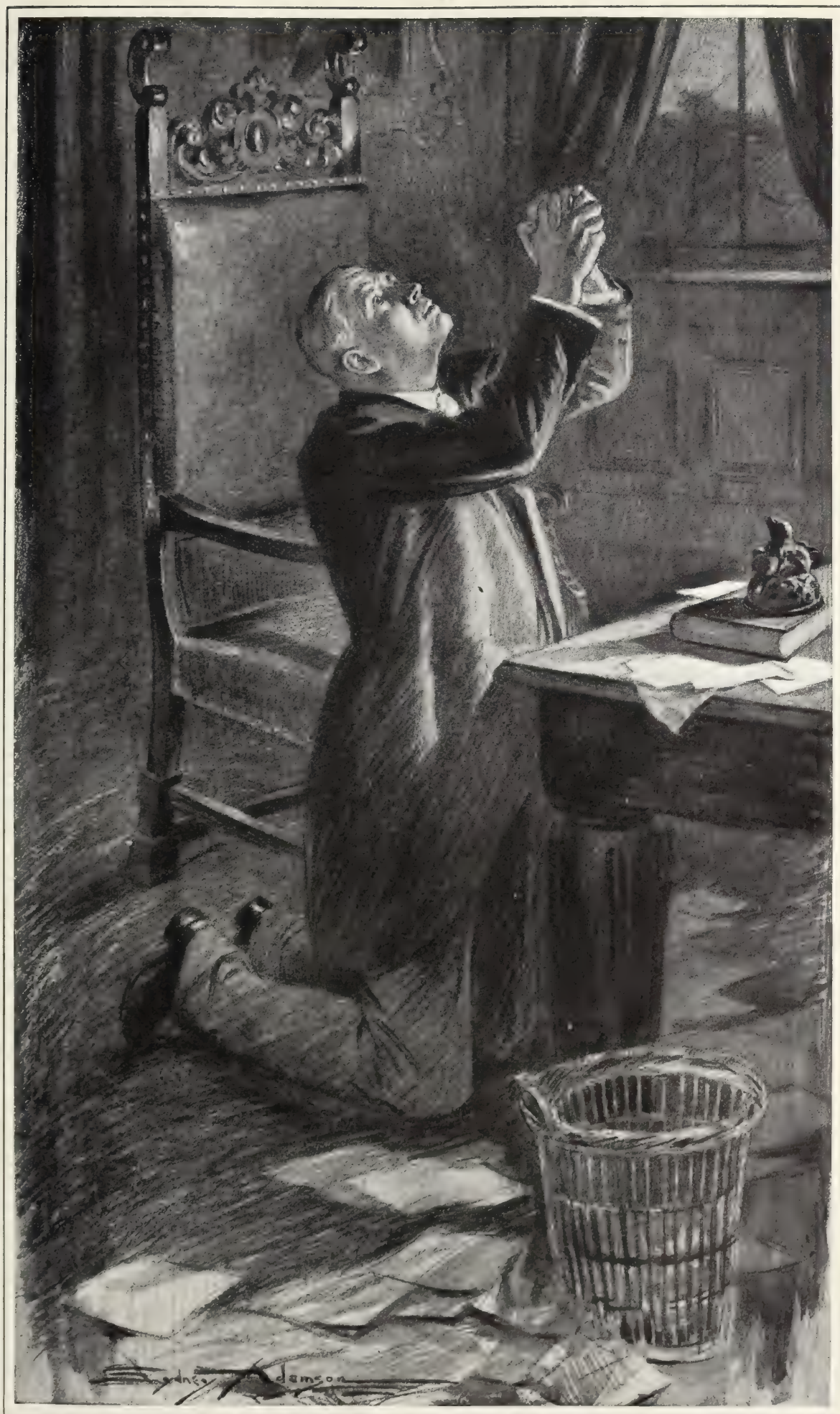
On the night of the day that Edward Garth died, Kraemler, Ritzka, and I sat in the library of my house at Roslyn, going over his strange journal.

"How can they quibble longer when I have written to them to come to this room at five on the minute and see my proof?" read Ritzka.

He looked up from the page and asked, "Was it proof?"

"We were there on the minute of five," I said. "Was there not proof in what we saw?"





I PRAYED WILDLY FOR MEMORY AND BLINDNESS



"Proof that he was mad—brilliantly mad," said Kraemler, with vehemence. "It is written there in every page that you have read, Ritzka; it is written more strongly on the dying scrawls we found scattered all about him."

"We do not deny that Garth's story of his last two years is true," I argued. "Let us grant him insane; the results of his insanity were all that sane men slave to gain—wealth, happiness, and even honor. He alone can explain how he attained his ends, and his story is simple enough once we admit the possibility of his having found a new way of thinking."

"Can we admit that possibility?" put in Ritzka.

"Never," Kraemler cried. "There are many things, Dr. Browning, that it is impossible for the human mind to understand. But there is one it has learned from long experience, and that is its own limitations. They have been as carefully mapped out as Europe itself. It is likely that in Garth's later life he did by using judgment preconceive occurrences that by fortunate circumstance for him actually happened. He had a shadow in his grasp, and being deranged, thought it the substance."

"Let us suppose the case of a child born unhampered by the influence of heredity," said I. "In its first life it has only a present. According to our philosophy, a recurrence of impressions arouses thought. It sees one flash of light, then another, and there arises a simple idea of similarity or dissimilarity. Seeing the second, it remembers the first and compares the two. But the second flash impression is bound to happen. It is coming toward the child as the other is receding. Why, then, should not the child on seeing the first at once compare it with the second?"

"What do you mean to suggest by that?" said Kraemler, impatiently. He saw at once the weakness of the proposition as far as it had gone, for there could be on the child's mind no flash impression except in the past.

Now it was my intention to clear away this objection to my argument by showing that through hereditary influence we had come to a reverse conception of Time.

"I mean to show that if the child were not hampered by our tendency to cling

tenaciously to past impressions, it would reach into the future, it could get a grasp on those to come," I returned. "There is no reason why we should not foresee as well as remember—were we taught early to look to the future for mind-food and not to the past. Our conception of Time—"

Kraemler with his quick intelligence had already grasped my idea. "An astounding and not uninteresting theory," he interrupted, rising and pacing up and down the room. He always talks best when he is standing, for it takes him back to the lecture-room again, with a hundred silent students hanging on his every word. The suggestion pleased him, for he loves to argue, and here was an opportunity for him to take a new theory, examine it from every side, tear it to pieces, and perhaps leave it a wreck. He began a dissertation on the elementary processes of thinking, quoting Locke, Descartes, Berkeley, Hume, and Kant, showing wherein they were wrong in their deductions as to certain essentials. He had proceeded to a point where he could take up his own famous Theory of the Knowable and the Unknowable, and we were following him with rapt attention as he worked his way with wonderful sureness through the psychological maze, when there came a sudden interruption.

The headlight of an automobile flashed blindingly into the room as a car swept at full speed up the driveway, coming to a sudden stop at the door, with a scrape of brakes and a cavernous groan. A bell rang impatiently in the distant quarters of the house. Then form was cast aside for haste; there were hurried footfalls on the veranda, and Cogden appeared at the low French windows that opened out from the library.

"Is Garth dead?" he cried, as he stepped into the room.

"Died at five," I said, advancing to meet him.

He did not seem to see my extended hand, but sank down on the nearest chair and fumbled his hat in a dazed way. A moment and he looked up, to see the three of us standing gazing inquiringly at him.

"Pardon my abruptness, gentlemen," he said, recovering himself. "But this



is awful news for me. I was going down to-night to see Garth, but at dinner word came that he was dead. I could not get his place on the telephone, and so came over here as fast as my car could carry me. Of course he died mad?"

"That is a question," I replied. "We were discussing it as you came in."

"Discussing!" cried the broker. "As if it needed discussion." He arose with an oath and glared angrily at us. "Garth was a fool," he went on, passionately. "A fool of fools. He ruined himself and—" There was a sudden pause; Cogden's face flushed. "And—and—he ruined himself," he added, with a quick change to a quieter tone.

Ritzka and I exchanged glances. "He had been operating in the market?" put in Kraemler, with an eagerness unusual in him.

"Operating!" sneered Cogden. "I'd hardly call it operating. He has thrown away millions. His orders to buy began to pour into our office a week ago, and the market has kept going down steadily. The more it declined, the more he bought. I thought he knew—he had always known before. Once I warned him, but he laughed. It would turn, he said; he could foresee it. This was to be his last great

coup and would make him a fortune beyond all his dreams."

"His last great coup," repeated Ritzka, musingly.

"Coup!" snapped Cogden. "A fine coup! Till this afternoon I never worried, for Garth had seemed invincible, and his losses in our office were not one-tenth of his wealth. Then I knew the truth. Every big house in the Street had been handling his buying orders on margins, narrow margins, and day by day they had been wiped out. I don't believe there is over a half-million left of all his fortune—the rest has been thrown to the winds."

"Given back to the world," said Ritzka.

"'Poor world,'" read Kraemler, stepping to the table and picking up the journal, "'you were blind and I did not rob you; you were down and I did not strike you; yet you call me mad.'"

"He was mad," cried Cogden, repeating the thought uppermost in his narrow mind. "Mad—stark, stark mad."

"Perhaps," said Kraemler, quietly. "But it was well for the world that when God made a man with foresight and no memory He did not destroy his conscience."

## A Flower Song

BY CORA A. MATSON DOLSON

"YOU sang of blossoms months ago;  
Why do you sing of them to-day?"  
"Because about me lies the snow,  
And on before me waits the May.

"I sang of them when they were here;  
For, seeing, who could help but sing?  
I sing when fields stretch cold and drear,  
To drown the wild wind's wearying.

"For, while I sing of blossoms gone,  
And of the blossoms yet to be,  
It ever seems, as I fare on,  
The world is filled with flowers for me."

# New York Revisited

BY HENRY JAMES

CONCLUDED

IF the Bay had seemed to me, as I have noted, most to help the fond observer of New York aspects to a sense, through the eyes, of embracing possession, so the part played there for the outward view found its match for the inward in the portentous impression of one of the great caravansaries administered to me of a winter afternoon. I say with intention "administered": on so assiduous a guide, through the endless labyrinth of the Waldorf-Astoria was I happily to chance after turning out of the early dusk and the January sleet and slosh into permitted, into enlightened contemplation of a pandemonium not less admirably ordered, to all appearance, than rarely intermitted. The seer of great cities is liable to easy error, I know, when he finds this, that or the other caught glimpse the supremely significant one—and I am willing to preface with that remark my confession that New York told me more of her story at once, then and there, than she was again and elsewhere to tell. With this apprehension that she was in fact fairly shrieking it into one's ears came a curiosity, corresponding, as to its kind and its degree of interest; so that there was nought to do, as we picked our tortuous way, but to stare with all our eyes and miss as little as possible of the revelation. That harshness of the essential conditions, the outward, which almost any large attempt at the amenities, in New York, has to take account of and make the best of, has at least the effect of projecting the visitor with force upon the spectacle prepared for him at this particular point and of marking the more its sudden high pitch, the character of violence which all its warmth, its color and glitter so completely muffle. There is violence outside, mitigating sadly the frontal majesty of the monument,

leaving it exposed to the vulgar assault of the street by the operation of those dire facts of absence of margin, of meagreness of site, of the brevity of the block, of the inveteracy of the near thoroughfare, which leave "style," in construction, at the mercy of the impertinent cross-streets, make detachment and independence, save in the rarest cases, an insoluble problem, preclude without pity any element of court or garden, and open to the builder in quest of distinction the one alternative, and the great adventure, of seeking his reward in the sky.

Of their license to pursue it there to any extent whatever New-Yorkers are, I think, a trifle too assertively proud; no court of approach, no interspace worth mention, ever forming meanwhile part of the ground-plan or helping to receive the force of the breaking public wave. New York pays at this rate the penalty of her primal topographic curse, her old inconceivably bourgeois scheme of composition and distribution, the uncorrected labor of minds with no imagination of the future and blind before the opportunity given them by their two magnificent water-fronts. This original sin of the longitudinal avenues perpetually, yet meanly intersected, and of the organized sacrifice of the indicated alternative, the great perspectives from East to West, might still have earned forgiveness by some occasional departure from its pettifogging consistency. But, thanks to this consistency, the city is, of all great cities, the least endowed with any blest item of stately square or goodly garden, with any happy accident or surprise, any fortunate nook or casual corner, any deviation, in fine, into the liberal or the charming. That way, however, for the regenerate filial mind, madness may be said to lie—the way of imagining



what might have been and putting it all together in the light of what so helplessly is. One of the things that helplessly are, for instance, is just this assault of the street, as I have called it, upon any direct dealing with our caravansary. The electric cars, with their double track, are everywhere almost as tight a fit in the narrow channel of the roadway as the projectile in the bore of a gun; so that the Waldorf-Astoria, sitting by this absent margin for life with her open lap and arms, is reduced to confessing, with a strained smile, across the traffic and the danger, how little, outside her mere swing-door, she can do for you. She seems to admit that the attempt to get at her may cost you your safety, but reminds you at the same time that any good American, and even any good inquiring stranger, is supposed willing to risk that boon for her. "*Un bon mouvement*, therefore: you must make a dash for it, but you'll see I'm worth it." If such a claim as this last be ever justified, it would indubitably be justified here; the survivor scrambling out of the current and up the bank finds in the amplitude of the entertainment awaiting him an instant sense as of applied restoratives. The amazing hotel-world quickly closes round him; with the process of transition reduced to its minimum he is transported to conditions of extraordinary complexity and brilliancy, operating—and with proportionate perfection—by laws of their own and expressing after their fashion a complete scheme of life. The air swarms, to intensity, with the *characteristic*, the characteristic condensed and accumulated as he rarely elsewhere has had the luck to find it. It jumps out to meet his every glance, and this unanimity of its spring, of all its aspects and voices, is what I just now referred to as the essence of the loud New York story. That effect of violence, in the whole communication, at which I thus hint, results from the inordinate mass, the quantity of presence, as it were, of the testimony heaped together for emphasis of the wondrous moral.

The moral in question, the high interest of the tale, is that you are in presence of a revelation of the possibilities of the hotel—for which the American

spirit has found so unprecedented a use and a value; leading it on to express so a social, indeed positively an æsthetic ideal, and making it so, at this supreme pitch, a synonym for civilization, for the capture of conceived manners themselves, that one is verily tempted to ask if the hotel spirit may not just *be* the American spirit most seeking and most finding itself. That truth—the truth that the present is more and more the day of the hotel—had not waited to burst on the mind at the view of this particular establishment; we have all more or less been educated to it, the world over, by the fruit-bearing action of the American example: in consequence of which it has been opened to us to see still other societies moved by the same irresistible spring and trying, with whatever grace and ease they may bring to the business, to unlearn as many as possible of their old social canons, and in especial their old discrimination in favor of the private life. The business for them—for communities to which the American ease in such matters is not native—goes much less of itself and produces as yet a scantier show; the great difference with the American show being that, in the United States, every one is, for the lubrication of the general machinery, practically in everything, whereas, in Europe, mostly, it is only certain people who are in anything; so that the machinery, so much less generalized, works in a smaller, stiffer way. This one caravansary makes the American case vivid, gives it, you feel, that quantity of illustration which renders the place a new thing under the sun. It is an expression of the gregarious state breaking down every barrier but two—one of which, the barrier consisting of the high pecuniary tax, is the immediately obvious. The other, the rather more subtle, is the condition, for any member of the flock, that he or she—in other words especially she—be presumably "respectable," be, that is, not discoverably anything else. The rigor with which any appearance of pursued or desired adventure is kept down—adventure in the florid sense of the word, the sense in which it remains an euphemism—is not the least interesting note of the whole immense promiscuity. Protected at those two points the promis-



cuity carries, through the rest of the range, everything before it.

It sat there, it walked and talked, and ate and drank, and listened and danced to music, and otherwise revelled and roamed, and bought and sold, and came and went there, all on its own splendid terms and with an encompassing material splendor, a wealth and variety of constituted picture and background, that might well feed it with the finest illusions about itself. It paraded through halls and saloons in which art and history, in masquerading dress, muffled almost to suffocation as in the gold brocade of their pretended majesties and their conciliatory graces, stood smirking on its passage with the last cynicism of hypocrisy. The exhibition is wonderful for that, for the suggested sense of a promiscuity which manages to be at the same time an inordinate untempered monotony; manages to be so, on such ground as this, by an extraordinary trick of its own, wherever one finds it. The combination forms I think, largely, the very interest, such as it is, of these phases of the human scene in the United States—if only for the pleasant puzzle of our wondering how, when types, aspects, conditions, have so much in common, they should seem at all to make up a conscious miscellany. That question, however, the question of the play and range, the practical elasticity, of the social sameness, in America, will meet us elsewhere on our path, and I confess that all questions gave way, in my mind, to a single irresistible obsession. This was just the ache of envy of the spirit of a society which had found there, in its prodigious public setting, so exactly what it wanted. One was in presence, as never before, of a realized ideal and of that childlike rush of surrender to it and clutch at it which one was so repeatedly to recognize, in America, as the note of the supremely gregarious state. It made the whole vision unforgettable, and I am now carried back to it, I confess, in musing hours, as to one of my few glimpses of perfect human felicity. It had the admirable sign that it was, precisely, so comprehensively collective—that it made so vividly, in the old phrase, for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Its rare beauty, one felt

with instant clarity of perception, was that it was, for a "mixed" social manifestation, blissfully exempt from any principle or possibility of disaccord with itself. It was absolutely a fit to its conditions, those conditions which were both its earth and its heaven, and every part of the picture, every item of the immense sum, every wheel of the wondrous complexity, was on the best terms with all the rest.

The sense of these things became for the hour as the golden glow in which one's envy burned, and through which, while the sleet and the slosh, and the clangorous charge of cars, and the hustling, hustled crowds held the outer world, one carried one's charmed attention from one chamber of the temple to another. For that is how the place speaks, as great constructed and achieved harmonies mostly speak—as a temple builded, with clustering chapels and shrines, to an idea. The hundreds and hundreds of people in circulation, the innumerable huge-hatted ladies in especial, with their air of finding in the gilded and storied labyrinth the very firesides and pathways of home, became thus the serene faithful, whose rites one would no more have sceptically brushed than one would doff one's disguise in a Mohammedan mosque. The question of who they all might be, seated under palms and by fountains, or communing, to some inimitable New York tune, with the shade of Marie Antoinette in the queer recaptured actuality of an easy Versailles or an intimate Trianon—such questions as that, interesting in other societies and at other times, insisted on yielding here to the mere eloquence of the general truth. Here was a social order in positively stable equilibrium. Here was a world whose relation to its form and medium was practically imperturbable; here was a conception of publicity as the vital medium organized with the authority with which the American genius for organization, put on its mettle, alone could organize it. The whole thing remains for me, however, I repeat, a gorgeous golden blur, a paradise peopled with unmistakable American shapes, yet in which, the general and the particular, the organized and the extemporized, the element of ingenuous joy below and of



consummate management above, melted together and left one uncertain which of them one was, at a given turn of the maze, most admiring. When I reflect indeed that without my clue I should not have even known the maze—should not have known, at the given turn, whether I was engulfed, for instance, in the *vente de charité* of the theatrical profession and the onset of persuasive peddling actresses, or in the annual tea-party of German lady-patronesses (of I know not what) filling with their Oriental opulence and their strange idiom a playhouse of the richest rococo, where some other expensive anniversary, the ball of a guild or the carouse of a club, was to tread on their heels and instantly mobilize away their paraphernalia—when I so reflect I see the sharpest dazzle of the eyes as precisely the play of the genius for organization.

There are a thousand forms of this ubiquitous American force, the most ubiquitous of all, that I was in no position to measure; but there was often no resisting a vivid view of the form it may take, on occasion, under pressure of the native conception of the hotel. Encountered embodiments of the gift, in this connection, master-spirits of management whose influence was as the very air, the very expensive air, one breathed, abide with me as the intensest examples of American character; indeed as the very interesting supreme examples of a type which has even on the American ground, doubtless, not said its last word, but which has at least treated itself there to a luxury of development. It gives the impression, when at all directly met, of having at its service something of that fine flame that makes up personal greatness; so that, again and again, as I found, one would have liked to see it more intimately at work. Such failures of opportunity and of penetration, however, are but the daily bread of the visionary tourist. Whenever I dip back, in fond memory, none the less, into the vision I have here attempted once more to call up, I see the whole thing overswept as by the colossal extended arms, waving the magical bâton, of some high-stationed orchestral leader, the absolute presiding power, conscious of every note of every instrument, controlling and commanding the whole

volume of sound, keeping the whole effect together and making it what it is. What may one say of such a spirit if not that he understands, so to speak, the forces he sways, understands his boundless American material and plays with it like a master indeed? One sees it thus, in its crude plasticity, almost in the likeness of an army of puppets whose strings the wealth of his technical imagination teaches him innumerable ways of pulling, and yet whose innocent, whose always ingenuous agitation of their members he has found means to make them think of themselves as delightfully free and easy. Such was my impression of the perfection of the concert that, for fear of its being spoiled by some chance false note, I never went into the place again.

It might meanwhile seem no great adventure merely to walk the streets; but (beside the fact that there is, in general, never a better way of taking in life,) this pursuit irresistibly solicited, on the least pretext, the observer whose impressions I note—accustomed as he had ever been conscientiously to yield to it: more particularly with the relenting year, when the breath of spring, mildness being really installed, appeared the one vague and disinterested presence in the place, the one presence not vociferous and clamorous. Any definite presence that doesn't bellow and bang takes on in New York by that simple fact a distinction practically exquisite; so that one goes forth to meet it as a guest of honor, and that, for my own experience, I remember certain aimless strolls as snatches of intimate communion with the spirit of May and June—as abounding, almost to enchantment, in the comparatively *still* condition. Two secrets, at this time, seemed to profit by that influence to tremble out; one of these to the effect that New York would really have been “meant” to be charming, and the other to the effect that the restless analyst, willing at the lightest persuasion to let so much of its ugliness edge away unscathed from his analysis, must have had for it, from far back, one of those loyalties that are beyond any reason.

“It’s all very well,” the voice of the air seemed to say, if I may so take it up;



"it's all very well to 'criticise,' but you distinctly take an interest and are the victim of your interest, be the grounds of your perversity what they will. You can't escape from it, and don't you see that that, precisely, is what *makes* an adventure for you (an adventure, I admit, as with some strident, battered, questionable beauty, truly some 'bold bad' charmer,) of almost any odd stroll, or waste half-hour, or other promiscuous passage, that results for you in an impression? There is always your bad habit of receiving through almost any accident of vision more impressions than you know what to do with; but that, for common convenience, is your eternal handicap and may not be allowed to plead here against your special responsibility. You *care* for the terrible town, yea even for the 'horrible,' as I have overheard you call it, or at least think it, when you supposed no one would know; and you see now how, if you fly such fancies as that it was conceivably meant to be charming, you are tangled by that weakness in some underhand imagination of its possibly, one of these days, as a riper fruit of time, becoming so. To do that, you indeed sneakily provide, it must get away from itself; but you are ready to follow its hypothetical dance even to the mainland and to the very end of its tether. What makes the general relation of your adventure with it is that, at bottom, you are all the while wondering, in presence of the aspects of its genius and its shame, what elements or parts, if any, would be worth its saving, worth carrying off for the fresh embodiment and the better life, and which of them would have, on the other hand, to face the notoriety of going *first* by the board. I have literally heard you qualify the monster as 'shameless'—though that was wrung from you, I admit, by the worst of the winter conditions, when circulation, in any fashion consistent with personal decency or dignity, was merely mocked at, when the stony-hearted 'trolleys,' cars of Jugger-naut in their power to squash, triumphed all along the line, when the February blasts became as cyclones in the darkened gorges of masonry (which down-town, in particular, put on, at their mouths, the semblance of black rat-holes, holes of

gigantic rats, inhabited by whirlwinds); when all the pretences and impunities and infirmities, in fine, had massed themselves to be hurled at you in the fury of the elements, in the character of the traffic, in the unadapted state of the place to almost *any* dense movement, and, beyond everything, in that pitch of all the noises which acted on your nerves as so much wanton provocation, so much conscious cynicism. The fury of sound took the form of derision of the rest of your woe, and thus it *might*, I admit, have struck you as brazen that the horrible place should, in such confessed collapse, still be swaggering and shouting. It might have struck you that great cities, with the eyes of the world on them, as the phrase is, should be capable either of a proper form or (failing this) of a proper compunction; which tributes to propriety were, on the part of New York, equally wanting. This made you remark, precisely, that nothing was wanting, on the other hand, to that analogy with the character of the bad bold beauty, the creature the most blatant of whose pretensions is that she is one of those to whom everything is always forgiven. On what ground 'forgiven'? of course you ask; but note that you ask it while you're in the very act of forgiving. Oh yes, you are; you've as much as said so yourself. So there it all is; arrange it as you can. Poor dear bad bold beauty; there must indeed be something about her—!"

Let me grant then, to get on, that there *was* doubtless, in the better time, something about her; there was enough about her, at all events, to conduce to that distinct cultivation of her company for which the contemplative stroll, when there was time for it, was but another name. The analogy was in truth complete; since the repetition of such walks, and the admission of the beguiled state contained in them, resembled nothing so much as the visits so often still incorrigibly made to compromised charmers. I defy even a master of morbid observation to perambulate New York unless he be interested; so that in a case of memories so gathered the interest must be taken as a final fact. Let me figure it, to this end, as lively in every connection—and so indeed no more lively at one



mild crisis than at another. The crisis—even of observation at the morbid pitch—is inevitably mild in cities intensely new; and it was with the quite peculiarly insistent newness of the upper reaches of the town that the spirit of romantic inquiry had always, at the best, to reckon. There are new cities enough about the world, goodness knows, and there are new parts enough of old cities—for examples of which we need go no farther than London, Paris and Rome, all of late so mercilessly renovated. But the newness of New York—unlike even that of Boston, I seemed to discern—had this mark of its very own, that it affects one, in every case, as having treated itself as still more provisional, if possible, than any poor dear little interest of antiquity it may have annihilated. The very sign of its energy is that it doesn't believe in itself; it fails to succeed, even at a cost of millions, in persuading you that it does. Its mission would appear to be, exactly, to gild the temporary, with its gold, as many inches thick as may be, and then, with a fresh shrug, a shrug of its splendid cynicism for its freshly detected inability to convince, give up its actual work, however exorbitant, as the merest of stop-gaps. The difficulty with the compromised charmer is just this constant inability to convince; to convince ever, I mean, that she is serious, serious about any form whatever, or about anything but that perpetual passionate pecuniary purpose which plays with all forms, which derides and devours them, though it may pile up the cost of them in order to rest a while, spent and haggard, in the illusion of their finality.

The perception of this truth grows for you by your simply walking up Fifth Avenue and pausing a little in presence of certain forms, certain exorbitant structures, in other words the elegant domiciliary, as to which the illusion of finality was within one's memory magnificent and complete, but as to which one feels to-day that their life wouldn't be, as against any whisper of a higher interest, worth an hour's purchase. They sit there in the florid majesty of the taste of their time—a light now, alas, generally clouded; and I pretend of course to speak, in alluding to them, of

no individual case of danger or doom. It is only a question of that unintending and unconvincing expression of New York everywhere, as yet, on the matter of the *maintenance* of a given effect—which comes back to the general insincerity of effects, and truly even (as I have already noted) to the insincerity of the effect of the sky-scrapers themselves. There results from all this—and as much where the place most smells of its millions as elsewhere—that unmistakable New York expression of unattempted, impossible maturity. The new Paris and the new Rome do at least propose, I think, to be old—one of these days; the new London even, erect as she is on leaseholds destitute of dignity, yet does, for the period, appear to believe in herself. The vice I glance at is, however, when showing, in our flagrant example, on the forehead of its victims, much more a cause for pitying than for decrying them. Again and again, in the upper reaches, you pause with that pity; you learn, on the occasion of a kindly glance up and down a quiet cross-street (there being objects and aspects in many of them appealing to kindness) that such and such a house, or a row, is “coming down”; and you gasp, in presence of the elements involved, at the strangeness of the moral so pointed. It rings out like the crack of that lash in the sky, the play of some mighty teamster's whip, which ends by affecting you as the poor New-Yorker's one association with the idea of “powers above.” “No”—this is the tune to which the whip seems flourished—“there's no step at which you shall rest, no form, as I'm constantly showing you, to which, consistently with my interests, you *can*. I build you up but to tear you down, for if I were to let sentiment and sincerity once take root, were to let any tenderness of association once accumulate, or any ‘love of the old’ once pass unsnubbed, what would become of *us*, who have our hands on the whipstock, please? Fortunately we've learned the secret for keeping association at bay. We've learned that the great thing is not to suffer it to so much as begin. Wherever it does begin we find we're lost; but as that takes some time we get in ahead. It's the reason, if you must know, why you shall ‘run,’ all,



without exception, to the fifty floors. We defy you even to aspire to venerate shapes so grossly constructed as the arrangement in fifty floors. You may have a feeling for keeping on with an old staircase, consecrated by the tread of generations—especially when it's 'good,' and old staircases are often so lovely; but how can you have a feeling for keeping on with an old elevator, how can you have it any more than for keeping on with an old omnibus? You'd be ashamed to venerate the arrangement in fifty floors, accordingly, even if you could; whereby, saving you any moral trouble or struggle, they are conceived and constructed—and you must do us the justice of this care for your sensibility—in a manner to put the thing out of the question. In such a manner, moreover, as that there shall be immeasurably more of them, in quantity, to tear down than of the actual past that we are now sweeping away. Wherefore we shall be kept in precious practice. The word will perhaps be then—who knows?—for building from the earth-surface downwards; in which case it will be a question of tearing, so to speak, 'up.' It little matters, so long as we blight the superstition of rest."

Yet even in the midst of this vision of eternal waste, of conscious, sentient-looking houses and rows, full sections of streets, to which the rich taste of history is forbidden even while their fresh young lips are just touching the cup, something charmingly done, here and there, some bid for the ampler permanence, seems to say to you that the particular place only asks, as a human home, to lead the life it has begun, only asks to enfold generations and gather in traditions, to show itself capable of growing up to character and authority. Houses of the best taste are like clothes of the best tailors—it takes their age to show us how good they are; and I frequently recognized, in the region of the upper reaches, this direct appeal of the individual case of happy construction. Construction at large abounds in the upper reaches, construction indescribably precipitate and elaborate—the latter fact about it always so oddly hand in hand with the former; and we should exceed in saying that felicity is always its mark.

But some highly liberal, some extravagant intention almost always is, and we meet here even that happy accident, already encountered and acclaimed, in its few examples, down-town, of the object shining almost absurdly in the light of its merely comparative distinction. All but lost in the welter of instances of sham refinement, the shy little case of real refinement detaches itself ridiculously, as being (like the saved City Hall, or like the pleasant old garden-walled house on the northwest corner of Washington Square and Fifth Avenue) of so beneficent an admonition as to show, relatively speaking, for priceless. These things, which I may not take time to pick out, are the salt that saves, and it is enough to say for their delicacy that they are the direct counterpart of those other dreadful presences, looming round them, which embody the imagination of new kinds and new clustered, emphasized quantities of vulgarity. To recall these fine notes and these loud ones, the whole play of wealth and energy and untutored liberty, of the movement of a breathless civilization reflected, as brick and stone and marble may reflect, through all the contrasts of prodigious flight and portentous stumble, is to acknowledge, positively, that one's rambles were delightful, and that the district abutting on the east side of the Park, in particular, never engaged my attention without, by the same stroke, making the social question dance before it in a hundred interesting forms.

The social question quite fills the air, in New York, for any spectator whose impressions at all follow themselves up; it wears, at any rate, in what I have called the upper reaches, the perpetual strange appearance as of Property perched high aloft and yet itself looking about, all ruefully, in the wonder of what it is exactly doing there. We see it perched, assuredly, in other and older cities, other and older social orders; but it strikes us in those situations as knowing a little more where it is. It strikes us as knowing how it has got up and why it must, infallibly, stay up; it has not the frightened look, measuring the spaces around, of a small child set on a mantel-shelf and about to cry out. If old societies are interesting, however, I



am far from thinking that young ones may not be more so—with their collective countenance so much more presented, precisely, to observation, as by their artless need to get themselves explained. The American world produces almost everywhere the impression of appealing to any attested interest for the word, the *fin mot*, of what it may mean; but I somehow see those parts of it most at a loss that are already explained not a little by the ample possession of money. This is the amiable side there of the large developments of private ease in general—the amiable side of those numerous groups that are rich enough and, in the happy vulgar phrase, bloated enough, to be candidates for the classic imputation of haughtiness. The amiability proceeds from an essential vague-

ness; whereas real haughtiness is never vague about itself—it is only vague about others. That is the human note in the huge American rattle of gold—so far as the “social” field is the scene of the rattle. The “business” field is a different matter—as to which the determination of the audibility in it of the human note (so interesting to try for if one had but the warrant) is a line of research closed to me, alas, by my fatally uninitiated state. My point is, at all events, that you cannot be “hard,” really, with any society that affects you as ready to learn from you, and from this resource for it of your detachment combining with your proximity, what in the name of all its possessions and all its destitutions it would honestly be “at.”

## The Diver

BY LILY A. LONG

I HAVE plunged into life, O God,  
 As a diver into the sea,  
 Knowing and heeding naught  
 Save thine old command to me  
 To go and seek for thy pearl,  
 Hidden wherever it be.

And the waters are in my eyes;  
 They clutch at my straining breath;  
 They beat in my ears; yet, “Seek”  
 My heart still whispereth,  
 And I grope, and forbear to call  
 On the easy rescuer, Death.

For thy pearl must be here in the sands,  
 If ever a warrant there be  
 For that old command of thine  
 To plunge into life and see.  
 So I search, for I trust in thy truth,  
 O thou Lord of the Truth, and of me.

# The Stout Lady in the Pink Hat

BY JOHNSON MORTON

MR. MORTIMER MERRISS was just finishing his talk before the members of "The Four-footed Wayfarers' Club." He had exhausted his topic, "How to Make the Animal World Our Own," and while, with near-sighted eyes, he kept anxious track of the lagging hands of a clock directly opposite the temporary platform on which he stood, was filling in the remaining ten minutes with some anecdotes of cats and dogs, all of them, it must be confessed, of an extraordinarily painful and final nature. A stout lady in a pink hat sniffled audibly on the front seat, while from time

to time corroborative exclamations of "Shame!" "Shame!" burst in deep-throated tones from Mrs. Potiphar Alsop, the president of the organization, who sat half-way down the room.

Mr. Merriss, a pale, long-necked young man, with an active Adam's apple and a marked delicacy of nature—the latter his friends asserted—had, after many trials in varied fields of endeavor, settled down to the gentle profession of a parlor lecturer. This was the first time that he had spoken before the new club, and it pleased his artistic eye to note so large and brilliant an assemblage. He took a



A STOUT LADY IN A PINK HAT SNIFFLED AUDIBLY



sip of water from the glass on his reading-stand and brushed his lips with a green-bordered handkerchief in preparation for his closing periods.

"And so, my dear, dear hearers," he went on—Mr. Merriss was nothing if not affectionate in his exordiums,—“let it be the pleasure of all of us”—he came to the front of the platform as he spoke these last words—“to walk with watchful eyes, to note each lost and starving creature, each wretched cat or dog that we see, and to lift them—if I may speak in metaphor—out of the sea of misery that would engulf them to the haven of this ‘Retreat’ that love and thoughtfulness have made possible. Thus, my dear, dear friends, shall the small personal endeavor crown the larger undertaking with success!”

Mrs. Manton Waring, sitting next to the stout lady in the pink hat, was much moved. In the silence that followed the impassioned words of the speaker she leaned back with a sigh of intense absorption, her hands clasped over her big chinchilla muff. Meanwhile the lady in the pink hat straightened her distinctive head-gear, blew her nose deftly, dabbed at her eyes and cheeks with a soothing fabric extracted from her card-case, and finally drew on, with some difficulty, over a collection of marquise rings, the gloves that she had discarded in the fervor of her interest. To Mrs. Waring, watching her covertly from the corner of an eye, she seemed an overemotional, yet, on this very account, not unattractive, person. They rose together, and found themselves side by side, following the line of varying backs that disappeared into the dining-room, whence came the sound of loosened tongues and the odor of comestibles.

Suddenly, as they neared the tea-table, the lace of Mrs. Waring's sleeve caught on a button of the other's coat. Both stopped, and both laughed. Mrs. Waring was the first to speak, as she detached herself skilfully and held out a hand in her impulsive way.

"Do you know," said she, "I don't think that we ought to stand on ceremony, you and I, because we've been sitting side by side all the afternoon, and I'm sure that we are both interested in the same good cause. Wasn't Mr. Mor-



"MY DEAR, DEAR HEARERS," HE WENT ON

timer Merriss perfectly wonderful? It must be splendid, mustn't it, to be eloquent and magnetic, and things like that, and to be able to make people do just what you want them to. Why, when I sat there it seemed to me that I couldn't *live* till I could get out and save some poor thing or other! Of course, I feel just the same way now, only that I am thirsty, and that chocolate does smell good. No, you must take that cup—please, please. You see, I ought not to have so much sugar in mine."

The stout lady in the pink hat evidently shared no such scruples. She merely said, "Thanks," as she pushed up a heavily dotted veil and took the cup with a smile. Indeed, she seemed more receptive than aggressive in conversation; but Mrs. Waring found her an appreciative listener, and went on.

"It's really awfully funny about my being here at all," she tittered softly against her muff, "and I know that my husband will laugh at me when I tell him—that is, if I see him for more than a minute. He's terribly busy in some



political thing or other. I don't quite understand about it, but it uses him all up; and such hours as he has to keep! Well, what was I saying? Oh! when I started out this afternoon I hadn't the least idea of coming here. Of course, I knew that there was to be a meeting—I'd had circulars and things,—but I really meant to do a few errands, and then go to hear Lady Heath-Meade tell something about the making of Irish poplin—on the island of Sark, I *think*, but I'm not sure.

"Well, do you know, my coachman brought me to the wrong street, and when I saw a lot of people pouring into this house, why, I just tagged on, thinking that I was all right. It wasn't till I found 'twas a man on the platform that I realized my mistake, and it was too late then, for I'd sent the carriage back. I meant to walk home, anyway. But now I'm glad I stayed, for I am terribly interested. It is shocking, those poor, dear cats and dogs, isn't it? Though, personally, I don't like cats very well, they are so mushy when you hold them—like rabbits! Why, the more I think of it, the more I believe that it was a kind of fate that brought me here! I'm a great believer in fate, aren't you? They tell me, all those people who read your fortunes, that my line of fate is the strongest thing in my hand!"

She paused to catch the eyes of the stout lady in the pink hat fixed wonderingly upon her. A sudden thought crossed her mind, and she laughed again. "There!" she cried, and she shook her head deprecatingly; "I've been talking too much, I'm afraid, and you don't even know who I am." She held out her hand again with a pretty cordiality. "I'm Mrs. Waring," she said,—"*Mrs. Manton Waring.*"

The other responded in a hearty grasp. "I'm real pleased to meet you." She seemed to brighten visibly at the name, and spoke with a good deal of impressive accent. Then, somewhat to Mrs. Waring's surprise, she fumbled in the case that she carried and produced a card. "This is *my* name and address," she murmured, and held it out. As she took it, Mrs. Waring felt a touch on her shoulder, and looked up into Mrs. Alsop's beetling brows.

"My dear," that dignitary was saying,

"you *must* pardon me for interrupting,"—her stern civility embraced the stout lady in the pink hat,—"*but Mr. Mortimer-Merriss is most anxious to be presented to you.*"

Mrs. Waring nodded as she turned away. "Well, good afternoon," said she. "I do hope that we shall see one another again."

Then, as she bent forward to touch Mr. Merriss's limp hand, she thrust the card, at which she had had no chance to look, into the recesses of her muff.

Outside it had grown colder, with a clouded sky and a few faint flakes of snow. Ordinarily, after the light and warmth of the house, Mrs. Waring would have thought the street dreary, but to-day its deepening gloom seemed to fit the mood in which she indulged herself, as she picked her way over sidewalk and crossing. Within her soul burned, like a consuming flame, a desire to put into practice, and at once, the theories that the lecture had inculcated, as, little champion in chinchilla, she peered into alleyways and areas in search of opportunity—and to no avail. She met, to be sure, a corpulent poodle in an embroidered blanket, tugging lazily at a leash, and a preoccupied bull-terrier that followed close at his master's heel. Several other dogs of more untrammelled habit darted noisily under passing wagons, but their trim collars and genial airs of independence showed them in small need of sympathy or succor, while the only cats in evidence peered sleepily from basement windows. As the distance to her own house lessened, Mrs. Waring's enthusiasm waned in unison. It is annoying to be balked by circumstances in the performance of a good deed. In fact, as she trudged along, lifting her skirts from the dampness, and vaguely apprehensive as to the effect of snow spots on a new and untried hat, she was almost at the point of renunciation. She felt the necessity of turning to a vineyard where, so to speak, the grapes grew thicker, and she let her thoughts stray tenderly to Lady Heath-Meade, and her makers of poplin in Sark.

A passing trolley-car blocked the way. She stepped aside to let a woman alight—a large woman with a dog in her arms. Instinctively Mrs. Waring turned to





THE LACE OF MRS. WARING'S SLEEVE CAUGHT

watch her as she reached the sidewalk. To her surprise she saw the woman run heavily up the steps of a near-by house, drop the dog on the door-mat, ring the bell, and hurry down and across the street again to the opposite corner, whence an opportune car bore her swiftly away. It was over in an instant. Mrs. Waring's pulse quickened with excitement. She had been witness to a plain case of heartless desertion at last! Hers not to question, but to act! Her skirts trailed behind her as she ran. She gained the top of the steps; no one had come to the door; the dog was still there. She bent down and scooped it up hastily in both her arms. It was heavy, and evidently of uncertain temper. It snapped at her, but she used her muff for a shield as she hailed a passing cab.

Five minutes later, bearing her prize, she entered the door of "The Four-footed Wayfarers' Refuge."

Mrs. Waring sat on the stairs, while her husband leaned against the newel-post. It was half past three o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Waring wore a blue satin ball-gown, and several jewels glittered in her hair. She had thrown off a long fur cloak, and the light fell brilliantly on the smooth whiteness of her shoulders. Mr. Waring, on the contrary, had evidently not changed his clothes that day. His thick ulster was flecked with melting snow. His overshoes lay, in a dripping heap, where he had kicked them. He put down his latch-key to draw off a pair of wet gloves. The glare of the light touched him in less kindly fashion. His ruddy face seemed almost pale, and his immaculate person really untidy.

"Manton," the lady was saying in an aggrieved tone, "I sometimes feel that you and I are drifting apart. No, don't interrupt me," she went on as her husband shook his head protestingly and

started to speak. "It is very serious, Manton. This political business of yours stalks between us like—like"—she sought for a simile and found one—"like a vampire!"

Waring threw back his head and laughed; but he was beside her in an instant, with both her hands in his. "You blessed little goose," he said, as he kissed them, "this is all nonsense! Nothing could ever come between us, Gussie, not even that uncanny thing you suggest. By the way, I thought the vampire was too busy drinking life-blood to do much stalking. Dear little girl," he added, seriously, "why do you bother yourself with things that you don't like?"

Mrs. Waring's face dimpled into a smile as she leaned against her husband's shoulder.

"Oh, Manton, you do love to tease me! It was just that I'm troubled, and I wanted to think of the very worst thing. Please, please don't push my hair up from my forehead like that, it makes me

look ghastly, and I hate it, dear! Of course, I'm proud of you, you good boy, giving up dinners and balls, and things that you like, and staying out till all hours with horrid people who vote, and not taking a cab on a dreadful night like this because it wouldn't be honest. Oh, you are splendid, and I respect you for it; indeed I do, and I know that you'll succeed. You're sure to be Governor some day. I've forgotten who it was that told me that, but some one in whose opinion I have the greatest confidence, at any rate. Only you don't confide enough in me, dearest. Of course, I know I'm not intellectual like lots of women—like that Lounsbury girl, for instance, who's ready to fling herself at your head. I think she's disgusting. She came to the Carters' to-night in a horrible gown, and she looked every day of forty. Or Mrs. Tony Ellery. I can't imagine what any one sees in her! Women do help, though, I'm sure, and it seems to me sometimes as if you left me out!

Oh, Manton, Manton,"—her lips quivered, and she looked at him through glistening lashes,—“I do want to be something more than your toy!” Then she threw herself into his arms.

"I don't know as I can make it quite clear to you, Gussie," her husband began, after a pause; "it's all pretty new to me, you see. But in order to stand the smallest chance of election to the Common Council, I've got to have the support of certain men of political power in this ward. There happen to be three of them; two are all right, but the third man, and he's by all odds the most important, seems to hold off, for some reason or other. First, I think I've got him, and then I find I haven't; and they tell me that it's absolutely essential he should back me up before election. It's a puzzling business, dear, and I'm jiggered if I know what this Cassidy expects of me. He's an honest enough chap, in



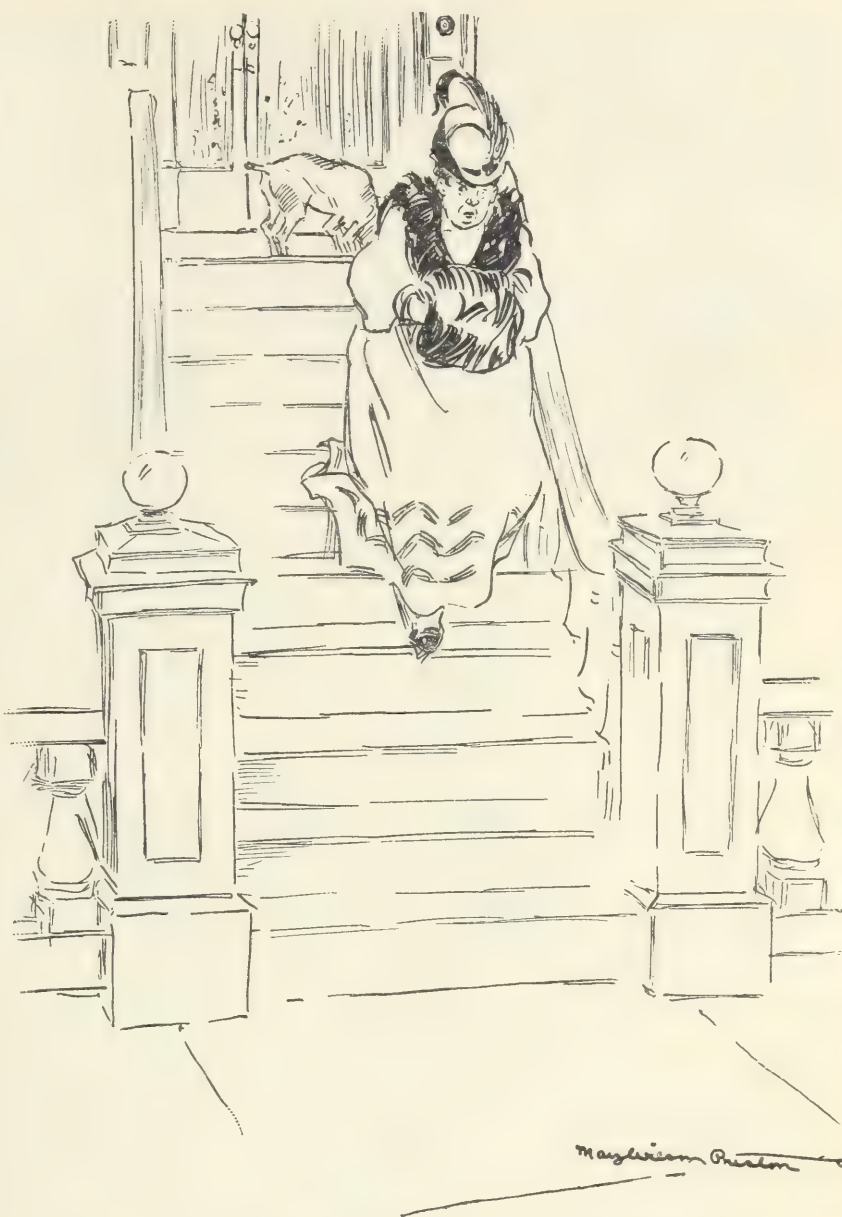
SHE PEERED INTO AREAS



his way; but he's a queer one, and there's evidently something that I've done or left undone. I wish to Heaven I could find out what it is! If I don't before many days,—upon my word, I believe my whole candidacy stands a good chance of going to the dogs!"

Mrs. Waring started up at the last word. "Oh, that reminds me," she began. Then with the consciousness of a courtesy neglected, she stopped hastily to interpolate, as she patted her husband's head: "It will all come right, dear boy, I'm sure of that, and you mustn't worry over it any more. Dismiss it at once from your thoughts. It was that word 'dogs'"—she caught up the cadence of her old tone, as she went on with a laugh—"that made me think of something very important that I wanted to ask you. Won't you please give me twenty-five dollars? I want to make a donation to the Wayfarers' Club—it's for cats and dogs,

you know, a most appealing charity. I went to a meeting yesterday; it was fascinating; and on the way home I had the privilege of rescuing a poor distressed dog that was abandoned in a perfectly cold-blooded manner by a woman—I suppose she'd call herself a lady, but I call her a fiend. I took the dog straight to the home in a cab.—Manton, we do have a bill at Kelly's stable, don't we? The cab-driver wasn't very nice.—It's in Mulligan Court—a most interesting place, only it smells of carbolic acid,—and the woman in charge showed me all over it. They get homes for desirable dogs, but those that nobody wants are 'put to sleep.' I think that's such a pretty way of expressing it, don't you?—not cold and unfeeling like 'killed'—in the nicest little box, with chloroform.



SHE DROPPED THE DOG ON THE DOOR-MAT

I had an awfully satisfactory talk with the woman. I'm going down there again this noon to see the dog, and I'd really like to leave the donation then. It makes you some kind of a member or other. I haven't got a single check left. If I gave a hundred dollars, Manton, I'd be a perpetual member. Do you think that would be worth while? I don't know but I shall run for an office in the club, by and by. I haven't exactly decided what, but the woman hinted at it." She laughed again, and as the clock in the hall tolled four dull strokes she tugged at her husband's sleeves. "Mercy! Manton, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she cried. "See how you are keeping me up! I shall be good for nothing to-morrow, and I have such a busy day!"

Then she leaned over the banister, as

Waring turned out the lights, to add: "I mean what I say about running for office, so don't forget to give me the twenty-five dollars. You mustn't think that you are the only politician in this family!"

The exigencies of the newly arranged quarters of the "Refuge" had produced

sation which seemed at the outset earnest and gave promise of cumulative excitement as it progressed. Mrs. Waring recognized the cool, methodical tone of Miss Felican, with whom she had spoken the day before.

"You say that your dog was lost yesterday," the voice went on. "Kindly state the exact hour and place."

"It was about six o'clock, I think; perhaps between half past five and six," the other voice answered, "and the place was the door-step of his own home. You see, my sister—"

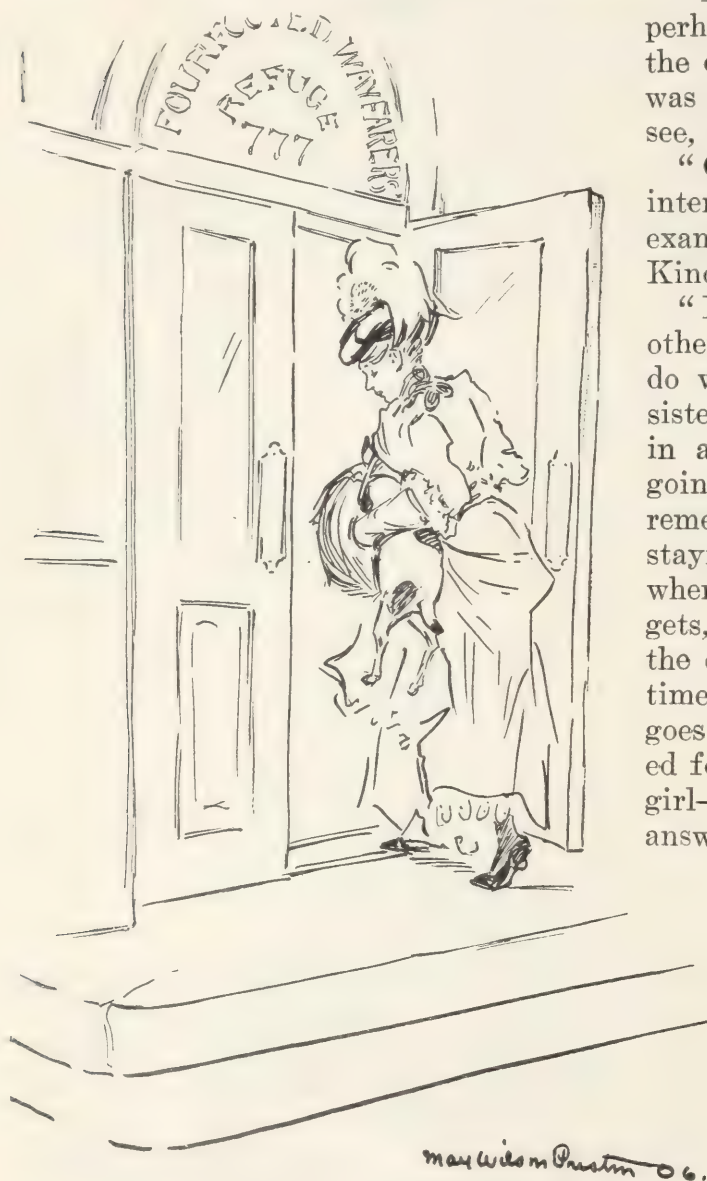
"One moment, please," Miss Felican interrupted with the air of a cross-examiner. "I must put that down. Kindly give me no irrelevant details."

"It isn't irrelevant," snapped the other. "I guess it's got just as much to do with it as I choose to have it. My sister, I tell you, had the dog with her in a Strawberry Avenue car. She was going to my aunt's, when suddenly she remembered that Cousin Norah, who was staying there, didn't like dogs at all. So when the car goes by our house, off she gets, and she runs up the steps and leaves the dog there. We've done it a hundred times before this; she rings the bell, and goes to catch the next car. She was pressed for time, I tell you. Well, my second girl—she ain't any too quick—she didn't answer the bell immediately; she says she

was helping the cook take in the clothes; and when she opened the door there was nothing there, so she thought 'twas boys ringing the bell in mischief, you know; but when my sister returned—I forgot to say that she lives with us—why, there was trouble. My husband telephoned to the police; he's got a pull with them; but we couldn't

get any clue. I mean to try everything, and so I came here. I'm all worn out with it. And now I want you to answer me, straight off, the civil questions I put to you when I came in. Has that dog been brought in here—a small black and white dog, part poodle and part fox-terrier? His teeth are pretty well gone, and he didn't have on his collar, because he's got a lame neck."

Mrs. Waring, outside, leaned forward in her chair with a sudden intentness.



BEARING HER PRIZE, SHE ENTERED THE DOOR

some necessary confusion in the large room which Mrs. Waring entered soon after noon the next day. She picked a cautious path through a flotilla of cats that dotted the floor in the sunshine, to a chair in which she was to await the leisure of Miss Felican, the superintendent, at present engaged. She found herself facing a screen that marked off a temporary office, and she soon became conscious that from behind the screen rose the sound of two voices in a conver-





"AT 9.47 HE WAS MERCIFULLY PUT TO SLEEP"

Miss Felican was evidently consulting a ledger. She could hear the flutter of the turning leaves.

"One moment, please," the superintendent's cool voice began again. "No. 3201"—she was taking down another book—"Monday, the 18th, 5.46 P.M. Yes, madam, there is an entry here. Mongrel dog, abandoned cruelly, but rescued and brought to the Refuge; no collar; very fat, black and white in color, with slightly curly hair—"

The other uttered a glad cry. "That is my Loro! Oh, I am so glad! Take me to him at once. Where is he, where is he, my darling, my angel?"

"One moment, please," Miss Felican spoke again. Was there a hint of embarrassment in the even tenor of her tone?

"Madam, I have some further records. No. 3201. Let us see." She cleared her throat as she went on. "No. 3201 brought in on Monday, the 18th, at 5.46 o'clock; examined by our resident physician at 6.32; given a soothing potion to induce a good night's rest, and on further examination this morning, the 19th, at 9.07, was found to be suffering with an aggravated case of asthma, and, consequently, at 9.47 was mercifully put to sleep!"

The shrieks of Loro's mistress rose in

answer. Mrs. Waring's hands clenched at the sides of her chair. Two cats, their dreams rudely broken, awoke to a frightened reality, and scuttled through an open door.

"Do you mean killed—*killed*, you murderess! My Loro—mother's dear boy!"

The voice was terrible to Mrs. Waring. Miss Felican, however, seemed still to preserve her equanimity.

"One moment, madam," she was saying. "Do not excite yourself unnecessarily. I'm sorry to tell you that is *exactly* what I mean. The other expression is a euphemism with which we have thought best to replace the harsher phrase. Rest assured that all is for the best; all is well with your Loro." Then, as if in response to some small concealed irritation of her tone, she added, "But, madam, I must confess to some curiosity as to why you constantly refer to an old female dog as *he*!"

There was no answer; and as Mrs. Waring gazed in fascination, as if hypnotized, at the screen, suddenly there arose above it the gay top of a feather crowning an unmistakable arrangement of velvet and lace. Her eyes confirmed her suspicion, and her fear became a fact as her heart grew cold within her.



SHE HAD TO SIT ALL CROWDED DOWN

It was, indeed, the stout lady in the pink hat!

"But I didn't run away, Manton." Mrs. Waring had pounced upon her husband as he came up the stairs on his way to dress for dinner, and had dragged him into her little sitting-room for a recital of the story. Her cheeks were scarlet and her voice rang sharp with excitement. "I *was* tempted for just a moment, but I thought of you, dear, and was brave as you would have me. Some women that I could mention wouldn't have stayed there an instant! That dreadful person came bouncing out from behind the screen like a fury. Really, she seemed nine feet tall and as big as a barn! I could feel my heart beating in my throat, and I know I was as pale as death, for I could see myself in one of those cheap little mirrors over the desk—the kind they hang

in servants' rooms, you know. But I held out my hand perfectly cordially like this"—she stepped across the room in imitation. "I was bound that she should find me quite composed, so I tried to smile. 'How do you do?' I said. 'This is good fortune. I'm awfully glad to see you so soon again.' Of course I don't suppose that it was really honest, Manton, but I did want to put her at her ease. Do you know, she shook her fist at Miss Felican—I'm afraid she's not at all a well-bred person—before she answered me.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Mrs. Waring?"—she spoke in a terribly loud voice. "I hope, if you've heard all this indignity to which I've been subjected, to say nothing of the *crime* that this woman has been guilty of, you'll be willing to let me summon you for a witness when my husband takes this little matter into court!"



"Manton, I nearly died then and there! The idea of her suggesting that I should be taken to a place like that, where no decent person ever goes! It was a deliberate insult, and I wish that you'd been there, dear, to strike her to earth. I could feel my knees shake, and it was a long time before I could say a word. But I knew that I'd just got to speak then or never; so, as I started for the door—it seemed about two miles off—I turned a little and looked at her over my shoulder. 'Oh, I hope it won't come to that,' I said—I made my voice as sweet as possible, and mustered the best smile I could—'for I feel a little responsible about your dog myself. It was I, you know, who took it from the door-step and brought it here!'

"Then 'twas all a sort of blank to me, Manton. I could hear Miss Felican saying, 'One moment, please,' and then something about the by-laws, and the good record of the institution in the past, and two girls—they were sort of care-takers, with black dresses and white aprons, like a parlor-maid's—came running downstairs, and tried to soothe her. That woman made so much noise you could hear her for blocks, and a man was brought in from the kennels, and all the time she was scolding me. I can't tell you the dreadful things she said, and I was promising to do anything I could to make it up to her. I told her I'd give her another dog; I remember I said a really *good* dog; but that seemed to make her angrier than ever. Wasn't it queer? I should think I begged her pardon more than a thousand times, and it seemed a year before I got to the street."

Mr. Waring rose to toss his cigarette into the fire and look at his watch anxiously. Then he bent over his wife, and touched her cheek with his lips as he patted her shoulder. "And so the little girl was frightened and came running home." He spoke in a tone of rather preoccupied consolation. "Well, don't think any more about it, dear. It will all blow over, I'm sure; but if it doesn't, let me know. By the way, Gussie," he added, "if you don't mind, I think I won't stay to dinner. I've just thought of something that will make it necessary for me to see Gresham before he leaves headquarters. It's to do with Cassidy, the

man I told you about, that I can't seem to get hold of. He'll wreck the whole thing yet."

"Oh, if you prefer a person like that to your own wife, Manton"—Mrs. Waring's tone brought her husband back from the door—"your own wife, who is in great trouble and needs your wise counsel, I have nothing to say." Then she added, as he started to sit down again: "Not in that little yellow chair, please—please! A man looks so silly in it. Take the big blue one. That's better! Oh, where was I? Yes, on the sidewalk!"

She clasped her knees and leaned forward intently.

"Manton, that woman followed me to the carriage door, and kept talking, talking. I can't imagine what Watson thought, and so I spoke as quickly as I could, to save the situation: 'If you'd like to have me drop you anywhere, I'll be very glad to give you a lift.' To my horror she got in, and I forgot to ask her where she wanted to go. It was just like a nightmare! But what surprised me most was that all at once she grew perfectly silent, and kept looking at me in the strangest way as if she wanted to speak and didn't quite dare. It was extraordinary; and if I hadn't been frightened, I know I should have laughed. She had to sit all crouched down in the carriage, because the feather on her hat kept hitting the top, and I tried my best to put her at her ease by telling her that she ought to join the Audubon Society, and things like that. Suddenly, as we turned into Strawberry Avenue, she put her hand on my arm—I can't bear people who *paw* you—and opened her mouth for the first time, in what I should call a very *restrained* sort of voice.

"'Mrs. Waring,' said she, 'I shall get out a couple of blocks farther on, but before I leave I want you to answer me one question. Were you in earnest when you said that you'd do anything I asked you to make up for taking my dear little dog? If you were,' she went on without giving me a chance to reply, 'there is something that you *can* do. I want you to invite us—my husband and myself—to dine at your house; a real swell dinner, I mean, Mrs. Waring, with some of your swell friends for the other guests!' She used just those horrid common words,



Manton. I was dazed for a moment; but just then we reached her corner, so, of course, I said 'Yes'—what else could I do?—and she seemed to make all the arrangements as if she'd thought them over beforehand. She's coming next Friday, or rather *they're* coming—which may be all for the best. I sometimes think that among common people the men are less terrible than the women. That's the whole story. I'm at my wits' end, and you'll just have to help me. I can drag in papa and mamma, of course, and Cousin Carrie Abbott, and that deaf Mr. Pomeroy—I've been meaning to ask him for some day when he wouldn't be able to come,—and perhaps your old uncle Theodore. It will pass muster, I dare say; people like that never know the difference—"

"Oh, why not make it a love-feast of the Refuge Club, or whatever you call it?" interrupted Waring, with a laugh. "Your Mrs. Alsop, and the cool and collected Miss Felican—wasn't that the name of the murderess?—and your hyphenated chap the lecturer. They can fight it all out together!" Then his tone changed to seriousness. "I believe I shall have to take a hand here, little woman, for I'm afraid that the situation is getting too elaborate for you. You've been ballyragged enough, and I object to having you 'worked' by social aspirants. It's ridiculous nonsense, and must be stopped. What's the woman's name, anyhow, and where does she live? I'll write to her."

His wife's lips quivered and two tears stood on her cheeks; she shook her head helplessly.

"But I don't *know* her name, Manton, I tell you. That's the point of it," she cried. "I never knew it. I introduced myself to her at the lecture, you know, because I sat next her and I saw that she was a stranger. I've always thought of her—when I've thought of her at all—as the stout lady in the pink hat!"

Then she suddenly sprang from her chair and clapped her hands. "How dreadfully stupid of me! Oh, Manton, wait a moment," she called as she ran from the room. When she came back

she bore a big chinchilla muff, and from its recesses she produced a card.

"I'd forgotten entirely, until just now, that she gave this to me when I spoke to her. I thought it was a very queer thing to do at the time—like a servant—and I remember that some one interrupted us, and I had no chance to look at it. So I tucked it into my muff and forgot all about it. Aren't you glad the muffs are big this season, Manton, else it would have fallen out long ago, and then I dare say we'd have had to advertise!" She gave the card to Waring, and turned her head away with an expression of disgust.

"You look at the horrid thing, Manton; I can't bear it, and I'm superstitious!"

He took it from her and glanced at the name. From his lips came a long, low whistle.

"The dinner-party is *on*," he said, in what his wife always called his "business voice," adding, "only the list of possible guests must be thoroughly amended! Ask the Waterfords, and Mrs. Chauncey Huntington, and Beatrix Cosgrove, and Billy de Kalb, and Major Pawlet, and any other luminaries you can secure. I'll get Gresham and Poulteney and, maybe—"

Mrs. Waring's round eyes stared at her husband. "What's the matter with you, Manton; are you joking?" she broke in, with some severity. "What *are* you talking about? Tell me what is that terrible woman's name?"

"Joking!" shouted Waring, and his big laugh rose again. "Joking? Never more serious in my life. You're a darling, Gussie; you're a political wonder! I dare say you'll turn out to be the mascot of the Ninth Ward yet! I've just caught on to the little game of my friend the Boss. I thought 'twas only 'hide-and-seek' with me—and it's such a silly little game, too! I'd never have supposed it of him! As it is, I see what he wants—that poor, thin phantom known as 'social recognition'! By George, he shall get it! Oh, you want to know the name of the stout lady in the pink hat, do you? Well, here it is!" He held out the card at arm's length and made a sweeping bow. "Mrs. Manton Waring, allow me to present you to—'Mrs. Terence Cassidy.'"



# “Briartown” Nature Sketches

## THE RUBYTHROAT'S NESTS—A DRAWN FIGHT

BY HAROLD S. DEMING

MY canoe, caught in an eddy of the stream, idly bumped its nose into the bank, while I lay stretched on its bottom, staring at a cloud of gnats that kept up a dizzy dance above me as if they were vibrant with the noonday heat. A swarm of greedy humbees buzzed drowsily at their rummaging of the wood-lilies on the bank beside me; or so I thought. Wearied at last with the ceaseless dance of the gnats, I turned to watch the bees. None were there. Instead, I saw a ruby-throated humming-bird, poised, on wings hazy with speed, now before this lily, now before that one, dipping his slender bill far within the spotted cup of each. Zip, zip, hither, thither, he left not one blossom unvisited; then swooped to kiss, in mid-flight, his image in the brook, leaving tiny rings to grow and grow on the water's surface. Up he darted through the branches of a maple; here, there, everywhere, whisking about in the mottled lights and shadows of the foliage till he seemed himself one moment a vagrant shadow, the next a straying patch of light.

Of a sudden he vanished—in an instant flashed back across the stream again, this time not alone. His dull-green mate came with him. They lost no time in tasting of the lilies' cups, but flying straight to the biggest branch of the maple, buzzed round it for a while like angry hornets. Contented with it at last, both hurried to a rotten stump near by, and, always on the wing, plucked off bits of the pulpy wood and brought them to the maple.

After a little, the female bird, perching on the maple branch, began to work over the pulp already collected. Her mate untiringly plied back and forth between the stump and the maple, adding little by little to the heap beside her. With deft bill she shredded the fibres in

the rotting wood, sorted her material, and set about building a nest. She built it in layers, the first one fastened to the rough maple bark by innumerable fibre-ends, each succeeding layer woven into the one below. Hour after hour she worked, often outstripping her mate, and buzzing impatiently about till he brought a fresh supply of pulp. By sunset she had the nest half done.

At dawn I returned in time to see her take up the unfinished work—her mate still winging in haste from branch to rotten stump, from stump to branch—and hurry it to completion. The soft inside of the nest she moulded with her breast, turning round and round to shape it to her satisfaction; and the rough edges at the top she pared off with her slender bill, as a cook trims a pie. Then she shingled the nest with pale-green lichens that matched those on the maple's bark. The top row she fastened on with fibres, very securely, and after that tucked each added piece up under the edge of the row above. Last of all, she and her mate gathered down from the tufts of a late “pussy-willow” and filled the nest with this fluffy lining. It seemed a mere excrescence of the maple bark, a knot, lichen-covered, scarce as large round as half the empty shell of a hen's egg.

Three days later, I saw within it two tiny eggs, glistening white like pebbles ground smooth on the seashore. With the appearance of the eggs the male ruby-throat apparently took his departure, leaving all else to his mate. Truly, he seemed too bright and evanescent for domestic duties. Now, while the summer lasted, he would wander the blossom-sprinkled fields over like a gay mote that had slipped the bars of its sunbeam prison. Meantime, on the shadow-streaked branch of the maple, the female hummer kept untiring vigil over her



precious eggs. She was a suspicious little body. While the nest was building, my presence in the crotch of a neighboring tree had not greatly disturbed her; but now my quietest approach brought her buzzing round my head in a way that told of infinite fury welling up within her small breast. "Crusoe" and his mate,\* with all their power of wing and beak, had not been more courageous in their nest's defence. Giant that I was, she made me wince.

Lest my too great eagerness should drive her to desert the nest, I kept away for days at a time. When I climbed to my crotch for a close view of her home at the end of the second week since the eggs had been laid, the mother rubythroat attacked me on the instant, but, thinking that the young birds must now be hatched, I no longer feared that she would abandon the nest.

The tiny lichen-covered cup was full of water; the eggs lay chill and dead within it. Yet round my head the hummer whizzed like a nagging insect, as if the hand I reached out to assure myself that the eggs were cold had been stretched forth instead to pluck her palpitating young from the cushion of a warm, dry nest. Surely the nest was deserted, the last spark of life drenched out by the pouring rain of two days before. Still, the rubythroat whizzed past my ears again and again in a tantrum of vengeful rage. Could it be that she had built another nest in this tree? No; for when I touched the rain-soaked one she redoubled her attack, and even pecked my hand with her needlelike bill. All her solicitude was for the deserted nest.

I slid to the ground in perplexity, and strolled to a shadowy couch of grass where I could watch from afar. As soon as I left her tree the rubythroat darted across the stream and was lost among the trees; but I knew that if I neared the maple she would be back with incredible speed. So I lay quiet in the grass and waited. Close beside me a stalk of meadow-lilies, bending over my head like a seven-branched candlestick aflame with pale-yellow light, mingled their faint perfume with the cool odor of leaf-mould under the matted grass, and

each stir of air among the grape-vines, bringing me the blended fragrance of leaf and bloom, set the branches overhead weaving new shadowy designs on the grass. The stillness of noon was in the woods. Not a bird was singing; the very gurgle of the deep-moving stream near by seemed subdued. Over me a towering hemlock spread its flat boughs in ever-deepening layers of shade, and from it three huge frayed cables of the wild grape stretched, sagging to a cluster of full-leaved oaks whose branches met the hemlock's in a roof of translucent green. The sun was at its height, yet where I lay scarcely a ray of unfiltered light found its way to earth. On either side, where the foliage was not so dense, each leaf or bough had cast its pattern on grass or fallen log. But now a vast black cloud floated below the sun, dimming the upward glint from a distant bend of the brook, and here, in the deep woods, softening the lights and darks of leaf-made traceries into a monotone of gray-green shade. A distant wood-thrush, as if he thought the hour of twilight really come, poured his flute-clear melody through the hushed trees and was still again. Then, miles away it seemed, on the edge of "Briartown," a breath of air roused the sleeping leaves and rippled through the woods, nearer and nearer, till it set swaying the ropes of grape-vine overhead and tickled my cheek with a nodding grass. A great, blundering bumblebee bumped into the lilies beside me and flew to the grape-vines. Suddenly, as my eye followed him aimlessly along the tattered length of the vine, I discovered a rubythroat sitting close to the bark, slowly turning his head to eye the approaching bee.

When the bee had crawled to within an inch of him the hummer darted away; and in his absence I inspected his perch from a hemlock bough. Right where the slack grape-vine hung but a scant twelve feet from earth was another diminutive nest, saddled on the bark. Like the nest in the maple-tree it was formed of woven fibres and wood-pulp and lined with pussy-willow down, but instead of being shingled with lichens its walls were papered with tags and patches of grape-vine bark, which gave it the appearance of nothing more than a rough imperfection

\* See "Hours with a Crow," *Harper's Magazine*, October, 1905.



in the rope of vine itself. Cozily within it lay two warm eggs. Presently the rubythroat returned, with his mate, who took her place upon the nest, while he vanished through the canopy of leaves overhead. The two had no thought that I had discovered the nest; and I had no wish to undeceive them. Out of the corner of my eye I kept watch on the incubating bird, and slowly returned to the maple which held the first nest. Like a streak of green light the hummer shot from her nest on the vine and buzzed round my head as she had done before.

Surely this was a clever bit of acting. The eggs in the grape-vine nest lacked but a day or two of hatching, and were, so far as she knew, quite undiscovered; the eggs in the nest she so speciously defended were cold and impotent: yet over this abandoned nest, from which my earlier visits had driven her in nervous dread, she now chose to assume protection, that I might not suspect the existence of another. And her mate—whom I had imagined roaming the fields in idleness,—like the shrewd accomplice he was, kept warm the nest on the grape-vine while she was busy cozening me. Day after day I covertly eyed her at her post on the grape-vine; but I was careful, by simulated attacks upon the barren nest, to keep her at ease as to the reason for my presence in the neighborhood. She never tired of playing the part of the agonized mother whenever I made a demonstration near the maple; and, secure in the success of her ruse, she came and went without fear in the fragrant shade of the whispering hemlock boughs, and reared a pair of lusty youngsters in the nest on the grape-vine, confident that my unseeing eyes would never spy out her secret.

On a crumbly log beside a green-scummed pool in the depths of a maple swamp lay the dead body of a brown wood-mouse. I came upon it in the course of a fruitless search for the grass-sheltered nest of a yellowthroat, and paused to find out, if I could, the cause of the mouse's death. Even as I bent down for a closer look, the spiteful cry of a king-bird announced the discovery of a small screech-owl, which hurried off through the swamp-maples with

the king-bird and his mate in swift pursuit, to take refuge at last within the bristling fortress of a stunted cedar. Perhaps the talons of this very owl left these scores in the soft back of the mouse before me. Other eyes than mine, meanwhile, had spied out the mouse. In Indian file along the log came seven sex-ton-beetles. Without an instant's loss they thrust their armored heads beneath the body and heaved and shoved with might and main until it rolled into the long grass, where they disappeared to bury it.

A sudden uproar in the thicket behind me suggested that the owl had been flushed again; but I never could be sure whether a tumult raised by that pair of king-birds would or would not reward investigation. Sometimes it appeared as if those king-birds scarcely took time to eat, they were so unceasingly vigilant in the matter of unearthing trouble. They were always together in their daredevil escapades, and never were known to flee along a wind that was blowing them ill. If they failed to discover an owl or a crow to attack, they would spend a long summer's day in the idle pestering of smaller birds. Once I saw them pitch upon an unoffending woodchuck; another time they screamed an afternoon away merely because a great blue heron chose to shift his hunting-grounds and capture a few frogs in the neighborhood of their nest; and the male king-bird, at a still later day, even went so far as to follow a flicker into its very hole—because the woodpecker's hammering had annoyed him,—and thereby met his death.

A hushing of bird voices in the thicket, a soft swish of swamp-grasses where a frightened rabbit was scampering to shelter, and cries of redoubled harshness from the king-birds told me that for their rumpus, this time at least, there was some real cause. Huddled close under the side of a shaggy tussock of grass appeared the rabbit, ears low, nose quivering, and eyes round with fear. A glimpse of me, and off he dashed to safer hiding, just as the shrill scream of a marsh-harrier answered the noise of the king-birds. Almost brushing the tops of weeds and rushes in his low flight, the harrier came speeding through the swamp, close followed by the king-



birds. On the prostrate trunk of a big maple the hawk came to rest. In its fall the maple had mowed down a dozen smaller trees, making a little open space, soon choked up, however, by a jungle-like growth of vines and reeds that in the warm spring days shoot up like mushrooms from the rich mould of the marsh. Round and round the head of the perching hawk whizzed the irate king-birds, for all the world like insects round a candle; but the harrier seemed not greatly disturbed by their racket; for a sidewise snap of his beak over one or the other shoulder was more than enough to keep the attacking king-birds at cautious distance. At half-minute intervals he uttered a scream of almost painful shrillness, then cocked his head to this side and that to dart a keen glance down each of the converging vistas of the swamp. Suddenly, by a shriller scream, he announced the arrival of his mate, who took her low, soundless flight to the fallen tree and perched, out of sight, among the creepers that overran its shattered branches.

Straight into the air sprang the harrier, and beat swiftly skyward, along an intolerable shaft of light that led to the eye of the sun. Then back he rushed in a curious zigzag flight, each daring turn of which was marked by a harsh dry shriek. Next he circled twice round the little clearing, as if to assure himself of his mate's attention, and began climbing into the wind for yet another trick of wing. Mounting higher and higher into the vapory blue of the morning sky, he described ever smaller and smaller circles, until, at the apex of his airy spiral, he clapped shut his wings and pitched with startling speed straight downward, turning a somersault midway to earth. A foot above a copse of alders he caught himself on practised wings that hurled him upward again like springs of tempered steel. Urged by the tonic coolness of the morning wind, he was entertaining his mate, it seemed, with his acrobatic prowess. Presently, as he circled upward again to repeat his performance, the king-birds—who, for a minute or two, had turned from bothering him to bothering his mate—darted viciously after him; and when, with a preliminary shriek, he poised himself for

another plummetlike drop towards earth, the king-birds, nothing daunted, shut their wings and fell recklessly after him—though they did omit the somersault, I think.

From a score of hiding-places I could imagine timid but curious eyes peering out upon the aerial spree of the hawk and the king-birds. Some few I could see. On the under side of a dead maple branch just over my head a downy woodpecker crept slowly forward in the shadow, hitching himself jerkily along the rough dry bark to get a nearer view of the hawk, and now and again, in a fit of unusual boldness, circling hastily round the sunlit half of the branch—knowing, perhaps, that his speckled back was all but invisible against the lichen-dressed bark. Beneath the ample shade of a wide skunk-cabbage leaf a trim sandpiper stood, tilting his tail up and down as always, looking out upon the clearing with seemingly interested eyes. On a low bush some distance to my left a pair of thrashers, perched on the rim of their new-built nest, kept up a subdued talk with each other like cautious whisperings in the night. A chipmunk was peeping from his knot-hole in a maple bough near the woodpecker; no doubt the rabbit's bright eyes were busy behind the screen of rank bullbriers that grew on the bit of high dry ground on the clearing's farther edge. Surely the harrier did not lack an audience. But the one whose attention was his sole desire had turned her eyes away.

A foolish catbird, spurred on by the irrepressible inquisitiveness of his kind, had flitted into the clearing itself; and not only that,—he was mewling excitedly from the top of a button-ball bush not thirty feet from the perching hawk. In a second he was dead, and on his swift way to another part of the swamp, there to be eaten. The male harrier, marking his mate's departure, stopped "showing off" his skill and swooped away across the stream near by, the indefatigable king-birds close behind.

Now from the trees and thickets on every hand rose again the mingled voices of many birds, at first subdued and wary, like the chatter of small boys when the teacher has left the room, then swelling into the same voluble chorus that greets



the sun when his thirsty rays pierce the thin, wind-rent gauze of a summer shower and drink up the drops which have but just reached earth. The woodpecker turned his ear again to the bark, like a night-watchman alert for ill-doers within; the sandpiper whisked to the shore of the brook; and the chipmunk scampered into the sunlight, nosed among the leaves a while, and running out along the fallen tree, dug vigorously in the soft earth still clinging in masses to the up-torn roots not far from the spot where the female harrier had been in hiding. He dug himself quite out of sight in the eager chase his nose led him; but presently he popped up from his little burrow, wet nose daubed with yellow mould, and sat up on a fantastically twisted root to eat the tidbit he had found. His enjoyment of it was cut short by the arrival of a red squirrel, who promptly assaulted his little striped cousin, robbed him of his find, and drove him off. Then the robber squirrel set teeth to his booty and flicked his tail defiantly.

Silent as an owl in the black of night, the harrier glided low on whist wings across the little open space cleared by the fallen maple, paused an almost imperceptible instant above the unlistening squirrel, and then, wings closed, dropped upon him with unerring talons. But for some strange reason the harrier seemed powerless to bear away his kill; while his angry, frightened screams drowned out the dying squeak of the squirrel, he strove with great rattling wing-strokes to get purchase on the air, but could not. Over and over again he struck downward with his beak, apparently at the squirrel, though of this, because of the blur of his whipping wings, I could not be sure. In a moment he half toppled forward, and then, like a huge broken-winged partridge, he flopped about among the tangled coils of roots, uttering meanwhile shrill screech on screech that seemed fairly to lacerate his throat. In but little more time than it takes to tell it a dozen king-birds had gathered, and were buzzing round the struggling harrier like gadflies round a horse, adding their spiteful cries to his harsh din; now a crow appeared out of nowhere, and searched deep in his throat for his

hoarsest caw; blue jays flashed across the clearing and back again in a frenzy of clamorous excitement; a swarm of clattering blackbirds rushed into the tree above me till its branches sagged and creaked like those of a laboring tree overweighted with fruit,—all in an instant bedlam was let loose round that old wind-wrecked maple.

Under cover of the uproar I crept nearer, and saw that a big black dog-mink, his bulldog jaws clamped on the upper leg of the harrier, was grimly fighting to pull him down from behind, while the harrier, with the speed of terror and hate, sought desperately to reach his assailant with his beak. It looked as if the mink must win, for the harrier was perceptibly weakening in his vain counter-attack; but a sudden lift with the harrier's long wings half tore the mink from his hold, and swung him for one brief moment within distance of that rending beak. Rip; a big red gash gaped open on the mink's writhing flank, and he let go and tumbled back among the roots. Up leaped the hawk, his pearly-white breast streaked and blotched with blood from his wounded leg. Like magic the cries of all but the king-birds were hushed, while, still screaming with rage and hurt, the hawk rose heavily skyward and marked his course athwart the wind for the shelter of the woods.

The mink, too, was sorely hurt. It would be long before his stealthy attack could again bring peril to so large a quarry as a harrier.

The little clearing grew very still. But for the limp, torn body of the squirrel, stretched where the hawk had first pinned him down, there was scarcely a sign of the swift fight so newly ended. Soon a huge black and yellow spider stole from his lair in a crevice of the rotting bark a foot from the dead squirrel, and like a nimble sailor ran up the tall mast of a hardhack stalk and cast his halyards to the wind; then made them snug and spun a new sail, as it were, which he bent to his rigging and spread to the faint puffs of air among the weeds. And now a file of sexton-beetles, with the very uniform of the detail that had buried the mouse, marched Indian-wise along the log to push the dead squirrel into the deep grass.



# The Promise

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

MURRAY was not as one without hope, for there was the Promise. The remembrance of it set him now to exulting, in an odd, restrained little way, where a moment ago he had been desponding. He clasped plump brown little hands around a plump brown little knee and swayed gently this way and that.

"Maybe she'll begin with my shoes," Murray thought, and held his foot quite still. He could almost feel light fingers unlacing the stubbed little shoe; Sheelah's fingers were rather heavy and not patient with knots. Hers would be patient—there are some things one is certain of.

"When she unbuttons me," Murray mused on, sitting absolutely motionless, as if she were unbuttoning him now—"when she unbuttons me I shall hold in my breath—this way," though he could hardly have explained why.

She had never unlaced or unbuttoned him. Always, since he was a little, breathing soul, it had been Sheelah. It had never occurred to him that he loved Sheelah, but he was used to her. All the mothering he had ever experienced had been the Sheelah kind—thorough enough, but lacking something; Murray was conscious that it lacked something. Perhaps—perhaps to-night he should find out what. For to-night not Sheelah, but his mother, was going to undress him and put him to bed. She had promised.

It had come about through his unprecedented wail of grief at parting, when she had gone into the nursery to say good-by, in her light, sweet way. Perhaps it was because she was to be gone all day; perhaps he was a little lonelier than usual. He was always rather a lonely little boy, but there were *worse* times; perhaps this had been a worse time. Whatever had been the reason that prompted him, he had with disquieting suddenness, before Sheelah

could prevent it, flung his arms about the pretty mother and made audible objection to her going.

"Why, Murray!" She had been taken by surprise. "Why, you little silly! I'm coming back to-night; I'm only going for the day! You wouldn't see much more of me if I stayed at home." Which, from its very reasonableness, had quieted him. Of course he would not see much more of her. As suddenly as he had wailed he stopped wailing. Yet she had promised. Something had sent her back to the nursery door to do it.

"Be a good boy and I'll come home before you go to bed! I'll *put* you to bed," she had promised. "We'll have a regular lark!"

Hence he was out here on the door-step, being a good boy. That Sheelah had taken unfair advantage of the Promise and made the being good rather a perilous undertaking, he did not appreciate. He only knew he must walk a narrow path across a long, lonely day.

There were certain things—one especial certain thing—he wanted to know, but instinct warned him not to interrupt Sheelah till her work was done, or she might call it not being good. So he waited, and while he waited he found out the special thing. An unexpected providence sent enlightenment his way, to sit down beside him on the door-step. Its other name was Daisy.

"Hullo, Murray! Is this you?" Daisy, being of the right sex, asked needless questions sometimes.

"Yes," answered Murray, politely.

"Well, let's play. I can stay half a hour. Let's tag."

"I can't play," rejoined Murray, caution restraining his natural desires. "I'm being good."

"Oh my!" shrilled the girl child derisively. "Can't you be good tagging? Come on."

"No; because you might—I might get





*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippin Green*

"I CAN'T PLAY . . . I'M BEING GOOD"



no-fairing, and then Sheelah'd come out and say I was bad. Le's sit here and talk; it's safer to. What's a lark, Daisy? I was going to ask Sheelah."

"A—lark? Why, it's a bird, of course!"

"I don't mean the bird kind, but the kind you have when your mother puts you—when something splendid happens. That kind, I mean."

Daisy pondered. Her acquaintance with larks was limited, unless it meant—

"Do you mean a good time?" she asked. "We have larks over to my house when we go to bed—"

"That's it! That's the kind!" shouted delighted Murray. "I'm going to have one when I go to bed. Do you have *reg'lar* ones, Daisy?" with a secret little hope that she didn't. "*I'm* going to have a *reg'lar* one."

"Huh!—chase all round the room an' turn somersaults an' be highway robbers? An' take the hairpins out o' your mother's hair an' *hide* in it—what?"

Murray gasped a little at the picture of that kind of a lark. It was difficult to imagine himself chasing round the room or being a highwayman; and as for somersaults—he glanced uneasily over his shoulder, as if Sheelah might be looking and read "somersaults" through the back of his head. For once he had almost turned one and Sheelah had found him in the middle of it and said pointed things. In Sheelah's code of etiquette there were no somersaults in the "s" column.

"It's a *reg'lar* lark to hide in your mother's hair," was going on the girl child's voice. "Yes, sir, that's the *reg'larest* kind!"

Murray gasped again, harder. For that kind took away his breath altogether and made him feel a little dizzy, as if he were—were *doing it now*—hiding in his mother's hair! It was soft, beautiful, gold-colored hair, and there was a great deal of it—oh, plenty to hide in! He shut his eyes and felt it all about him and soft against his face, and smelled the faint fragrance of it. The dizziness was sweet.

Yes, that must be the *reg'larest* kind of a lark, but Murray did not deceive himself, once the dream was over. He knew *that* kind was not waiting for him at the end of this long day. But a

lark was waiting, anyway—a plain lark. It might have been the bird kind in his little heart now, singing for joy at the prospect.

Impatience seized upon Murray. He wanted this little neighbor's half-hour to be up, so that he could go in and watch the clock. He wanted Sheelah to come out here, for that would mean it was ten o'clock; she always came at ten. He wanted it to be noon, to be afternoon, to be *night*. The most beautiful time in his rather monotonous little life was down there at the foot of the day, and he was creeping toward it on the lagging hours. He was like a little traveller on a dreary plain, with the first ecstatic glimpse of a hill ahead.

Murray in his childish way had been in love a long time, but he had never got very near his dear lady. He had watched her a little way off and wondered at the gracious beauty of her, and loved her eyes and her lips and her soft gold-colored hair. He had never—oh, never—been near enough to be unlaced and unbuttoned and put to bed by the lady that he loved. She had come in sometimes in a wondrous dress to say good night, but often, stopping at the mirror on the way across to him, she had seen a beautiful vision and forgotten to say it. And Murray had not wondered, for he had seen the vision, too.

"Your mamma's gone away, hasn't she? I saw her."

Daisy was still there! Murray pulled himself out of his dreaming, to be polite.

"Yes; but she's coming back to-night. She promised."

"S'posing the cars run off the track so she can't?" Daisy said, cheerfully.

"She'll come," Murray rejoined with the decision of faith. "She promised, I said."

"S'posing she's killed 'most dead?"

"She'll come."

"*Puffickly* dead—s'posing?"

Murray took time, but even here his faith in the Promise stood its ground, though the ground shook under it. Sheelah had taught him what a promise was; it was something not to be shaken or killed even in a railroad wreck.

"When anybody promises, *they do it*," he said, sturdily. "She promised an' she'll come."



"Then her angel will have to come," remarked the older, girl child, coolly, with awful use of the indicative mood.

When the half-hour was over and Murray at liberty, he went in to the clock and stood before it with hands a-pocket and wide-spread legs. A great yearning was upon him to know the mystery of telling time. He wished—oh, how he wished he had let Sheelah teach him! Then he could have stood here making little addition sums and finding out just how long it would be till night. Or he could go away and keep coming back here to make little subtraction sums, to find out how much time was left *now*—and now—and now. It was dreadful to just stand and wonder things.

Once he went up-stairs to his own little room out of the nursery and sat down where he had always sat when Sheelah unlaced him, before he had begun to unlace himself, and stood up where he had always stood when Sheelah unbuttoned him. He sat very still and stood very still, his grave little face intent with imagining. He was imagining how it would be when *she* did it. She would be right here, close—if he dared, he could put out his hand and smooth her. If he *dared*, he could take the pins out of her soft hair and hide in it—

He meant to dare!

"Little silly," perhaps she would call him; perhaps she would remember to kiss him good night. And afterward, when the lark was over, it would stay on, singing, in his heart. And he would lie in the dark and love Her.

For Her part, it was a busy day enough and did not lag. She did her shopping and called on a town friend or two. In the late afternoon she ran in to several art-stores where pictures were on exhibition. It was at the last of these places that she ran upon a woman who was a neighbor of hers in the suburbs.

"Why, Mrs. Cody!" the neighbor cried. "How delightful! You've come in to see Irving, too?"

"No," with distinct regret answered Murray's mother, "but I wish I had! I'm only in for a little shopping."

"Not going to stay! Why, it will be *wicked* to go back to-night—unless, of course, you've seen him in *Robespierre*."

"I haven't. Cicely Howe has been try-

ing to tease me to stop over and go with her. It's a 'sure-enough' temptation, as Fred says. Fred's away, so that part's all right. Of course there's Murray, but there's also Sheelah—" She was talking more to herself now than to the neighbor. The temptation had taken a sudden and striking hold upon her. It was the chance of a lifetime. She really ought—

"I guess you'll stop over!" laughed the neighbor. "I know the signs."

"I'll telephone to Sheelah," Murray's mother decided, aloud, "then I'll run along back to Cicely's. I've always wanted to see Irving in that play."

But it was seven o'clock before she telephoned. She was to have been at home at half past seven.

"That you, Sheelah? I'm not coming out to-night—not until morning. I'm going to the theatre. Tell Murray I'll bring him a present. Put an extra blanket over him if it comes up chilly."

She did not hang up the receiver at once, holding it absently at her ear while she considered if she ought to say anything else to Sheelah. Hence she heard distinctly an indignant exclamation.

"Will you hear that, now! An' the boy that certain! 'She's promised,' he says, an' he'll kape on 'She's-promising' for all o' me, for it's not tell him I will! He can go to slape in his poor little boots, expectin' her to kape her promise!"

The woman with the receiver at her ear uttered a low exclamation. She had not forgotten the Promise, but it had not impressed her as anything vital. She had given it merely to comfort Little Silly when he cried. That he would regard it as sacred—that it *was* sacred—came to her now with the forcible impact of a blow. And, oddly enough, close upon its heels came a remembrance picture—of a tiny child playing with his soldiers on the floor. The sunlight lay over him—she could see it on his little hair and face. She could hear him talking to the "Captain soldier." She had at the time called it a sermon, with a text, and laughed at the child who preached it. She was not laughing now.

"Lissen, Cappen Sojer, an' I'll teach you a p'omise. A p'omise—a p'omise—why, *when anybody p'omises, they do it!*"

Queer how plainly she could hear Little Silly say that and could see him sitting in the sun! Just the little white dress he had on—tucks in it and a dainty edging of lace! She had recognized Sheelah's maxims and laughed. Sheelah was stuffing the child with notions.

"If anybody p'omises, they do it." It seemed to come to her over the wire in a baby's voice and to strike against her heart. This mother of a little son stood suddenly self-convicted of a crime—the crime of faithlessness. It was not, she realized with a sharp stab of pain, faith in *her* the little child at the other end of the line was exercising, but faith in the Promise. He would keep on "She-promising" till he fell asleep in his poor little boots—

"Oh!" breathed in acute distress the mother of a little son. For all unexpectedly, suddenly, her house built of cards of carelessness, flippancy, thoughtlessness, had fallen round her. She struggled among the flimsy ruins.

Then came a panic of hurry. She must go home at once, without a moment's delay. A little son was waiting for her to come and put him to bed. She had promised; he was waiting. They were to have a regular little lark—that she remembered, too, with distinctness. She was almost as uncertain as Murray had been of the meaning of a "lark"; she had used the word, as she had used so many other words to the child, heedlessly. She had even an odd little uncertain feeling as to what it meant to put a little son to bed, for she had never unlaced or unbuttoned one. She had never wanted to until now. But now—she could hardly wait to get home to do it. Little Silly was growing up—the bare brown space between the puffs of his little trousers and the top rims of his little socks were widening. She must hurry, hurry! What if he grew up before she got there! What if she never had a chance to put a little son to bed! She had lost so many chances; this one that was left had suddenly sprung into prominence and immense value. With the shock of her awakening upon her she felt like one partially paralyzed, but with the need upon her to rise and walk—to *run*.

She started at once, scarcely allowing

herself time to explain to her friend. She would listen to no urgings at all.

"I've got to go, Cicely—I've promised my little son," was all she took time to say; and the friend, knowing of the telephone message, supposed it had been a telephone promise.

At the station they told her there was another train at seven-thirty, and she walked about uneasily until it came. Walking about seemed to hurry it along the rails to her.

Another woman waited and walked with her. Another mother of little sons, she decided whimsically, reading it in the sweet, quiet face. The other woman was in widow's black, and she thought how merciful it was that there should be a little son left her. She yielded to an inclination to speak.

"The train is late," she said. "It must be."

"No." The other woman glanced backward at the station clock. "It's we who are early."

"And in a hurry," laughed Murray's mother, in the relief of speech. "I've got to get home to put my little son to bed! I don't suppose you are going home for that?"

The sweet face for an instant lost its quietness. Something like a spasm of mortal pain crossed it and twisted it. The woman walked away abruptly, but came back. "I've been home and—put him to bed," she said, slowly—"in his last little bed."

Then Murray's mother found herself hurrying feverishly into a car, her face feeling wet and queer. She was crying.

"Oh, the poor woman!" she thought, "the poor woman! And I'm going home to a little live one. I can cover him up and tuck him in! I can kiss his little solemn face and his little brown knees. Why haven't I ever kissed his knees before? If I could only hurry! Will this car ever start?" She put her head out of the window. An oily personage in jumpers was passing.

"Why don't we start?" she said.

"Hot box," the oily person replied, laconically.

The delay was considerable to a mother going home to put her little child to bed. It seemed to this mother interminable. When at length she felt a





*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

MURRAY HAD SEEN THE VISION, TOO



welcome jar and lurch her patience was threadbare. She sat bolt upright, as if by so doing she were helping things along.

It was an express and leaped ahead splendidly, catching up with itself. Her thoughts leaped ahead with it. No, no, he would not be in bed. Sheelah was not going to tell him, so he would insist upon waiting up. But she might find him asleep in his poor little boots! She caught her breath in half a sob, half tender laugh. Little Silly!

But if an express, why this stop? They were slowing up. It was not time to get to the home station; there were no lights. Murray's mother waylaid a passing brakeman.

"What is it? What is it?"

"All right, all right! Don't be scairt, lady! Wreck ahead somewheres—freight-train. We got to wait till they clear the track."

But the misery of waiting! He might get tired of waiting, or Sheelah might tell him she was not coming out to-night; he might go to bed, with his poor little faith in the Promise wrecked, like the freight on there in the dark. She could not sit still and bear the thought; it was not much easier pacing the aisle. She felt a wild inclination to get off the train and walk home.

At the home station, when at last she reached it, she took a carriage. "Drive fast!" she said, peremptorily. "I'll pay you double fare."

The houses they rattled past were ablaze with light down-stairs, not up-stairs where little sons would be going to bed. All the little sons had gone to bed.

They stopped with a terrific lurch. It threw her on to the seat ahead.

"This is not the place," she cried, sharply, after a glance without.

"No'm; we're stoppin' fer recreation," drawled sarcastically the unseen driver. He appeared to be assisting the horse to lie down. She stumbled to the ground and demanded things.

"Yer'll have to ax this here four-legged party what's doin'. I didn't stop—I kep' right on goin'. He laid down on his job, that's all, marm. I'll get him up, come Chris'mas. Now then, yer ole fool!"

There was no patience left in the "fare" standing there beside the plunging beast. She fumbled in her purse, found something, dropped it somewhere, and hurried away down the street. She did not walk home, because she ran. It was well the streets were quiet ones.

"Has he gone to bed?" she came panting in upon drowsy Sheelah, startling that phlegmatic person out of an honest Irish dream.

"Murray—Little Silly—has he gone to bed? Oh no!" for she saw him then, an inert little heap at Sheelah's feet. She gathered him up in her arms.

"I won't! I won't go, Sheelah! I'm waiting. She promis—" in drowsy murmur.

"She's here—she's come, Murray! Mamma's come home to put you to bed—Little Silly, open your eyes and see mamma!"

And he opened them and saw the love in her eyes before he saw her. Sleep took instant wings. He sprang up.

"I knew you'd come! I told Sheelah! When anybody promises, they— Come on quick up-stairs! I can unlace myself, but I'd rather—"

"Yes, yes!" she sobbed.

"And we'll have a lark, won't we? You said a lark; but not the reg'larest kind—I don't suppose we could have the reg'larest kind?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Oh!—why!" His eyes shone. He put up his hand, then drew it shyly back. If she would only take out the pins herself—if he only dared to—

"What is it, Little Silly—darling?" They were up in his room. She had her cheek against his little bare brown knees. It brought her soft gold-colored hair so near—if he only dared—

"What is it you'd like, little son?" And he took courage. She had never called him Little Son before. It made him brave enough.

"I thought—the reg'larest kind—your hair—if you'd let it tumble all down, I'd—hide in it," he breathed, his knees against her cheek trembling like little frightened things.

It fell about him in a soft shower and he hid in it and laughed. Sheelah heard them laughing together.



# How Men Feel in Battle

BY S. H. M. BYERS

Author of "Sherman's March to the Sea"

SUMTER was fired on. I was twenty-two. I longed for the excitement of battle, the adventure of war; and so I enlisted in a regiment that was to be wiped out of existence before the war was over. More than a year passed. It was noon now, of the 19th of September, 1862. Possibly the fiercest battle of the civil war was about to begin—a battle in which our small brigade of three half-regiments was to lose six hundred and eight killed and wounded. My own regiment had but four hundred and eighty-two engaged, but two hundred and seventeen of them, with fifteen officers, were stretched dead or wounded in an hour. It was appalling. That was war. That afternoon put a star on the shoulder of General Rosecrans.

My regiment had been hoping for a great fight. We were tired of chasing "Pap" Price's battalions and guerrillas from the Missouri River to the Ozark Mountains, tired of being killed off in running fights, skirmishes, and ambuscades, where there was no honor. We wanted real war. At last, at Iuka, down in Mississippi, and close to the Tennessee River, they said they would stand up and fight. And they did! Not a soldier in the Fifth Iowa was more anxious to participate in a red-hot battle than myself. I was among those who had volunteered not more for patriotism than for hope of tremendous adventure. My chance had come. We marched from our camps at Jacinto as light-footed and as light-hearted that September morning as if we were going to a wedding. The sky was blue, the birds sang, the autumn leaves were red and beautiful. We seemed perfectly gay with anticipation of being killed. It seems astounding now. The fact is, no one thought himself in severe danger. Some of us would be killed, we knew, of course, but each thought it would be the "other fellow."

We sang jovial songs as we marched along; one, a song of my own composing. That gorgeous forenoon, hurrying through the woods for twenty miles, towards the enemy, we saw the *poetry* of war. Sundown saw five of my mess-mates and forty-two of my regiment dead in a ditch by the battle-field. Another one hundred and seventy-five were wounded. And we had all been so happy in the morning!

An hour before the fight commenced we soldiers feared the enemy might run and get away. At last a shot was heard in the woods in front of us. Our advance-guard had run on to some Confederates in gray. "Form your regiment instantly, right and left across this road," cried a staff-officer, galloping up to our loved commander, Colonel Matthies. "Stand your ground here and fight them," added the officer.

"Dat is just exactly vot I calculate to do," answered our colonel in his Teutonic accent. In three minutes the line was across the road and every eye peering into the thin woods in front. Just then, to my amazement, the colonel galloped up to me and said: "You have got your musket, but you must not fight. Something has happened to the quartermaster. Go back to the teams and hurry them ten miles to the rear." I was the most disappointed man in Grant's army. Protests did no good. "I trust you," he said. "You must go; another time you shall have your chance." Orders were orders. I hurried away, with the oncoming battle sounding in my ears, and in my heart a fixed resolve never to obey orders again, if that meant taking me from the side of my comrades.

When we got the news back at the wagon-train that my regiment had been gloriously cut to pieces, I almost cried, that I had lost the chance to fall in battle. The fighting had been something terrible. The combatants nearly exter-

minated each other. They fought so close that if a man were hit, he was powder-burnt. One regiment of the enemy had every officer killed or wounded. Yet we wanted more of this.

Time passed. My colonel kept his word. In a little time that same enemy, reinforced, rushed on to our works at Corinth. We were 25,000 inside the town, and they were 40,000 outside. All the moonlight night of October 3 my regiment, what was left of it, lay in a wagon road in the woods outside the works of Corinth and listened to the rumbling of the Confederate artillery as it was moving into place to attack us on the morrow. This time no orders hindered. A comrade who escaped being killed at Iuka lay under a blanket with me in the wagon road and in the moonlight. The terrible experience at Iuka had sobered Jimmy King a little. He talked of what might happen at daylight. He said, too, he was "glad he had always led a good life." As for me, I was hopeful of a big time. I might of course get wounded—I almost hoped for this little honor,—but it was the "other fellow" who would certainly get killed.

At daybreak of the 4th, Fort Robinette was picked out by the enemy as one of the points for their great final assault, and it proved one of the awfulest and bloodiest assaults of the civil war. There had been hard fighting all day of the 3d, and all our outer works were in the enemy's hands. On the morning of the 4th, my regiment with its division was placed some distance to the right of Robinette. We were in a field of high weeds. The orders were to lie down, as the enemy in overpowering numbers were about to assault us directly in front. We lay there in the weeds for an hour without speaking. What a chance for strange thoughts! And the men, thinking of their comrades dead in the ditches of Iuka, did meditate. The suspense, lying there in the weeds, every moment expecting a crash of musketry in our faces, was something intense. The sun was red hot. Poor Billy Bodley, grieving for his only brother, just killed, crept over to me and whispered, "I am not afraid, but I am too sick to fight—you are the captain's friend; ask him to let me go back." He went, only to be killed

on another field. He was just creeping back through the weeds, when some one cried out to us to "rise and fire." I was burning up with excitement, too excited to be scared. Instantly we were on our feet. I was in the rear rank. I could see the enemy perfectly. Some of them were in their shirt-sleeves, running from tree to tree and firing at us. I raised my musket and blazed away at nobody in particular. A comrade in front of me afterward said I "nearly shot his ear off." He glanced back once, he said, and I was only laughing. That was my first shot in an open, stand-up battle. We went on firing, biting our cartridges and loading with iron ramrods as fast as we could. I was constantly afraid lest the enemy would be on me before I could get that fool gun loaded. The destiny of the country was in my hands at that moment; only I wasn't thinking of the country, or anything else save that miserable old ramrod and that line of fellows a hundred yards in front. I must have swallowed whole spoonfuls of gunpowder in my haste biting the cartridges. I had thirst beyond description. My canteen was full of water, too, but who could stop then to take a drink! The fighting went on some minutes, yet not many men were dropping near me right or left. It must have been a ruse of the enemy, for suddenly he massed a heavy column to our left, and almost passing us, made that dreadful and historic assault on bloody Robinette. My regiment made a quick wheel half-way round, and there we stood and witnessed as brave deeds as were ever seen in any war. No soldiers could have stormed that fort and held it, yet now, suddenly, a great black column of Confederates debouched from the woods, spread out fanlike, and with a yell started to capture Fort Robinette. In front of them and about them lay fallen trees, making a strong abattis; in front of these, a deep, wide ditch; and in front of that, the fort, filled with cannon and soldiers. Every gun was loaded to the muzzle, and as the Confederates approached, a horrible whirlwind of bullets, grape-shot, and canister poured into their faces. They never halted. General Rogers, with a flag in one hand and a revolver in the other, led them straight into one of the awful



death-traps of the war. Hundreds of them crossed the ditch, climbed into the fort, and with their muskets clubbed the men at the guns. Others lay dead on the fort's escarpment, their muskets folded in their arms. Useless courage, vain glory. In a moment, new Federal lines rose up behind the fort, and all was lost. The Confederates fled back among their dead, trampling them as they ran. Twice they had passed in front of my regiment, once as victors and once in horrible defeat. Standing there, looking at the horrible scene, and in the midst of the awful thunder of battle, I felt as if the world were coming to an end. It seemed the destruction of humanity, not a battle. If the ground had opened and swallowed us all up, it wouldn't have seemed strange. At that moment I was thinking neither of victory nor defeat. It was the tremendous spectacle, the awful noise, that overwhelmed me. Had that charge succeeded, my regiment would have been lost. We were speechless, breathless, as we watched the storming of the fort. Soon I went down to the grass before it. Six thousand dead and wounded Confederates lay in front of Corinth. I saw the body of Rogers, the brave of the brave, lying there. He was in his white-stockings feet. Some vandal had robbed him of his boots. He lay on his back, his face to the foe.

That night in the moonlight I stood on guard on the battle-field. I was under an oak-tree. The dead lay there unburied, among them two of my chums and classmates in a Western school. I had time to meditate on the awfulness of war, that night. But I did not. I was only thinking of the words of General Rosecrans, as he rode down the lines at Iuka, crying out, "Glorious Fifth Iowa." I, too, in the moonlight on the battle-field was saying, "Glorious Fifth Iowa." It was my regiment. How a soldier loves glory! I forgot my dead comrades and classmates in my pride in the regiment.

Forty years have passed. As I write this, I do not know that twenty of my regiment are alive. It was one of the commands that perished almost before the war was over. Later, when I was mustered out of the army as an escaped prisoner, the Secretary of War said to

me: "You have no regiment. They are all gone. They fell gloriously. You are the last man of the regiment." Is it any wonder that there, on the battle-field, alone in the moonlight, I was thinking only of the deeds of the regiment.

I skip a few months. Again the chance is mine. I had not yet been killed or hurt. I had volunteered that something might happen. I wanted more adventure, and more and more; and it was all coming, but I did not know it. A last great attempt was to be made on Vicksburg. We had made so many attempts and failed. In all, ten thousand lives had been lost and Vicksburg was still standing there, a defiance to the Union army. A European war-office would have courtmartialled Grant for leaving his base as he did now, putting a mighty river behind him and starting into an enemy's country, almost without food for man or beast. We got used to strange warfare in the civil conflict, after a while. Anyway, there we now were, marching behind Vicksburg—here, there, anywhere—walking through dust shoe-mouth deep, roasting in the sun, sleeping in the road, fighting everywhere—Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills—victories, every one. We hardly waited to bury the dead. Day and night we kept going. We just marched and fought. At Jackson, an awful thunder-storm accompanied the battle. Forty years after I still laugh to think how a hundred times we soldiers dropped flat on our faces at every mighty clap of thunder, thinking it an exploding shell from the guns of the enemy. Suddenly Pemberton, with all his army, came boldly out of Vicksburg, to give us one great battle. He chose his ground among the magnolia woods of Champion Hills. My chance for adventure had come again.

On the night of May 15th, my regiment got hold of a little flour. At dawn of the 16th we were mixing it with water, making dough balls to bake on the end of our ramrods over our little bivouac fires in the woods. It was all we had to eat. Once we heard faint sounds of cannon far away. Some horsemen were passing the bivouac. It was just daylight. I went out to the roadside, and there I saw General Grant gal-



loping past, followed by aides who were jumping their horses over logs and stumps, trying to keep up with the commander. There were more sounds of cannon. "Fall in," sounded down the regiment. In five minutes we were making a forced march for Champion Hills. The fight had commenced and we were a dozen miles away. How we travelled! The cavalry did not more than keep up with us. We were nearly dying with thirst. The day was terrifically hot. As we neared the battle-field, we passed a dirty pond of water. We left the ranks and filled canteens and stomachs with a fluid fit only for swine to wallow in. One can't be too fastidious with a battle coming on. Already hundreds of wounded men were rushing to the rear. In a little time my regiment was stretched in line of battle, at the side of an open field. Beyond that field, in the wood and hills, the enemy was firing random shots into our silent unresisting line. What we were doing there, Heaven only knows. How little a subordinate soldier ever knows as to what he is about! His business is to march, keep still, be shot to pieces, and say nothing! The suspense of standing in that line was something awful. We were being shot down, and not firing a shot in return. There was again a chance to think, and I was thinking if I had not had enough of fool adventure! I was quartermaster-sergeant, anyway. My post was at a safe place with the train, at the rear. Yet, here I was, just as in every fight of the Vicksburg campaign, volunteering to get myself shot. The colonel had allowed a convalescent to perform my duties, while I went forth in search of fame.

I hadn't long to think, for shortly General Grant rode up behind my regiment and dismounted, almost where I was standing in the line. It was something to see him in battle, and so close I could almost hear his talk. He had the inevitable cigar as he leaned against his horse, listening to the reports of aides as they galloped to him. An occasional man in the regiment threw up his arms, dropped his musket and fell dead. It created no remark. We just stood on, wondering what next. There was some mysterious nodding of heads between our

colonel and General Grant. And then suddenly came an order,—“Fix bayonets—forward—double-quick—charge!” We started on the run. Grant, I noticed, mounted his horse and rode away. As we were about to move, the colonel made me acting sergeant-major of the regiment. To be promoted right then, in such a place! General Grant, commanding the army, was not so proud as I was. Fear or no fear, I could do nothing now but pitch in and fight. Honor was at stake! We charged up and into the woods, under a heavy fire—till, suddenly, we were stopped by a blazing line of Confederate musketry. Then the two lines, the blue and the gray, stood two mortal hours (though it did not seem but a few minutes to me) and poured hot musketry into each other's face. I was struck twice, but slightly hurt. Comrades near me I saw covered with blood, their faces black with powder, fighting on. The dead lay everywhere unnoticed. Again I was biting cartridges and hurrying with that awful ramrod. A Confederate shot his ramrod through my hand. I was too busy, too excited, too hot, too thirsty, to think of it—to think of anything but loading and firing and standing my ground.

We were winning Vicksburg right there, making Grant President that afternoon. Every torn face was a step toward the city, every dead man a ballot for the White House, yet neither White House nor ballot nor Vicksburg was in our thoughts. Would that awful line in front of us ever give way? That was all. The terrific fighting continued. I emptied my musket forty times, at men in front of me. Some took cartridges from the dead and fired fifty, sixty times. Once we were being flanked. A boy ran up to me crying: “My regiment has run. What will I do?” “Stay right here!” I shouted. “Load and fire.” He did, until both his legs were shot off by a cannon-ball. That was war! I was getting adventure, too—lots of it!

Before sundown the battle was over. Leaving our dead unburied, our wounded in the woods, we hurried on. We had taken Vicksburg, out there under the magnolia-trees of Champion Hills. The awful fighting for the city forts, later, would have been in vain had Grant's



May 17<sup>th</sup> 10 30 a.m.

Dear Gen

Lawler's Brigade stormed the  
enemy's works a few minutes since carried  
it capturing from 2000 to 3000 prisoners 18  
guns so far as heard from and probably more  
will be found. The enemy have fired both  
bridges.

A. J. Smith captured 10 guns this  
morning with teams men and ammunition

I sent you a note from Col Wright

Yours

U. S. Grant

Maj' Gen

In

Maj. Gen. Sherman  
Comd'g 17<sup>th</sup> Army Corps.

GRANT'S LETTER TO SHERMAN ANNOUNCING THE VICTORY  
From the original autograph copy owned by Mr. Byers

army been defeated that afternoon in May. We went on to the Black River and fought again. Not knowing of our victories, the government ordered Grant to abandon the campaign; let Vicksburg go. Think of it! The messenger came to him as he sat on his horse watching some brave regiments storm the breastworks defending Black River bridge. "It is too late," he said to the messenger. "Look yonder. Forty cannon are in our hands." And then, sitting there in his saddle on the battle-field, he wrote General Sherman a letter in pencil, telling of the victory. The autograph letter here reproduced is in the writer's hands.

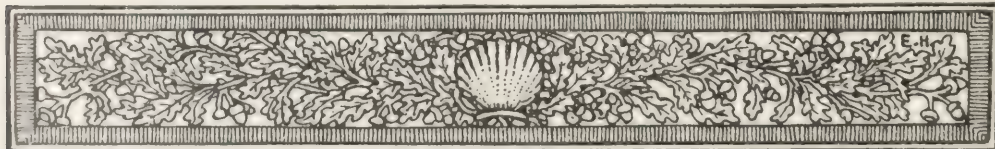
Soon we approached the mighty forts and lines surrounding Vicksburg. The soldiers had had so many victories, they believed that they could storm the works. Grant let them try. That 22d of May saw the Union army hurled back into its own breastworks. The charge had been made by 35,000 men. My own brigade and regiment advanced at the centre. Three hundred cannon and all the mortar-boats bombarded the city before the charge. The Fifth Iowa crept up through the gullies and ravines very close to the fort. The cannonading and the hot sun made the warring terrible. I was ordered to carry some ammunition

to the boys at the very front. The regiment lay against the hillside under a galling fire. One hardly dared lift his head above the ground, fearing to be killed. I got my bundles of cartridges to the men and sat down in a depression in the hillside. I was safe as long as I did not move. Once more I had a chance to think, there, with the bullets whizzing within three feet of me. We could go neither forward nor back. We were just sitting around and being killed. Still the attack had not been given up. Sitting in that protected spot, a dozen soldiers, with heads bowed low, crept past me. Each carried a musket and a little ladder. They were to make the desperate attempt to try and place these ladders across the ditch, when the regiment would climb over them and cross into the works. These laddermen passed so close I could look into their eyes. For once, at least, I felt death to be hovering very near. These men had surely volunteered to die. Few, or none of them, ever were seen again. Our assault failed. Our whole brigade crept down the gullies and ravines as best we could, and got away. Again we tried it at another point, and there our leader, Colonel Boomer, calling to the Iowa men to follow him, was shot dead. It was sundown and the storming of the city was abandoned. The siege commenced. Like beavers, we dug and dug till all the hills in front of the forts were honeycombed with rifle-pits. Every soldier at the front fired his hundred rounds a day, whether an enemy was seen or not. The men inside the forts did the same with us, and at intervals a hundred cannon poured exploding shells into the city.

One morning when I was out at the front rifle-pits I saw General Matthies creeping along the galleries to the pit where I was firing. He had a package in his hand wrapped in brown paper. To

my astonishment he unfolded the paper and gave me an officer's sash. No wonder it hangs above my table as I write. "You are to be the adjutant of the regiment," he said. I do not know if the roar of the musketry then going on drowned my voice as I tried to thank him, or if in the circumstance of war he witnessed my delight.

At a later battle, in the storming of Missionary Ridge, I saw him sitting under a tree, bleeding, a wound in his head that later led him to his grave. It was in a pause of the battle of Chattanooga. I was lying on the grass between two lines of the enemy. All around me were dead and wounded. Again I was having adventure. Again I had a chance to think. And before the doors of a Southern prison closed on me, as I lay there on the grass for just one moment, my mind went back to that village green where I had volunteered to go out and fight and, maybe, win adventure. I had had it all—and the worst, a thousand times, was yet to come. In a few minutes the Confederate lines closed in on me, and eighty of my regiment, of whom a handful only, dead or alive, were ever to return, marched away to Libby Prison. Many times I escaped, only to be retaken. Once, foot-free in the Confederacy, I entered a Southern regiment and, inside Atlanta, saw what great battles were from the standpoint of the Southern side. At last I got away, was placed on the staff of the great Sherman in the Carolinas, and was the first to carry the news of his victories to the government at Washington. I had, as a boy, often wondered how men feel in war-times. After four years of war, adventure, and prison, I found it out. In all the civil war I slept but eight nights in a bed at home. I had longed for adventure. The memory of the past is now enough.





# Feeding the Mind

AN ESSAY HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

BY (the late) LEWIS CARROLL

Author of *Alice in Wonderland*

BREAKFAST, dinner, tea; in extreme cases, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, supper, and a glass of something hot at bedtime. What care we take about feeding the lucky body! Which of us does as much for his mind? And what causes the difference? Is the body so much the more important of the two?

By no means; but life depends on the body being fed, whereas we can continue to exist as animals (scarcely as men) though the mind be utterly starved and neglected. Therefore Nature provides that, in case of serious neglect of the body, such terrible consequences of discomfort and pain shall ensue as will soon bring us back to a sense of our duty; and some of the functions necessary to life she does for us altogether, leaving us no choice in the matter. It would fare but ill with many of us if we were left to superintend our own digestion and circulation. "Bless me!" one would cry, "I forgot to wind up my heart this morning! To think that it has been standing still for the last three hours!" "I can't walk with you this afternoon," a friend would say, "as I have no less than eleven dinners to digest. I had to let them stand over from last week, being so busy—and my doctor says he will not answer for the consequences if I wait any longer!"

Well it is, I say, for us, that the consequences of neglecting the body can be clearly seen and felt; and it might be well for some if the mind were equally visible and tangible—if we could take it, say, to the doctor and have its pulse felt.

"Why, what have you been doing with this mind lately? How have you fed it? It looks pale, and the pulse is very slow."

"Well, doctor, it has not had much

regular food lately. I gave it a lot of sugar-plums yesterday."

"Sugar-plums! What kind?"

"Well, they were a parcel of conundrums, sir."

"Ah! I thought so. Now just mind this: if you go on playing tricks like that, you'll spoil all its teeth, and get laid up with mental indigestion. You must have nothing but the plainest reading for the next few days. Take care now! No novels on any account!"

Considering the amount of painful experience many of us have had in feeding and dosing the body, it would, I think, be quite worth our while to try and translate some of the rules into corresponding ones for the mind.

First, then, we should set ourselves to provide for our mind its *proper kind* of food; we very soon learn what will, and what will not, agree with the body, and find little difficulty in refusing a piece of the tempting pudding or pie which is associated in our memory with that terrible attack of indigestion; and whose very name irresistibly recalls rhubarb and magnesia; but it takes a great many lessons to convince us how indigestible some of our favorite lines of reading are, and again and again we make a meal of the unwholesome novel, sure to be followed by its usual train of low spirits, unwillingness to work, weariness of existence—in fact by mental nightmare.

Then we should be careful to provide this wholesome food in *proper amount*. Mental gluttony, or overreading, is a dangerous propensity, tending to weakness of digestive power, and in some cases to loss of appetite; we know that bread is a good and wholesome food, but who would like to try the experiment of eating two or three loaves at a sitting?



I have heard of a physician telling his patient—whose complaint was merely gluttony and want of exercise—that “the earliest symptom of hypernutrition is a deposition of adipose tissue,” and no doubt the fine long words greatly consoled the poor man under his increasing load of fat.

I wonder if there is such a thing in nature as a *fat mind*? I really think I have met with one or two minds which could not keep up with the slowest trot in conversation, could not jump over a logical fence to save their lives, always got stuck fast in a narrow argument, and, in short, were fit for nothing but to waddle helplessly through the world.

Then, again, though the food be wholesome and in proper amount, we know that we must not consume *too many kinds at once*. Take the thirsty haymaker a quart of beer, or a quart of cider, or even a quart of cold tea, and he will probably thank you (though not so heartily in the last case!). But what think you his feelings would be if you offered him a tray containing a little mug of beer, a little mug of cider, another of cold tea, one of hot tea, one of coffee, one of cocoa, and corresponding vessels of milk, water, brandy-and-water, and buttermilk? The sum total might be a quart, but would it be the same thing to the haymaker?

Having settled the proper kind, amount, and variety of our mental food, it remains that we should be careful to allow *proper intervals* between meal and meal, and not swallow the food hastily without mastication, so that it may be thoroughly digested; both which rules for the body are also applicable at once to the mind.

First as to the intervals: these are as really necessary as they are for the body, with this difference only, that while the body requires three or four hours' rest before it is ready for another meal, the mind will in many cases do with three or four minutes. I believe that the interval required is much shorter than is generally supposed, and from personal experience I would recommend any one who has to devote several hours together to one subject of thought to try the effect of such a break, say once an hour—leaving off for

five minutes only, each time, but taking care to throw the mind absolutely “out of gear” for those five minutes, and to turn it entirely to other subjects. It is astonishing what an amount of impetus and elasticity the mind recovers during those short periods of rest.

And then as to the mastication of the food: the mental process answering to this is simply *thinking over* what we read. This is a very much greater exertion of mind than the mere passive taking in the contents of our author—so much greater an exertion is it, that, as Coleridge says, the mind often “angrily refuses” to put itself to such trouble—so much greater, that we are far too apt to neglect it altogether, and go on pouring in fresh food on the top of the undigested masses already lying there, till the unfortunate mind is fairly swamped under the flood. But the greater the exertion, the more valuable, we may be sure, is the effect; one hour of steady thinking over a subject (a solitary walk is as good an opportunity for the process as any other) is worth two or three of reading only. And just consider another effect of this thorough digestion of the books we read; I mean the arranging and “ticketing,” so to speak, of the subjects in our minds, so that we can readily refer to them when we want them. Sam Slick tells us that he has learned several languages in his life, but somehow “couldn't keep the parcels sorted” in his mind; and many a mind that hurries through book after book, without waiting to digest or arrange anything, gets into that sort of condition, and the unfortunate owner finds himself far from fit really to support the character all his friends give him.

“A thoroughly well-read man. Just you try him in any subject, now. You can't puzzle him!”

You turn to the thoroughly well-read man: you ask him a question, say, in English history (he is understood to have just finished reading Macaulay); he smiles good-naturedly, tries to look as if he knew all about it, and proceeds to dive into his mind for the answer. Up comes a handful of very promising facts, but on examination they turn out to belong to the wrong century, and are pitched in again; a second haul brings



up a fact much more like the real thing, but unfortunately along with it comes a tangle of other things—a fact in political economy, a rule in arithmetic, the ages of his brother's children, and a stanza of Gray's "Elegy"; and among all these the fact he wants has got hopelessly twisted up and entangled. Meanwhile every one is waiting for his reply, and as the silence is getting more and more awkward, our well-read friend has to stammer out some half-answer at last, not nearly so clear or so satisfactory as an ordinary school-boy would have given. And all this for want of making up his knowledge into proper bundles and ticketing them!

Do you know the unfortunate victim of ill-judged mental feeding when you see him? Can you doubt him? Look at him drearily wandering round a reading-room, tasting dish after dish—we beg his pardon, book after book—keeping to none. First a mouthful of novel—but no, faugh! he has had nothing but that to eat for the last week, and is quite tired of the taste; then a slice of science, but you know at once what the result of that will be—ah, of course, much too tough for *his* teeth. And so on through the old weary round, which he tried (and failed in) yesterday, and will probably try, and fail in, to-morrow.

Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his very amusing book *The Professor at the Breakfast-table*, gives the following rule for knowing whether a human being is

young or old. "The crucial experiment is this. Offer a bulky bun to the suspected individual just ten minutes before dinner. If this is easily accepted and devoured, the fact of youth is established." He tells us that a human being, "if young, will eat anything at any hour of the day or night."

To ascertain the healthiness of the *mental* appetite of a human animal, place in its hands a short, well-written, but not exciting treatise on some popular subject—a mental *bun*, in fact. If it is read with eager interest and perfect attention, *and if the reader can answer questions on the subject afterwards*, the mind is in first-rate working order; if it be politely laid down again, or perhaps lounged over for a few minutes, and then, "I can't read this stupid book! Would you hand me the second volume of *The Mysterious Murder?*" you may be equally sure that there is something wrong in the mental digestion.

If this paper has given you any useful hints on the important subject of reading, and made you see that it is one's duty no less than one's interest to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the good books that fall in your way, its purpose will be fulfilled.

NOTE.—The manuscript of this address was given to the Rev. W. H. Draper, of Adel, Yorkshire, England, by the author, and is now printed for the first time, with the consent of his executor and family.

## Inscriptions

BY JOHN B. TABB

THE epitaph of night  
 The sunbeams write;  
 The epitaph of day,  
 The shadows gray:  
 One requiem of wind and wave  
 Above each grave.

# The Level of Fortune

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

SHE was the ambition of the younger girls and the envy of the less fortunate. Bessie Hall had *everything*, they said.

Her prettiness, indeed, was chiefly in slender plumpness and bloom. But it served her purpose as no classic mould would have done. She did not overestimate it. But she was probably better satisfied with it than with most of those conditions of her life that people were always telling her were ideal. They spoke of her as the only child in a way that implied congratulations on the undivided inheritance—and that reminded her how she had always wanted a sister. They talked of her idyllic life on a blue-grass stock-farm—when she was wheedling from her father a winter in Washington. They envied her often when they had the very thing she wanted—or, at least, she didn't have it. They enlarged on her popularity, and she answered, "Oh yes, nice boys, most of them, but—"

She had always said, "When I marry," not "if," and had said it much as she said, "When I grow up." And, yes, she believed in fate: that everybody who belonged to you would find you out; but—it was only hospitable to meet them half-way! So her admirers found her in the beginning hopefully interested, and in the end rather mournfully unconvinced. Her regret seemed so genuinely on her own account as well as theirs that they usually carried off a very kind feeling for her. She was equally open to enlistment in any other proposed diversion. For Bessie lived in a constant state of great expectation that something really nice would really happen to-morrow. There was always something wrong to-day.

"It's not fair!" she complained to Guy Osbourne, when he came to tell her good-by, all in the gray. "I'm positively discriminated against. If *I* have an engagement, it's sure to rain! And now

just when I'm beginning to be a grown young lady, with a prospect *at last* of a thoroughly good time, a war has to break out!"

Her petulance was pretty. Guy laughed. "How disobliging!" he sympathized. "And how modest!" he added—which the reader may disentangle; Bessie did not. "*At last!*" he mocked her.

For Bessie Hall, whose community already moved in an orbit around her, and whose parents had, according to a familiar phrase, an even more circumscribed course around her little finger—for Bessie Hall to rail at fate was deliciously absurd, delightfully feminine!

When Bessie was most unreasonable one only wanted to kiss her. Guy's privileges in that line had passed with the days when he used to pick up bodily his lithe little playfellow to cross a creek or rain-puddled road. But to-day seemed pleasantly momentous; it called for the unusual. "I say, Bibi, when a knight went off to fight, you know, his lady used to give him a stirrup-cup at good-by. Don't you think it would be really sweet of you—"

She held off, only to be provoking. She would have thought no more of kissing Guy than a brother—or she thought she wouldn't. To be sure, she hadn't for years; there was no occasion; and then, of course, one didn't. She laughed and shook her head, and retreated laughing. And he promptly captured her. . . . She freed herself, suddenly serious. And Guy stood sobered—sobered not at going to the war, but at leaving her.

"There now, run along."

"Well, good-by." But he lingered. There was nothing more to say, but he lingered. "Well, good-by. Be good, Bibi."

"It looks as if that was all I'd have a chance to be." The drawl of the light voice with its rising inflection was so engaging, no one called it nasal. "And



it's so much more difficult and important to be charming!"

He was sobered at leaving her, but he never thought of not going with the rest. He went, and all the rest. And Bessie found herself, just when nature had crowned her with womanhood, a princess without a kingdom. To be sure, living on the border gave her double opportunities, and for contrasting romances. There were episodes that comforted her with the reflection that she was not getting wholly out of practice in the arts. And there was real adventure in flying and secret visits from Guy and the rest—Guy, who was never again just the same with her; but, for that matter, neither was she just the same with him. But, on the whole, as she pouted to him afterward, she wouldn't call that four years' war exactly entertaining!

The Halls personally did not suffer so deeply as their neighbors except from property loss. All they could afford, and more, they gave to the South, and the Northern invader took what was left. When there was nothing left, he hacked the rosewood furniture and made targets of the family portraits, in the mere wantonness of loot that, as a recriminative compliment, cannot be laid to the charge of any one period or section. Most of the farm negroes crossed the river. Funds ran low.

There had been ease and luxury in the family always, and just when Bessie reached the time to profit by them she remarked that they failed.

Even if the Halls were not in mourning, no one lives through such a time without feeling the common humanity. But Bessie, though she lingered on the brink of love as of all the other deeps of life—curious, adventurous, at once willing and reluctant—was still, in the end, quite steady.

When the war was over, the Halls were poor, on a competence of land run to waste, with no labor to work it, and no market to sell it. And Mr. Hall, like so many of his generation, was too hampered by habit and crushed by reminiscence to meet the new day.

It was the contrast in Guy's spirit that won Bessie. His was indeed the immemorial spirit of youth—whether it be of the young world, or the young male, or

the young South—to accept the issue of trial by combat and give loyalty to one proved equally worthy of sword or hand.

"We're whipped," he told her, "and that settles it. Now there's other work for us than brooding over it. All the same, the South has a future, Bibi, and that means a future for you and me."

"Not in the manufacture of poetry, I'm afraid," she laughed. "You dropped a stitch."

She did not seem to take his prowess, either past or to come, very seriously; and her eyebrows and her inflection went up at the assumption of the "we" in his plans. But—she listened, hopefully interested.

His definiteness was itself effective. She herself did not know what she wanted. Something was wrong; or rather, everything was. She was finding life a great bore. But what would be right, she couldn't say, except that it must be different.

Guy looked sure and seasoned as he poured out his plans; and together with the maturing tan and breadth from his rough life, there was an unconquerable boyishness in the lift of his head and the light of his eyes.

"This enthusiasm is truly beautiful!" she teased.

It was, in truth, infectious.

Why! it was love she had wanted. The four years had been so empty—without Guy.

She went into it alert, receptive, optimistic. But it nettled her that everybody should be so congratulatory, and nobody surprised. It wasn't what *she* would call ideal for two impoverished young aristocrats to start life on nothing but affection and self-confidence.

It did seem as if the choicest fruit always came to *her* specked.

"Never mind," Guy encouraged her. "Just give me ten years. It will be a little hard on you at first, Bibi dear, I know, but it would be harder at your father's now. And it won't be long, trust me!"

There was only one comment of whose intention Bessie was uncertain: "So Guy is to continue carrying you over the bad places, Bessie?"

Hm! She had been thinking it rather



a fine thing for *her* to do. And that appealed to her.

"And think what an amusing anecdote it will make after a while, Guy,—how, with all your worldly goods tied up in a red bandanna, and your wife on your arm instead of her father's doorstep, you set out to make your fortune, and to live meanwhile in the City of Un-Brotherly Love!"

But Bessie had the standards of an open-handed people to whom economy was not a virtue. There had always been on her mother's table for every meal "salt-risin' light bread" and corn pone or griddle-cakes, half a dozen kinds of preserves, the staples in proportion. Her mother would have been humiliated had there been any noticeable diminution in the supply when the meal was over; and she and the cook would have had a council of war had a guest failed to eat and praise any single dish.

Bessie had not realized how inglorious their meagreness would be, until Mrs. Grey, at the daughter's table, grew unctuously reminiscent about the mother's.

"Dear me!" Guy tried afterward to comfort the red eyelids and tremulous lips, "do you want a table so full it takes your appetite at sight? How inhospitable!"

"I'm afraid I can't joke about disgrace!" Bessie quivered.

"But, Bibi dear, Mrs. Grey is simply behind the times. The *rationale* of those enormous meals was not munificence, but that a horde of house-servants had to be fed at a second table."

Certainly Guy and his good spirits were excellent company. And Bessie came of a race of women used to gay girlhoods and to settling down thereafter, as a matter of course, into the best of house-mothers.

But there was a difference between the domestic arts she had been taught as necessary to the future lady of a large household and the domestic industries she had to practise. Supervising and doing were not the same. For her mother, sewing and cooking had been accomplishments; for her they were work. She had to do things a lady didn't do.

However, she was as fastidious about what she did for herself as about what was done for her. She was quick and

efficient. People said Bessie Osbourne had the dearest home in town, was the best housekeeper, the most nicely dressed on nothing. You might know Bessie Hall would have the best of everything!

And when Bessie began to wonder if that was true, she had entered the last circle of disappointment.

The fact was that, after the first novelty, things seemed pretty much the same as before. Bessie Osbourne was not so different from Bessie Hall. She might have appreciated that assignificant; but doubtless she had never heard the edifying jingle of the unfortunate youth who "wandered over all the earth" without ever finding "the land where he would like to stay," and all because he was injudicious enough to take "his disposition with him everywhere he went." It was as if she had been going in a circle from right to left, and, after a blare of drums and trumpets and a stirring "About—face!" she had found herself going in the same circle from left to right. It all came to the same thing, and that was nothing. Guy was apparently working hard; but, after all, in real life it seemed one did not plant the adepts' magic seed that sprouted, grew, bloomed, while you looked on for a moment. For herself, baking and stitching took all her time, without taking nearly all her interest, or seeming to matter much when all was said and done. If she neglected things, they went undone, or some one else did them; in any case Guy never complained. If she did what came up, each day was filled with meeting each day's demands. All their lives went into the means and preparation for living. Other people—Or was it really any different with them? Nine-tenths of the people nine-tenths of the time seemed to accomplish only a chance to exist. She had heard women complain that such was the woman's lot in order that men might progress. But it struck her very few men worked beyond the provision of present necessities, either. Was it all a myth, then—happiness, experience, romance? Was this all there was to life and love? What was the sense, the end? Her dissatisfaction reproached the Cosmos, grew to that *Weltschmerz* which is merely low spirits and reduced vitality, not "an infirmity of growth."



She constantly expected perfection, and all that fell below it was its opposite extreme, and worthless. She began to suspect herself of being an exceptional and lofty nature deprived of her dues.

Guy was a little disappointed at her prudent objection to children until their success was established. Prudence was mere waste of time to his courage and assurance. And he believed, though without going into the psychology of the situation, that Bessie would be happier with a child or two.

"Oh, how can we do any more?" she answered, in her pretty, spoiled way. "We're trying to cut a two-yard garment out of a one-yard piece now." At least, she was; and so Guy was.

Well, it wasn't a great matter yet. It is not in the early years of marriage that that lack is most felt. And Bessie was not very strong; she never seemed really well any more. She developed a succession of small ailments, lassitudes, nerves. She dragged on the hand of life, and complained. The local physician drugged her with a commendable spirit of optimism and scientific experiment. But the drawl of the light voice with its rising inflection became distinctly a whine.

She got a way of surprising Guy and upsetting his calculations with unannounced extravagances. "What's the good of all this drudgery? We're making no headway, getting nowhere; we might as well have what good we can as we go along."

There was a negro woman in the kitchen now, and in the sitting-room one of the new sewing-machines. And Guy, who, so far, had been only excavating for the cellar of his future business house, was beginning to feel that good foundation walls were about to start.

But, even when peevish, Bessie had a way of turning up her eyes at him that reduced him to helplessness and adoration. And she was delicate! "I know," he sympathized with her loyally, "it's like trying to work and be jolly with a jumping tooth; or rather, in your case, with a constant buzzing in your head."

The jumping tooth was his own simile. The headaches that had begun while he was soldiering were increasing. He had intermittent periods of numbness in the lower half of his body. It was annoying

to a busy man. He could offer no explanation, nor could the doctors. "Over-work," they suggested, and advised the cure that is of no school—"rest." That was "impossible." Besides, it was all nonsense. He put it aside, went on, kept it from Bessie.

The end came, as it always does, even after the longest expectation, with a rush. He was suffering with one of his acute headaches one night, when Bessie fell asleep beside him. She woke suddenly, with no judgment of time, with a start of terror, a sense of oppression, or—death?

"Guy!" she screamed.

The strangeness of his answering voice only repeated the stab of fear. She was on her feet, had made a light. . . .

He was not suffering any more. He was perfectly conscious and rational. But from the waist down he could not move nor feel.

The doctors came and talked a great deal and said little; they reminded them that not much was known of this sort of thing; they would be glad to do what they could. . . .

"You don't mean to say this is permanent? Paralyzed? I? Oh, absurd!" Awful things happened to other people, of course—scandal, death—but to one's self— "Oh, it doesn't sound true! It can't be true. Paralyzed? I?"

And Bessie wondered why this had been sent on *her*.

The explanation was hit on long afterward, when in one of his campaign stories Guy mentioned a fall from his horse, with his spine against a rock, that had laid him unconscious for twenty-two hours.

And so the war, which had been responsible for their starting together with only a past and a future, was responsible for their having shortly only a past. Guy was not allowed his ten years.

Though he had now less actual pain, the shock seemed to jar the foundations of his life, and the sharp change in the habits of an active and vigorous body seemed to wreck his whole system. For months and months and months he seemed only a bundle of exposed nerves—that is, where he had any movement or sensation at all.

Now a past, however escutcheoned and



fame-enrolled, is even more starvation diet than a future of affection and self-confidence. No help was to be had from either of their homes; it was the day of self-help for all.

Bessie wondered why this had been sent on *her*, but she took a couple of boarders at once, she sold sponge-cake and beaten biscuit, she got up classes in bread-making. And Guy stopped her busy passing to draw her hand to his lips, or watched her with dumb eyes.

Several of her friends, after trying her sewing-machine, then still something of a novelty, ordered duplicates. Guy suggested as a joke that she charge the makers a commission.

"The idea of trading on friendship!" Bessie laughed.

"Oh, I don't know," Guy reflected, more seriously. "How about these boarders, then? That's trading on hospitality."

It was one of those minute flashes of illumination that, multiplied and collected, become the glow of a new light, the signal of a revolution. The country was full of them in those days. The old codes were melting in the heat of change. Standards were fluid. Personally, it ended in Bessie's selling machines, first in her town, then in neighboring ones.

In the restlessness that youth thinks is aspiration for the ideal, particularly for the ideal love, is a large element of craving for place and interest. After her marriage, at least, Bessie might have had enough of both; but the obvious purpose was too limited to appeal to her. Now two appetites and the four seasons supplied motive enough for industry. There was nothing magnificent in this manifest destiny, but it had the advantage of being imperative and constant. It was no small tax on her acquired delicacy, but it gave less time for hunting symptoms. It did not answer the *Whence, Whither, and Why*; it pointedly changed the subject.

Her work began to carry her out of herself.

"Bibi dear, what a sorry end to all my promises!"

She had been thinking just that herself, with a sense of injury and imposition; and she was used all her life to having people see everything as she saw

it, from her side only. But Guy had just turned over to his few creditors the hole in the ground into which so far most of his work had gone. "Bibi dear, what a sorry end to all my plans!" was what she expected him to say. And what he did say and what he didn't, met surprised in her mind and surveyed each other.

"Oh, Guy!" she deprecated, suddenly ashamed. For the first time it occurred to her to wonder why this had been sent on *him*. With a rush of remorseful sympathy and appreciation, she slipped down beside his chair. "My poor old boy!"

He clung to her like a drowning man—Guy, who, after the first single cry at the blow, had been so self-contained (or self-repressed?) through it all!

She remembered that she had omitted a good many things lately.

"You're tired to-day," he said.

"Yes, I am." She caught at it hurriedly with apologetic self-defence. "I'm pretty constantly tired lately. And this morning Mrs. Grey was so trying. She doesn't understand her machine, and she doesn't understand business, and she was *too* silly and stupid. I don't wonder you men laugh at us and don't want us in *your* affairs!"

"It's all hard on you, Bibi." There was a lump in his voice. It was the first time he had been able to speak of it.

"Yes;" her own throat was so strained that for a moment she could not go on. "But," it struck her again, "I don't suppose an unbiased observer would think it exactly festive for you."

And, to be sure, when one came to think of it, how, pray, was he to blame?

From that day there began to be more than necessity to her work, and more than work to carry her out of herself.

In the present of commercial femininity we have two types—one, the business man; the other, an individual without gender, impersonal, capable. She never does anything ill-bred, certainly, but one no more thinks of specifying that she is a lady than that her hair is black; it isn't the point.

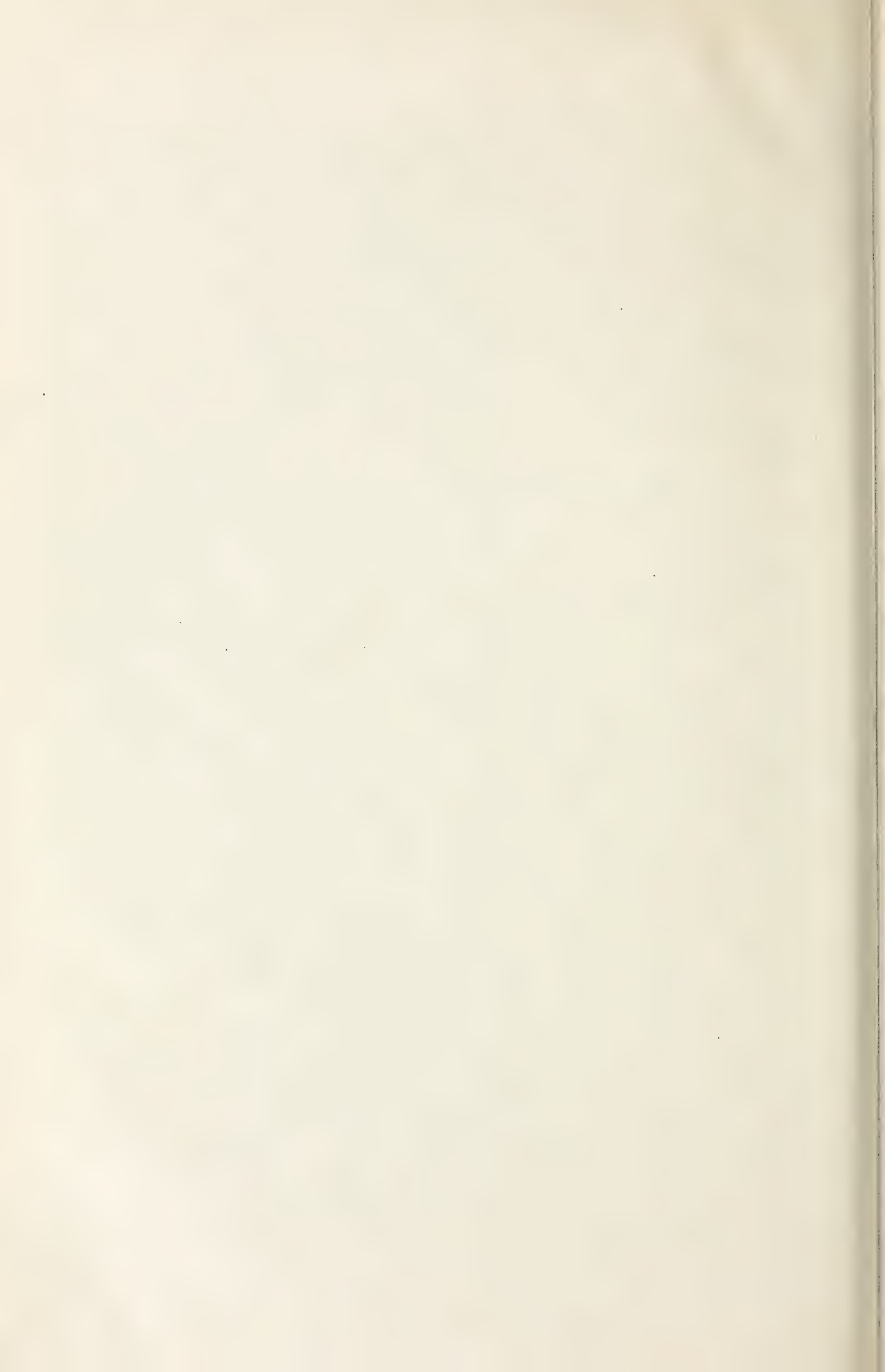
Mrs. Osbourne, however, was always first of all a lady. With her, men kept their hats off and their coats on, and had an inclination to soften business with bows, and bargains with figures of speech.





*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens*

"IT'S ALL HARD ON YOU, BIBI"





She was at once so patrician and so gracious that women felt it a kind of social function to deal with her. The drawl of the light voice with its rising inflection was only gently plaintive. The pretty way was winning, and rather pathetic in her position; it drifted about her an aroma of story, and that had its own appeal. The unvarying black of dress and bonnet, with touches of white at neck and wrist, was refined, and made her rosy plumpness look sweeter. It was all an uninventoried part of her stock in trade. And she came to take the same satisfaction in returns in success and cash that she had taken as a girl in results in valentines and cotillion favors.

Mrs. Osbourne had all the traditions of her class and generation. She let her distaste of the situation be known. If it had been possible, she would have concealed it like a scandal. As it was, with very proud apology, she made the necessity of her case understood: her object was bread and butter, not any of these new Woman's Rights—unwomanly, bourgeoisie!

Nevertheless, it was not only true that it suited her to be doing something with some point and result, but that the life of action and influence among people suited her. The work came to interest her for itself as well as for its object; that interest was a factor in her success; and the success again both stimulated and further equipped her.

As she got into training and over the first sore muscles of mind and body, work began to strengthen her. The nerves and small ailments grew secondary, were overlooked, actually lessened. There need be nothing esoteric in saying that a vital interest in life is as essential to health as to happiness. One need consider only the practical and physical effects of interest and self-forgetfulness, serenity and self-resource.

Sometimes her increasing trade took her away for two or three days, as far as Louisville or Cincinnati. The thought of Guy followed her, a sweet pain. She found herself hurrying back to her bright prisoner, and because of both conditions the marvel of that brightness grew on her, together with certain embarrassed comparisons. More than anything else,

she admired his strength where she had been weak.

His brightness seemed to her the most pathetic thing about him; it was so sorry. It was indeed the epitome of his tragedy. To be as unobtrusive as possible, and, when necessarily in evidence, as pleasant as possible, was the rôle he had assigned himself. It was the one thing he could do, the only thing he could do for her.

Doubtless the very controlling of the nervousness helped it. Moreover, his revolting organization was gradually adapting itself somewhat to the new conditions. Sensitive and uncertain tendrils of vitality began to creep out from the roots of a blighted vigor.

Bessie, increasingly perceptive, began to suspect that what she saw was the brightness after the storm. She wondered what his long solitary hours were like when she was away. What must they be, with him helpless, disappointed, lonely, liable to maddening attacks of nerves? But he assured her that he was perfectly comfortable; Mammy Dinah was faithful and competent; and he was really making headway with the German and French that he had taken up because he could put them down as need was, and because—they might come in, in some way, some time. "In heaven?" Bessie wondered secretly, but, enlightened by her own experience, saw the advantage of his being entertained.

"You're too much alone," she said, feeling for the trouble. "And so am I," she added, thoughtfully. She should have noticed his eyes at that last. He had developed a sort of controlled voracity for endearment, but he never asked for it. In the old days he had taken his own masterfully, with no doubts. Now he waited. He did not starve. She cajoled him and coaxed his appetite and patted the pillows, and made pretty, laughing eyes at him and fate quite in her habitual manner. Her touch and tone of affection had never been so free. But in that very fact he found another sting.

"The better I do on the road, the more they keep me out," she was saying. "We can't go on this way. I've been thinking lately— Could you bear to go North, Guy, and to live in a city, among stran-



gers? Perhaps at headquarters there might be an opening for me that would let me settle down."

"What! Cincinnati! Is there any such chance?"

"You'd like it? Why on earth—Are you so bored here?"

"Oh, Bibi, have you never thought of it? In a city there'd be some chance of something I could do!"

"You? Oh, Guy!" After she had accepted the care of him, and that so pleasantly, he wasn't satisfied! "Is there anything you lack here?" She was hurt.

It was replaying the old parts reversed. Once *he* had grieved that he could not give her enough to content her.

"A—h—" He turned his head away and flung an arm up over his eyes.

She understood only that he was suffering. "But, Guy, there's nothing you could do, possibly. It's not to be expected. Have I complained?" She fell back on the kindly imbecility of the nurse. "Now you're not to worry about that, at least until you're better—"

"Better?" He forgot the lines in which he had schooled himself. The man overrode the amateur actor. "That's not the thing to hope for. Why couldn't it have killed me—that first fall?" ("My dear, my dear!" she stammered.) "There would have been some satisfaction in getting out of the way, and that in decent fashion; like a charge of powder, not like a rubbish-heap. I can't accept it of you, Bibi. I'm enraged for you. I can't be grateful. I'm ashamed."

She understood now.

What could she say? A dozen things, and she did; things about as satisfying as theology at the grave. He did not answer nor respond. When he relaxed at last it was simply to her arms around him, his head on her bosom, her wordless notes of tenderness and consolation.

He was suffering, and chiefly for her, and what a fighter he was! Who but he would ever have thought of *his* doing anything?

So there might be cases in which it was really more helpful and generous not to do things for people, but to let them do for themselves. She couldn't fancy his doing enough to amount to anything. He oughtn't to! But if it would make him any happier he should have his make-

believe—yes, and without knowing it was make-believe. Doing things that were of no value to any one was so disheartening. She knew. Like perfunctory exercise for your health.

Her own business in Cincinnati proved so brief as to take her breath. His was more difficult. The plough was still mightier than either sword or pen. Few markets were open to an inactive man whose hours must be short and irregular, and whose chief qualifications seemed to be a valiant spirit and a store of reminiscences, in a time when reminiscences were as easy to get as advice.

She was delayed in her return, growing more and more anxious at the thought of his anxiety. When she boarded the south-bound train, she went down the aisle, looking for a seat, with her short steps hurried as if it would get her home sooner.

Mrs. Grey leaned over and motioned her, and as she sat down, looked critically at the bright eyes and pink cheeks. "You certainly do look well nowadays, Bessie."

Doubtless Bessie's color was partly excitement and rush.

"Oh, I'm well," absently.

"Funny kind of dyspepsia, wasn't it, to be cured by eating around, the way you have to do."

"Oh, dyspepsia!" The nettles brought back her attention. People needn't belittle her troubles! "I still have that dyspepsia. But if you had to be as busy as I, Mrs. Grey, you'd know that there are times when nothing but sudden death can interfere." Even Mrs. Grey's prickings, however, were washed over to-day by Balm of Gilead. "Still, it has come to something. The company has given me Cincinnati for my territory."

"Really?" Not that Mrs. Grey doubted her veracity. "Well, you always did succeed at anything you put your hand to. It has been the most surprising thing! You know, I tell everybody, Bessie, that you deserve all the credit in the world for the way you have taken hold." Bessie stiffened; neither need they sympathize too much! "A girl brought up as you were, who always had the best of everything." *The best of everything!* The familiar phrase was like a bell, sending wave after wave of memory





*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens*

SHE SPREAD OUT HER SKIRTS, AND STRUTTED ACROSS THE ROOM





singing through Bessie's mind. "And still I never saw any one to whom the wind has been so tempered as to you: when you were sick you could afford it, and now that it's inconvenient— Things always did seem to work smoother with you, and come out better, than with any of the rest of us."

Bessie sat looking at her, and, in the speech, saw her own petulance of a moment before—any number of her own speeches, in fact, inverted, as things are in a glass. Indeed, Mrs. Grey had held up a reflector. Bessie had met herself. And she saw herself, as in a mirror-maze, from all angles, down diminishing perspectives, from the woman she was to the girl she had been.

She had been quite unconscious of the slow transformation in her habits of thought. It is so in life. One toils up the thickly wooded hillside, intent only on the footing, and comes suddenly on a high clearing, overlooking valley and path, defining a new horizon.

"I never had the best of everything, Mrs. Grey," she said. "Nobody has. Every life and every situation in life has its bad conditions—and its good ones. I haven't had any more happiness—nor trouble than most people. It strikes me things are pretty equally divided. We only think they aren't when we don't know all about it. We see the surface of other people's lives, not their private drawbacks or compensations. There are always both. But other people's troubles are so much easier to bear than our own, their good luck so much less deserved and qualified! With all I had as a girl I didn't have contentment. And now, with all I lack, I don't know any one with whom I'd change places."

What was the use with Mrs. Grey?

But alone, the thought kept widening ring after ring: How little choice there was of conditions in life; how fortune tends to seek its level; how one man has the meat and another the appetite; and another, without either, can find in the fact the flavor of a joke or chew the cud of reflection over it. Of the three, Bessie thought she would rather be the one with the disposition. But that could be cultivated. Look at hers! Circumstances had started it in a sort of aside, but she would take the hint.

The cure for dissatisfaction was to recognize one's balance of good.

Guy was watching for her at the window. She was half conscious that he looked unusually haggard, but there were so many other thoughts at sight of him that they washed over the first.

She swung her reticule. "It's all right!" and ran up the walk, skirts catching her ankles, flushed, deprecating, a most feminine swirl of progress. She got to him breathless. "I've found a house that will give you its German correspondence to translate and write, and it won't be so much but that you can do it as you're able, within reason. Now, sir!"

For a minute it seemed as if Guy's whole body was alive. The weak and shaken invalid still had something of unconquerable boyishness in the lift of his head and the light of his eyes. "Good! That will do for a start." The old spirit, to which hers always answered. If she didn't believe he would actually do something worth while in the end! Then promptly, of old habit, he thought of her. "Bibi! You took your time for that."

"Not all of it, in good sooth, fair lord." She spread out her skirts, lady-come-to-see fashion, and strutted across the room. "Mrs. Osbourne has a new 'job' and a 'raise.'" (Incidentally Mrs. Osbourne had never before been so advanced in her language.)

"Bully for you!" he shouted, so genuinely that she ran back to him and shook and hugged his shoulders. How she *liked* him!

"What a thorough girl you are, Bibi!"

"Oh, and to-day I've been laughing at myself; as silly as I used to be, counting so much on a mere change of circumstances. Of course something unpleasant will develop there too. But at least the harness will rub in a different place. On the whole, it will be better. Guy, do you know, I have just gotten rid of envy and discontent, and that without endangering ambition. I'll give you the charm; it's a sort of cabalistic *spell*—the four P's—Occupation, Responsibility, Purpose, and Philosophy."

"Yes," he said, "the most worth-while thing in life is to feel you are accomplishing something—doing your work well and getting proportionate returns."

The tone touched her. "Poor old



Guy!" so generously congratulatory of her flaunted advantages. How stupid she was! Poor Guy! her pretty creed scattered at a breath like a dead dandelion-ball. Envy she had disposed of, but what about pity? What had he to make up? "The idea of my talking of happiness, with you caged here!"

"Perhaps that was the point of it all," he said, "to give you your chance."

"That would be a beautifully humble thing for me to think, now wouldn't it?" Yet she had once complained that the point of it all was to interfere with her. "And so sweetly generous. Your chance being—?"

"To serve as a means of grace to you?" He smiled. "I am glad to be of some use—and honored to be of that one!" he hurried to add, elaborately humorous.

But what she was noticing was the flagging effort of his vivacity. Her half-submerged first impression of him was coming to the surface: he did look unusually haggard. "You haven't been good while I was away. Now don't tell stories. Don't I know you? No more storms, Guy!" she warned.

His eye evaded hers. "I am seriously questioning whether you ought to make this change. All your friends are here."

"Oh, as to that! There might be advantages in working among strangers. Mrs. Grey fairly puts herself out to let me understand that she is a friend in need!" She reined herself up, recollecting, but too late. "Oh, Guy, don't mind so for me. Why, the South is full of women doing what I am, only so many of them are doing it—without—the Guys who never came back!"

"Lucky dogs!" subterraneously. Then, seeing her apprehensive of a second flare-up of that volcanic fire: "So gentlemanly of them, too, Bibi. How can those few years of love be worth a life of this to you?"

"Those few years? why, Guy! of love? Is that how *you* feel?" Her eyes filled; her whole face quivered. "Oh, Guy—be willing for my sake. I never knew what love could mean until lately."

His grasp hurt her knuckles. "Yes, dear, I have seen. It's very sweet. It's the mother in you, Bibi, and my helplessness.

Of course! What could a woman love in a dependent, half-corpsé of a no-man?"

For a moment she was too surprised to speak. She stared at him. "What a notion! and it isn't true! You never were any more a man than you've been through these two dreadful years." She sounded fairly indignant. "And for my part, I never appreciated what you were half as much."

"Love doesn't begin with a *P*," he remarked to the opposite wall.

"But what do you suppose the *purpose* was?"

"Love?"

"More. *You*."

"You never told me." That strange voice and averted face!

"How should I fancy you wouldn't know? I had never thought it out myself until just now. It has simply been going on from day to day, as natural and quiet as growing—" A bewildering illumination was spreading in her mind. "Look here, young man"—she forced his face around to see it,—“what goblins have you been hatching in the night-watches?" The raillery broke. "Dear, is that what has been troubling you? Is there anything else?"

He looked at her now. "Anything else trouble me, if I really have you, and a chance to do a little something for you?"

It was their apotheosis. They had never known a moment equal to it before; could never know just another such again. In a very deep way it was the first kiss of love for them both.

Bessie came back to herself with that sense of arriving, of having been infinitely away, with which one drops from abstraction.

Where had they been in that state of absent mind?

It was as if they had met out of time, space, matter. . . . And as she thought of his words, in the light of his eyes, pity too was qualified, and that without endangering helpfulness. He, too, had his balance of good. Yes, things squared in the end.

Her creed was quick. The scattered dandelion seed sprouted all around her.



# Is the Human Race Mortal?

BY C. W. SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S.E.

WRITING to his friend Sir J. D. Hooker, six years after the publication of the *Origin of Species*, Charles Darwin, one of the most tender, as he was also one of the most illustrious, souls of all time, penned these words:

I quite agree how humiliating the slow progress of man is, but every one has his own pet horror, and this slow progress or even personal annihilation sinks in my mind into insignificance compared with the idea or rather I presume certainty of the sun some day cooling and we all freezing. To think of the progress of millions of years, with every continent swarming with good and enlightened men, all ending in this, and with probably no fresh start until this our planetary system has been again converted into red-hot gas. *Sic transit gloria mundi*, with a vengeance. . . .\*

In his Romanes lecture of 1893, Thomas Henry Huxley affords us a parallel passage:

The theory of evolution encourages no millennial anticipations. If, for millions of years, our globe has taken the upward road, yet, sometime, the summit will be reached and the downward route commenced. The most daring imagination will hardly venture upon the suggestion that the power and the intelligence of man can ever arrest the procession of the great year.

Lastly I may quote from Herbert Spencer, the philosopher of evolution, who antedated both Darwin and Huxley. He was very loath to believe that the life of the human race must cease with the life of our dying sun. Yet, though he brought many forcible arguments to bear against the doctrine of the physicists, that all the energies of the universe are being dissipated, and that its last state must necessarily be one of motionless

quiescence and everlasting death, he was compelled to write (*First Principles*, last edition, paragraph 181):

For the earth as a whole, when it has gone through the entire series of its ascending transformations, must remain exposed to the contingencies of its environment; and in the course of those ceaseless changes going on throughout a universe of which all parts are in motion, must, at some period beyond the utmost stretch of imagination, be subject to energies sufficient to cause its complete disintegration.

Of these three thinkers, Huxley alone ventured upon a prediction regarding the last stages of life upon the earth. In the essay from which I have already quoted he says that "if our hemisphere were to cool again, the survival of the fittest might bring about . . . a population of more and more stunted and humbler and humbler organisms, until the fittest that survived might be nothing but lichens, diatoms, and such microscopic organisms as those which give red snow its color."

I make no apology for these many quotations, but will pass at once to my attempt to join issue with what we may fairly call accepted speculation. And first of all as to what Darwin calls "the idea or rather I presume certainty of the sun some day cooling." Until a very few years ago physicists and astronomers in general accepted the doctrine of Helmholtz, that the heat of the sun, and his light, depend upon his gravitational shrinking from the space which he first covered when he and we and Mars and the rest of us were all one in the solar nebula. On this theory there was no room whatever to doubt that ours is a decadent sun; already his light has the red-yellow tinge that astronomers regard as distinctive of a cooling star. He cannot shrink forever, and since all forms of life upon the earth live upon his

\* *More Letters of Charles Darwin*, Vol. II., pp. 260, 261.



bounty alone, the long process of "æonian evolution" which has erected man from the dust must necessarily come, it would appear, to an ignominious and pathetic end. Estimates have been made of the number of years that the human race may yet expect to live; and three millions was one of the credited figures.

The discovery of radium and radioactivity has incalculably modified the views that formerly seemed worthy of acceptance. Readers of this Magazine are acquainted with Professor Rutherford's remarkable contribution to the theory of the secular cooling of the earth; wherein he has shown that, in all probability, the heat evolved by the radioactivity of the earth's crust suffices to compensate for the heat which it is incessantly losing by radiation. Again, the presence of radium in the sun is more than probable. It is true that the spectrum of radium cannot yet be distinguished in sunlight, but it is known that helium, as its name implies, is present in the sun—where indeed it was first discovered,—and Sir William Ramsay has proved that helium is evolved from radium in the laboratories of earth. There is, indeed, every reason, short of actual demonstration, to believe that radium is present in the sun; or, stating the proposition in its most significant and general terms, that some measure of the energy which the sun supplies, and in virtue of which we live, is the product of his own radioactivity. The discovery of this new form of energy has extended indefinitely the backward and the forward sweep of the cosmical time-table. In the ages of the past there has been room enough and to spare for all the slow processes discerned by geologists, and for all the organic modifications discerned by the biologist. Assume but a moderate measure of radioactivity in the sun, and the three millions of years granted to our race by the prophets of the past are seen to be indefinitely multiplied.

Indefinitely, I say, but not infinitely. The discovery of radium and radioactivity has not removed the doom which weighed upon the mind of Darwin. Were the sun made of radium—in which case, indeed, we should not be here,—it must exhaust itself at last. No matter how large your capital, you cannot live upon

it forever. Even if it be supposed that in virtue of the discovery of this new form of energy we must multiply by three millions the three millions of years which were hitherto the race's expectation of life, of what avail is that to us? The longer the journey, the more glorious the goal, the more hideous becomes the notion that we shall not be allowed to retain what we have won. Indeed, our ideas on this matter must be of the very fibre of the philosophy of every one of us. Assuredly I think with Darwin that even the idea of personal annihilation becomes insignificant compared with the idea that all for which we strive, all education, all progress, all poetry, all knowledge, are thus condemned to ultimate and signal futility. Well might Darwin quote that great Latin phrase. The question to be answered concerns the religious man, the philosopher, the utilitarian: Is there Purpose behind things, or are we to be mocked with seeming Purpose in *sæcula sæculorum*—finally to freeze? Are we to accept the cyclical view of things—that everything repeats itself; and are we, who boast the evolution of morality, the development of Wagner from Beethoven, and of Newton from Pythagoras, are we to accept the doctrine of the twelfth book of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*—"Every art and every kind of philosophy having probably been found out many times up to the limits of what is possible and again destroyed"? Are we to accept the words I wrote in this place two years ago, "from the formation of one nebula to its phoenixlike end in the formation of another is surely the wave-length of the Great Vibration"? Does the epoch between two nebulae constitute the Annus Magnus, or, perchance, can we at once preserve our intellectual chastity and satisfy our moral cravings by renouncing this conception and accepting rather the philosophy of Lotze, who suggests that not only does each section of the world's history present a harmony of the elements firmly knit throughout, but also that "the successive order of these sections shall compose the unity of an onward-advancing melody"?

The student of physics is, of course, aware that the whole of those considerations which lead us to believe that the Cosmos is like a clock that is running



down, are summed up in the theory first framed by Lord Kelvin, which goes by the name of the dissipation of energy. In the whole range of physics there is no subject more difficult, though the broad outline of the theory is only too self-evident—that energy, though indestructible, incessantly tends to pass from the available to the unavailable state, just as water seeks its own level, and heat runs from a hotter to a colder body; whilst it is a general characteristic of cosmic processes that they are irreversible. Such a student also knows that it is quite impossible to accept this doctrine without any reservations based upon physical considerations. The question is more than ever complicated by Sir William Ramsay's demonstration of the transmutation of the elements; yet all such transmutations hitherto observed take place in one invariable direction—and that is the invariable direction of all other cosmic processes. Even to-day the probabilities incline towards the substantial truth of Lord Kelvin's theory—even though this suggests a beginning, a winding up of the clock, and an end, when the clock has stopped forever.

But my business here is not to criticise the physical theory—the general truth of which was assumed by the evolutionists whom I began this essay by quoting. Rather do I wish to enter a demurrer that strikes at the very root of the physical assumption. If it be true that we have to deal with a physical process alone—a mechanical, incoercible, necessary evolution of matter and energy,—then, indeed, we can scarcely doubt that the human race *is* mortal; and that even should we attain all of which poets and prophets have dreamed, the measure of our success will be but some scant measure, at the last, of our immeasurable failure.

But let it be granted, for the sake of the argument, that energy and matter know no purpose, that they recognize no final causes, and that a mind of infinite intelligence, knowing the exact physical state of the Cosmos at any moment, could read the whole of its past and predict the whole of its future.

In his latest reasoning on the subject, Spencer inclined towards the less hopeless of the two views, not to be confused,

which I have already outlined. There is, in the first place, the view, based on an assumption of the truth of the doctrine of the dissipation of energy, that evolution must come to a close in “complete equilibrium or rest,” and that this must last forever. There thus may be “one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves,”—but afterwards there must be long and final decay. The second view is that there may be a resurrection, and a new life and death, and another resurrection, and so on indefinitely. This is the cyclical view which has made so many appearances in poetry and philosophy since men began to think. It is, at least, less horrible than the other; and so far as we can estimate the tendencies of contemporary physics, there seems to be much likelihood that the cyclical view is nearest the truth.

But the question which it is the purpose of this essay to put, I may address indifferently to the exponents of both views. They have estimated matter and energy; they have weighed stars and electrons; they have read the history of the atom and the organism, of solar and stellar systems; they have established the doctrine of the conservation of energy, and the laws of thermodynamics. But have they reckoned with *mind*?

Some physicists may answer that they have not reckoned with mind because mind needs not to be reckoned with. It is, they say, an “epiphenomenon” or by-product of cerebral chemistry—the impotent but interested spectator of a drama in which its own destinies are decided. This was the view, for instance, of Huxley; yet in the very essay in which he denies that man can ever arrest the procession of the great year he tells us that there is within man a fund of energy which is “competent to influence and modify the cosmic process.”

It is no longer possible, indeed, as it was thirty years ago, to accept any rendering of the doctrine that spirit is a product of stuff, mind of not-mind.

More acceptable to the psychologists of the present day is the doctrine of psychophysical parallelism, which we commonly associate with the name of Wundt of Leipsic. According to this, mind and matter—or shall we say the physics of the brain and the physics of



the mind?—proceed in two parallel lines, the psychical never being able to influence the physical, nor the physical the psychical. This is plausible teaching, and it comes to us with the authority of a great thinker; but it is extremely difficult to reconcile with admitted facts.

We note it, however, and pass on to the various forms of the doctrine that mind is an independent entity, and, somehow, though the process is indeed inconceivable, can influence and even completely control physical or material processes. Lastly, there are the various forms of idealism, which assert that mind is the only reality, that things are but the things of thought, that their *esse* is *percipi*—their being is to be perceived—a philosophy for which no physical doctrine, not even the theory of the dissipation of energy, has any terrors.

We have already seen that the proponent of the doctrine which allots to mind the most insignificant possible status is himself to be found admitting that mind can control physical processes. But that admission, if admitted to be true, suffices to destroy his philosophy; and, indeed, there does not live any one who will venture to question its truth. It must seriously be asked whether the doctrine of Wundt, now current, is compatible with the known facts of the spiritual history of mankind, or with each man's consciousness of purpose and volition within himself,—or even with the manufacture of a thimble. Materialists, idealists, or whatever we be, we know, as an inalienable first-hand fact, that purpose and the effecting of purpose do verily exist: if not in the world around us, at any rate in ourselves. Hence I will venture to declare that there are no schools of philosophy, however mutually hostile, which can bring the philosophical argument, at any rate, against my view that in forecasting the future of the evolutionary process as we may observe it in the external world (or in what passes for us as the external world) *the human intelligence has hitherto failed to reckon with itself.*

My position may readily be granted so far, but it may be asserted that though there is no *a priori* or inherent objection to the view that intelligence must be reckoned with in the course of material

evolution, yet, in point of fact, the impersonal forces of Nature will be too much for it. M. Maeterlinck has suggested that we need not despair of this old earth of ours, even though the sun must one day grow cold. It will last, at any rate, a few more centuries, he says, and within that time men must surely have discovered the secret of gravitation and have learnt to steer this planet where they will. It is conceivable that, as the solar heat declined, we might steer the planet nearer and so prolong the days of our race. But this would be of no more ultimate avail than the injection of stimulants into moribund veins.

Indeed, this is all idle speculation. The only conceivable way in which the human intelligence can ever succeed in averting the "procession of the great year" is not by postponing the issue, but by reversing the process. The question is this: Whilst energy is being dissipated in accordance with the natural law, can we so manipulate things as to accumulate energy, making the unavailable available—notwithstanding the fact that cosmic processes seem to be essentially irreversible? Now there is assuredly no inherent reason why we should not accomplish this. It is true that hitherto all the atomic evolution that has been observed is atomic disintegration. We may speak now, indeed, of the analysis of the elements. But so it was, we may remember, that the older chemistry began, and yet analytic chemistry was the precursor of synthetic chemistry. We began by breaking up compounds, but now we can make them—can, indeed, make compounds hitherto unknown in nature. Similarly, it is more than probable that we shall ere long learn to achieve the synthesis of the elements as well as their analysis. No energy is ever lost. Even when the radium atom, itself the child of the uranium atom, breaks down and dissipates its energy, ending, it is supposed, as the dull atom of lead, the original energies are not destroyed. Why should they not be gathered up again and thus again become available? Are matter and energy to go on their way, ultimately destroying the human race? For myself, I incline to the view that victory will rest at last with "man's unconquerable mind."



# Each to His Lights

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

THE crew were beginning to wonder if they would ever get the old *Martha* home. Her skipper alone felt no such fear; or at least, if he did, he gave no sign. To the wheel he stood now, easing her when he had to, driving her when he could.

For ten hours he had not left the wheel, not even to go forward for so much as a cup of coffee or for a turn about the deck to stretch his legs; and to himself he was beginning to admit a little weariness. What harm if she'd only go along like half a vessel—but with her old planks loose and her gear chafed out—

Ever with an eye to windward, he saw it coming. "Watch out!" he warned.

It was a particularly fierce gust of the wild gale that swept down at the same moment that a huge comber came racing for her quarter. He saved her canvas from the force of the squall, and partly, but not altogether, her hull from the weight of the great wave that came tumbling over. If she were not so logy now! But she could not lift to it, and tumbling over her side came the green-gray mountain, rolling her down until once more the crew thought she really wouldn't come up again.

Aft it was the worst. More than a man's height of water was over the wheel-box. A tall man was the skipper; but here he went clean out of sight, and stayed under so long that the men, safe enough in her waist, cried out, "Cripes! but he's gone this time!" Yet, when she rose again, there was the iron man at the wheel, shaking his shoulders and winking his eyes, but clinging, ever clinging to the wheel.

"Better lash yourself, hadn't you, skipper?" called out a young fellow from between the nest of dories.

"I don't know but what I had, Arthur. Watch out for yourself you,—don't come aft," and the bit of seizing being flung

to him, he put it over one shoulder, around his waist, and thence made it fast to the weather-bitt. "Lord! but I 'most let go that time. It must be"—there was a touch of apology in his tone—"it must be I'm getting a bit tired."

"If she was only half a vessel!" he continued; "but thirty year old, and loose! I could 'most hear her old planks knocking together that time under and—"

Again he saw it coming. "Watch out! wa-a-teh out! And you, Arthur, grab something!"

Another tremendous comber struck her fore-rigging and came mounting aft. Away went the last of her dories, torn loose from their lashings and crushed like Japanese screen-wood.

"Don't it beat the devil now? Wouldn't you think the gripes would've held? And I was so hoping to bring home just one dory, anyway. Watch out! wa-a-teh out!" again came his warning.

W-r-r-p! away went her foresail, while a genial-looking fellow, Charlie Lennox, observing its flight, burst out: "Lord in heaven! but look at that! And if we're lost, may the owner of her burn in the lowest pit of the lowest hell for a million of eternities for the rotten gear he put in this blasted old ark!"

The skipper called then: "Come here one of you—you, Arthur, you'll do—and take the wheel for a minute. Here, lash yourself good and fast."

He jumped forward. "Take in what's left of that sail," he called to the men in the waist as he came. "And have a care to the wheel," over his shoulder. "Faster on that downhaul—there'll be another one along soon."

"Here is another one," called out Arthur from the wheel. The men, enveloped in the flapping sail, could neither see its coming nor hear the warning. Only the skipper saw. "Grab a reef-point everybody!"—he had to roar it out to be heard above the slatting canvas—



and himself jumped on to the break, with nothing to hold to. "Meet it if you can!" he roared through his funnelled hands to the helmsman.

"She's too much for me, I think," came back from the wheel.

The skipper made for the wheel. It struck before he could get there, moving at frightful speed. A good vessel might have lifted to it, but not the old *Martha B.* Ten feet above her rail the sea mounted, burying her to her lower reef-points almost. And it was cold to freezing.

In the waist were belated shouts and warnings, oaths and entreaties. "Blast her—hang on!" Almost buried under the flapping sail were they when it boarded. Futile clutching of wet canvas, stiff as sheet-iron almost, and of wet, half-frozen rope-ends. A yellow-clad body or two went floundering in the froth of the lee scupper. Shipmates hauled them back.

"Hang on! hang on! Here's another devil's son!"

The warning was hardly needed, for by then all hands were hanging on, with watchful eyes to windward, waiting to get their precarious bearings.

"She'll make it. Aye, she will—no! the condemned old whelp, she's rotten! Her gear's rotten—whatever possessed the skipper to take her? Now she comes, fellows—now!"

And now it was the worst sea of the gale. Even while she was only quivering in the mere fear of it, they knew she would go down before it. Over she rolled, over, till her lee hatches were far under, till her fore-gaff was under, till the torn, fouled sail was under to the second cringle. One moment she held so, and then gently rolled down, and there lay, heaving to the sea, with her foremast all but flat out on the water.

"Hove down, by God!"

"Where's the skipper?"

"There he is!" It was a quick-eyed man in the weather fore-rigging that descried a sou'wester floating; but it was a quicker-eyed man, Charlie Lennox, who let himself down from the main-rigging where he had been perched calmly enough, and gaffed the floating body by the back of the black oil-jacket.

"Now then, in with him!" and on the

rail they balanced the all but drowned man, spluttering, choking, still very much in doubt as to his whereabouts, and stood him on his feet. "Whoo! whoo!" he coughed, and continued to cough, with each cough bringing up about a quart of salt water—it was like manning the pumps,—until happening to note the steeply inclined deck to the frothing sea, "Damn! but that was close enough!" he exclaimed.

But that was not getting the skipper. "Where is he?"

"And Arthur Snow's gone too."

"Hi-i—" they heard them then, and looking to her lee quarter, they saw the missing men—Arthur floating out in free water, cast away but for one hand just able to grasp the skipper's oil-jacket, the skipper himself hanging on to the main topping-lift.

"Cut loose that fores'l!" he called, and, extremely perilous work though it was, four or five of the crew at once got out knives and started for the foresail that was bellying in the water.

"I think she'll right in a minute or two now," hailed the skipper again, when he saw that they were making headway with the foresail.

"Aye," answered Lennox. "And if she does come, you hang on when she rights."

"Well, I warn't calc'lating to let go right away," and through the mists of the flying spume they could see him smile.

The *Martha B.* began to right—slowly—slowly.

The crew were observing her: "You gray-whiskered old whelp, hurry—hurry!"

"Leave her alone—she's doing pretty well."

Back she sagged once or twice as if she regretted leaving the billowy ocean bed, but up she continued to come. It was marvellous—was she sure enough coming? Was she now? And yet if she did, there was the skipper. Could he hang on, with his own and Arthur's weight to support?

The skipper hung on. It was a great jolt when the last rush came; but there they were when she was upright again, the two men in the air, perhaps forty feet above the rail of the vessel, the skipper still sustaining the weight of Arthur Snow as well as himself.



"I'll bet he squeezed the tar out of that topping-lift," commented Lennox.

"Climb down, climb down, Arthur," called the skipper, and Arthur with infinite care climbed over the skipper and let himself down, while four men beneath, holding their own feet as well as they could on the pitching deck, stood by to catch him when he dropped.

The skipper came down less carefully. Waiting for the heave of the vessel to aid him, he swung himself into the swell of the mainsail, and letting himself slide, precipitately hit the boom with his heels, and from that bounced on to the house.

"Lucky she didn't come to while I was leaning against the sail—hah, what?" he remarked, at the same time massaging his right forearm with the fingers of his left arm. "Wow! but there was some strain there. And you're the lucky lad, Arthur, that somebody won't have to be writing to your old father and mother to be telling them how you were lost. But see if she didn't start something new that time."

They sounded her out then. She was leaking a thousand strokes.

"Well, it might be worse. But get to work on her, two men to each pump, and we'll get her home yet." There was a cheerful ring to that, and the men, joking and laughing, went to the pumps. But presently came a man out of the cabin to announce that something was wrong below, and before the skipper was well down the companionway one of the men at the pumps called after him: "This ain't any thousand strokes leak, skipper. If it ain't double that—"

"Four men to a pump, then, and drive her!" ordered the skipper, and dropped below, where he found that from under the floor of the run the water was bubbling like a spouting well. "Wow!" said the skipper; "get me an axe, and quick."

He chopped a hole large enough for his body to squeeze through. In a moment his head was back again. "You'd think it was sent up by a fire-engine. She's sprung down by her keelson wide enough to all but put your leg through. Get me a maul and a chisel and some underclothes from my closet—or better, some bedclothes from my bunk, too. And hurry now."

And these being brought, the skipper dropped beneath the cabin floor again, where he stayed for two hours, working feverishly, most of the time under water. Every few minutes he came up to breathe and say a word, but generally his head was out of sight.

He was done at last. "She's all right now," and slapped his hands against his thighs. "D'y' know but 'twas blessed cold under there? How are the pumps now?"

"A lot easier."

"That's good." He rummaged in his bunk, looking for some dry clothes. "Oh, what's the odds?" he said, when he could find none—"they'd soon be wet again."

The man he had saved by way of the topping-lift had been eying him solicitously, admiringly—yes, even adoringly. Now he suggested timidly, "I think I've got a suit of dry underwear in my bunk for'ard, skipper."

"Have you? Well, go and get them."

He brought them. The skipper inspected them. "They are nice and dry, aren't they?"

"Yes, sir, they are."

"Well, put them on."

"But I got them for you, skipper."

"Did you now? And what partic'lar build of animal d'y' think I am, hah? Put them on, I tell you, or I'll—" He did not wait to finish, but ran up on deck. There he reestimated the chances.

"Hard going, old girl, hard going. A crime it was to send you to sea again. I knew you were in bad shape, but I had no idea you were anything like this." He looked her over. "Dories gone, gurry-kids gone, booby-hatches and half her rail gone—a wonder the house isn't gone. You're cert'nly a splendid old collection of driftwood now. A fine old raft from the Saragossa Sea like. Only if once they caught you in the Saragossa Sea, they'd never let you escape. Leaking in half a dozen places below, and—How are the pumps?"

"Coming faster."

"H-m—"

"And the cook's discovered another leak for'ard."

"H-m-m—he's damn ingenious, that cook. If he'd only discover a new way to make hot coffee in bad weather!" He went forward and dropped below. Soon



he returned. "She's a sieve for certain. We might'st well've put to sea in a lobster-pot and be done with it." He raised his voice. "Who was it saw a light from the rigging a while ago? You, Peter?"

"Yes, sir. Up to the west'ard—a white light—"

"A white light? Let's see. Four days ago we were abreast of Sable Island No'west Light, and we came—" mentally he figured it out. "Yes," he spoke aloud again, "we ought to be handy to Liverpool now. That 'll be Coffin Island Light. We ought to hear the whistling-buoy soon. Anybody know the way into Liverpool harbor? You, Peter?"

"I do on a clear day, skipper, but a pretty bad harbor to make on a night like this is goin' to be, and in a gale like this, and—"

"And an old raft like this, steering mostly sideways, eh? That's what it is, boy. What I was thinking of was if any of you were sure of the way, I'd stick to the wheel myself. I'm pretty well used to all her twists and jumps now. And if any of you knew the way well enough to smell it out—for smell it out it 'll be,—and would go aloft and pass the word down— But if not, I'll go aloft myself, and one of you take the wheel—you, Charlie. And as you love life, keep her to it as I sing out. If we manage to get in, we'll stay just long enough to pump her out or plug her up in one or two places and all hands to get a good sleep, and then to-morrow or next day we'll out and on our way again."

"It's hard, hard," he muttered to himself, swinging up the swaying fore-rigging. "The years I've been master of a fisherman and never before did I have to put into a harbor on a passage. Often I've had to reef, and more than once come down to a trys'l. But, Lord! 'twas blowing some each time. But to heave to—never before. I used to boast of that. And now it's run into harbor when I ought to be making a passage. But she's no vessel—Lord! she's no vessel; and there's the wives and families of the men—and my own wife. God keep her!"

Aloft he lashed himself to the foremast-head, and as he picked out one landmark after the other from the shadows, he motioned with his arms to Peter at

the mainmast-head. Now and then he looked back and down to see that Peter was getting his directions. He was, and passing them down to another half-way down the rigging, who in his turn was roaring them to Charlie Lennox. The skipper at the fore and the man at the mainmast-head were really inspiring objects as the vessel, leaping and diving, swung them through the night in great arcs; but to them Charlie, clinging grimly to the wheel, was the wonderful sight, though all they could see of him was his head and chest when he lifted from under the heavy seas. "Man! but a wet job Charlie's got!" said they to the masthead.

They got her in at last, and with a lighter to one side and a tugboat to the other, the lighter holding her up while the tugboat pumped her out, the men drew their first unhurried breaths in a week.

The torn sails were furled, supper was over, and they were taking account of things below. "Blessed peace I call it," said Lennox, and from under his mattress drew out pipe and tobacco, which he examined anxiously. "A little damp, but soon's we get a fire—Peter-boy, hurry up on the kindlin's—with a fire 'twill soon be dry. My first smoke in four days. Lord! even damp it smells good."

"If a man had only a stitch of dry clothes!" It was one under the overhang who was discouragedly overhauling his swamped bunk before he should decide to change one suit of wet clothes for another suit just as wet.

The skipper glanced at the clock. "Half past eleven. Too late to do any more to-night, but in the morning we'll give her another calking and pumping, with the tug to help, and put out to sea with her again. And maybe get her home after a while. Half past eleven," musingly he said it, as his eyes again met the clock. "The children, they'll be to bed now; but the wife, she'll be waiting. Every night now she'll be waiting. I know she's been looking for me for a week. Well, I only hope she won't worry too much. And that's tough, too. We have it hard enough sometimes—about as hard as we can stand, anyway; but a woman's job ashore, that's certainly hard. Hah, Charlie?"



"That's what, skipper." Charlie, who had been discovering good signs in his tobacco, smiled now and chirped, and, reaching over, slapped Peter on the shoulder. "Eh, boy, how'd you like to have a woman's job ashore?"

"Ashore? No, nor afloat."

"But I mean, as the skipper was saying, don't you think they have it harder than we do?"

Peter, about to split a stick of hard pine, held the hatchet poised in mid-air. "Harder? A woman's job harder? Watchin' and waitin'? A damn sight harder," and not only split the stick, but drove the axe-edge into the wet floor by way of emphasis.

The young fellow under the overhang came out and held a damp undershirt up to the bulkhead lamp. His action threw into shadow one who was looking for an incomprehensible leak in his jackboot; and he burst out with:

"Man, what a nuisance! To-day it was half the crew to gaff him in over the rail—like to be lost, only for Charlie there. And look at him now, overhaulin' his old rags like he was goin' to a ball. Out of the light there!"

The man from the overhang paid no particular attention, but—"Well, what if it is wet? It's a change, anyway," he announced, and contentedly trotted back.

"There's your fire," announced Peter.

"Good work, Peter. And this blessed pipe—I got it going at last," chirruped Charlie Lennox.

"And dry clothes yet. Lord! but that's all right too," chanted the man of the overhang, hopping into the light again and hanging a varied assortment over the stove.

And others hung up theirs, until soon the stove could not be seen for mitts and socks and the various pieces of underwear. Forward the men went then and had a cup of coffee and a bite with it. And, returning one after the other, they sat around on lockers or lay in their bunks, and had a smoke or an argument or a bit of a growl, while the fire roared and the wet clothes threw a grateful steam over all. 'Twas a beautiful hour altogether down there in the cabin, with a night's rest before them, and throughout the old *Martha B.* reigned a great content.

## Land

BY HELEN HUNTINGTON

BACK to my mother, the Earth,  
From that stranger, the Sea;  
Deep in the hills to have birth,  
In the fields to be free;—  
Free from the fretting of wave,  
From the hissing of foam,  
And fears of a fathomless grave;  
I am home, I am home.

Peace of the islands once more,  
With the scent of the sod,  
Dwellings of men on the shore,  
And the forests of God;  
Safe from the dread of the deep,  
From its drunken embrace,  
Earth, in your arms I may sleep!  
I am back in my place.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

THE newly published volume of Henrik Ibsen's letters will possibly suggest to other readers besides ourselves the doubt whether the development of a man's gift, his talent, his genius, if you will, can be profitably made his sole, or even his chief business in life. Men, it may occur to the misgiver (there ought to be such a word, if there is none), were not put here exactly for that end. Heaven knows what they *were* put here for, but surely not for the question of how to get the most literature, sculpture, music, architecture, or painting out of themselves, or to try for circumstances and experiences in which to increase their yield of the highest artistic results. Such an endeavor is apt to eventuate in a very unwholesome personality, very morbid, very over-conscious, very lopsided, somewhat monstrous. If we may so far attempt to interpret the designs of the deity in contriving and positing, we should rather believe that man was created and left here that he might be, as well as do, and that he could not too actively employ the small modesty with which he was endowed in forgetting how fearfully he was made in respect of his other attributes.

We know this is not the romantic view of the matter. We know that when the Blue Flower sprang up on German soil its intoxicating perfume went to the heads of the poets and painters who wore it in their buttonholes, and turned their brains with the idea of their "genius" as something sacred, to be worshipped and pampered, and flattered, and surfeited out of likeness to common humanity. To be different from other men, to be recklessly gayer and wantoner, to be drunker and not impossibly dirtier in extreme cases was to be a man of "genius." This phase passed, but the conception of the Poet replacing the Prophet in the peculiar favor and honor of his Inventor remained a fatal heritage from the romantic school, and self-worship became not only a pleasure but a duty which was, curiously enough, more strenuously fulfilled by the weaker brethren. The signal exception in the

times nearest the romanticists was in so great a nature as Goethe's. There the cult was carried to an extreme of egoism which has left him the abiding type of a heartless selfishness dedicated to the exploitation of a supposed genius, by all means fair or foul. Of course he paid for his selfishness; we do seem to pay somehow here below for our selfishness, whatever glittering form we imagine for it, and the history of that highly developed man is not edifying. The evil of his error did not end with him, but infected his disciple Carlyle in almost as lamentable measure. It promptly became more ridiculous in him, who may be named to the exclusion of his more melodramatic fellow sufferers, like Byron; and now again in Ibsen the infection reappears with an appeal for compassion which has not stayed for his obituary.

For the most part the letters of one of the most important men of his generation, of any generation, are not important. They are often addressed to unimportant people, but when they are addressed to important people they do not generally bear a weighty message. They generally bear the message of a man at odds with his neighbors, his reviewers, his readers, even his friends, who wishes to impart his griefs and wrongs. This is natural enough with some of us who are not Ibsens, as any Not-Ibsen may verify by recalling the substance of the last letter he happened to write; and there is no reason why it should be different with Ibsen. There is much more reason why it should be so with Ibsen, for he is the great heir of the fatal tradition of the romanticists, oddly zig-zagging from the classic Goethe to the most mystical of the realists.

His self-consciousness was not only intensified by the narrowness of the arena of his early struggles, but exasperated by conditions which seem to render the Norwegian atmosphere peculiarly stuffy and choking. The moralism, the pietism of his native town, of his native land, of his native race, were all but asphyxiating to the genius committed to the fostering care of Henrik Ibsen; and



yet it was possible for him to find more or less æsthetic employments, editorships, managerships, in which he did not quite starve, while he was getting ready to banish himself to larger and freer air. The means for this were afforded by government and university funds available for artists of approved ability who wished to study and "develop" themselves abroad; and we have the proud Ibsen "humbly petitioning" the King, "respectfully petitioning" the council for four hundred dollars, for a hundred and twenty dollars, on which to go and enlarge his powers in Germany, in Italy. It is pathetic, not only for the pitifulness of the sums asked but for the attitude forced upon the haughty spirit of the asker. Was his "genius" worth so much as that, we wonder; or would not it have been better for him to perish in his pride? Judges must be just; and we must recognize that in a case like this there was perhaps no choice. There was his gift, his fatal gift, his Moloch-gift, demanding and devouring every offering that could be laid upon its altar; there was his artistic self which would not die, his inappeasable æsthetic ego which turned his whole man into a literary consciousness, and left nothing of him for simple and wholesome being.

Ibsen is an extreme case of literary consciousness through the straitness of his sympathies. He has apparently a kind enough heart, but it is rather helpless about going out, as the sentimental phrase is, to other people. While his thoughts were concentrated on himself, his rights, his wrongs, his claims, his dues, the mountain in Scandinavia which has brought forth that mouse, the new Norwegian kingdom, was already beginning to labor. But Ibsen was not there to help as Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, his noble and generous friend, was; he cared little, it seems, for the nascent nationality; he did not believe in the republic which Bjørnson hoped the Norwegian democracy might eventuate in. He indeed resented the Prussian partition of Denmark; resentment is easy to him; but if he had faith in his more immediate country's aspirations he does not show it by his works. Perhaps he was right and Bjørnson wrong; the actual

apotheosis of Norway is not what one could have hoped; but that is not the point; the point is that he was so preoccupied with his own powers that he forgot his sympathies, though it is to be observed that he did not forget his antipathies.

We must not expect all kinds of manhood from any one man, the greatest man; only the race can furnish these for our difficult admiration. What we get from Ibsen is a great deal, a great deal more than we get from most other men. We get a dramatic form almost supremely perfect. We get a truth about ourselves, hard and dry indeed, but immensely wholesome and sanative. We get a fidelity to conditions so exact that his scene seems provincial till we deprovincialize ourselves sufficiently to see that his stage is all the world, and the conditions universally human and not Norwegian merely. Hypocrites and fools, and martyrs, and rogues and victims such as he makes have their being in the little towns among the fjords are of the true cosmopolitan cast, and you may find them, as he shows them, in London and Paris and New York, quite the same. In fact, when we saw *An Enemy of the People* played here, we could not rid ourselves of the feeling that it was a bitter satire of American society.

As one reads these letters of Ibsen's one must try to lose the sense of their unimportance in thinking that the same man wrote *Peer Gynt*, and *Ghosts*, and *Pillars of Society*, and *Rosmersholm*, and *The Doll's House*, and *Hedda Gabler*, and *The Wild Duck*. He who seems in these letters riveted to the little task of making the most of himself, to the pitiful business of getting the best there is in the narrow plot of ground where his poverty tethers him, like a fowl tied by the leg to a stake, is, as to his imagination, an eagle that sweeps the whole round of the world, and preys at fortune wherever human nature shows itself. No greater mind, no perfecter art has revealed itself in our time, so rich in mind and art; but for this very reason we must regret that it has taken so much thought of itself. The very greatest did not and do not so. Dante did not go about consciously



developing his powers. Shakespeare was devoted strictly to business, but he was not subjectively an egoist in his play-writing and stage-managing; Tolstoy seems to have had something to occupy him besides assisting his Creator in bringing the sovereign master of fiction to his supremacy. It is very doubtful whether a man's first duty is to himself; very likely it is to others, in that very matter of cultivating his gift, of fostering his genius. A great many people, especially since the contrary superstition prevailed, have supposed they had a gift, that they had genius, when they had none. The world has been filled with the cackle of hens of both sexes sitting on porcelain eggs and hatching nothing out, in the strong delusion that they were incubating whole tea-sets of the most beautifully decorated china.

Of course, the fact that a bird of either sex is sitting does not necessarily imply that he or she is a hen trying to hatch a porcelain egg. He or she may be a phoenix engaged in bringing forth broods of that divine fowl under the protection of the fire-insurance companies. But the presumption is against any bird that seems too self-centred; the suspicion of a porcelain egg will obtrude itself upon the spectator, and as most eggs are porcelain in the world of art, the expectation of young phoenixes is small. In other words, we think that there are many things besides himself which are worthy a man's attention. If a man really has "genius"—and the chances are that he has not—he may be sure that he has something which will take care of itself. It will burst the shell of hardest circumstance, and begin to pick up a living in its environment almost immediately. Probably no real genius has died in the egg since the world began, though there are many eggs brought to market with chicks in them that have made a failure of coming to maturity. At any rate, the question remains whether, even with the chance of proving oneself an Ibsen, it is not better to be a Björnson, to forget one's æsthetic development in the work of freeing one's fellow countrymen from themselves first and from their rulers afterwards, meanwhile writing the loveliest poetry and the truest and most

beautiful stories, and the shapeliest and strongest plays, both real and mystical. Before deciding, let each one read, as he may, *Arne*, *The Fisher Maiden*, *Synnöve Solbakken*, *Magnhild*, *Dust*, *In God's Way*, *Flags in the Harbor Flying*; let each one see, if he can, *The Bankrupt*, *Amidst the Battle*, *The Glove*, *Beyond Human Power*.

All this vast compass brings us back to a point we meant to start from, and a matter we now wish some one else would treat; for while we have been lecturing the mightiest living dramatist we have been losing sight of the question whether criticism has ever been able to advise creativism for its advantage. We forget what recent fact suggested the question, but probably it was a feeling of the futility with which some book-noticer had counselled some poet to be other than he was. Not just in these terms, of course; book-noticing is long past anything so stupid; but that is still the purport of much reviewing. It would be very amusing if not instructive to reverse the histories of the great lamps of literature, and suppose them to have tricked their beams to the fashion and effect suggested by their observers, even by their admirers. Ben Jonson thought very well of William Shakespeare, but he wished that instead of letting his plays stand as he freely wrote them, he had painstakingly blotted a thousand lines. Who now could pick out these lines, and duly sacrifice them to the general good of the Shakespearian drama? Wordsworth was warned again and again that he ought to be somebody else; but when all has been said and done, who else had he better been? Byron, who loathed Wordsworth for what he was, was himself counselled not to be Byron, not to be something new and strange, but something old and wonted. Keats, if "he had taken tea and comfortable advice," would not have been the Keats we know, but the Keats of such critics as wished him to be at all; some wished him to be no Keats whatever. Tennyson was chastened and directed to the best ability of his critics, but remained helplessly the Tennyson he was natured and destined to be. Browning was frequently urged to be readily intelligible, but a divinely



implanted instinct taught him that if he became so he would not be Browning, and he felt it his duty and his doom to be Browning, in spite of his wisest judges. It is the same story with the poets in other languages. Tasso yielded to his critics and revised his *Jerusalem* Delivered obediently to their censure in an edition that nobody reads; though indeed we do not know that anybody now reads any edition of his poem. If there had not been so many of Homer, or if he could have been collectively got at in his several lifetime, doubtless we should have had an *Iliad* without the catalogue of the ships. Our own Walt Whitman would have lawn-mowed his "Leaves of Grass" into close-cropt rhyme if some could have had their way with him; and how many romanticistic novelists have not we ourselves entreated to turn and be realists? That was vanity, for the romanticistic novelist who is romantic is something, if only something bad; but if he is realistic he is not even bad; he is nothing at all; he has ceased to be.

Criticism must always censure, must advise; but perhaps we had better always consider what an author is, and whether he is good or bad in his own way. It would be difficult, almost impossible, to find a better way for him. Let him develop along his own lines, but if he shows signs of devoting himself too much to his development, let him be warned, lest he become as Goethe was, or as Ibsen is, a monster of subjectivity in his artistic life if not his work. Of course, it can be urged that in this very paper we have been censuring the conduct of one of the greatest dramatists who has ever lived, and have been instructing him that if he had taken less thought of himself, how he should be clothed and wherewithal he should be fed to the grandeur he has attained, he could have been Ibsen and more, too; he could have been Ibsen with Björnson or with Tolstoy added. This is very true, and we cannot deny a certain reason in those who would say that it is quite enough to be Ibsen; and if Ibsen be no more, still his pains have not been wasted. But we would make the reader observe that it is a much modester thing to advise a poet to make himself different

than advise him to make his work different. Some such admonition has been addressed to the erring by the unerring almost from the time that religion and morality began. It is so much simpler for a man to change his nature than to change his method.

We may have been misled in our premises by the fact that, as his editors note, these letters of Ibsen are altogether from him, and never to him. The volume is a monologue, with one person speaking chiefly of himself, which is the defect, the necessity of all epistolary expression. If we could have had a few replies from Björnstjerne Björnson, from George Brandes, from the mother-in-law of Ibsen, from other the least of his correspondents, we could have seen him doubtless in a fairer light and to juster effect. As it is, we see him as he shows himself; and who likes to be seen so? The truth about Ibsen, as it is thus expressed, is something that we have already inferred from his work: a severe temperament hardened to scorn and contempt by the intolerance and provinciality of the social conditions, and a mighty talent striving at first in a quart cup, and ever afterwards, when the quart cup has been burst away, resentfully feeling its limits in the nerves. Here is nothing genial, nothing sweet, nothing tenderly humorous; but the performance for which the world must remain indebted to Ibsen was possible from no other temperament. We do not gather grapes from thorns; but doubtless the thorns are worth gathering if for nothing but to prick our swollen vanity, or the soap-bubble world of lies in which most of us abide.

It must have taken courage in the writer to let these letters go forth to the public, and as a measure for the man who has done such gigantic things. In them he is of the moral stature of the average literary man, whose magnitude, if he has any, is best realized by viewing him through his work at the friendly distance which this exacts. He is not of the moral stature of the extraordinary literary man, and so, though he stands alone, he does not give you that sense of unrivalled strength which he says is the distinction of the man who stands alone.



## Editor's Study.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "The remarkable story, 'One Artist or Two?' which I have just read in *Harper's*, gives one a realizing sense of the difficulty with which one casts off a worn-out character. By certain conspicuous acts, good or bad, a man's reputation is made, and, once made, he will find it almost impossible to change public opinion."

This is undoubtedly true. Yet there is an evolution of public opinion whenever it is vital, as it is in the life of a free people. Where opinion is repressed, or confined within the bounds fixed for it by tradition and habit, it has no vitality. It may yield its stability in some sudden revolution which may give it life and, therefore, an evolution as an element of rational development. Freedom of thought and of expression lifts opinion into the life of reason, of whose characteristics it partakes, thus becoming flexible and hesitant, often wisely and often, alas! foolishly indulgent, inclining—in that emotional expansion and comprehension concurrent with its own evolution—to mercy rather than to instant condemnation. Even the *odium theologicum* is no longer relentless. When an offence or even a crime, committed by an obscure or a well-known person, is published to the world, public opinion is at first abashed, as if put on its own defence, and is solicitous in its inquiry as to circumstance and motive, hoping to find some alleviating condition, some justification, if only that of mental alienation and irresponsibility.

This seems the more strange when we consider that the general moral sense has been developed into a keen and delicate sensibility, which has driven vice to its hiding-places and to a confession of its meanness. Something more than an estimate of personal or public injury enters into our condemnation of theft and graft, so that dishonesty which has no sordid motive is even more despised.

The crimes due to elemental passions, but in which brutality is not conspicuous, seem to make the largest draft upon emotional sympathy, probably just be-

cause they are so vital and have in them a strange savor of romance, the more acute because they are startling and not, as in earlier times, taken as a matter of course. The first man born of woman was a fratricide, and the old note, like that of inherited doom, at the same time shocks and fascinates even the tender sensibility of a child, blending with the tales and legends which haunt his imagination. The blood—intensely vital symbol—cries out from the ground; but it is also the symbol of kinship, touching sympathies which transcend formal ethics and are very far away from the primal exaction of an eye for an eye.

Tragedies associated with love have stepped out of the old ballads and plays into our modern novel, not for moral condemnation nor for immoral suggestiveness, but for their sympathetic values, based upon a fundamentally vital significance. The meaning of a vital union broken, at first striking a simple chord in notes of sweet melody turned to sad dissonance, came, at a later period, into the rigid moral sense—such as our grandmothers had when they read the story of *Charlotte Temple*,—and has finally entered the psychical consciousness, which on philosophic grounds, not less than because of the gospel injunction, refrains from judgment. The difference which fifty years has made in our attitude toward the novel as to its treatment of such themes is at once apparent when we recall the violent denunciation of George Eliot's *Adam Bede* as immoral because Arthur Donnithorne was not painted distinctly as a villain. The field has expanded, and the disclosures of marital attractions and repulsions have become more complex and interesting as disclosures of life in our quest of life's truth. Accordingly our view of life in this relation, outside of fiction, has gained in sympathetic comprehension without degenerating into weak or foolish tolerances.

We have followed the course of the evolution of public opinion, as to the good and evil in human life, beyond the precise limits of the case presented by



our correspondent, because it is interesting in itself and also as showing how literature keeps pace with life in that psychical consciousness of our time which has emerged, like a new species, in the larger evolution of human sensibility.

If we now return to the case presented, we shall see that our correspondent had in view only the ineffaceable effect of first impressions made by conduct upon both public and individual opinion. She goes on to say: "I was once talking to an old woman about a man whom she had known in his boyhood and I in his adult life. She characterized him as a reckless, good-for-nothing daredevil. 'Why,' said I, in astonishment, 'he is a splendid fellow, upright in business, the support of his sisters and of his widowed mother, and blessed with a charming, sunny disposition.' 'Well,' replied the old woman, arbitrarily, 'he was an awful bad little boy, and I don't believe he can amount to much as a man.' The world in its judgment of people is very like this old woman."

Here we note a peculiar psychological phenomenon—the strength and obstinate persistence of a first impression. It makes a great difference, however, whether the impression be made by a rumor, a published statement, or as a result of actual observation. In the former case there is a hesitance of judgment, the patient waiting not merely for confirmation, but for such detailed account of all the circumstances as may serve to explain character and motive, thus as far as possible furnishing a substitute, at least proximately, for personal observation. We demand realism. If a wealthy man has suddenly become a magnificent altruist, we desire, before we praise him in all seriousness and sincerity, to know what manner of man he is in the regard of those near enough to him to form a just estimate of his character; and we desire the same kind of information if, on the contrary, he is under a cloud by reason of some reported domestic or public unfaithfulness. The praise or condemnation of intimates sensibly affects our judgment.

The psychological effect of a first impression is most of all dominant when it is a matter of immediate personal contact and observation—which is simply

saying that what a man is, as almost intuitively intimated by his personality, directly confronting us, affects us more profoundly than what he does. While it is true that definite manifestation in some particular action might destroy the deepest charm, indefinably mysterious in its potency, yet, setting aside so rude a disillusionment, and granting the permissive conditions of the psychical operation upon us, how willingly are we held in thrall by the divinely human, suddenly envisioned! Thus Dante first saw Beatrice.

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?

All first visions, while they may not have the supreme domination as a singular disclosure of something so marvellously beautiful that it seems to the imagination its image of Beauty itself, have, in their several degrees, this peculiar psychological attribute—this power to determine and immutably fix our conception of a personality. The effect is not that of a moral perception of character, but of an intuition of native and essential qualities—an indefinable impression made upon us by those features which differentiate the one person from all others, and, to the extent of the difference, it is a surprise rather than a conscious estimate of individual peculiarities. Forever afterward the impression controls our personal reminiscences.

Our contemporary modern life, more than that of any former epoch, allows us this actual vision of our public men. We see their faces, their gestures, and hear their voices, and note other less definite characteristics, and the impression thus created enables us to interpret them, whether more or less favorably, certainly more surely than by our inferences derived impersonally from their published words and acts.

Few of our writers ever come face to face with their readers, or if they do, it is—as is so often the case also with our visiting statesmen—after the popular estimate of them has already been established. But the writer has this advantage—that it is possible for him to make, from the first, a fuller and more varied revelation of his personality than any one else who appeals to the general sensi-



bility. Fortunately for our critical complaisance, our literature is a more truthful reflection of our life than our politics is, or our business. The writer in entering upon his career is not obliged to declare fealty to any party, and, if he is to contribute anything to real literature, cannot afford to prostitute his genius to greed or to fleeting fame. He gives the best of himself for what is best in the human world.

But he cannot give himself until he finds himself. He must therefore wait his time in patience, bearing in mind the inevitable fatality of the first impression he makes upon readers. This injunction is of little if of any use to the merely ambitious or mercenary scribbler who is satisfied if by any device he arrests attention or through cleverness makes a popular hit. These jugglers and acrobats have their day, and their season may be prolonged according to their resources for the amusement of lookers-on in the gay and smart Vienna of frivolous literature. The sensational romancer may have a succession of spectacular triumphs, and hold his own until he is surpassed in this kind of effect by another. The unabashed delineators of passion, as crude as they are frank, find large audience, which is soon wearied, if not disgusted, by the bold adventure. We are not thinking of such writers as these, further than to reflect upon the unhappy fate of some one of them who might by chance, in a maturer development, discover in himself the power to do better things, and, attempting to do them, fail of the audience once gained and find a more judicious one forever barred.

The writer who has genius and the highest aspirations may easily forestall himself by premature publication, and this is most likely to happen to him if he has yielded his deep and growing capacities to an eager appreciation of the great literature of the past. If he writes under this obsession, his assimilation of old masters wraps him in a mantle not quite his own, which is unconsciously betrayed in his style, however original the substance of his thought. Some older note enters into his strain, and the following of it seems almost a natural reverence.

It is not to the advantage of present

literature that the retrospect should be overwhelmingly alluring. If the writer has been deeply rooted in the humanities, yet his face must be set toward the future and comprehend the present, letting the continuity of the culture which is with that which has been take care of itself. The scholar in literature, as in the case of Milton, does his best work after full maturity, which comes later to him because his arch is projected over a larger expanse. Keats's lack of Greek helped to bring his poetic cycle within the compass of his short life, and his early maturity, precipitated by physical decadence, gave more rounded completeness to his brief career than is generally attributed to it or than otherwise would have been possible. Neither Shakespeare nor Marlowe, with Ben Jonson's erudition, would so soon have achieved both greatness and completeness. The elaborate equipment, so useful to the critic and the historian, is often an entanglement from which creative genius must extricate its wings for free flight—wings which loiter long above the old fonts and are forever lured back to them. The poet hardly escapes, and it is given to his less learned brothers to sing the new songs.

In fiction, the young writer, with spontaneous imaginative creation, whose taste relishes the concrete world of nature and humanity about him—all the beauty, mirth, and pathos of it—more than the images of the world conveyed through literary tokens, has from the first an advantage, in that he makes upon his readers' minds a wholly native impression. He makes himself known directly by showing us the lineaments of his spiritual face, the charm of feature, mood, and temper which makes an impression, at our first reading, like that of first-seen faces in our real human contacts. Such writers are vital personalities in our literature. They do not need to wait. They may come to us as children come, as soon as they can speak, having only to break with infancy; in their books they grow up before us, giving us plain notice of their adolescence and maturity.

As for the children of Athene, they must wait their time for such first appearance as they crave, like that of the goddess herself, in full splendor of armor and raiment.



# EDITOR'S DRAWER

## Leander

BY SEWELL FORD

I HAVE just run across Leander again—although, to be quite exact, it was Leander who ran across me—and once more I am forced to admit that it pays to be polite. Not that I ever really doubted it, you understand; nor must you conclude from this that I am naturally an impolite person. When I am fed properly and punctually, when my affairs are running smoothly, I can be as gracious as the next man, always provided that the next man be not Leander. Never could I be as polite as Leander. With him politeness is no mere acquired habit, no pendent attribute of character, no thin veneering. It is ingrained, an attitude rather than a mood. He has almost raised it to the dignity of an art.

Leander began being polite before he was three feet high. I know, because we were brought up in the same end of the same town. From whom he copied his manners was a problem. None of us boys served as his model. I was sure of that, for we were young savages, every one of us, and gloried in it. And neither of Leander's parents would have been likely to have supplied the inspiration.

It was not until I came to know Leander's uncle Winfield that I understood the source. Uncle Winfield visited at Leander's house about once a month. He sold sewing-machines on the instalment plan, and politeness sat on him as the fur on a muskrat. Whenever Leander wished to clinch an argument he quoted Uncle Winfield, as a lawyer would cite a paragraph from the Revised Statutes. Uncle Winfield spoke in smooth, gentle tones. Leander learned to modulate his voice to a wonderful softness. Uncle Winfield always raised his hat when asking for "the lady of the house." Leander doffed his cap to every wearer of skirts and to all men over forty. In our Sunday vocabulary we had such phrases as "Yes, ma'am," "No, ma'am," and "Please, ma'am." Leander used these all through the week as well.

"Such a gentlemanly little fellow!" they said of Leander. At school he was always chosen

monitor whenever the teacher was called out. At the annual Methodist church picnic he was helped first to the cold chicken and given the biggest plate of ice-cream. We boys failed to appreciate Leander's politeness in the way that we should. I am afraid we sometimes disliked him for it. But there was no fun in "lickin'" him, he was so infernally polite to us.

"Lee," we would say, with the charming directness and naïve frankness of youth, "you're a sneak and a coward; you das-sent fight."

"I beg pardon, but I think you are mistaken," Leander would reply, and walk away. No satisfaction was to be gotten out of that, of course.

Even when he was caught in Sheriff Marlow's cherry-tree his politeness stood the test.

"Come down out of that, you young villain, and let me thrash you within an inch of your life!" roared the old Sheriff.

"Certainly, sir," assented Leander, and a moment later, his face like a piece of putty and his knees knocking under him, but with



THE SHERIFF LET HIM OFF SCOT FREE

his cap in his hand, he stood before the outraged owner of the cherries, explaining that he had just climbed up to restore to its nest a young birdling that had fallen out. He did it so politely, too, that the old Sheriff not only let him off scot free, but gave him a silver dime as balm for his injured feelings.

In later years it was ever Leander's lot to be getting himself misunderstood in affairs of that kind, but generally his hasty accusers ended by recognizing that they had made a mistake. It was hardly possible that so polite a man could be otherwise than honest. Yet some of the circumstances were quite embarrassing, and Leander developed a tendency to make sudden changes of business.

For a time I attempted to keep track of him, just as a matter of curiosity. At one period he was a life-insurance agent. Next it was real estate. Once he called for the purpose of selling to me, as a personal favor, some stock in a wonderful zinc-mine; but a year or so afterwards, when I protested that the expected dividends had never been paid, I found him representing a patent windmill concern. The zinc-mine he had forgotten all about.

In various odd ways the maintenance of my acquaintance with Leander proved to be an expensive luxury. Still, it was interesting to note the beautiful evolution of his

politeness. In its more expanded state he exuded it as a bunch of lilacs gives off perfume. Worthy or not, you got the benefit of it if you were anywhere in the neighborhood. Tall and dark was Leander. His long, slender fingers were very white, unmarred by toil. A perpetual smile framed his straight-cut mouth. He had a habit of blinking his dark eyes benevolently, and of looking at you through half-closed lids, like a highly contented house cat. His tone had, in fact, mellowed to a sort of soothing purr.

Leander's suavity had ceased to be objective and had become subjective. He no longer had need to voice his politeness, his every movement suggested it. He flattered with a wave of his white hands, declared his submissiveness to your pleasure by a bending of the head. Had he made the attempt, I believe he could have sold me a windmill on the spot, although I am sure the landlord of our apartment-house would have objected to its erection on the roof. Subsequently, when I jokingly asked how windmills were going, he handed me a card which proclaimed him as manager of a collection agency.

"But don't you find debt-collecting rather—well, rather an uncongenial occupation?" I queried, wondering how he fitted his urbanity to such a necessarily ungentle pursuit.

"Politeness pays always," he said, impressively. "It pays as well in collecting bad debts as in other things, perhaps more so. Let me show you one of our new business envelopes—a little idea of my own."

In the corner was no harsh announcement, nothing to make the delinquent debtor squirm uneasily and thrust the unwelcome missive into an inner pocket. Instead, artistically printed in two colors, was a little spray of forget-me-nots.

"That's the way I like to do things," purred Leander.

For a long period after that our paths did not cross. Then at last I caught a glimpse of him one day. It was on the fifteenth floor of a new sky-scraper, and he was just opening a door labelled, "The Midas Investment Company." The name stuck in my memory, so I was shocked, a few months later, to read in the newspapers an account of the barefaced manner in which this concern had swindled thousands of perfectly innocent investors who had trustfully expected to get something for nothing. Could Leander have been among the victims? I feared so, and spent a moment or two in silent regret. Yet the next morning, when I went to take a train north, I had forgotten all about the affair.

Hurrying down the platform I saw a tall, strangely familiar figure in black, accompanied by a shorter man in blue. The tall man walked meekly, his hands crossed before him. As they reached the car steps the tall man halted, backed a little, and with graceful courtesy nodded precedence to the other. The man in blue hesitated, as if taken by surprise, then accepted the



HE EXUDED POLITENESS AS LILACS DO PERFUME





I HEARD HIM MURMUR, "I BEG YOUR PARDON"

leadership. There followed a flash of gripped fists, a glint of something shiny about the wrists, a crushed hat crown, and the tall man in black was bolting up the platform. In an effort to give him room I became so sadly mixed up with my suit-case and umbrella that I went sprawling. As he cleared me with a leap, I heard him murmur breathlessly, "I beg your pardon, sir," and I saw that it was Leander.

So, you observe, it was not I who ran

across Leander, but Leander who ran across me. And, for all that surprised deputy sheriff knows about the one-time president of the Midas Investment Company, he may be running yet. I, however, am quite sure that he is not. Somewhere on this fair round earth, placid, unfettered, and blinking benignly on his fellows, moves one of whom it is said admiringly, perhaps enviously, "He is such a *polite* man!" And that would be Leander.

## The Plaint of the Anonymous One

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

I WANDER vainly o'er the land  
To find one mortal with a chunk  
Of fairness that will bid him stand  
And hear the pleadings of—

I shrunk  
E'en then from uttering a word  
In drawing-rooms so seldom heard!

Ah, what avails me beauty, wit  
Or craft, or marksmanship, or spunk,  
If friendship fails and scorns to sit  
In sweet communion with—

I've drunk  
Some drug, I fear, for now I find  
My very name has slipped my mind!

I never use my meanest gift  
Unjustified, yet like a monk  
Through shunn'd solitudes I drift,

Unloved, unsought, and named—

I've sunk  
To such a depth I do not dare  
To breathe the honest name I bear.

I never win a word of praise  
For all my charms, yet I have thunk  
And thunk and thunk of different ways  
To cleanse the 'scutcheon of—

I funk  
Each time I try! Would I could learn  
To face a shame I did not earn!

If I were called a Bobolink,  
A Rose, or Peewee, or Pohunk,  
I'd gain a social place, I think,  
That's now forbidden to—

I've slunk  
So often from the world's neglect,  
I'm losing fast my self-respect!

## A Bit of Un-natural History

IN the Park one summer's day I met one of the new nature-study classes, eight or ten bright little girls led by an enthusiastic, charming young teacher. They were busily engaged in listening to the "call of the wild," and resolutely tracking every bird, beast, and flower to its native lair.

Before the bear's cage the class paused. A tragedy had happened here recently. Cannibal greed had overcome paternal instinct, and father Bruin had unceremoniously eaten one of his offspring. The other twin, survivor of this unfortunate accident, now sat in a cage of his own, disconsolately sucking his baby paw. The class looked on in silent sympathy. After a few moments the following conversation was overheard:

Little nature-study maiden: "Did the bad old papa bear eat the poor little baby bear?"

Enthusiastic teacher: "He did, my child; it was very sad."

Little nature-study maiden: "Would the mamma bear eat the dear little baby bear?"

Enthusiastic teacher: "Oh, no, my child, not unless she ate it to save it from captivity."

The thought of mamma bear's generous self-sacrifice, and little baby bear's satisfaction at being "saved from captivity" in this manner, was too much for the spectator, who quietly withdrew, leaving the class to study

nature, "not from dead books, but heart to heart," under the competent direction of the enthusiastic, charming young teacher.

## Solving the Domestic Problem

"DEED I am going to get married," said little Winnie, the bright little daughter of a tenant on a quiet farm in a quiet county in "The Northern Neck" of Virginia.

"I don't believe anybody will have you," said Miss Mabel, the landlord's daughter, teasingly.

"Yes, they will; I'll make 'em," said Winnie. "I'm going to get married and have five children—two of 'em colored," thoughtfully, "to do my work."

## She kept her Promise

A LITTLE New York girl having reached the advanced age of eight years, her mother decided that it was high time for her to learn to dance, and, consequently, sent her to a private dancing-school. A few weeks later Mrs. Blank accompanied her daughter to one of the classes to see what progress she was making, and noticed that when a certain boy, belonging to a family with whom Mrs. Blank was more or less intimate, asked for a dance, he was promptly refused by her daughter. On their return home Mrs. Blank spoke of the matter, and said that as it might make trouble between the two families if her daughter's conduct continued, she wished her to promise not to refuse to dance with the youth in question should he again ask her.

Miss Blank promised, and on her next return from the dancing-school the following dialogue ensued:

"Well, did you dance with Harold to-day?"

"No, mamma."

"Didn't he ask you?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And you refused him after what you promised me?"

"No, mamma."

"Then how is it that he didn't dance with you? Are you sure you didn't refuse him?"

"Yes, mamma. When he came up and asked for a dance, I just looked him straight in the eye and said, 'You skunk!'"

And Mrs. Blank was obliged to acknowledge that her daughter had kept the letter of her promise, whatever might be said about the spirit.



I just got into an  
awful fuss,  
All on account of  
our cat.  
I cleaned her teef  
with mamma's  
toof-brush.  
Now what was  
wicked in that?



### A Careful Horse-Doctor

THE late Chief-Justice John A. Peters, of the Maine Supreme Court, was presiding at Bangor, over a civil case, years ago, in which one of the important witnesses was a horse-doctor named Burns. The doctor was a small man with a weak little voice, and the counsel on both sides, as well as the court and jury, had great difficulty in hearing his testimony.

During cross-examination the counsel for the plaintiff became exasperated and began to prod and harry the little man.

"Dr. Burns," he shouted, "if we are ever going to get anywhere with this case you must speak up so the court will hear you. You can't expect the jury to understand signs. Speak up loud and strong, sir."

The small-sized veterinary tried, but it was evidently no use. Whether from embarrassment or inability the sound would not come.

"Well, your honor," began counsel indignantly—when the chief justice stopped him with a gesture. Leaning over the bench he said:

"Mr. Attorney, you must be patient with the doctor. He cannot help it. Years spent in the sick-room have made speaking low a second nature with him."

### No Place for Tunnels

A STORY is told of a negro living in a sparsely settled portion of a certain Southern State, who was informed by a fellow negro that it was rumored that their town was to be made the terminus of a branch railway system.

"I don't believe no sich repo't," observed the first ducky, decisively; "I's travelled, and I knows what I'm talkin' 'bout. Them railroad people can't build no line in dis here flat country."

"What makes you think dat?" asked the second negro.

Whereupon the other, with an air of effectually settling the whole matter, replied:

"Can't yo' see dat dere ain't any place round here to run tunnels through?"



### The Foolish Carrier-Pigeon

#### A Fable for the Discontented

A PIGEON who as messenger  
Enjoyed a good position,  
Conceived the notion he would strike  
To better his condition.

And so his wings he folded tight—  
A foolish thing, quite clearly!  
For down he tumbled to the ground,  
And hurt himself severely.

So men may strike if satisfied  
To suffer trials and losses;  
For oftentimes they hurt themselves  
More than they hurt their bosses.

#### A Wise Precaution

A COMMITTEE of vigilantes had captured an Irishman and a Swede, and were about to hang them by tying a rope about the neck of each and shoving them off a railroad bridge.

The first man up was the Swede; when he was pushed off the rope came untied and the man struck the water and swam ashore.

The Irishman was next, and when the men were preparing him he said:

"Boys, be dom careful about fixin' that rope. I can't swim a stroke."

## A Question of Color

PATTY had been informed that the stork had brought to her Uncle Will and Aunt Jean in Porto Rico a beautiful baby girl, but she received the news very coldly.

"Are you not glad, Patty, that you have a new little cousin?" asked her mother.

The child's face quivered: "I—I d—don't know. It de—depends on things."

"Perhaps she is jealous," suggested young Aunt Lucy, when Patty had left the room. "Will and Jean made so much of her."

Some time passed before Patty returned, laden with photographs and prints that showed only the colored population of the island. With a roar of grief she laid the collection of pictures on her mother's knees.

"Why, why," she wailed, "why couldn't they have had a wh—white baby while they were here? They didn't need to go to that far-away niggerful place to get a bl—bl—black one."

## Expedient

EDMUND, aged four, prided himself on his bravery. Suddenly meeting a strange dog in a vacant lot near his home, he unceremoniously fled to the house. Upon being questioned as to whether he was afraid, he said,

"No; I just thought it was a good time to see how fast I could run."

## A Major Operation

A CHICAGO mistress had given her groceryman her daily order over the telephone. Later in the day she decided to change it a little, and countermanded an order she had given for some liver.

Calling up the grocer, she said:

"You remember that I gave you an order this morning for a pound of liver?"

"Yes," answered the groceryman.

"Well, I find that I can get along without it, and you need not send it."

Before she could put down the receiver she heard the groceryman say to some one in the store:

"Cut out Mrs. Blank's liver. She says she can get along without it."

## He Said What He Meant

FATHER TAYLOR was a famous sailor-preacher from Boston many years ago," said an old resident of that city. "On one occasion an opulent merchant of the Hub had honored the meeting with his presence, and made a speech extolling the kindness of Boston people in building Father Taylor's chapel and their consideration for the poor sailors.

"When he had finished, Father Taylor remarked quietly, 'Is there any other old sinner from up-town who would like to say a word before we go on with the meeting?' No other old sinner responded.

"Another time, in the midst of an exciting State campaign, Father Taylor took politics into the pulpit in this wise. He prayed: 'O Lord, give us good men to rule over us, pure men who fear Thee, religious men, temperate men, who—pshaw, Lord, what's the use of weering and hauling and boxing around the compass? Give us George N. Briggs for Governor.'

"His prayer was answered."



BOY. "How much is them chocolate drops?"

MAN. "Six for five."

BOY. "Let me see, six for five, five for four, four for three, three for two, two for one, one for nothin'. I guess I'll take one for nothin'."



# Minor's Economics

BY O. K. DAVIS

MINOR came from Seattle to New York to work for a newspaper, leaving his family in the western city until such time as he should be settled in his new employment and could select a home to which to bring them. That time arrived unexpectedly soon, before he had written Mrs. Minor the elaborately detailed instructions he considered necessary for her safe travel. There was much for her to do in the way of preparation, many things to be packed up, and other matters that demanded attention. He knew all this would take time, and he wanted her to start the very day she received the letter inclosing the railroad tickets. So he decided to telegraph her a warning. But that would cost a dollar, and Minor knew that Thornton had a telegraph frank.

"Why, certainly," said Thornton, when Minor explained. "Write out your message and I'll send it."

So Minor wrote:

*"Mrs. Thomas Minor, Seattle, Wash.:*

*"Have mailed tickets and draft. Be ready to start Tuesday."*

Thornton took the blank and pasted on a frank stamp. Then he hesitated.

"That ought to be signed," he said. "And going on my frank it must be signed with my name."

So he wrote "Thornton" in the place for the signature, called a boy and sent the message.

"That's a dollar saved, Minor," he commented

That afternoon Thornton and Minor went about their work in the consciousness of a good deed well done. In due time they returned to the office and there was a telegram for Minor. He tore open the envelop and read:

*"Thomas Minor, Planet Office, New York City:*

*"Wire received signed Thornton. Are you ill?"*

KATE."

"Thunder and Mars!" cried Minor. "There's a dollar gone, anyway, and Kate scared to death thinking something's the matter with me! Now I've got to spend another dollar reassuring her over my own name."

"Hold on!" said Thornton. "I'll fix that. I'll wire her again."

He picked up a blank, stared at it thoughtfully for a minute, and then wrote:

"Certainly not. Minor all right. I sent message for him."

THORNTON."

"There," he said, "that ought to settle it."

The two men went to dinner satisfied that Mrs. Minor would understand, and that the episode was ended. But they misjudged the fertile resource of a startled woman's anxiety. The early evening brought to Minor's desk another message from Seattle.

"If not ill, why don't you answer my telegram?"

Minor heaved a regretful sigh and tossed the message over to Thornton. "Two dollars more gone," he said. "I must answer that myself."

"No, wait a bit," replied Thornton. "We can fix this yet. I'll send one more message."

A brief collaboration produced this:

"Minor perfectly well. Never better. Was merely trying to be economical, that's all. He now says tell you to please stop wasting money on telegrams."

THORNTON."

They agreed that that surely ought to put an end to her anxiety, and Minor went at his work much relieved. It was a busy night and the time passed quickly. Just as he had cleared his desk for the first edition a telegram came.

"What is the matter with you? Shall I come at once? Answer."

KATE."

Minor stared at the message a few moments in despair. Then he took a long press telegram form and wrote:

*"Mrs. Thomas Minor, Seattle, Wash.:*

*"The next time I try to save a dollar by sending you a telegram on another man's frank, I will go out first and spend five explaining what is going to happen, so that when the franked message comes you will understand. I have been well, am well now, and expect to continue well. Nothing is the matter with me but your telegraphic hysteria. Stop it or we both go to the poorhouse."*

TOM."

It cost eight dollars, but Minor paid with a grin.

"Comes high," he said, "but you always have to blow up some buildings in the path of a conflagration."

He went out with Thornton and had supper, met some other fellows, and stopped to talk over the morning news. Then as he passed the office on his way home, he turned in to get a copy of the last edition. In the doorway he met a messenger boy with a telegram for him:

"I can't start Tuesday anyway. Have written."

KATE."

"Thank Heaven!" he cried. "There's something she didn't telegraph."



MRS. GOAT. "This is a funny cook-book; no recipe for warming over tin cans."

## Grandmas

BY JUDITH GIDDINGS

THE grandmas in the story-books  
Are not a bit like mine,  
They sit and knit, or else they read  
The Bible all the time.

Their hair is white, they wear a cap,  
And lean upon a cane,  
And always talk about the days  
That never come again.

When little girls lean on their knee  
They lift a trembling hand,  
And point the way for tiny feet  
To reach the heavenly land.

Mine takes me to the matinée,  
And walks along so fast  
I hardly get a chance to see  
The windows going past.

She doesn't read the Bible, *much*,  
Nor through the Scriptures search,  
And she likes a rainy Sunday  
When you cannot go to church.

Then, *new* books from the library  
Are what she reads all day,  
And when I lean upon her knee  
She says, "Now, run away!"

She never sits a-knitting  
In the gloaming, as she ought,  
And I know that Papa's stockings  
At the store are always bought.

And she never wears an apron  
With a pep'mint in the pocket,  
Nor carries grandpa's picture  
In a little round gold locket.

She never calls to me and says,  
"Put on my bonnet, child,"  
Nor lets me help her down the steps  
A-smiling, meek and mild.

When Papa takes us for a spin  
Upon the boulevard  
She sits up straight and doesn't mind.  
Although it jounces—*hard*.

We go so fast I hold on tight,  
And hardly dare to stir,  
But she just laughs and says, "Oh, no,"  
It's not too fast for *her*!

What 's printed in a book is true,  
Of course you mustn't doubt it,  
And yet my grandma can't be wrong;  
What shall I do about it?







Walter Appleton Clark  
1 9 0 6

Illustration for "The Awakening of Helena Richie"

See page 78

RESTING HER CHEEK ON HIS THATCH OF YELLOW HAIR



# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## Decisive Battles of the Law

UNITED STATES VS. BURR: THE INSIDE HISTORY OF A  
"SCOTCH" VERDICT

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

*It is a significant fact that great trials have often foreshadowed important national crises in the United States and have, not infrequently, determined them. Certainly the records of the courts afford most illuminating foot-notes to history, revealing the political and human forces at work in more dramatic and vivid guise, perhaps, than any other medium. The trials of Aaron Burr, John Brown, and Andrew Johnson, and other momentous legal causes, gleaned from the official reports, the court-room surroundings, and the attending lawyers and laymen, vitalize critical events in the national life, and throw new light on the evolution of history.*

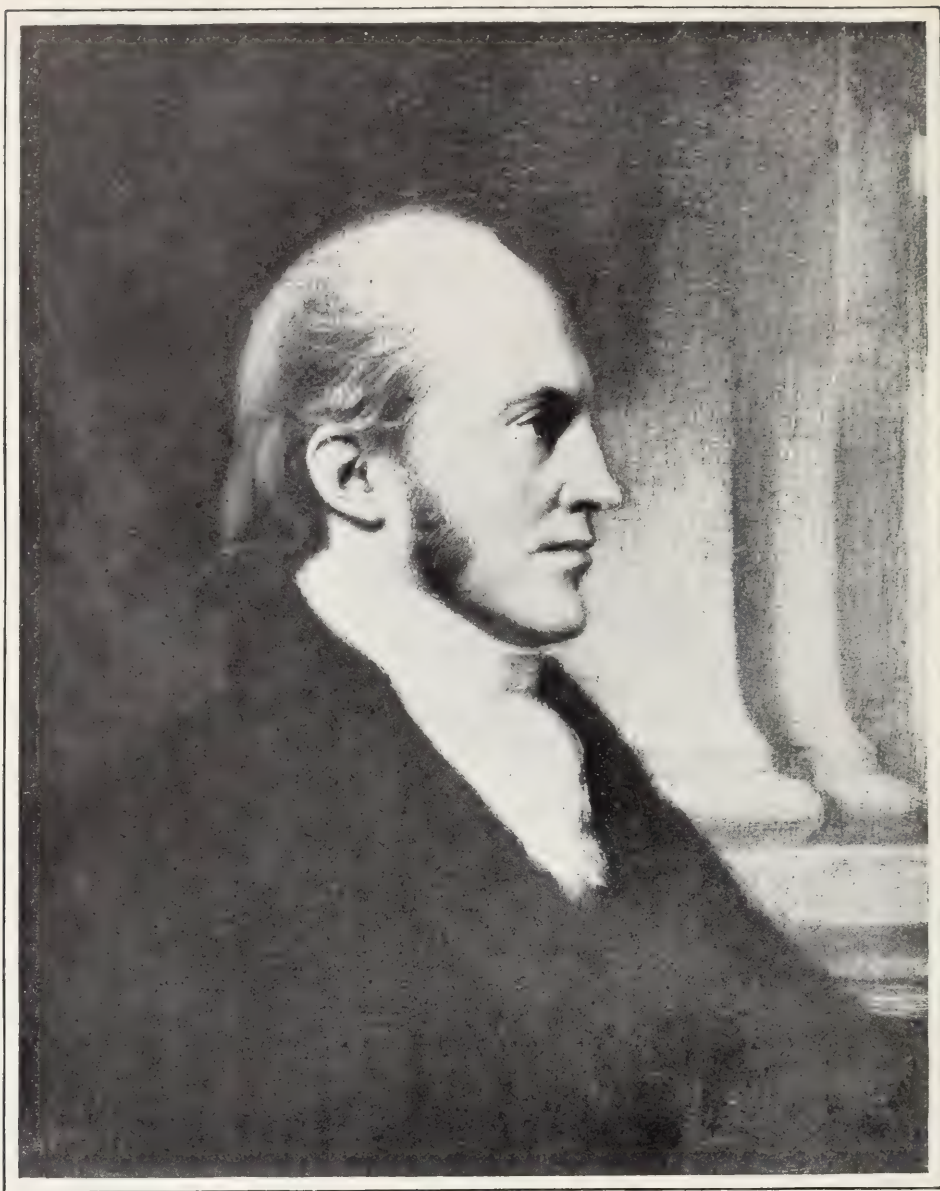
FOR fifty years after his downfall Aaron Burr was practically without defenders, but during the last half-century a small army of champions has espoused his cause, and of late his adherents have been so aggressively zealous that more heads than lances have been broken in his defence. His partisans are no longer satisfied with rescuing their hero from the national pillory, but insist upon providing a victim in his place and stead. Some of them have nominated General Wilkinson for the vacancy, arraigning him as a villain of the most despicable stripe; others have attacked Jefferson as a persecutor of incredible malignity, and all of them have been carried far afield, to the confusion of the issues and the injury of their cause.

But despite the extravagant claims and counter-claims by which the enthusiasts have prejudiced their campaign a vast amount of important information has been laid before the public, and in the light of this newly discovered evidence Burr is clearly entitled to a complete rehearing of the trial which is generally

supposed to have demonstrated his traitorous guilt.

The history of this *cause célèbre* is embodied in two musty legal tomes of more than eleven hundred wretchedly printed pages. But beneath their dry and technical exterior there lies a dramatic story replete with human interest and historical significance, and it is fortunate for Burr that this uninviting record is so exhaustive in its scope. No other cause in the early history of American courts is reported with equal detail; but, Jefferson and his advisers realizing that the prosecution of an ex-Vice-President might easily become a dangerous political issue, determined to put themselves squarely upon record with a faithful transcript of all the proceedings, and it is safe to assume that they took every other precaution to strengthen the government's case and secure the defendant's conviction.

It is reasonably certain, then, that these formidable volumes contain *every scintilla of competent evidence that could be procured against Burr at a time when the events were fresh in the witnesses' minds,*



AARON BURR

From a painting by John Vanderlyn, in the Library of the New York Historical Society

and as no testimony was submitted in his defence, one would not expect to find much material for his vindication in such a record. Strange as it may seem, however, this unpromising official report presents a stronger case for Burr than all the briefs and special pleadings of his zealous partisans, and the explanation of this anomaly involves the inside history of his extraordinary trial.

All roads in the United States led to Richmond in the summer of 1807, and all news of national importance dated from the Virginian capital. As early as May of that year the city was swarming with strangers of every sort and condition, from the most eminent citizens to the wildest adventurers, and expectant throngs hung about the streets at all

hours of the day and night, frequently in the mood for mischief. It was at one of these moments that a loud-voiced orator mounted the steps of a corner grocery and began to address the bystanders. His gusty eloquence and unbridled tongue instantly caught the fancy of his auditors, but hisses as well as cheers greeted his fiery periods, and the noise attracted the attention of a distinguished citizen, who stopped to inquire the cause of the disturbance.

"Oh, it's a great blackguard from Tennessee, named Andrew Jackson, making a speech for Burr and damning Jefferson as a persecutor," was the answer, and the respectable gentleman hurried on out of hearing across the courthouse green.

It is possible that Jackson championed



Burr's cause for its own sake, for he had had personal dealings with the accused which qualified him to speak with authority, but most of the politicians who supported their former leader did so not because they loved or believed in him, but because they hated and distrusted Jefferson. The general public, however, had no interest in the defendant save to see him hanged; and the men in the street, having already convicted him by common consent, merely regarded his trial as a spectacular formality enabling them to be in at the death.

Still, the little city of six thousand inhabitants sheltered many intelligent people to whom Aaron Burr ever remained the great man, gifted, mysterious, and fascinatingly terrible, and those who came into close contact with him almost invariably surrendered to his personal charm. Even to his jailer he was the Grand Seigneur whose rights there was none to dispute.

"I hope, sir," ventured that official at their first encounter, "that it would not

be disagreeable to you if I should lock this door after dark?"

"By no means," graciously returned the prisoner. "I should prefer it to keep out intruders."

"It is our custom, sir," continued the turnkey, "to extinguish all lights at nine o'clock. I hope, sir, you will have no objection to conform to that."

"That, sir," answered Burr, "I am sorry to say is impossible, for I never go to bed until twelve and always burn two candles."

"Very well, sir—just as you please," agreed the jailer. "I should have been glad if it had been otherwise; but as you please, sir."

This was the man whose trial had attracted the vast assemblage to Richmond—a man known from one end of the country to the other as a gallant soldier of the Revolution, a famous lawyer, a shrewd politician, an able United States Senator, a candidate for the Presidency whose tie vote with Jefferson had been broken only after a bitter struggle, from



A VIEW OF RICHMOND IN 1833  
(From an old painting)

which he had emerged as Vice-President to hound Hamilton into a fatal duel and to entangle himself in a web of conspiracy apparently spun with the threads of treason.

All this, and much more than this, was

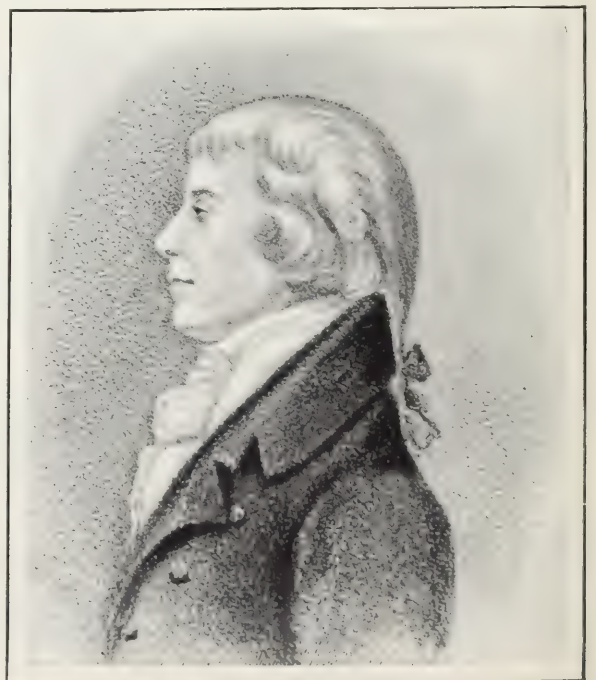


EDMUND RANDOLPH, BURR'S SENIOR COUNSEL

known to every newspaper reader in the land, and those who had no access to the press were almost as well informed by the current rumors and discussions of the day. The whole country knew that his duel with Hamilton had ostracized Burr from society and driven him from politics with two indictments for murder hanging over his head and financial ruin staring him in the face, and no argument was needed to persuade the public that a social and political outcast such as he would seek to retrieve his fortunes by some desperate undertaking calculated to satisfy his prodigal ambitions and quench his thirst for revenge. Under such circumstances the man was a suspicious person on general principles, and if an accusation of treason against him needed any other support, the history of the times supplied it. Every one knew that the country had long been on the verge of war with Spain, and that the western states had been in an ugly mood at the government's neglect of their demands for the free navigation of the Mississippi and other trading concessions from the

Dons. Diplomacy, it is true, had averted actual hostilities, and the commercial grievances had largely disappeared with the purchase of Louisiana from the French, but the fighting blood of the westerners had been aroused, and the treatment they had received from their Spanish neighbors had left them sore and none too pleased with a peaceful solution of the difficulties.

These facts were matters of common knowledge, and when it was asserted that Burr had planned to take advantage of the situation to precipitate a war with Spain, lead the disgruntled states to the redress of their own grievances and the conquest of Spanish provinces, and then to separate them from the Union, the information fell on willing ears. Even after the war-cloud had passed, the scheme did not appear chimerical, for the Spanish possessions still remained as a tempting bait for covetous western eyes, and when it was rumored that Burr had not abandoned his design, but intended to lure the disaffected states from their allegiance with the conquest of coveted foreign possessions, the accusation had all the force of proof, though details of the nefarious business were not lacking. Burr, it appeared, had acquired an ascendancy over Harman Blennerhassett, "the Monte Cristo of the Ohio," and his fabulous fortune had been placed



JOHN WICKHAM, CHIEF ASSOCIATE OF RANDOLPH





CHAMBER WHERE SESSIONS OF BURR TRIAL WERE HELD  
House of Delegates in the Virginia State Capitol, as it appeared before alterations

at the disposal of the arch-conspirator, who had employed it in building a navy and equipping an army of invasion. It was further explained that operations were to have been begun with a descent on Baton Rouge or New Orleans, where the banks were to have been looted and the enemy furnished with the sinews of war, and that these plans had been frustrated only through the zeal and patriotism of General Wilkinson and the prompt action of the authorities, which had effected the surprise and capture of the insurgent forces with all the chief conspirators.

Such was the story of the plot widely published in the press and confirmed by the government proclamations and the movements of the United States forces under General Wilkinson. This zealous informer, in a fine frenzy of patriotism, had declared martial law in New Orleans at the first sign of danger, and his spectacular efforts to suppress the threatened rebellion caught the popular fancy and made him the man of the hour. As time

went on, however, and no sign of disaffection appeared in the states which were supposed to be hotbeds of insurrection, the public soon tired of his turbulent exertions. Moreover, Burr's much-heralded army and navy failed to put in an appearance, and it was subsequently learned that he had never commanded anything but a few flatboats carrying a handful of unarmed men. Finally, when it became rumored that Wilkinson was a pensioner of the Spanish government, troublesome questions began to be asked without answer. How did the General happen to be in the confidence of a traitor? What were his relations with Spain, and what was an officer of the United States army doing with a foreign pension anyway? Had he not compromised himself in some manner, and was he not trying to escape complicity by raising a dust and making much ado about nothing?

The whole affair began to look ridiculous; but the Administration had no intention of being laughed out of court,





DISTRICT-JUDGE CYRUS GRIFFIN  
Associated on the bench, at the trial, with Chief-Justice Marshall

and at the proper moment it submitted proofs strong enough to silence the most incorrigible doubter. These were nothing less than the sworn statements of Generals Wilkinson and Eaton, and of Commodore Truxtun, who had apparently been approached by Burr with offers of high command or otherwise tempted to participate in his treason, and these telltale exhibits were published broadcast throughout the land. In the face of such testimony it was no longer possible for any one to dispose of the matter as a mere filibustering expedition against Spain, or to ridicule the Administration's extraordinary zeal. There stood the facts in black and white, revealing as damnable a story of treason as was ever recorded, and the moment they were comprehended there was practically but one opinion of the defendant in the case of the United States against Burr.

It is no wonder, then, that an excited multitude stormed the Federal Court for the 5th Circuit and District of Virginia at Richmond on the morning of August 3, long before the hour of opening, and

the tipstaves were rushed off their feet in their efforts to guard the doors. Had they been able to announce that the trial would be one of the longest upon record, they might have discouraged the invaders, but as it was they barely succeeded in saving the space reserved for the contending counsel, leaving the other members of the bar to fight their way in with the crowd, which included Zachary Taylor and Washington Irving, among many known to fame or destined to become so. A similar crush had occurred when Burr had been indicted, and then Winfield Scott was the only representative of the legal profession who had secured a post of vantage, and he held it solely by virtue of those fighting qualities which subsequently distinguished him in the war with Mexico. Whether or not he was equally successful on this later occasion does not appear of record, but it is certain that when the prisoner entered the court-room, accompanied by his son-in-law, the Governor of South Carolina, there was not an inch of standing-room unoccupied, and almost the entire audi-



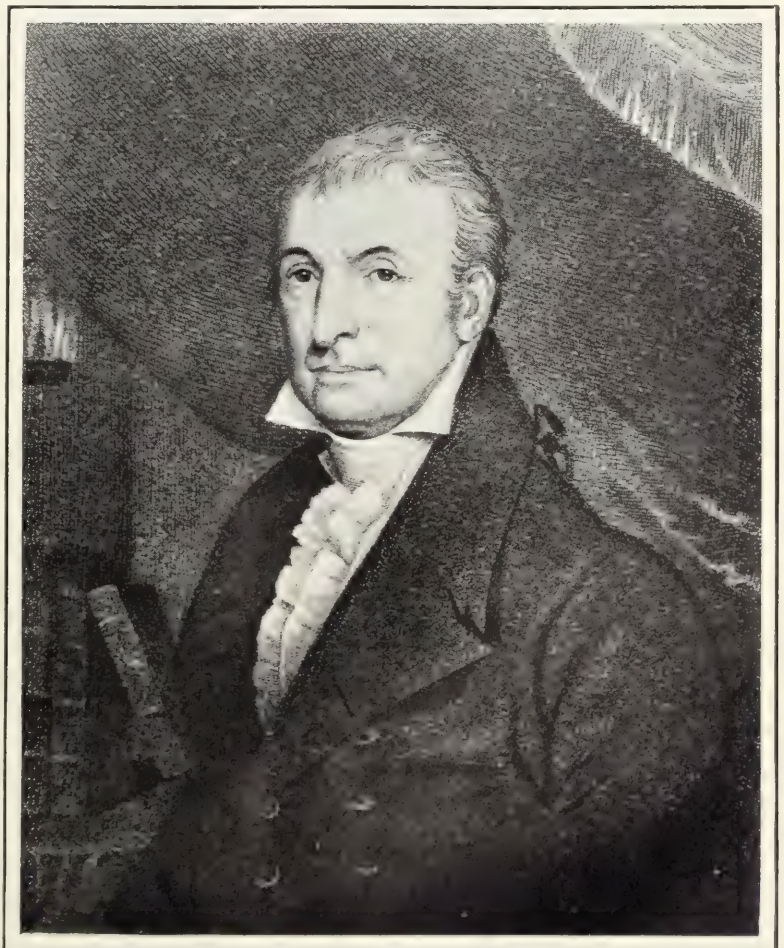
ence was on its feet as he made his impressive appearance.

Always dignified and mindful of personal appearance, Burr had dressed himself with scrupulous care in a becoming suit of black, and his powdered hair, drawn into a cue neatly tied with ribbon, displayed his strong face to the best possible advantage. His remarkable eyes swept slowly and serenely over the hostile spectators, and General Wilkinson was the only observer who detected any faltering in his gaze. Wilkinson had, however, a better opportunity than any one else for studying the prisoner's countenance, for Burr undoubtedly favored him with more than a passing glance. Indeed, there is evidence that his eyes rested for several moments on his accuser's ruddy countenance, and then travelled down the whole length of his rotund person and up again before they concentrated in a stare which the chief witness for the government afterward described as terror-stricken, but which was otherwise interpreted by less prejudiced authorities. It is not at all probable, however, that the pensioner of Spain or any other witness would have succeeded in forcing Burr to betray himself. He knew that every eye in the room was focussed upon him, eager to detect a sign of guilt, but the situation had no terrors for a man accustomed to facing public assemblages and swaying them at will. Under some other test it is conceivable that he might have flinched, for in the field of intrigue he had made a sorry exhibition of himself and betrayed his plans at every turn. But in the courtroom he was at home again and master of the event, and it was as a lawyer that he coolly surveyed the hostile audience before he turned and gravely inclined his head towards the judge and assembled counsel.

Chief-Justice John Marshall, the great exponent of the Constitution, whose statue holds a place of honor only

second to Washington's at the national Capitol, had been designated to conduct the trial, and by his side sat Cyrus Griffin, the district judge, who may have been an ornament to the bench in every sense of the word, but whose presence on this occasion was destined to be solely ornamental. The Chief Justice had been appointed to the bench as a Federalist, and he was therefore politically opposed to Jefferson, but no more fortunate judicial assignment could have been made for a trial which was to require not only ability and learning, but also courage and originality of a high order. Indeed, no one but a jurist of authority could have commanded the respect of the company gathered at the lawyers' tables, for a more brilliant assemblage of legal talents never graced a court of law.

Edmund Randolph was Burr's senior counsel—a lawyer of national reputation, whose record as Attorney-General and Secretary of State under Washington, and as Attorney-General and Governor of Virginia, well entitled him to his pre-

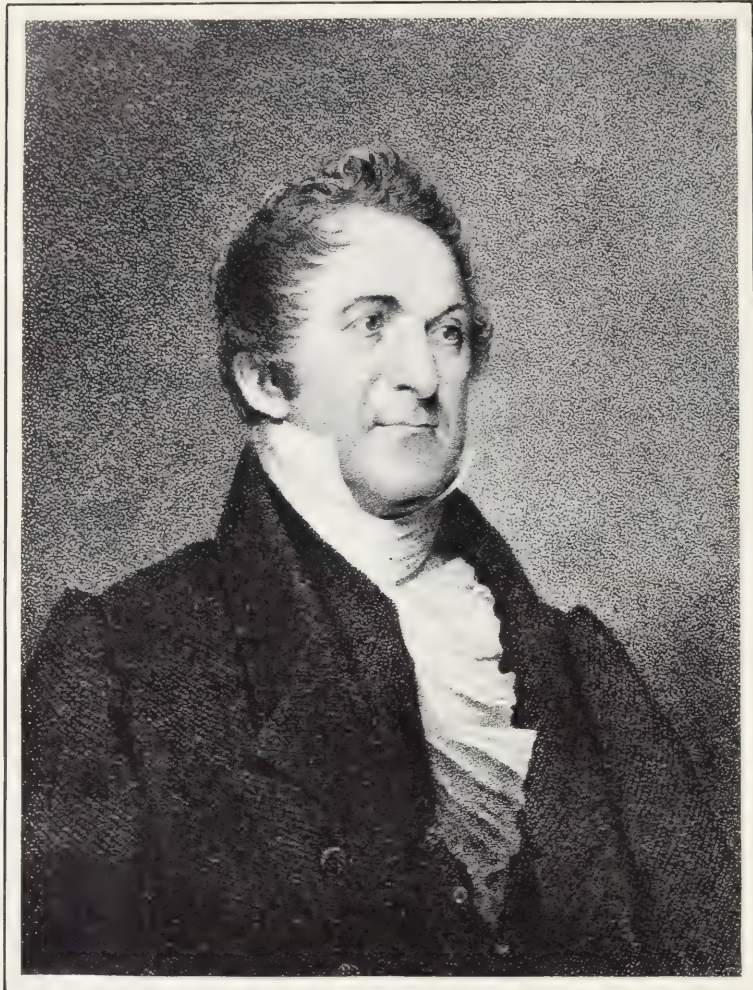


LUTHER MARTIN  
Assisting Randolph and Wickham in the defence



eminence in the profession. His second-in-command was John Wickham, an Englishman by birth, one of the foremost lawyers in Virginia—a master of wit and sarcasm, and a past master of strategic

Virginian family; and Jack Baker, a lame man, who played the merry-andrew and kept the audience diverted with his ready wit and good humor. All of these distinguished counsel represented the accused without accepting compensation of any kind.



WILLIAM WIRT  
First Assistant to District-Attorney George Hay

wiles; and by his side sat Luther Martin, ex-Attorney-General of Maryland, who knew more law when drunk than most of the bar knew when sober, and who had volunteered his services in sheer hatred of Jefferson and all his works. Coarse, vulgar, gross, and generally under the influence of liquor, this man's mind was still a perfect storehouse of legal precedents, and before the trial ended, his excessive zeal exasperated Jefferson to the point of seriously suggesting his indictment. With this brilliant trio were associated Benjamin Botts, father of John Minor Botts, the distinguished Virginian; Charles Lee, ex-Attorney-General of the United States and member of another distinguished

only cause at all comparable in importance with the case at bar—and his conduct of that historic arraignment had been in every way distinguished. He was not, it is true, the highest type of the profession, but by nature and training he was a power in the courts, and rumor has it that he had never lost a case.

Man to man, then, the government was overweighted at the start, but the spectators anxiously awaiting the opening of hostilities did not know this, and it would not have affected their opinion of the outcome if they had been thoroughly informed. The belief in Burr's guilt had become so firmly fixed in the public mind that doubt almost smacked of disloyalty, and it was generally expected that the

To this formidable array of volunteers the government opposed the District Attorney, George Hay, son-in-law of James Monroe, the future President, a respectable, zealous, and fairly capable lawyer, but long-winded and without initiative. He was ably seconded, however, by William Wirt, the most promising member of the Richmond bar, a handsome, captivating fellow not over thirty-five years of age, but destined to prove himself worthy of any man's steel; and Alexander MacRae, the crusty, sharp-tempered Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, an able lawyer of courage and tenacity, was also retained in the government's interests. Neither defence nor prosecution, however, boasted a more formidable advocate than the prisoner himself, and even the Chief Justice was less experienced, for, as President of the Senate, Burr had presided at the impeachment of Judge Samuel Chase—the



prosecution would make short work of the defence. The proceedings had no sooner begun, however, than it was demonstrated that the Administration had tried its case in the newspapers not wisely but too well. Only four of the first panel of forty-eight talesmen summoned for jury duty had undecided opinions about Burr, and only one of those four expressed himself as entirely unprejudiced concerning him. The other forty-four were so irreconcilably hostile that the court promptly discharged them, and another panel was summoned. This second lot, however, was worse than the first, and the situation grew more and more serious as the sifting process continued, for one candidate after another expressed open hostility and even hatred for the defendant. At last, when hope of securing an impartial jury had almost faded, a talesman by the name of Morrison took the stand who, it was believed, would prove an exception to the rule. This gentleman had apparently kept an open mind on the subject of the prisoner's innocence or guilt, and was willing to serve as a juror—almost too willing it seemed to the defence,—and Mr. Botts rose to cross-examine.

"Are you a freeholder?" asked the counsel.

"Yes; I have two patents for land," answered the candidate.

"Are you worth three hundred dollars?" continued the examiner.

"Yes," snapped the witness. "I have a horse here worth half of it."

"Have you another at home to make up the other half?" jocosely pursued the attorney, and the audience laughed.

"Yes, four of them!" retorted the talesman, angrily. "I am surprised there should be so much terror of me," he continued, addressing the audience; "but perhaps my *name* may be a terror," he added, his voice rising to a shout, "for my first name is *Hamilton*!"

This "unprejudiced" candidate was then excused, and for fourteen days the weary search continued without success. Not one impartial citizen was discovered in the entire second panel; and at this juncture the proceedings were brought to a standstill. After some discussion, however, the defence suggested that it be allowed to select any one it chose

from the last panel, and the acceptance of this unique proposition paved the way for one of the most startling moves in this extraordinary trial.

Strictly speaking, not one of the proposed jurors was eligible to a seat in the jury-box, but of course some of them were less bitter against the defendant than others, and it was natural to suppose that Burr's advisers would take advantage of that fact and choose the best of a bad lot. Nothing so commonplace, however, characterized their plans, and to the utter amazement of all outsiders Burr proceeded to nominate the most objectionable talesmen of the entire list. Inexplicable as this surprising manœuvre must have been to the general public, it was, of course, instantly comprehended by the opposing counsel. Burr and his advisers doubtless reasoned that the safest jurors would be those whose hostility had been most thoroughly exposed. The very fact that he was willing to place his life in the hands of his avowed enemies was, of course, the most eloquent protest of innocence which a prisoner could make. It was a disarming appeal to their honor and fairness, and under ordinary circumstances this bold, well-planned, and subtle move could not possibly have failed.

Certainly the men selected had made no secret of their feelings toward the accused. One of them had openly expressed himself to the effect that Burr ought to be hanged, and another admitted saying that he had come to Richmond with the express hope of being chosen on the jury, and that if he were fortunate enough to be accepted he would vote to hang the defendant without more ado. This individual subsequently explained that he had uttered this monstrous sentiment in a spirit of levity, but his later conduct illustrated the maxim that there is many a true word spoken in jest. Both he and the other advocate of summary punishment, and others equally unfit, were, nevertheless, gravely sworn in as impartial trial jurors. Some had the decency to protest against their selection, declaring themselves utterly incapable of rendering a fair and impartial verdict, but their excuses were overruled, and when the jury was at last completed it is safe to say that a more hostile



array never confronted a prisoner on trial for his life.

The District Attorney then opened for the government with a recital of the facts by which he intended to prove the prisoner worthy of an ignominious death, and if the audience had not previously been convinced of his guilt they would have been persuaded by the powerful arraignment to which they listened in breathless silence, and doubtless there was a general feeling in the crowded courtroom that this furious attack was the beginning of the end.

The moment General Eaton, the first witness, took the stand, however, the prosecution received a sudden and unexpected check. With expectation roused to the highest pitch, and every ear strained to catch the opening questions and answers, Burr's lawyers rose and interposed a preliminary objection. Neither General Eaton nor any other witness could testify as to the defendant's treasonable *intentions*, they contended, until some treasonable *act* of his should be proved. This principle was not new. The rule of law that proof of a killing must precede all other evidence in a murder trial had long been established, but the application of this doctrine to the case at bar interfered with the prosecution's plans, and the counsel for the government were instantly up in arms. Doubtless the lay spectators who watched the fierce skirmish which ensued were sorely puzzled to understand what it all portended, but the contending forces evidently realized its full importance and a sharp skirmish followed. For a time the prosecution succeeded in maintaining its position, but the attack was fierce and persistent, and before night put an end to the conflict the government forces were obliged to yield ground and reform their lines for a modified campaign. So quietly was this effected, however, that few laymen realized how seriously the prosecution had been outmanœuvred, and when General Eaton resumed the witness-chair the next morning no one but the lawyers knew exactly what had happened. The Chief Justice had, however, ruled that the witness might testify as to Burr's intentions to commit the particular acts specifically set forth in the indictment, but that no testimony of gen-

eral treasonable designs would be received—a distinction with a difference which was to prove increasingly important as the case proceeded.

Eaton's testimony, however, was not apparently affected by the decision. It was, in the main, a repetition of the facts set forth in his published statement detailing Burr's attempts to induce him to accept a military command in the proposed expedition. He had agreed, he said, to cooperate in the undertaking when it was confined to the conquest of Mexico, but as soon as its treasonable nature had been revealed to him, he had repudiated the whole business with scorn and loathing.

It was a smooth, carefully rehearsed, and on the whole a convincing story, and the defence allowed the witness to tell it without objection or interruption of any kind, but not a tone of his voice or an expression of his face escaped the watchful eyes of Burr and his advisers; and when the recital had been brought to a triumphant conclusion, Luther Martin rose slowly from his seat and confronted the accuser. There was a moment's profound silence, and then the attack began.

Had not General Eaton visited the capital shortly after he had learned of the prisoner's treasonable plans? The witness admitted that he had. Well, did he at that time denounce the plot to the authorities? No. Why not, pray? Because he feared to place his testimony against the weight of Mr. Burr's character. Indeed! Well, he *had* held a conference with the President on that occasion concerning Mr. Burr, had he not? Yes. Just what was the nature of that conference? He had urged the President to appoint Burr to a foreign mission—either Paris, London, or Madrid. What! Impossible! Surely he never could have recommended a man whom he knew to be a traitor to his country for an important post in the country's service? That was utterly incredible! He had done so only to rid the country of a dangerous citizen. Really? So that was his purpose, was it? Had he confided this highly moral argument to the President, or had he sealed it in his patriotic bosom? He had not confided it to the President. Exactly! Well, possibly



that was the reason the appointment had not been made!\*

Although the witness had endeavored to forestall these extraordinary admissions in his published affidavit and in his direct examination, their full significance had not been appreciated, and the sensation they produced had scarcely subsided when he was on the rack again—this time with Burr as chief inquisitor.

Had not the witness been attempting for some years to collect a certain claim from the United States government? He had. Well, what was the nature of that claim? It was for money owed to the witness by the United States government for official expenses in Tripoli. Well, had he not presented that claim to Congress? He had. Did Congress reject or allow it? It did not allow it, eh? Well, was it not true that certain very injurious strictures had been passed upon the conduct of the witness while his claim was under discussion in the House of Representatives? He had been criticised. Unjustly? Of course! But the end of it all was the rejection of the claim, wasn't it? It was not allowed. Well, anyway it wasn't paid, was it? Not then. Not *then*? Then when? Some time ago? About how long since? Was it *before* or *after* the witness swore to the deposition against the prisoner in this case? After. Indeed! Just about how long *after* he signed that widely published document was his claim adjusted? Three weeks afterward. Really? Well, what was the sum then paid to him? That was his private concern. No, sir, it was public business! What sum had he so opportunely received from Treasury funds? Ten thousand dollars!\*

No further questions were necessary to discredit the witness; and despite his efforts to anticipate the disclosures, if any informer ever left the stand more utterly impeached than Eaton his testimony has mercifully been omitted from the records. Under ordinary circumstances such testimony would have ruined the prosecution's case; but the times were out of joint for Burr, and probably no exposure of his enemies could have succeeded in reinstating him in the public confidence.

\* The effect and substance of the cross-examination and not the exact questions and answers are here attempted.

But despite the advantage of their entrenched position the government forces must have been thrown into some confusion by the Eaton fiasco, for they placed Commodore Truxtun on the stand, and nothing but excitement and disorder can explain such an egregious blunder. Indeed, after he was called and before he had fairly begun his testimony the District Attorney attempted to withdraw him from the stand, but the defence instantly objected, and the mischief was done.

He had been approached by Burr, he asserted, to take charge of a naval expedition against Mexico, but had declined the proposition because the President had not been privy to it. That was all there was to his testimony—not a word about secession or disunion or anything akin to it. In fact, he unequivocally declared that he knew nothing whatsoever concerning any treasonable act on Burr's part! Encouraged by this feeble showing, the defence instantly pressed forward, assuming the offensive.

"Were we not on terms of intimacy?" Burr demanded of the witness. "Was there any reserve on my part in our frequent conversations, and did you ever hear me express any intention or sentiment respecting a division of the Union?"

Truxtun received this volley of questions with perfect calmness.

"We were very intimate," he admitted. "There seemed to be no reserve on your part. I never heard you speak of a division of the Union."

"Did I not state to you that the Mexican expedition would be very beneficial to the country?" Burr triumphantly demanded.

"You did," replied the witness; and then passing to his colonization plans the prisoner continued:

"Had you any serious doubts as to my intentions to settle those lands?"

"So far from that," answered the Commodore, "I was astonished at the intelligence of your having different views contained in the newspapers received from the western states after you went thither."

After this open discomfiture the prosecution had no choice but to withdraw the Commodore and cover his retreat as best it might, and the move was effected in good order, ending in an apparently



formidable stand with Peter Taylor, the gardener of Blennerhassett's Island.

Blennerhassett's Island was known to have been the headquarters of the conspirators, and it was there, if anywhere, that the government would be able to locate some treasonable act on Burr's part to support the indictment. Up to this point all the testimony had related to what Burr had said. Now, with a witness from the scene of action, it was expected that evidence of his treasonable acts would be forthcoming, and the excitement rose to high pitch. Taylor started off bravely by repeating a conversation he had had with Blennerhassett about getting together a company of young men with rifles. These men were wanted to aid in settling some lands which Burr had lately purchased, he was informed, and later his employer advised him that Burr and he intended an invasion of Mexico. The witness thereupon told Blennerhassett that the people had got it into their heads that Burr and he intended to divide the Union, to which reply was made that Burr and he could not of their own motion effect a secession; they could only show the people the advantages of separating from the Union.

This was certainly dangerous talk, but Blennerhassett and not Burr was responsible for it, as the latter was not present at the conversation, *and it presently appeared that the witness had never even as much as seen Burr on Blennerhassett's Island.* This ludicrous anticlimax absolutely disposed of the witness, who retired in favor of Colonel Morgan.

Morgan was an honest, sturdy old denizen of Ohio whom Burr had visited on one of his western trips, and he repeated several heretical remarks which Burr dropped in the course of conversation, touching the weakness of the existing government and the instability of the Union. The Colonel also gave a highly dramatic account of how Burr had sought him out one night, long after every one else had retired, to ask him about a certain man who had been involved in disloyal intrigues some years before, and then, with the audience keyed up to the highest pitch of expectation, the witness solemnly averred his belief that Burr would certainly have unbosomed himself of treasonable matter on that occasion

*had he received any encouragement!* As it was, however, he had merely gone back to bed without divulging anything.

Nothing more farcical than such testimony was ever seriously submitted to a court and jury, and under modern practice it would be struck from the record as irrelevant and absurd. Still it was all solemnly received and recorded, and the end was not yet, for Colonel Morgan's two sons followed their father on the stand with testimony concerning Burr's disrespectful allusions to the governmental powers—that were and his contemptuous opinions touching the strength of the existing Union. Such sentiments were doubtless very regrettable and unpatriotic, but Burr was not on trial for his opinions, and not one word in the testimony of the witnesses convicted him of anything worse than loose talk.

These repeated side-attacks indicated a strange weakness on the part of his prosecutors, and it began to look as though they had reached the end of their resources. Finally, however, a Dutch laborer named Allbright took the stand, and as he had been employed at Blennerhassett's Island, expectation was again aroused that Burr's direct complicity was about to be exposed. Allbright speedily proved himself a stupid, ignorant, and garrulous witness, but that was about all he succeeded in doing, and the few facts in his possession were indisputably in favor of the accused. Burr had explained his enterprise as an effort to settle some new lands, Allbright asserted, and the recruits gathered at the island had expressly disclaimed any intention hostile to the United States, stating that they were to move against the Spanish. These men had rifles of their own, according to the witness, but no bayonets or stores of ammunition, and they were neither organized nor drilled as soldiers.

These damaging admissions terminated the usefulness of this worthy personage, and he gave way to Blennerhassett's groom, who continued the kitchen gossip begun by his fellow servant—an utterly futile recital from a legal standpoint. He knew nothing even tending to prove a treasonable act on Burr's part, and the stray facts scattered through his testimony were more valuable to the defence than to the prosecution, which from that



moment began to yield all along the line. Witness after witness was called to the front in rapid succession, evidently with the purpose of proving the magnitude of Burr's preparations, but these men, who were contractors, boat-builders, and other persons supposed to have been engaged in equipping a formidable army and navy, absolutely refuted the stories which the newspapers had circulated concerning Burr's imposing forces by showing that his expedition, though fairly supplied for colonization purposes, was inadequate for a filibustering venture and absolutely preposterous as an army of invasion.

One would think that this testimony should have warned the District Attorney that he was on dangerous ground, and why he should have rushed blindly ahead along the same lines day after day is more than any one, at this distance, can possibly imagine. Certainly in summoning Dudley Woodbridge, Blennerhassett's agent, to the stand he courted destruction; and the inevitable happened, for the witness promptly exposed the myth of Blennerhassett's Golconda-like fortune with prosaic facts and figures which proved that instead of being fabulously rich the "Monte Cristo of the Ohio" was not worth much more than \$20,000, and very little of it had gone into Burr's hands.

This culminating disaster put the finishing touch to a campaign of blunders, and the forces of the government, blocked upon every side, halted in confusion. General Wilkinson, the original informer, had not yet been called, however, and both sides realized that if this redoubtable but extremely vulnerably could be manœvered into position, the tide of battle might possibly be turned. Wilkinson admittedly knew nothing of any treasonable act on Burr's part, but he was said to be armed with incriminating cipher despatches and other corrupt communications, of which he had given what might be called a free translation in the public press; and on paper, at least, he presented a formidable showing. To effect a juncture with him, then, was the only possible move for the prosecution, and on this it concentrated all its remaining efforts. The defence, however, was keenly alive to the situation, and it determined at all hazards to prevent the General from relieving the hard-

pressed foe. No act of treason had been proved against Burr, and the government virtually admitted that it had exhausted its material on this point. Therefore it was contended that Wilkinson's alleged information of the defendant's intention to commit a crime was inadmissible according to the laws of legal warfare, and on this issue, which had been foreshadowed at the very opening of hostilities, Burr's champions challenged their opponents to single combat.

A more remarkable legal tournament than that which followed the acceptance of this gage of battle has never been witnessed in an American court.

Wickham for the defence and MacRae for the prosecution were the first to enter the lists, and their fierce collision, though less spectacular than some of the encounters which were to follow, was obviously a duel to the death, fought with grim determination by trained antagonists who were equal masters of every legal cut and thrust and parry, and after three days of savage fighting neither had been compelled to bite the dust. Then Wirt for the prosecution and Botts for the defence took the field, and the champion of the government speedily obtained an advantage over his antagonist, which he improved during the entire encounter, crowding and cornering him at every move, and finally riding around and over him almost at pleasure. This was perhaps the most brilliant performance on either side, and Wirt certainly won historical honors, for his achievement was recorded in the oratorical text-books of his time and for many a long day after. With victory thus perched upon the prosecution's banners, Hay dashed into the fray, riding atilt at Lee, who withstood the shock and more than held his own, until at the end of six days' fighting Luther Martin, the reckless, intemperate volunteer whom Jefferson had denounced as "that Federal bulldog," flung himself upon the enemy, and something very like a general *mêlée* followed. Martin entered the arena not only more thoroughly equipped than any other contestant, but with more bitterness and personal feeling than all the others combined. He hated Jefferson, and he threw himself into the conflict with a zealous rage which nothing could withstand. For two whole days he



bore the brunt of the entire conflict, striking like lightning at every opening, giving no quarter and seeking none—a terror, a scourge, and a very fury of assault, and when Randolph at last joined in the attack the day was lost for the prosecution, and he and Martin swept the field.

It was not until the following day, however, that the victory was officially awarded to the defence, when the Chief Justice in an exhaustive and masterful opinion delivered a decision which created a lasting precedent and marked an epoch in American law, and the case before the court was practically dismissed. No testimony relative to the conduct or declarations of the defendant elsewhere and subsequent to the transaction at Blennerhassett's Island could be admitted under the judge's ruling, and the government confessing that it had no further proof at its disposal, the case was submitted to the jury under instructions which were equivalent to a direction to acquit the prisoner at the bar.

But the public, hungering for a victim, was loath to believe that the prosecution had lost the day, and many were firmly convinced that the jury would not let the prisoner go unscathed. And it did not. After a short consultation the twelve "good men and true," who had sworn to administer strict justice to the accused, returned and delivered this equivocal verdict:

*"We of the jury say,"* announced Colonel Carrington, the foreman, *"that Aaron Burr is not proved to be guilty under the indictment by any evidence submitted to us. We therefore find him not guilty."*

The words had scarcely left the speaker's lips before Burr was on his feet indignantly protesting that no "Scotch" ("not proven") verdict could be received, and demanding that the jury be directed to report the verdict of not guilty in the usual form; and the fact that this just demand was contested by the prosecution is eloquent of the spirit in which the whole prosecution was conducted. During the heated discussion which followed, some of the jurors announced that nothing would induce them to change the form of their verdict, and the Chief Justice therefore promptly took the matter into his own hands by directing that

the proper verdict of not guilty be entered as though it had been rendered in lawful form. With this act of simple justice, after a twenty-eight-day session, the court adjourned, and the great cause ended.

The finding of "not proven," however, voiced the popular judgment of the day. Burr, it was understood, had escaped by some technicality or legal legerdemain which had enabled him to suppress evidence and defeat the ends of justice. Had Wilkinson been permitted to tell his story, it was generally believed that the prisoner would have been convicted, sentenced, and hanged. Even after Burr was brought to trial on the minor charge of having plotted an invasion of the Spanish colonies, and Wilkinson in telling his story was convicted on cross-examination of having mistranslated and otherwise falsified the mysterious cipher despatches, there was no reaction in favor of the accused, and his second acquittal merely resulted in more charges of legal trickery. Indeed, the sneer of that "Scotch" verdict pursued Burr to his grave, and it is safe to say that its suspicious innuendo has been more effective than all the tirades of his enemies in arming posterity against him, until today his name is popularly linked with that of Benedict Arnold in the list of national traitors.

If such suspicions are justified, however, they should long since have been proved to have had some foundation in fact. History has been busy during the past century with all the principal actors in the great drama of Burr's downfall, and valuable evidence has been accumulated on every side. Wilkinson has been completely unmasked and discredited, Jefferson has been proved to be more man than hero, Hamilton has been shown to be a shrewd politician as well as an able statesman, Marshall has been forgotten as a partisan Federalist and acclaimed the greatest jurist of America, but concerning Aaron Burr not one particle of new evidence has been unearthed. All known against him is recorded in the musty legal record compiled for his destruction; and read without bias, passion, or prejudice that mute appeal from the verdict of "not proven" surely invites a reversal of the judgment of his peers.



# Blanchemains

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

IN the cool of the day young Bleise of Gauntres walked in the Abbey garden at Holy Shield and sorrowfully considered the state of his somewhat overnurtured soul. He decided that it was but a poor soul at best, a wanton, sick, earth-plodding thing, ill destinate to those high realms whither his soaring fancy strove so hard to lead it. He thought upon certain good men of the company within the Abbey's fold, wraiths of humanity, mere wisps of transparent flesh through which burnt visibly very pure white flames of holiness. He thought upon these and sighed, shaking his head with envy. He envied them their passionless state of beatitude, and, almost bitterly, he envied them the freedom from earthly bonds which had made such a state possible. As for himself, the lad was peculiarly situated. His father, old John, Baron Gauntres, was three years dead, but before dying and making way for Adam, the elder son, he had extracted from Bleise, the younger—knowing the lad's inclination,—a very solemn oath that until such time as Adam should have a son and the house an heir he would refrain from profession, even from entering upon his novitiate.

Hence the bitterness which burnt in the lad's soul, for Adam's marriage was as yet a barren one. His oath he kept, of course, to the letter, but that letter in no wise bound him to residence at Gauntres, and he had been for three years—indeed, before that, for half his boyhood days—at Holy Shield, that very sacred place favored of God in that it had sheltered the white shield brought by Sir Joseph of Aramathie together with the Cup and Spear. The Abbot-Bishop was a kinsman of his dead mother's. And here under the tutelage of Brother Ambrosius the Almoner—a sour, grim man, intolerant of all save the harshest of the several roads to heaven—the lad constructed for himself a curious and in-

teresting theory of life, at which his kinsman the Abbot-Bishop would doubtless have held up his hands in astonished dismay. Bleise considered:

Firstly—That a man might perform no more noble and worthy act than to forsake his fellows and, in solitude, painfully to devote himself to the salvation of his own soul.

Secondly—That all women, save holy nuns, were creatures of abomination, hell's chiefest advocates and agents, outwardly fair—aye, innocent-seeming,—but within full of dead men's bones.

And thirdly—That as he valued his soul's eternal life he must never look upon one of these, lest she drag him with her into the pit.

He thought upon these matters to-day as he walked in the Abbey garden, and in spite of his bitter envy of those less trammelled than himself on their upward flight he had the grace to be glad that his condition was no worse, that he might live cloistered here comparatively in peace rather than out in that seething world where brutal warfare was waged, and eager females prowled seeking whom they might devour.

One called his name from the upper end of the garden, and he turned his steps thither. It was Brother Ambrosius the Almoner.

It appeared that the very reverend father in God, the Abbot-Bishop, wished to speak with the lad before even-song. The very reverend father was in the Abbey parlor waiting.

Bleise went there at once, full of mild wonder. He had done, so far as he knew, nothing to deserve reprimand, so doubtless the summons meant news from Gauntres. Perhaps there was an heir!—Day and night the lad prayed for such a boon. Possibly it had at last, after so long waiting, come to make the road smooth to him. His heart beat very fast and hard as he went through the long



stone corridor, cold and damp because no sunlight ever reached there, and, at its end, came into his reverend kinsman's presence.

Ten minutes later he groped his way towards his own tiny cell, with the bitterness of disappointment sick at his heart. It had been a message from Gauntres, but only that Adam his brother was unwell and wished to see him.

In the gray of the morning, before sunrise, he set out for Gauntres. He rode alone and he bore no weapon whatever, for the country at that particular time was accounted safe. His journey was not a long one. If pressed, one should cover it in a matter of three or four hours. Bleise, upon a jogging mule, took the day to it. At noon he halted on the farther edge of Beale Forest and ate the bread he had brought in his wallet, drinking from a spring that was there. A roadside shrine had been built over the spring, and he prayed before it. Then he mounted once more and rode through the warm afternoon, across Little Heath and through West Forest. He reached Gauntres an hour before sunset.

The priest, Walter of Gay, was in the courtyard when he entered the gate. He kissed the lad and made him welcome. Bleise held the elder man apart with a hand on each shoulder.

"Adam!" he said. "Adam!—he is ill?" The priest shook a gloomy head.

"He has an ill mind, Bleise. His soul is sick. His body is indifferent well. I cannot say what will come of it. Go to him." Young Bleise stared and went.

Above, he came upon the old woman who had nursed him as a babe and taught him speech. She cried out and caught at his hands, but he kissed her cheek and hurried on.

Adam of Gauntres lay upon his high bed propped with pillows, and his fingers picked at the bedclothes over his knees. A servant moved silently near-by about his business, and, in one of the windows beyond, a boy strummed a lute and sang, under his breath, French songs of love and war.

Bleise kissed his brother's hand and was kissed on both cheeks.

"My soul is sick unto death, Bleise," said Adam of Gauntres. "Can you heal me?"

"I?" cried the lad. "Alas, brother, I may heal neither bodies nor souls. For the first there is, I take it, bloodletting and cordials; for the latter there is, I know, God, His Son, and the Holy Ghost." The man on the bed stirred restlessly and turned his thin face. He had his mother's face—dark, gloomy, brooding, with eyes too close set. She had been a strange woman.

"I had thought that you might bring me comfort," he said, in a fretful tone. "You who have lived so long amongst holy men—near to God's grace—you should have secrets of healing. You should be wise to still a troubled soul."

"Alas, brother," said young Bleise again, "I am wise in no fashion at all. I cannot still my own troubled soul." And the sick man sighed, shaking his head on the pillows.

"I do not know why I summoned you," he said. "I had certain hopes—fancies. You should have the ear of God, I said to myself. Eh, I am weary. My bones ache within me, but my soul aches the more. This world is a bitter wilderness, Bleise, and overlong to traverse. I wish I were at the end of it."

That was his mother speaking in him. He had her mind as well as her face, it would seem—a strange woman, melancholy beyond reason, secret, without joy of life.

"There is so much to do," complained the man, feebly, "and I cannot do it. Body and soul of me are strengthless. I had thought to take healing comfort of you, Bleise. Must even you fail me? That damned rogue—that gallows-meat—Mordred of Gore is harrying us again. He has thrice caught and slain men of mine in West Forest. Twice he has burnt huts and barns, and once he has sent an insolent message here to Gauntres. He waits to hang me, it appears,—*me!* And all because I would not hear him in the matter of Blanchemains. He's mad over the girl—the swine of Gadara!"

"Blanchemains?" said young Bleise, under his breath. "Blanchemains?" And his mind ran swiftly back to childhood and the girl who romped with him at Gauntres then—old John's ward, the Lady Helin of Cardoile, called Blanchemains.

"She is—here, here at Gauntres?" he





*Painted by Stanley Arthurs*

AT THAT MOMENT THE VISION BEFORE HIM STIRRED AND SPOKE





cried. "Blanchemans is here?" Pictures out of that childish past crowded upon him.

"Of course she is here!" said the sick man, fretfully. "Where else should the girl be? Mordred swears he will hang me and carry her off.—The dog! Eh, the things of this world are bitter, Bleise! I would have done with them. They give me no peace. By rights I should harry that fox to his hole and there burn him out for the insults he has poured upon Gauntres, but I lack the strength of spirit. There is no strength in me, only a great weariness that is never slaked. Can no one bring me peace?"

He fell into a sort of doze, half waking from time to time with peevish incoherent mutterings. Presently he slept, and, after a few minutes, young Bleise rose from the bedside and went softly out of the room. Those pictures recalled from the childish past crowded ever before him, faint, dim, oddly sweet. They came between him and Adam's woes, but they brought a certain dismay with them. What was he to do with this creature in the place? Vaguely he recalled that she was agreeable to look upon—great shadowy eyes, an unnecessary quantity of dark hair with red in it, a look level and unafraid. So much the worse, then. The fairer, the more perilous. He had a sudden mad impulse to flight. But that was impossible. At all events he promised himself he would shun the woman as she were disease. Was she not indeed! She and all her evil kind.

He met no one in the upper passage outside the Baron's door, nor yet on the winding stair. Something within him, something connected with those old-new pictures of memory, turned his steps to a certain turret chamber which faced the west, looking over field and fen towards a far black line which was West Forest.

The door of the chamber hung open and he entered. The room was dim and shadowy, its corners lost in gloom, but from the deep window embrasure opposite the door the last red rays of the sun, which was near to its setting, entered in a crimson splendor. Bleise moved across the room towards the windows, then very suddenly he halted.

"O Mother of God!" said he in a whisper. "Ave Maria gratia plena," his

ready lips began, and he was for going down upon his knees; but at that moment the vision before him, tall, slender, virginal, its head haloed in a blaze of fire, stirred and spoke.

"Who are you—please?" it asked. The lad took a faltering step forward.

"I am—Bleise—of Gauntres," he said, still in his whisper. Then, with the turning of that flame-wrapt head, all at once, he knew her, and cried out: "Blanchemans! Blanchemans!" For a long moment after that the two stood staring into each other's eyes.

It was the maid who seemed first to waken to her senses. She cried out:

"Bleise, Bleise!" and started towards him, beginning a little glad laugh, and she stretched out her two hands to him as she came. The lad gave a low cry of very terror and shrank back from her against the arras of the wall behind, his hands over his face. She heard his lips stammer, "Retro me, Sathanas!" and she heard them mumbling, desperately, fag-ends of prayers. She saw him shake where he stood, like one panic-stricken, and she stopped short in the middle of the chamber.

"What—is it?" she said, in a falling voice. "I don't understand.—Bleise, Bleise!" she said, whispering, and her breath began to come very fast.

The lad crouched against the tapestried wall, his body twisted as it were in pain, his face hidden. Blanchemans heard him ever at his stuttering prayers. The Latin syllables broke from him as if he wrenched them out bodily, each with a separate effort.

"What is it?" she said again, in a whisper. "Oh, Bleise, what is the matter?—See, it is I, Blanchemans! What is the matter between us?" He seemed not to hear her at all through that desperate frenzy of prayer, and so she stopped and waited, fear knocking at her heart.

And presently, since she did not speak again, the lad took his hands from his face and he lifted his eyes to her once more. So may Tannhäuser, clean yet and innocent, have looked for the first time upon the poignant delights of the Venusberg, so Anthony of the desert upon the phantom flesh which came to tempt him. In some swift flash of that in-



tuition vouchsafed to women the girl must have understood. She cried out, under her breath, and she drew back away from him. Scorn breathed from her.

"Ha!" she said. "I am not then fit for your holy presence, cousin? So vile a thing as a maid is to be looked upon with horror, exorcised by prayer." She moved into the window embrasure, and again that splendor from the west blazed about her head, turning its hair into flaming gold. Like one in a waking trance the lad followed her. He came close—so close that he could have touched her with his hand—and stood staring, his eyes upon hers, fixed and very wide.

"What madness is this which rages in me?" he said at last. It was as if he did not know he spoke aloud. "I burn," he said. "I burn with some strange and very terrible fever."

Scorn died from the girl at that. No woman could have faced those tortured eyes of his, heard his hard-wrung speech, with scorn at her heart.

He did not stir his eyes from hers; and there was something terrible in their depths. "It—cannot be true," he said, "what they have told me. There cannot be evil in you—Blanchemains." He said: "I am astray in a strange land. I—do not know what I say or do. I am lost. Oh, is it lies I have let myself believe?"

"Aye, Bleise," said the girl, in a whisper. "Lies, lies!"

"I have believed," said he, "that a woman is an evil thing, that she seeks ever to imperil and wreck the soul one is treasuring for God. I have said that a woman is the handmaid of Satan."

"Lies, Bleise! Lies!" said she.

"I have warned me," he said, "to turn my eyes from a woman's face as from the sulphurous mouth of hell, to avoid her path lest she lay sorceries upon me."

"Bleise, Bleise!" she mourned, in an agony. "Oh, lad, what have you done to yourself at Holy Shield? What monstrous fancies have you set in your poor head?" She moved back from him a step, spreading out her arms.

"Look upon me, Bleise!" she cried, very earnestly—there was no coquetry in her in that hour. "Look upon me! Am I an evil thing? Am I the handmaid of Satan—one to wreck souls, to work sorceries? Look well, Bleise!" He looked

with burning eyes, and a flush swept slowly up over his cheeks and ebbed again, leaving him pale. Suddenly he put his hands over his face as he had done before.

"I—do not know," he groaned. "I cannot think. There is a mist before my eyes. There are rushing winds at my ears."

She did not speak again, and after a moment the lad burst forth fiercely in a desperate agony.

"My soul I have sworn to God's service," he said, "yet at this moment it sways in peril of destruction. You have set a spell upon me. Your eyes drag the soul from my body. I am too weak to struggle against you."

"He is distraught," she said to herself, as if she would make excuses for his mad words. "He is like a frightened child. One must deal gently with him."

"Oh, Bleise," she said aloud, "had you thought less of your soul in all these years and more of other matters, the world had been the better for it."

"My soul," he said again through the hands which covered his face, "I have sworn to God's service."

"Frankly," said the Lady Blanchemains, "I think it were better employed elsewhere." And he gave a little shiver, for the words were dire blasphemy to him.

He thought to leave the room, to have done with her, but, even as he turned, the hands slipped from before his face and his eyes met hers. He stood bound and sick at heart, staring interminably.

The chapel bell began to ring for even-song.

Bleise took the evening meal with his brother in Adam's own chamber. Thereafter he talked for a half-hour with Adam's wife, the Lady Anne—a pallid creature, spiritless, given over to tears and complainings. After that he knelt in the dim chapel, and his tortured soul cried upon its God for peace. But God was obdurate, and peace was withheld from him.

It was dark when he came out of the chapel and mounted the winding stair of that tower which was called Breuce's. He came to the tower-top, and the soft air of heaven was like balm to his hot face, the purple dome of the sky, star-spattered, moonlit, grateful to his aching eyes.



A dark shape left the shadow of the crenelated battlements at one side and moved towards him. Bleise uttered an exclamation and was for turning back to the stair, but he looked once and was bound with chains.

"I will not trouble you long, Bleise," she said. "I will leave you soon and go to my bed. I came here, like you, I think, for peace—the peace night and the stars have in them." She stood before him a moment, looking up at his lean height and strength. She drew a quick breath. "Oh," she cried, "what a *man* you might have been!—Tell me! Could you wield a sword, Bleise, if need arose? Could you fight, with those long arms of yours?"

"Until my father died, three years ago," said he, "I was daily practised in arms. Since then I have let such vanities be, but—I think I have not forgotten. I could fight, were the cause a holy one."

She turned impatiently at the word and moved away from him to the low parapet of the tower-top. After a moment he followed her, and they stood looking down upon the moonlit fens which stretched below them.

"To the end, cousin," she said, presently, "that you or Adam or some other be spared a fight, holy or otherwise as you choose to regard it, I shall leave Gauntres within the week and go to my own Cardoile, for Mordred of Gore has sworn to ravage Gauntres and carry me off."

"That evil rogue!" said young Bleise.

"He is at least a *man*!" said the girl, shortly. "And that is something—to a woman." The lad looked down upon her with troubled eyes.

"You will go—away," he said, "to Cardoile? I am—Adam will be—sorry. And there, Blanchemains? What will you do there?"

"In good time, cousin, I shall doubtless marry," said she. A strange and novel pang struck at his heart. He drew a little sharp breath between his teeth, and the girl heard it, but she did not look up.

"There is," he said, and halted to grip his voice the more steadily—"there is a man whom you—love?"

"It may be, cousin," said she; "I am not quite sure."

"Whoever this man may be," said Bleise, "I earnestly hope that he prove a good man and a noble gentleman."

The girl gave a little mirthless laugh. "Aye, he is good, cousin!" said she. "Too good, I think. And he is of a noble house, so your hope is fulfilled. Doubtless I shall have great joy of him." She laughed again, without mirth, and the lad stirred beside her.

"Why do you laugh?" he asked.

"To think how the world is fashioned, cousin," said she. She made a gesture of casting something over the parapet into the depths below. But her hands had been empty.

"What was that you did?" he asked her.

"I cast away a certain precious thing, Bleise," said she, "the which I had been hugging to my heart for many years—a jewel, we will say, which I have all at once discovered to be without value." And again she laughed her bitter little laugh, and the lad stared at her in the white moonlight, speechless.

"And now," she said, "having accomplished this, I will leave you and go to my bed. May you find more peace in this soft sky than I have found, cousin. Good night!" She held out a hand to him. For an instant he stood awkward and motionless. Then, awkward still, as one unused to the task, he took the outstretched hand and bent his head and kissed it. He remembered afterwards that it shook under his lips.

The girl went down the stair and out of sight. Bleise, left alone on the tower-top, turned fevered eyes to the starlit sky. The sky wheeled swiftly before him and the stars flamed up like torches, till all the heaven was alight.

"Oh, what is this madness that has come over me?" cried Bleise of Gauntres. "I burn with an exquisite fire, and I would not have the fire quenched. What is this madness that has come upon me?"

That night he lay wide-eyed, staring into the dark, and sleep held aloof from him; only, towards dawn, he fell into a fitful doze, and strange, disordered dream-fancies marshalled before him. God, in the sour person of Brother Ambrosius the Almoner, faced a slender, very beautiful calm-eyed maid. God—or Brother Ambrosius—said harshly:



"You are an evil thing, wanton, hell's sorceress; you ensnare souls to their eternal damnation." But the maid, looking into God's eyes—or Brother Ambrosius's—said:

"Those are lies, lies! And you know it. There is no evil in me. I am a maid and he is a man. Leave us together. I shall not harm him. I shall make his life beautiful."

This and other visions came out of the night to torment him, visions sweet and terrible, perilous and full of joy. With the rising sun he awoke weary and unrefreshed. He prayed to God and to His Son and to the Blessed Virgin that peace of soul might come to him, but perhaps they did not hear. His heart was left in tumult.

During the morning he talked with Adam and avoided the Lady Blanchemains. But with mid-afternoon he came upon her in the great hall below, and, short of rudeness, he could not escape. For probably the first time in his life he had lied to himself, saying that he wished escape were possible.

He found her to-day with an edge of scorn, uncertain of temper, April-like, and very puzzling. She hurt him, but he hugged the wounds. To himself he would bitterly have denied it. Mordred of Gore happened again to come into their talk, and Blanchemains said she wished that knight of ill repute would hold to his word—storm Gauntres and carry her off. She repeated that he was at least a man. Bleise left her after a good deal of this, sore, angry, in bewilderment. An unregenerate longing burnt in his breast to prove to this scornful girl that he also was a man. He wished for some great feat of arms to perform, and for quite an hour his soul ceased altogether to occupy his attention.

At night, after dark, he climbed once more to the top of Breuce's tower. Once more he lied to himself. He said that he hoped Blanchemains would not be there. But she was, and in a mood of kindness. She asked him to forgive her gibes and cruelty of the afternoon. It is just possible that she knew it needed but this to reduce the lad as it were to ashes. She spoke very gently of his noble determination to devote his life to God, sighing the while that the world

must thereby lose him—the world and Gauntres and—certain whose lives might have been made sweeter by his. From this she fell to talking of those old childish days when the two of them had romped and roamed together, she a lady and he her very faithful and puissant knight—she Isoud and he Tristram de Liones. And after an hour she left him. He went with her, speechless, tongue-tied, to the top of the stair. She said, "Good night." Suddenly she turned and for an instant leant upon his breast, and he felt the heart beat in her soft body. She said again: "Good night! Oh, good night, Tristram! I wish—I wish—" Her face, white in the moonlight, shadowy-eyed, was upturned, and Bleise's head, moved by a power not within him, drooped over it.

For a moment exquisite fire ran through his veins, then he stood alone, shaking from head to foot.

An hour later he ran away. Oddly, following upon the poignant joy of that one kiss, a great revulsion of feeling had swept him like a storm. Shame unspeakable burnt at his heart, peril pressed in upon him out of the night. All that he had mislearned at the Abbey, all the warnings and lessons he had taken to his soul, all the inward vows he had made, flooded over him, tempestuous, engulfing. Against the gloom of that velvet sky he saw himself in a vision trembling on the brink of hell, and, like one pursued by devils, he fled from Gauntres, rousing a servant to saddle his mule and let him out of the gates. He reached Holy Shield at daybreak, and spent all that morning prostrate before the high altar in the Abbey chapel.

In the afternoon when the sun was low he walked in the garden, as was his habit. Somewhat at least of that inward tumult was at rest. The simple, homely, familiar surroundings of cell and chapel, refectory and garden, seemed, figuratively as well as literally, to wall him in from the stress of the world, to lay cool and peaceful fingers of comfort upon his feverish brow. With all his strength he was trying to force the thought of Blanchemains, the picture of her, that magnetic atmosphere which breathed from her loveliness, out of his mind. He knew that it but waited to haunt him later, but while his



strength lasted he strove to hold it aloof—at arm's length.

One thing he clearly realized was dead in him forever—that picture of woman as a creature of abomination, an evil thing; he was glad, because now he could do what he had always wished he might do—regard a woman as something beautiful and pure and half holy, sitting aloft upon a throne; it had been his childish conception, and now he was glad that he could restore it to his heart. Vaguely also he was glad that it was through Blanchemains that the restoration came. He ascribed no blame to her for what had occurred at Gauntres. Another world had very suddenly opened to him, he said, an unknown, unsuspected world, and, for the hour, its glories had dazzled him.

So he argued the matter out, walking in the garden at Holy Shield, and, at the end of his argument, considered that now he was once more ready to turn his thoughts to their high goal. Alas! they mounted no higher than the top of Breuce's tower at Gauntres, and lingered there in the moonlight.

"O Mother of God!" said young Bleise, clapping sudden hands upon his eyes to shut out the visions which marshalled there. "Is there no peace left for me? Shall I never rest again?"

Seemingly not, for somewhat after midnight he rose, sleepless, from his disordered pallet and again made his way out through the damp stone passage and into the garden's moonlit gloom. That strength with which he had been holding away from him the thoughts which must be held away was gone, outwearied, and mad, sweet, terrible, poignant things pressed in out of the gloom, engulfing him soul and body. He tramped the soft turf like one distraught, calling indiscriminately upon his God and upon the Lady Blanchemains. For the hour he was all but a madman.

Upon him thus occupied broke strange sounds out of the distant night, the gallop of horses, and the rattle and clank of steel striking against steel. What company rode upon White Heath at such an hour—and in time of peace? The sounds came nearer, striking loudly through the still air. The company of horsemen seemed to draw rein before the

very gates of the Abbey, and there came blows upon the gates and a voice shouting for admittance.

The lad was, after all, a lad, and curious as became him. The branch of a tree gave him foothold, another branch vantage from which to leap. In a brief moment he was atop the high garden wall and craning his head to look.

He heard the opening of doors, a sound of confused, remonstrant voices, and then, from one of the riders without, in a high, singing tone:

"Open! Open! We seek Sir Bleise of Gauntres. Mordred of Gore has slain Sir Adam and borne off the Lady Blanchemains. Open the gates!" Bleise, atop the garden wall, swayed on his knees and all but fell. In another instant he was on the ground and running. In the square forecourt of the Abbey he plunged, full tilt, into the little circle of hastily awakened monks, who exclaimed and chattered together in the light of the flaring torches. Brother Ambrosius caught the lad by the arm.

"Away, boy!" he cried. "Back to your cell and your prayers. Away from this Godless fury. Have naught to do with it, Bleise, as you hope for your soul's salvation. Back to your cell and pray!" Bleise would have slain him then had the Almoner got in his path.

"A horse!" he cried out, madly. "A horse! Mother of God! why do you stand here helpless? Get me a horse and arms!" He ran at the nearest mounted man. "You there, dismount!" he cried. "Off your horse and give me your arms!" He was for pulling the fellow from his saddle. Then one spoke behind him, and at the voice he turned. The Abbot-Bishop stood in the doorway.

"They are bringing you arms and gear, Bleise," said the old man, and the habit of respect and obedience calmed the lad like a douche of water.

"Eh, so we lose you, Bleise!" the Abbot said. "I had thought for you to follow me here as head of Holy Shield. I had thought to make of you a man of God. It appears that God thinks otherwise, for now you are master of Gauntres." Two monks came, bearing a suit of black armor without device, and they began to put it upon the new Baron.

"We will pray this night for Adam's



soul," said the Abbot, "and to-morrow say masses for it. Meanwhile do you, my son, crush that viper who has done murder and ravishment."

Bleise knelt and the Abbot kissed and blessed him. Then in another moment they were away and pressing swiftly through the night southward to Gore. The lad rode at the head of his twenty men, but one rode at his stirrup and told him briefly how Mordred had surprised them at Gauntres, slain ten, Adam amongst them—who had fought in his shirt,—wounded a half-dozen more, and got clean away with the Lady Blanchemains. Bleise listened without question or word of any sort. He was beyond speech, beyond thought. No plan for the night's work stirred in his brain, no sorrow over Adam's death, no sense of shock. Only, as he rode through the forest gloom a picture went before him, like a flame, real, objective—the face of Blanchemains, bright-colored against the night, hanging in air just above his horse's head, preceding him ever as he pressed forward.

They bade fair to reach Gore very shortly after Mordred himself was returned there, for they had not above four miles to go from Holy Shield, whereas the way from Gauntres to Gore was much longer than from Gauntres to the Abbey. They forded Mortaise water, pierced a narrow tongue of Beale Forest, and clattered at speed through Queen's Gore—the village on the hither side of the castle.

At the stronghold it was plain that Mordred was not long returned. Also it was plain that he did not expect immediate pursuit, for the very drawbridge was down and all but unguarded. The man must have been mad, drunken with his victory.

Bleise and his men rode swiftly through the little group of warders at the gate, slaying in silence as they went. At the doors of the great hall they dismounted, and Bleise, with ten behind him, entered. The hall was half full of men, who laughed and chattered and drank the while they did away the last of their armor. The eleven slew methodically and with speed amidst terror-stricken cries. Out of thirty men a dozen may have escaped like rats fleeing to their holes.

Cries came also from above, with angry oaths and a woman's scream. Mordred, Lord of Gore, ran half-way down the great stairway and halted there. He was without helm or corselet, but otherwise accoutred in full. His body was covered by a mail shirt and he held his sword in his hand. As an enraged bull bellows he bellowed, stamping his feet. Bleise of Gauntres stood forth from his men, black from head to foot, without device, visor down.

"Who are you in black there?" cried Mordred, peering. "Who are you, fellow?"

"I am vengeance, Mordred," said the lad through his visor. "I am death," said he. "Come!"

The crimson paled out of the other man's face and a green shade settled there. Just then there was a scuffling at the stair's head, and a cry as of some one smitten. The Lady Blanchemains ran down the steps and halted, well behind her captor. She looked into the hall below and gave a little scream.

"Bleise!" she cried, "Bleise! Bleise!" He raised his sword.

"Come, Mordred!" said he. The other looked back once to Lady Blanchemains—a long look. Then very slowly he came down the stair.

The men of Gauntres started forward, but their master held out his hand and they halted. Mordred came on.

"Who are you—in black, without device?" he asked again.

"Death, Mordred!" said the lad. The other struck feebly, his face pinched with fear, and Bleise slew him.

The little company rode back to Gauntres swiftly and silently as it had come, but young Bleise bore the Lady Blanchemains on the saddle before him. He had done off his helm and went bareheaded. Blanchemains's head lay in the hollow of his neck, her hair against his cheek.

"Poor Adam!" she said presently, when they had come into a forest road. "He died miserably. And his death is on my head, Bleise."

"God rest his soul!" said the lad, "and give it peace and refreshment. His death was on his own head for that he did not slay this snake long since as he might have done. I should have trodden him





*Painted by Stanley Arthurs*

THE DEATH OF MORDRED





underfoot a year ago had I been Adam." Blanchemains, safe in the gloom, gave a little shaking laugh. Here was a new Bleise indeed!

"Tell me!" said he, after a silence. "Who—is the man you spoke of—on the tower—that night,—the man you—love?" The words came haltingly to him.

She turned her face.

"Can you doubt?" she said.

"I could not doubt and live," said he. She kissed him and he began to tremble.

"Oh, Bleise, Bleise!" she said, whispering, "what of that soul you valued so highly? What of your immortal soul, Bleise?"

"I had forgotten it," said he.

## A Creed for June

*BY WINFIELD SCOTT MOODY*

I BELIEVE in the love of the earth for the morning  
While tree tops talk of the day to come;  
I believe in the gladness of hopes a-borning  
While yet the lips of them tremble—dumb.

I believe in the wet, fresh smell of the meadows  
Caught and kissed by the conquering sun.  
I believe in the sweets that hide in the shadows  
By gray stone walls, where still brooks run.

I believe in the long, straight beams that quiver  
Falling down through the great white day,  
While under the face of the glittering river  
Currents are moving, and eddies play.

I believe in the rising scent of the flowers  
Filling the cup of the afternoon;  
I believe in the height of the cloudy towers  
Built in the west, to fall too soon.

I believe in the music of hidden thrushes  
Only heard in the tangle of trees—  
I believe in the lullaby wind as it hushes  
Green little leaves, and the drone of bees.

I believe in the good, great world, and I love it,  
I love and believe in Man, and the call  
Of the Soul that is in it, and yet above it—  
I believe in the God who made it all.

# Through the African Wilderness

BY H. W. NEVINSON

HE who goes to Africa leaves time behind. Next week is the same as to-morrow, and it is indifferent whether a journey takes a fortnight or two months. That is why the ox-wagon suits the land so well. Mount an ox-wagon and you forget all time. Like the to-morrows of life, it creeps in its petty pace, and soon after its wheels have reached their extreme velocity of three miles an hour you learn how vain are all calculations of space and years. Yet, except in the matter of speed, which does not count in Africa, the ox-wagon has most of the qualities of an express-train, besides others of greater value. Its course is at least equally adventurous, and it affords a variety of sensations and experiences quite unknown to the ordinary railway passenger.

Let me take an instance from the recent journey on which I have crossed some 450 or 500 miles of country in two months. A good train would have traversed the distance in a winter's night, but have left a tedious blank upon the mind. On a railway what should I have known of a certain steep descent which we approached one silent evening after rain? The red surface was just slippery with the wet. The oxen were going quietly along, when, all of a sudden, they were startled by the heavy thud of the wheels jolting over a tree stump on the track. Within a few yards of the brink they set off at a trot, the long and heavy chain hanging loose between them.

"Kouta! Kouta ninni!" ("Brake! Hard on!") shouted the driver, and we felt the Ovampo boy behind the wagon whirl the screw round till the hind wheels were locked. But it was too late. We were over the edge already. Backing and slipping and pulling every way, striking with their horns, charging each other helplessly from behind, the oxen swept down the steep. Behind them, like a big gun got loose, came the wagon,

swaying from side to side, leaping over the rocks, plunging into the holes, at every moment threatening to crush the hinder oxen of the span. Then it began to slide sideways. It was almost at right angles to the track. In another second it would turn clean over, with all four wheels in air, or would dash us into a great tree that stood only a few yards down.

"Kouta loula!" ("Loose the brake!") yelled the driver, but nothing could stop the sliding now. We clung on and thought of nothing. Men on the edge of death think of nothing. Suddenly the near hind wheel was thrown against a high ridge of clay. The wagon swung straight, and we were plunged into a river among the struggling oxen, all huddled together and entangled in the chain.

"That was rather rapid," I said, as the wagon came to a dead stop in the mud and we took to the water, but in no language could I translate the expression of the driver's emotions.

Only last wet season the owner of a wagon started down a place like that with twenty-four fine oxen, and at the bottom he had eight oxen, and more beef than he could salt.

Beside another hill lies the fresh grave of a poor young Boer, who was thrown under his wagon wheels and never outspanned again. Such are the interests of an ox-wagon when it takes to speed.

Or what traveller by train could have enjoyed such experiences as were mine in crossing the Kukema—a river that forms a boundary of Bihé? At that point it was hardly more than five feet deep and twenty yards wide. In a train one would have leaped over it without pause or notice. But in a wagon the passage gave us a whole long day crammed with varied labor and learning. Leading the oxen down to the brink at dawn, we outspanned and emptied the wagon of all the loads. Then we lifted its "bed"





USING THE WAGON AS A RAFT

bodily off the four wheels, and spreading the "sail," or canvas hood, under it, we launched it with immense effort into the water as a raft. We anchored it firmly to both banks by the oxen's "reems" (I do not know how the Boers spell those strips of hide, the one thing, except patience, necessary in African travel), and dragging it to and fro through the water, we got the loads over dry in about four journeys. Then the oxen were swum across, and tying some of them to the long chain on the farther side, we drew the wheels and the rest of the wagon under water into the shallows. Next came the task of taking off the "sail" in the water and floating the "bed" into its place upon the beam again—a lifelong lesson in applied hydraulics. When at last the sun set and white man and black emerged naked, muddy, and exhausted from the water, while the wagon itself wallowed triumphantly up the bank, I think all felt they had not lived in vain. Though, to be sure, it was wet sleeping that night, and the rain came sousing down as if poured out of one immeasurable pail.

A railway bridge? What a dull and un instructive substitute that would have been! Or consider the ox, how full of personality he is compared to the loco-

motive! Outwardly he is far from emotional. You cannot coax him as you coax a horse or a dog. A fairly tame ox will allow you to clap his hind quarters, but the only real pleasure you can give him is a lick of salt. For salt even a wild ox will almost submit to be petted. The smell of the salt-bag is enough to keep the whole span sniffing and lowing round the wagon instead of going to feed, and, especially on the "sour veldt," the Sunday treat of salt spread along a rock is a festival of luxury.

But unexpressive as oxen are, one soon learns the inner character of each. There is the wise and willing ox, who will stick to the track and always push his best. He is put at the head of the span. In the middle comes the wild ox, who wants to go any way but the right; the sullen ox, who needs the lash; and the well-behaved representative of gentility, who will do anything and suffer anything rather than work. Nearest the wagon, if possible for as many as four spans, you must put the strong and well-trained oxen, who answer quickly to their names. On them depends the steering and safety of the wagon. At the sound of his name each ox is trained to push his side of the yoke forward, and round trees or corners the wagon follows the curve of safety.

"Blaawberg! Shellback! Rachop! Blomveldt!" you cry. The oxen on the left of the four last spans push forward the ends of their yokes, and edging off to the right, the wagon moves round the segment of an arc. To drive a wagon is like coxing an eight without a rudder.

But on a long and hungry trek even the leaders will sometimes turn aside into the bush for tempting grass, or as a hint that it is time to stop. In a moment there is the wildest confusion. The oxen behind are dragged among the trees. The chain gets entangled; two oxen pull on different sides of a standing trunk; yoke-pegs crack; necks are throttled by the halters; the wagon is dashed against a solid stump, and trees and stump and all have to be hewn down with the axe before the span is free again. Sometimes the excited and confused animals drag at the chain while one ox is being helplessly crushed against a tree. Often a horn is broken off. I know nothing that suggests greater pain than the crack of a horn as it is torn from the skull. The ox falls silently on his knees. Blood streams down his face. The other oxen go on dragging at the chain. When released from the yoke, he rushes helplessly over the bush, trying to hide himself. But flinging him on his side and tying his legs together, the natives bind up the horn, if it has not actually dropped, with a plaster of a poisonous herb they call "moolecky," to keep the blow-flies away. Sometimes it grows on again; sometimes it remains loose and flops about. But, as a rule, it has to be cut off in the end.

To avoid such things most transport-riders set a boy to walk in front of the oxen as "toe-leader," though it is a confession of weakness. Another difficulty in driving the ox is his peculiar horror of mud from the moment that he is inspanned. By nature he loves mud next best to food and drink. He will wallow in mud all a tropical day, and the more slimy it is, the better he likes it. But put him in the yoke, and he becomes as cautious of mud as a cat, as dainty of his feet as a lady crossing Regent Street. It seems strange at first, but he has his reasons. When he comes to one of those ghastly mud-pits ("slaughter-holes" the Boers call them),

which abound along the road in the wet season, his first instinct is to plunge into it; but reflection tells him that he has not time to explore its cool depths and delightful stickiness, and that if he falls or sticks, the team behind and perhaps the wagon itself will be upon him. So he struggles all he can to skirt delicately round it, and if he is one of the steering oxen, the effort brings disaster either on the wagon or himself. No less terrible is his fate when for hour after hour the wagon has to plough its way through one of the upland bogs, when the wheels are sunk to the hubs, and the legs of all the oxen disappear, and the shrieking whips and yelling drivers are never for a moment still. Why the ox also very strongly objects to getting his tail wet I have not found out.

Another peculiarity is that the ox is too delicate to work if it is raining. Cut his hide to ribbons with rhinoceros whips, rot off his tail with inoculation for lung-sickness, let ticks suck at him till they swell as large as cherries with his blood—he bears all patiently. But if a soft shower descends on him while he is in the yoke, he will work no more. Within a minute or two he gets the sore hump—a terrible thing to have. There is nothing to do but to stop. The hump must be soothed down with wagon-grease—a mixture of soft soap, black lead, and tar,—and I have heard of wagons halted for weeks together because the owner drove his oxen through a storm. Seeing that it rains in waterspouts nearly every morning or afternoon from October to May, the working-hours are considerably shortened, and unhappy is the man who is in haste. I was in haste.

To be happy in Africa a man should have something oxlike in his nature. Like an ox, or like "him that believeth," he must never make haste. He must accept his destiny and plod upon his way. He must forget emotion and think no more of pleasures. He must let time run over him, and hope for nothing greater than a lick of salt.

But there is one kind of ox which develops further characteristics, and that is the riding-ox. He is the horse of Angola and of all Central Africa where he can live. With ring in nose and saddle on back, he will carry you at a



swinging walk over the country, even through marshes where a horse or a donkey would sink and shudder and groan. One of my wagon team was a riding-ox, and it took four men to catch and saddle him. To avoid the dulness of duty he would gallop like a racer and leap like a deer. But when once saddled his ordinary gait was discreet and solemn; and though his name was Buller, I called him "Old Ford," because he somehow reminded me of the Chelsea 'bus.

All the oxen in the team, except Buller, were called by Boer names. Nor was this simply because Dutch is the natural language of oxen. Very nearly every one concerned with wagons in Angola is a Boer, and it is to Boers that the Portuguese owe the only two wagon tracks that count in the country—the road from Benguela through Caconda to Bihé and on towards the interior, and the road up from Mossamedes which joins the other at Caconda. I think these tracks form the northernmost limit of the trek-ox in

Africa, and his presence is entirely due to a party of Boers who left the Transvaal rather more than twenty years ago, driven partly by some religious or political difference, but chiefly by the wandering spirit of Boers. I have conversed with a man who well remembers that long trek—how they started near Mafeking and crept through Bechuanaland, and skirting the Kalahari Desert, crossed Damaraland, and reached the promised land of Angola at last. They were five years on the way—those indomitable wanderers. Once they stopped to sow and reap their corn. For the rest they lived on the game they shot. Now you find about two hundred families of them scattered up and down through South Angola, chiefly in the Humpata district. They are organized for defence on the old Transvaal lines, and to them the Portuguese must chiefly look to check an irruption of natives, such as the Cunyami are threatening now on the Cunene River.



FORDING A SHALLOW STREAM

Yet the Portuguese have taken this very opportunity (February, 1905) for worrying them all about licenses for their rifles, and threatening to disarm them if all the taxes are not paid up in full. At various points I met the leading Boers going up to the fort at Caconda, brooding over their grievances, or squatted on the road discussing them in their slow, untiring way. On further provocation they swore they would trek away into Barotzeland and put themselves under British protection. They even raised the question whether the late war had not given them the rights of British subjects already. A slouching, unwashed, foggy-minded people they are, a strange mixture of simplicity and cunning, but for knowledge of oxen and wagons and game they have no rivals, and in war I should estimate the value of one Boer family at about ten Portuguese forts. They trade to some extent in slaves, but chiefly they buy them for their own use, and they almost always give them freedom at the time of marriage. Their boy slaves they train with the same rigor as their oxen, but when

the training is complete the boy is counted specially valuable on the road.

Distances in Africa are not reckoned by miles, but by treks or by days. And even this method is very variable, for a journey that will take a fortnight in the dry season may very well take three months in the wet. A trek will last about three hours, and the usual thing is two treks a day. I think no one could count on more than twelve miles a day, with a loaded wagon, and I doubt if the average is as much as ten. But it is impossible to calculate. The record from Bihé to Benguela by the road is six weeks, but you must not complain if a wagon takes six months; and the journey used to be reckoned at a year, allowing time for shooting food on the way. In a straight line the distance is about 250 miles, or by the wagon road something over 450, as nearly as I can estimate. But when it takes you two or three days to cross a brook and a fortnight to cross a marsh, distance becomes deceptive.

One thing is very noticeable along that wagon road: from end to end of it hardly a single native is to be seen.



A BOER FAMILY ON TREK





AN AWKWARD CROSSING

After leaving Benguela, till you reach the district of Bihé, you will see only one native village, and that is three miles from the road. Much of the country is fertile. Villages have been plentiful in the past. The road passes through their old fields and gardens. Sometimes the huts are still standing, but all is silent and deserted now. Till this winter there was one village left, close upon the road, about a day's trek past Caconda. But when I hoped to buy a few potatoes or peppers there, I found it abandoned like the rest. Where the road runs, the natives will not stay. Exposed continually to the greed, the violence, and lust of white men and their slaves, they cannot live in peace. Their corn is eaten up, their men are beaten, their women are ravished. If a Portuguese fort is planted in the neighborhood, so much the worse. Time after time I have heard native chiefs and others say that a fort was the cruellest thing to endure of all. It is not only the exactions of the Chefe in command himself; though a Chefe who comes for

about eighteen months at most, who depends entirely on interpreters, and is anxious to go home much richer than he came, is not likely to be particular. But it is the brutality of the handful of soldiers under his command. The greater part of them are natives from distant tribes, and they exercise themselves by plundering and maltreating any villagers within reach, while the Chefe remains ignorant or indifferent. So it comes that where a road or fort or any other sign of the white man's presence appears the natives quit their villages one by one, and steal away to build new homes beyond the reach of the common enemy. This is, I suppose, that "White Man's Burden" of which we have heard so much. This is "The White Man's Burden," and it is the black man who takes it up.

To the picturesque traveller who is provided with plenty of tinned things to eat, the solitude of the road may add a charm. For it is far more romantic to hear the voice of lions than the voice of man. But, indeed, to every one the

road is of interest from its great variety. Here in a short space are to be seen the leading characteristics of all the southern half of Africa—the hot and dry edging near the shore, the mountain zone, and the great interior plateau of forest or veldt, out of which, I suppose, the mountain zone has been gradually carved, and is still being carved, by the wash and dripping from the central marshes. The three zones have always been fairly distinct in every part of Africa that I have known, from Mozambique round to the mouth of the Congo, though in a few places the mountain zone comes down close to the sea.

From Benguela I had to trek for six days, often taking advantage of the moon to trek at night as well, before I saw a trace of water on the surface of the rivers, and nine days before running water was found, though I was trekking in the middle of the wet season. There are one or two dirty wet places, nauseous with sulphur, but all drinking-water for man or ox must be dug for in the beds of the sand rivers, and sometimes you have to dig twelve feet down before the sand looks damp. It is a beautiful land of bare and rugged hills, deeply scarred by weather, and full of the wild and brilliant colors—the violet and orange—that bare hills always give. But the oxen plod through it as fast as possible, really almost hurrying in their eagerness for a long, deep drink. Yet the district abounds in wild animals, not only in elands and other antelopes, which can withdraw from their enemies into deserts drier than teetotal States and can do without a drink for days together. But there are other animals as well, such as lions and zebras and buffaloes, which must drink every day or die. Somewhere, not far away, there must be a “continuous water-supply,” as a London County Councillor would say, and hunters think it may be the Capororo or Korporal or San Francisco, only eight hours south of the road, where there is always real water and abundance of game. A thirsty lion would easily take his tea there in the afternoon and be back in plenty of time to watch for his dinner along the road.

Lions are increasing in number throughout the district, and, I believe,

in all Angola, though they are still not so common as leopards. Certainly they watch the road for dinner, and all the way from Benguela to Bihé you have a good chance of hearing them purring about your wagon any night. Sometimes then you may find a certain satisfaction in reflecting that you are inside the wagon and that twenty oxen or more are sleeping around you, tied to their yokes. An ox is a better meal than a man, but to men as well as to oxen the lions are becoming more dangerous as the wilder game grows scarcer. A native, from the wagon which crossed the Cuando just after mine, was going down for water in the evening, when a lion sprang on him and split the petroleum-can with his claw. The boy had the sense to beat his cup hard against the tin, and the monarch of the forest was so disgusted at the noise that he withdrew; but few boys are so quick, and many are killed, especially in the mountain zone about one hundred miles from the coast.

I think it is ten years ago now that one of the Brothers of the Holy Spirit was walking in the mission garden at Caconda in the cool of the evening, meditating vespers or something else divine, when he looked up and saw a great lion in the path. Instead of making for the nearest tree, he had the good sense to fall on his knees, and so he went to death with dignity. And on one of the nights when I was encamped near the convent six lions were prowling round it. Vespers were over, but it was a pleasure to me to reflect how much better prepared for death the Brothers were than I.

It is very rarely that you have the luck to see a lion, even where they abound. They are easily hidden. Especially in a country like this, covered with the tawny mounds and pyramids of the white ant, you may easily pass within a few yards of a whole domestic circle of lions without knowing it. Nor will they touch an armed white man, unless pinched with hunger. Yet, in spite of all travellers' libels, the lion is really the king of beasts, next to man. You have only to look at his eye and his forearm to know it. I need not repeat stories of his strength, but one peculiarity of his was new to me, though perhaps familiar



to most people. A great hunter told me that when, with one blow of his paw, a lion has killed an ox, he will fasten on the back of the neck and cling there in a kind of ecstasy for a few seconds, with closed eyes. During that brief interval you can get quite close to him unobserved and shoot him through the brain with impunity.

I found the most frequent spoor of lions in a sand river among the mountains, about a week out from Benguela. The country there is very rich in wild beasts—Cape buffalo, many antelopes, and quagga (or Burchell's zebra, as I believe they ought to be called, but the hunters call them quagga).

I was most pleased, however, to find upon the surface of the sand river the spoor of a large herd of elephants which had passed up the night before. It was difficult to make out their numbers, for they had thrust their trunks deep into the sand for water, and having found it, they evidently celebrated the occasion with a fairy revel, pouring the water over their backs and tripping it together upon the yellow sands. But when they passed on, it was clear that the cows and calves were on the right, while the big males kept the left, and probably forced

the passages through the thickest bush. A big bull elephant's spoor on sand is more like an embossed map of the moon with her mountains and valleys and seas than anything else I can think of. A cow's footprint is the map of a simpler planet. And the calf's is plain, like the impression of a paving-hammer, only slightly oval.

There was no concealment about that family. The path they had made through the forest was like the passage of a storm or the course of a battle. They had broken branches, torn up trees, trampled the grass, and snapped off all the sugary pink flowers of the tall aloes, which they love as much as buns in the Zoo. So to the east they had passed away, open in their goings because they had nothing to fear—nothing but man, and unfortunately they have not yet taken much account of him. The hunters say that they move in a kind of zone or rough circle—from the Upper Zambesi across the Cuando into Angola and the district where they passed me, and so across the Cuanza northward and eastward into the Congo, and round towards Katanga and the sources of the Zambesi again. The hunters are not exactly sure that the same elephants go walking round and round the circle. They do not know. But a



THE MISSION AT CACONDA



THE MISSION STATION, CACONDA

prince might very profitably spend ten years in following an elephant family round from point to point of its range—profitably, I mean, compared to his ordinary round of royal occupations.

I must not stay to tell of the birds—the flamingoes that pass down the coast, so high that they look no more than geese,—the eagles, vultures, and hawks of many kinds,—the parrots, few but brilliant,—the metallic starling, of two species at least, both among the most gorgeous of birds,—the black-headed crane and the dancing crane whose crest is like Cinderella's fan, full-spread and touched with crimson,—the many kinds of hornbill, including the bird who booms all night with joy at approaching rain,—the great bustard, which the Boers in their usual slipshod way called the pau or peacock, simply because it is big, just as they call the leopard a tiger and the hyena a wolf. Nor must I tell of the guinea-fowl and francolins, or of the various doves, one of which begins with

three soft notes and then runs down a scale of seven minor tones, fit to break a mourner's heart; nor of the aureoles and the familiar bird that pleases his wives by growing his tail so long he can hardly hover over the marshes; nor even of our childhood's friend, the honey-guide, whose cheery twitter may lead to the wild bees' nest, but leads just as cheerily to a python or a lion asleep. I cannot speak of these, though I feel there is the making of a horrible tract in that honey-guide.

When you have climbed the mountains—in one place the wagon crawls over a pass or summit of close upon 5000 feet—you gradually leave the big game (except the lions) and the most brilliant of the birds behind. But the deer become even more plentiful in places. The road is driving them away, as it has driven the natives, and for the same reason. But within a few hours of the road you may find them still—the beautiful roan antelope, the still more beautiful koodoo,



the bluebuck, the lechwe, the hartebeest (and, I believe, the wildebeest, or gnu, as well), the water-buck, the reedbuck, the oribi, and the little duiker, or "diver," called from its way of leaping through the high grass and disappearing after each bound. It is fine to see any deer run, but there can be few things more delightful than to watch the easy grace of a duiker disappearing in the distance after you have missed him.

Caconda is, in every sense, the turning-point of the journey; first, because the road, after running deviously southeast, here turns almost at right angles northeast on its way to Bihé; secondly, because Caconda marks the entire change in the character of the scenery from mountains to the great plateau of forest and marshy glades. And besides, Caconda is almost the one chance you have of seeing human habitations along the whole course of the journey of some 450 miles. The large native town has long since disappeared, though you can trace its ruins; but about five miles south of the road is a rather important Portuguese station of half a dozen trading-houses, a church—only in its second year, but already dilapidated,—and a fort, with a rampart, ditch, a toy cannon, and a commandant who tries with real gravity to rise above the level of a toy. Certainly his situation is grave. The Cunyama, who ate up the Portuguese force on the Cunene in September of 1904, have sent him a letter saying they mean next to burn him and his fort and the trading-houses too. He has under his command about thirty black soldiers and a white sergeant; and he might just as well have thirty black ninepins and a white feather. He impressed me as about the steadiest Portuguese I had yet seen, but no wonder he looked grave.

He is responsible, further, for the safety of the Catholic mission, which stands close beside the wagon track itself, overlooking a wide prospect of woodland and grass which reminds one of the view over the Weald of Kent from Limpsfield Common or Crockham Hill. The mission has a tin-roofed church, a gatehouse, cells for the four Fathers and five Brothers, dormitories for a kind of boarding-school they keep, excellent workshops, a forge, and a large garden, where the

variety of plants and fruits shows what the natives might do but for their unalterable belief that every new plant which comes to maturity costs the life of some one in the village. Though under Portuguese allegiance and drawing money from the state, all the Fathers and Brothers were French or Alsatian. The superior was a blithe and energetic Norman, who probably could tell more about Angola and its wildest tribes than any one living. Over the whole mission itself broods that sense of beauty and calm which seems almost peculiar to Catholicism. One felt it in the gateway with its bell, in the rooms whitewashed and unadorned, in the banana-walk through the garden, in the workshops, and even under that hideous tin roof, when some eighty native men and women knelt on the bare earthen floor during the Mass at dawn.

It is said, but I do not know with what truth, that the Fathers buy (and thus rescue), from the slave-traders all the "boys" whom they bring up in the mission. The Fathers themselves steadily avoided the subject in conversing with me, but I think it is very probable. About half a mile off is a Sisters' mission, where a number of girls are trained in the same way. When the boys and girls intermarry, as they generally do, they are settled out in villages within sight of the mission. I counted five or six such villages, and this seems to show, though it does not prove, that most of the boys and girls came originally from a distance, or have no homes to return to. On the whole, I am inclined to believe that but for slavery the mission's work must have taken a different form. But why the Fathers should be so cautious about confessing it I do not know, unless they are afraid of being called supporters of the slave-trade because they buy off and thus save a few of its victims, and so might be counted customers.

From Caconda it took me only three weeks with the wagon to reach the Bihé district, which, I believe, was a record for the wet season. There are five rivers to cross, all of them difficult, and the first and last—the Cuando and the Kuke-ma—dangerous as well. The track also skirts round the marshy source of other great watercourses, and it was with delight that I found myself at the morass

which begins the great river Cunene, and, better still, at a little "fairy glen" of ferns and reeds where the Okavango drips into a tiny basin, and dribbles down till it becomes the great river which fills Lake Ngami—Livingstone's Lake Ngami, so far away, on the edge of Khama's country!

The wagon had, besides, to struggle across many of those high upland bogs which are the terror of the transport-rider in summer-time. The worst and biggest of these is a wide expanse something like an Irish bog or a wet Salisbury Plain, which the Portuguese call Bourru-Bourru, from the native Vulu-Vulu. It is over 5000 feet above the sea, and so bare and dreary that when the natives see a white man with a great bald head they call it his Vulu-Vulu. It was almost exactly midsummer there when I crossed it, and I threw no shadow at noon, but at night I was glad to cower over a fire, with all the coats and blankets I had got, while the mosquitoes howled round me as if for warmth.

Two points of history I must mention, as connected with this part of my journey. The day after I crossed the Calei I came, whilst hunting, to a rocky hill with a splendid view over the valley, only about a mile from the track. On the top of the hill I found the remains of ancient stone walls and fortifications—a big circuit wall of piled stones, an inner circle, or keep, at the highest point, and many cross-walls for streets or houses. The whole was just like the remains of

some rude medieval fortress, and it may possibly have been very early Portuguese. More likely it was a native chief's kraal, though they build nothing of the kind now. Among the natives themselves there is a vague tradition of a splendid ancient city in this region, which they remember as "The Mountain of Money." Possibly this was the site, and it is strange that no Boers or other transport-riders I met had ever seen the place.

The other point comes a little farther on—about three days after one crosses the Cunughamba. It is the place by the roadside where, three years ago, the natives burnt a Portuguese trader alive and made fetish-medicine of his remains. It happened during the so-called "Bailundu war" of 1902. On the spot I still found enough of the poor fellow's bones to make any amount of magic. But if bones were all, I could have gathered far more in the deserted village of Candombo close by. Here a great chief had his kraal, surrounded by ancient trees, and clustered round one of the mightiest natural fortresses I have ever seen. It rises above the trees in great masses and spires of rock, 300 or 400 feet high, and in the caves and crevasses of those rocks, now silent and deserted, I found the pitiful skeletons of the men, women, and children of all the little tribe, massacred in the white man's vengeance. Whether the vengeance was just or unjust I cannot now say. I only know that it was exacted to the full.

## Prisoners and Captives

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

**A**MID the medley of ironic things  
 We break our hearts upon from age to age  
 Glimmers a question,— Had the bird no wings  
 Who would have taken thought to build a cage?



# The Veteran's Last Campaign

BY CALVIN JOHNSTON

IT is many years since Judge Dawson and I began our rounds of the county, stopping at certain farms and log schoolhouses where public meetings were held during election-time. We are old comrades in arms. He rode me through the Shenandoah and in the grand review at the close of the war; then he changed my name to Sheridan in honor of his great commander, and we came to this far Nebraska country, together with many of his comrades. They elected him judge of the county, the office in which we have grown old and poor together.

The country has changed greatly since then; the schoolhouses are no longer built of logs, and the county-seat has a stone court-house, but the Judge's little homestead on the edge of the prairie has not changed much, and since his good wife died years ago, Sancho and I have been his only home companions, except for the half-blind, scolding old housekeeper.

But we two have always been good friends to him, more faithful than others I shall tell of, and he has spoken to us of many things that it is not for the world to hear. We understand him perfectly, and Sancho says he can do everything but bray; but I do not think that would become his dignity, and as Sancho is only an illiterate though very sagacious donkey, we must not consider that an imperfection.

I could always tell when election-time was at hand by the way his wrinkled but smiling old face would light up when he came out to saddle me for the visits to the farms and schoolhouses. Then he would say, "On to Winchester, Sherry," and laugh softly, as I have heard him when careering at a wild gallop, his sabre whistling, and the empty scabbard banging against my ribs. Though there was no fighting, I soon came to understand that these campaigns of peace were no less bitter than those of war, and I

did him what service I could by standing patiently while he talked to the farmers; or going over the route, which I knew as well as he did, as rapidly as an old horse could.

This fall when the cattails and mullein stalks were turning yellow with the frost, and the hickory-nuts dropping over the pasture fence, I knew that election-time was at hand, and took to neighing shrilly in the morning and kicking up my heels as far as possible to show the master that his old gray charger was still able to bear him through the fray. But to my surprise he would stroke us at feeding-time without saying a word, and in the morning would look over the fence at us rather sadly, without any of the old-time sparkle in his eye.

All the other folks seemed unusually astir; people walking along the road would talk and argue loudly, I could hear the band playing in town, and there seemed a strange excitement in the air. I began to worry over my master's inaction,—what would the people waiting in the schoolhouses say; what would his stanch old friends, Tim Cannon, Sam Sawyer, and the rest, think if he did not go out to talk to them at such a time?

I spoke to Sancho, who laid back his long ears and looked at me with a stupidity that in no wise deceived me. I knew he thought that Judge Dawson and I were getting too old for such doings, and that some new idea had taken possession of people, which was to overthrow all who stood for the good old order of things. Of course a donkey never grows old, and Sancho had not aged a day since he wandered in from the prairie, with his tail full of burs, and the Judge had given him a home. But my gray coat had become grizzled like the master's hair, and, sensitive on this point, I determined to show Sancho his mistake.

The next morning, when our master let us out of the shed, I stopped under

the peg where the saddle was hanging, and catching his sleeve between my teeth, shook his arm. He turned and looked at me, and I thought he was older and more care-worn than I had ever seen him. But he understood, as he always did, and stroked my neck with one of his old-time smiles.

"I'll try it once; just once, to please you, Sherry," he said, "though you seem the only friend who has not fallen away from me."

Once more I was saddled; once more the Judge swung himself on my back, and we cantered off down the road on our last campaign. I looked rather triumphantly at Sancho out of the corner of my eye as we passed the pasture, but he only drooped his ears forward and pretended to be eating a bunch of nettles.

The master let the bridle hang loose upon my neck, and having the right to go which way I would, I turned into the road that led to Tim Cannon's farm, for I thought that the companionship of his best and oldest friend was just what my master needed to cheer him up a bit. When we reached the house, Tim came out and shook the master's hand cordially; then I whinnied and he pulled my forelock, saying with a laugh that it would not seem like election-time without old Sherry.

They began to talk, their voices becoming more and more earnest, and the way Tim Cannon took to shaking his head stubbornly at the other's arguments reminded me very strongly of Sancho. They talked for some time, but finally the conversation ceased and Judge Dawson turned my head.

"You ain't goin' away without shakin' hands, are you, Judge?" said Tim, and I thought his eyes glistened a little as they shook hands.

"God knows I'd like to vote for you, my old friend," he went on. "You've done a great deal for this county, and an honest man never sat on the bench; but there is a principle at stake, and I believe it is my duty as an American citizen to vote against the system that is ruinin' the land."

"Good-by, Tim," said the Judge to this, "I don't blame you;" and we walked out of the yard, and he turned me down the road toward home.

Then he began to speak to me, his voice breaking in a way that quite unnerved me, and caused me to stumble once or twice.

"You see how it is, Sherry," he said; "it is no use to go any farther. We have wasted the best part of our lives travelling this same round; I see it was a mistake now;—we have done our duty by them, but now they say we belong to the oppressors of the people, and are about to turn us away.

"Perhaps they don't owe me anything; if they do, they will acknowledge it some day, for everything comes right in the end. But that will not be until it is too late for you and me, Sherry; too late."

Slowly he rode into the barn, where he unsaddled me, and then led me toward the pasture. I saw him totter once as he walked to the house, and I knew that something Tim Cannon had said hurt him cruelly, though to me he had appeared friendly enough.

"Poor master!" said Sancho, looking after him; and I felt obliged to kick him, for there is a note of dolor in his voice that is certainly not cheering to one already so downcast and heart-broken. We stood looking at the house all that day, not having the heart to graze, and that evening and the next morning the old housekeeper opened the pasture gate for us. For once she did not scold, and seemed very tired and forlorn.

That morning the master did not appear, though the band was playing in town and any number of persons were going along the road in wagons and on foot. Then I knew that the master was sick, and could not ride me around as he had always done before election, which must now be very near.

It was evident that something should be done, and after considering a while I spoke to Sancho, who said that if I went he would go too. Of course a donkey could not figure on our side in an election, and besides, he could not jump the fence, which I had some doubts about myself, as I had not attempted such a feat in years. But there was no other way of escape, so when no one was passing along the road I took a sharp run and went over, striking my left hind foot against a picket so hard as to oblige me to stand on three legs. Then what



does Sancho do but walk calmly up to the gate, tear off the latch with his teeth, and walk out. I gave chase, my mind made up to give him a good biting, but he scrambled through a hedge, and I had to let him go. I could not appreciate at the time what an influence his peculiar qualities would have on our master's affairs. For a while I stood pondering on whether I was doing a wise thing, and then the temptation to go over the old circuit once more became too strong to be resisted, and I started on, rather lamely.

There was one district that he always covered last, and as I knew his best friends lived there, I determined to travel over it just as he had done. I attracted some attention along the road, and people, who all knew me, would call to me. Once I was stopped, and a big rough-looking farmer held me by the mane. His companions said, "He's run away; let's take him back to the Judge," but the rough-looking man swore right out, and said the rest of them were killing the best man in the county by their injustice.

Then he tied his big red handkerchief around my torn fetlock, and patting me on the flank, said, "I'm not goin' to turn back the best friend the old man's got left; go ahead, Sherry, and stop in front of every house," which of course I meant to do anyhow. I thought afterward there was no need for that big man to swear so, unless it was to keep his voice from shaking as he bound up my leg; for he was very kind-hearted.

I stopped at several places, and the people who had known me for years would come out and pet me, and talk about my master, and say it was a shame that only his old crippled horse should prove faithful in his adversity; for the news of Judge Dawson's sickness had already spread abroad.

Early in the afternoon I met Sam Sawyer, riding his bay colt into town. He had always appeared a good friend to Judge Dawson, but when he met me alone in the road he grinned in a way I did not like, and said:

"So you've joined the rest of us, have you, Sherry, in giving old Dawson the shake? I guess he'll not boss any of us very much longer." Then he rode on, his colt trying to bite me as he passed.

When I came to Tim Cannon's house, he was untying his horse from the post at the gate, but when he saw me he stood looking a moment and then came over to examine my leg. Then he climbed on the fence and sat with his head between his hands. "Always faithful, Sherry," he muttered. "What a friend!" He took out his knife and began to cut splinters off the fence.

"A man has to be governed by principle," he went on to himself, scowling, while I stood looking him in the face as friendly as I could, for I knew he was a good man, and liked to hear him speak that way.

When he glanced up and met my eyes, he started and dropped his knife.

"Emma," he called, after a minute, and his silent, hard-featured wife came to the fence and looked over.

"Do you see that?" he asked.

"I see," she answered, grimly.

"Can you take it all in—old Sherry makin' the campaign for his sick master?"

"I can take in a good deal more than that, Tim Cannon," she said; "I have seen the way things are goin', but it's a woman's place to work and say nothin'. I will say just this once, though, that I thought it unnatural for you, of all men, to desert the best friend you ever had; and now I'll say that you ain't the good man I've knowed for thirty years if you let the reproach of that poor crippled nag stand against you. Come here, Sherry, and let me pat your faithful old head."

"Why, Emma," he said, in surprise, "I didn't think you cared; you didn't say nothin'."

"No; nor I wouldn't say anything, only I hate to see you do a mean thing."

I had always observed that between these two there seemed to be a perfect understanding, but there was never any sign of affection; so I was pleased to see Tim reach out his great rough hand and stroke her hair rather bashfully.

"I'll sure do what you want, Emma," he said. "In fact, I was thinkin' of it anyhow—in spite of principle."

"Friendship is the best principle," she said, simply, as Tim slipped off the fence; "and I'm proud of you."

They looked in each other's face a moment, and then walked back to the



house with their arms about each other; something I had never seen before.

When Tim came back he patted my neck, and said: "Old horse, you've done me a good turn; I didn't think Emma cared very much about me any more, but I guess I was mistaken. You can go on your way now; you've got Tim Cannon and all of his friends back of you, for one thing," and I knew that Tim had as many friends as any man in the county.

When I started out I had no idea of the reception I should meet, but it was the same everywhere I went. People made much over me, as if I were doing some great thing, though, to be sure, it was only a duty carried out from long habit. There was no meeting in the schoolhouse; people seemed to be swarming toward the town, and there I arrived on my homeward way, very tired and lame, after travelling, I should say, forty miles on my three legs. It was dusk by that time, and I could see a great light in the grove at the edge of town. I had heard a band playing some time before, but that had ceased, and when I reached the grove I found it lit with torches and bonfires, and a man on a platform speaking to a great crowd of people.

It was Sam Sawyer, and the way he was speaking of my old master made me ashamed for the man who could be such a liar and hypocrite. He continued for some time without any applause, which seemed to anger him, and concluded by demanding why Judge Henry Dawson was not present in that debate to answer for himself and his party.

As he turned from the platform there was a momentary silence, then without a single monitory note a hideous, discordant clamor broke out on the night, and there in the light of the biggest bonfire, with his neck outstretched and his ears laid back as if for the supreme vocal effort of his life, I saw Sancho.

The crowd laughed, of course, but I was deeply ashamed, and consoled myself with the thought that I should give the donkey a good kicking for bringing disgrace on the family.

Then I saw Tim Cannon on the platform; he waved his arm for silence, and after a few simple remarks, concluded:

"And I can tell you why Judge Daw-

son is not here to answer such an attack as Sam Sawyer's; he didn't think it necessary. It was enough to send his donkey to answer for him." Of course I don't see that Sancho's bray was any answer at all, but at Tim's words the crowd broke into a tumult of cheers and laughter, and soon after the meeting broke up.

Tim Cannon had evidently caught sight of me as I stood near the edge of the grove, too tired to move, for presently he came up with another man, who took me to a livery-stable, and there my hoof was bound up by a doctor, and I had a good bed for the night. The next morning I was roused and fed early, and the stable-boy, a kind, lively fellow, came into my stall with an armful of ribbons, which he plaited into my mane and tail, after carefully brushing me all over. Next he brought in an old cavalry saddle, which he girt on me, and then fastened a rusty sabre to the pommel. After this several men came into the barn and I was led out to the street, where a band struck up, and I was told to follow, Tim Cannon riding beside me, without touching my bridle. I am afraid I made a poor show parading on three legs, and I think they would have done better to choose another horse, but the band woke old memories, and I held my head high and kept step as well as I could.

There was cheering along the streets, and we stopped at every place where men were voting, Tim always making a little speech from horseback, in which he mentioned my name, telling the men that the best principle was friendship, and that Judge Dawson was the best friend the county ever had. He always wound up by calling, "On to Winchester!" when the band would strike up and we would march on again, numbers of men whom I knew for old soldiers coming over to pat me or calling after me. After going around the town, we went to several nearby precincts in the county, the band riding in a red wagon; and though I held my head up and was very proud to hear Judge Dawson cheered so often, I was very tired by evening; when Tim took me back to the stable and rode hurriedly away. It was late when he returned with the doctor, who examined my foot and said it would do very well.



Tim seemed in high good humor, and by the stable lantern his face was one broad smile.

"Come out, old fellow," he called to me. "Just a little more for your country. They say we shouldn't wake the old Judge this time of night; but I say that good news is in order any time of night. He needs what we have to tell him more than medicine."

We walked down the road, by that hour dark and deserted, and presently he was knocking at our own door. It was opened after a little time by the master himself, who looked sick and deadly pale in the light of the candle he held.

He seemed amazed to see us; and Tim, bidding me stand, pushed him indoors and entered himself. What he said there I don't know, but in a very few minutes the master threw back the door and stepped out as strong as any man. He placed his arms about my neck and his head against my own. "God bless you, old comrade," he said. "You have given me a new life."

"That's right, Judge," interrupted Tim. "Let him know how you feel about it. I tell you that old horse can think and sympathize," which of course the Judge knew as well as he did.

"Tim Cannon," cried the Judge, turn-

ing to him; but Tim, drawing the back of his hand across his eyes, said hastily:

"That's all right, Judge; get inside and go to bed, for you'll have congratulations from all over to attend to to-morrow. I believe you are the only man of your party elected in the State; they'll want you for Governor next."

He grasped me by the mane and led me into the shed, where the last words he said to me were,

"Sherry, I wouldn't be surprised if the old woman kissed me for this," and I hope she did.

When I awoke the next morning I discovered that Sancho had nibbled off my ribbons, but I was too happy in thinking of the change that had come over our master the night before to bite him. I did ask him, though, what had made him bray so rudely at the meeting the night before.

He said that a man whom he saw talking to Tim Cannon had twisted his tail, which always made him bray.

But he is so crafty, in spite of his stupid appearance, that I did not believe it, and suspect him of plotting beforehand with Tim, for some deep reason I cannot explain. I know that he can be bribed to do anything undonkeyfied with a handful of sugar.

## Song in a Garden

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

THE Rose shall go away,  
And the Nightingale be still,  
And a silence shroud the hill  
For the loves of yesterday.

But if his rapturous singing  
Has trembled in her ears,  
Shall not his hopes and fears  
Still unto her go winging?

And if her sweets have been  
His solace and his pain,  
Shall not her bloom again  
Shine through his covert green?

For the Rose shall go away,  
And the Nightingale shall cease;  
But death gives not release  
To the love of yesterday.

# Philadelphia

BY CHARLES HENRY WHITE

IT is generally conceded, at least among some New-Yorkers, that Philadelphia is not a place to be visited by those in pursuit of happiness. In fact, it has become quite common for the New-Yorker, before going there, to mention unavoidable circumstances and state his case clearly to avoid being misunderstood. Perhaps the comic papers are largely responsible for this; at any rate, the persistent facetious allusions to Philadelphia's shortcomings must have become in the lapse of years as depressing to the Philadelphian as it is for the resident of Ossining to be continually reminded of his proximity to the State's prison.

It matters little how inopportune our sally may be: we must get rid of it, and are anxious and unhappy until we do. It may occur to a man just as your train for Philadelphia is moving out of the station, and away he goes along the platform, butting into people, getting his hat punctured for his pains, until, almost suffocating with the fun of the thing, he finally catches up with you and stammers, "Good-by . . . have a good sleep!" and you leave him standing there, groping helplessly about him for air and writhing in innermost merriment. If you are making for Ossining, it will be, "When do you get out?" followed by the same convulsions and indiscriminate slapping of people on the back. It is a very distressing thing to witness.

The truth of the matter is we are sincere in our desire to better the condition of the Philadelphian: he is so near and yet so far from the lights of Broadway; but he is a difficult person to enlighten: he will not have light; he is stubbornly contented, and we New-Yorkers secretly loathe a contented man. Who has not given the subject of Philadelphia conditions mature consideration on his first journey there, and once in the thoroughfares of Philadelphia vainly striven to conceal his emotion when—

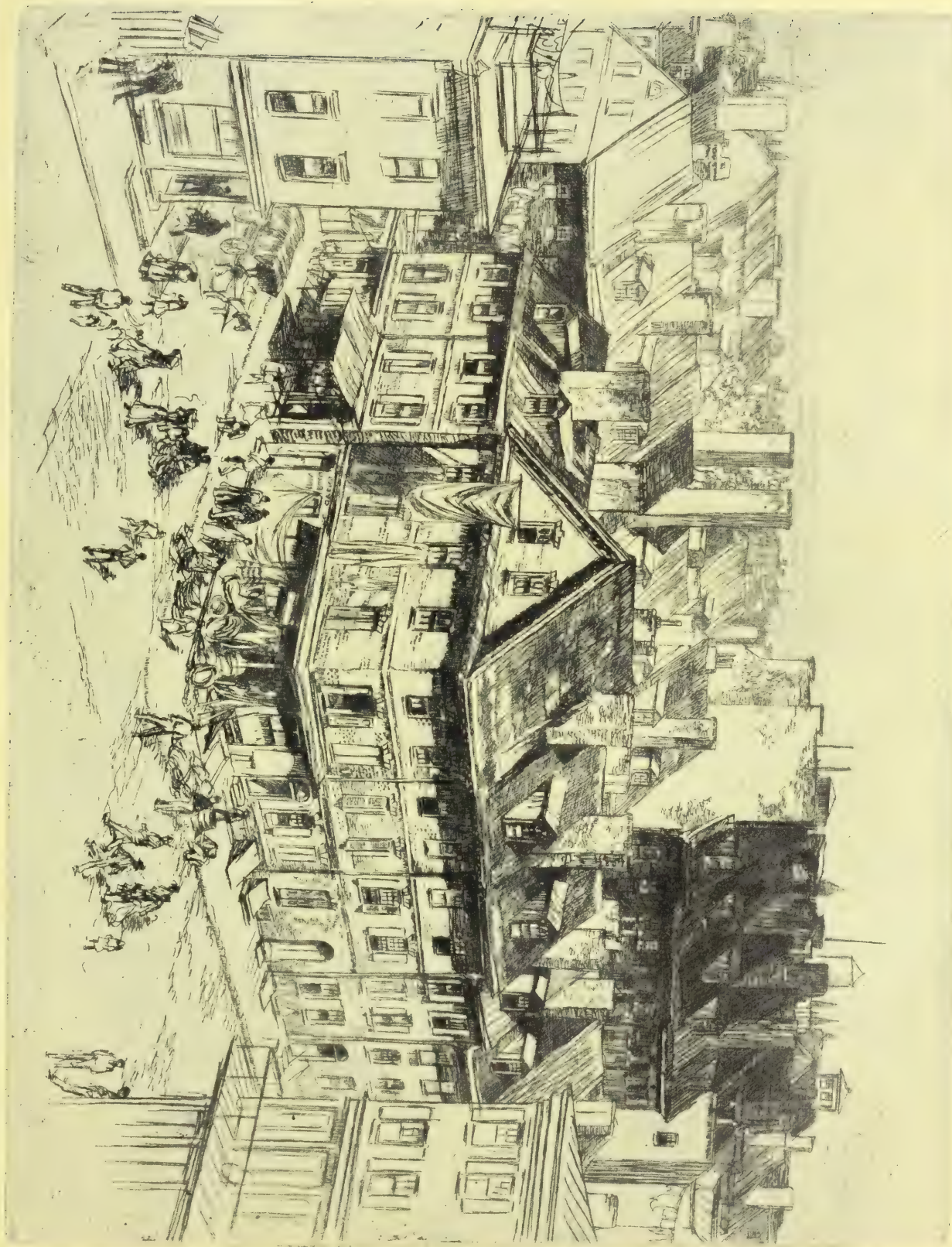
miracle of miracles!—the first car he signals stops dead at the corner, and not half-way up the block with a comet-like tail of frenzied citizens stumbling along in its wake; nor only for the aged and decrepit, but for able-bodied men and women in good condition and quite capable of sprinting!

There is something delightful about the manner in which the Philadelphia car takes you from the crowded business centre and a moment later rambles leisurely along with you into what seems another century. Long rows of colonial brick houses half shrouded in the shadow of their heavy overhanging cornices—the steep dull-red roofs with the interminable procession of dormer-windows and the strange fantasia of chimneys with their pots askew—have come and gone before it is possible for one to realize the significance of what is passing. The charm, simplicity, and, above all, the exquisite sense of propriety of the Georgian period are felt in the workman's cottage or in the meanest of Chinese laundries, lending to the turning of the Philadelphia corner a certain excitement and joyous expectation peculiar to the byways of Venice. Go where you will in this Quaker City, the beautiful meets you at every turn; it follows you home at night; it prevents you from undertaking any serious work, and frustrates any attempt one may make to follow a straight course across the city.

In New York there is little mystery in the mere turning of the street beyond; we know almost to a certainty what it will reveal to us—a peanut-stand, a robust guardian of the peace generously helping himself to its contents, distant elevated structures, saloons ablaze in gilded iron-work, and those irrevocable rows of houses with their miserable stamped zinc cornices completing the sky-line.

Balzac, somewhere in his *Histoire des Treize*, writes: "To whom has it not hap-





WATER STREET  
Etched on copper by C. H. White



pened to leave his house in the morning to go to the extremity of Paris, without having gone any farther than the centre of the city at midday?" It is this quality that Philadelphia and Paris have in common. You choose your subject in Philadelphia, after endless deliberation, and on the morrow start out with the intention of commencing it, only to fall a prey to grave doubts that possibly the distant roofs may reveal a point of view a little more unusual, and forthwith pack up your sketching paraphernalia, only to find yourself, at sunset, besmirched with dirt, still shamelessly crawling through garret doors to bestride the housetops.

There is a fascination about these housetop vistas, for they reveal a foreign character in Philadelphia that constantly calls to mind some Continental prototype—a thing a closer and more detailed inspection rarely if ever reveals. Water Street, where it intersects Delancey Street, is surely distinguished enough to cause even the layman to gape in wonderment, but its real significance does not disclose itself until you have mounted to the roof of the deserted sugar-refinery across the street, when this Revolutionary pile of buildings seems to elongate into a mighty concrete, defiant mass of masonry, dwarfing everything in the vicinity. Above the dull-red roofs rises a forest of gaunt chimneys, while in the faint perspective Philadelphia, with its gables and slender tapering steeples, stretches out into the tender delicacy of the distant horizon. But for the gable ends this might be the Place Maubert in Paris; the sombre, equivocal aspect and that mystery and suppressed agitation so overpowering in the latter's finer moods are realized here with equal intensity if not poignancy—it is dramatic where its prototype is tragic.

Apart from this remote and distantly beautiful phase of Philadelphia, one finds the antithesis of this cold formality in the intimate quality of its half-forgotten byways. There is a peculiar unobtrusive perfection in the realization of the limitations and possibilities of a mere alley that even in Philadelphia, where the abundance of the beautiful causes one to constantly reject material which elsewhere one would accept eagerly, overshadows all one's preconceived ideas of

the rare versatility of these master workmen in democratic bricks.

The sordidness and squalor of similar places in New York are absent; they are clean, decent, well-scrubbed alleys; and from their coved cornices to the most insignificant moulding in the door panels there is a well-bred formality and simplicity of motive. When once the insidious charm of their unaffected elegance has taken hold of you, nothing else will do; Independence Hall and Christ's Church must wait: under this influence the artist degenerates into a mere amateur of alleys, and there is no way of redeeming him. He becomes narrow and supersensitive; he carefully selects his particular alley, opens his camp-stool with great deliberation, and anchors himself there, so to speak. There is no way of dragging him out of it; his friends, his code of ethics, his social obligations, even his wife and child, all become subservient to his alley. If he worked in his alley, one might overlook his irregularities, but he rarely does; half of the time you see him leaning languidly against the buildings, peering through half-closed eyes at the eaves-trough or obstructing the traffic by talking to people who pass. Worse still, in an effort to make converts he will waste hours of valuable time, and offensively persist in dragging disinterested parties to his alley, only to threaten them with premature imbecility when they cannot see it as he does. Ask him why he is not working, and he flares up and shouts that he is waiting for conditions. I have since learned that many a man who hurriedly leaves you in Philadelphia, ostensibly to see his wife, is secretly making for his alley, and when you meet him later and point knowingly to the fresh plaster-marks on his back, he becomes as intolerant and overbearing as if he had a wife.

Of course I have my alley, and am justified in feeling that nobody can teach me anything about alleys; I am alley-wise, as it were. First in importance in my alley is a comfortable saloon, which is at once an educational centre, a starting-point, a meeting-place, a point of convergence, or a vanishing-point—as you will; and from this quiet corner you catch a glimpse—



but I shall not attempt any description; it is a thankless task, and if I were to tell the truth respecting it, I might be the means of bringing discord into the happy home of some man who thinks that he has a finer alley.

The sidewalks are in dovetailed bricks, and the cobblestones under the pressure of many generations now rise and fall in many delightful hollows. The weather-beaten façades of the houses are rapidly shedding their coat of paint, revealing bricks in checker-board design, bleached to a delicate salmon, with here and there soft golden umbers and liquid grays—the color quality of a faded tapestry. Sheltering the first row of windows there is a heavy coved cornice capped

by an unfinished roof that sweeps in undulating curves until it ends with the alley, making the second story, with its row of dormers and massive chimneys, appear as an afterthought. For one week I occupied this corner, watching the people come and go. Longshoremen and stevedores from the waterfront, truckmen and clerks with a turn for afternoon diversion, and venerable old gentlemen who knew the tavern in its original state—as Enoch Story left it—come now to take their glass of ale for sentiment's sake and disappear between the swinging doors. I amused myself checking them off as they appeared; to-day it is a truckman who gives me a racy account of the early history of the



CUTHBERT ALLEY  
Etched on copper by C. H. White



alley, and to-morrow it is a prosperous, well-fed undertaker—a man of sentiment—who requests me to visit his house, formerly occupied by Duché; or Jimmy, the bartender from the adjacent tavern, who thinks his collection of early historical data relating to the alley might interest me. “You’ll see it ain’t changed much since Billy Penn was fired out o’ here,” he ventured, before disappearing to serve a customer.

I was well repaid by my visit to Jimmy—in fact, there is nothing else for one to do who desires information of a historical incident which is as fresh to-day in the minds of old and young in this alley as it was that morning in 1796 when the good old Quaker City awoke scandalized to learn that William Penn’s son was in jail for aiding and abetting a bar-room brawl. In the tender and conflicting accounts of this affair which have been whispered in my ear while I occupied my corner and attended more or less to business, I might have been left hopelessly at sea had not Jimmy kindly placed at my disposal such documents in his possession as had direct bearing on the incident known in the alley as “Billy Penn’s Folly.”

From data I have gathered it appears that on a winter’s night in 1796 Billy Penn, with a few intimate friends or “fellow roysterers,” as the chronicle puts it, had become intoxicated, but not in that state where a man wantonly glories in the fact. This was rather a dignified inebriety, the direct outcome of a united effort on the part of these good Quakers to temporarily forget certain depressing ethical conditions then prevailing, and prompted this little company to mutter unintelligible invectives at the wavering perpendiculars and the restless, heaving pavement as they rolled up the alley, heading for good old Enoch Story’s tavern, to conclude the evening in one final nightcap.

One is safe in presuming that when they eventually found the tavern’s heavy brass knocker and rapped—as only those who for years have known nothing but the Quaker restraint can rap—for assistance and refreshment, there stood in the warm genial glow from the tavern’s threshold as innocent and kind-hearted a group of chronic hand-shakers as one

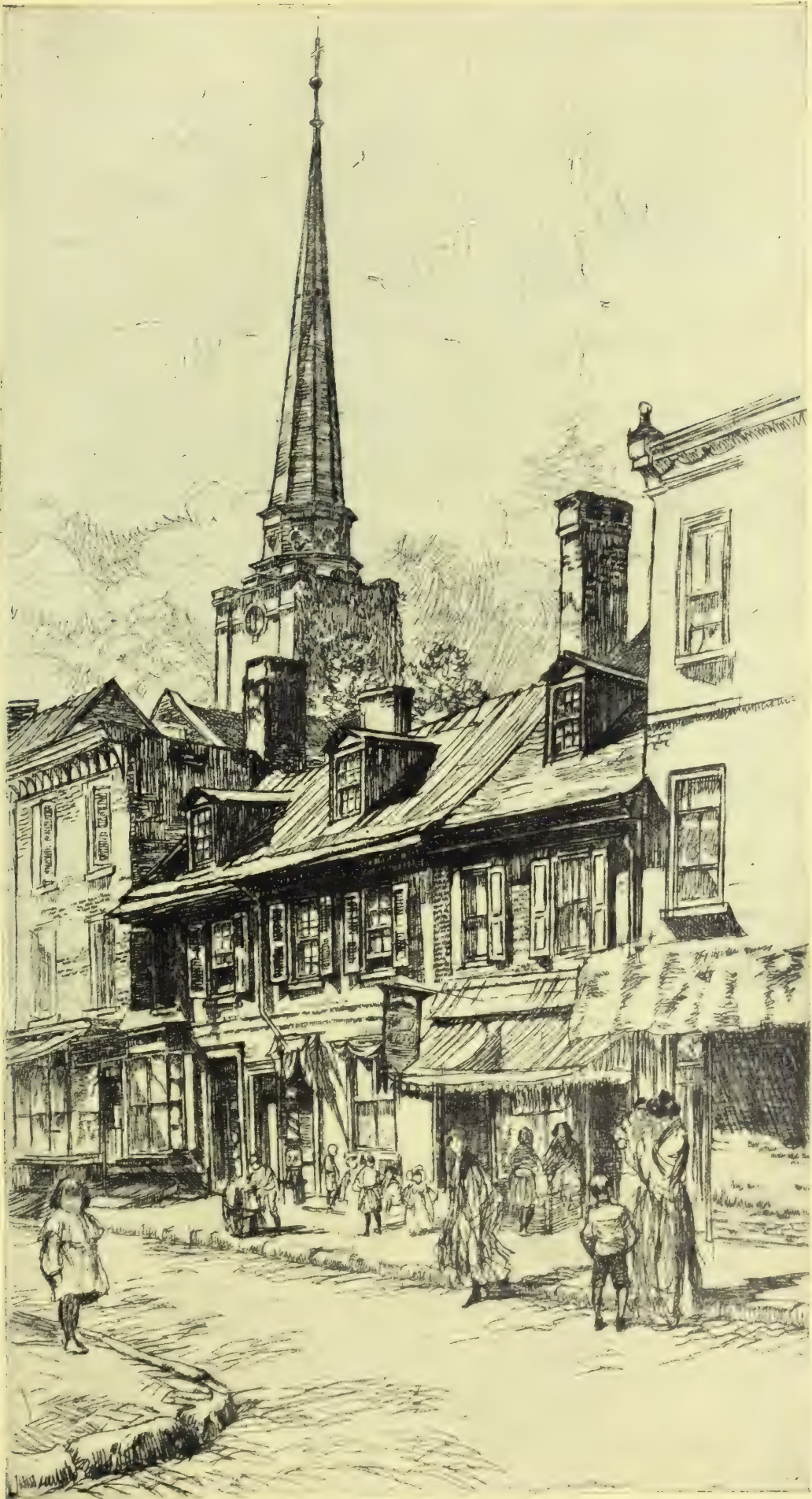
might ever hope to find even at a period when shameless exhibitions of brotherly love were common in the highways of the Quaker City.

Drinks were ordered, and at this point the chronicle calls attention to the fact that the “Police take a drink,” and proceeds: “While they were emptying their glasses, Constable James Wood and night-watchman James Dough, as such officers would do in those days, dropped in to warm themselves.”

All might have been well with this little Quaker company, and Billy’s name have become lost to us in the oblivion of some obsolete Philadelphia social register, had the conversation not turned to the militia. The nature of the argument is not stated, but the fact remains that at this juncture Billy playfully made for James Dough, and was rapidly kneading him into the form of one of those Vienna rolls with a big dent in the middle, when Alderman Willcox appeared and, as the chronicler of Coombes Alley puts it, “gave him a severe beating, whereat he felt sore in all his joints.” It has never been quite clear to Jimmy or to me exactly what the worthy alderman was doing in the alley at such an unseemly hour, nor have I looked up his portrait in the Historical Society—if it be there,—but prefer to accept him as he unconsciously looms up in one’s fancy as Hamlet’s robustious periwig-pated fellow, nimble for all his bulk, dodging the flying pewter tankards, taking a blow to land one, and finally when the happy opening presents itself, assaulting Billy. And thus he fell an easy prey to the guardians of the peace, who had been hastily summoned.

Even without these old associations, which contribute their share to the charm of the place, there is enough of interest in the friends one makes in a day’s idling among the floating population of this quaint corner to leave a lasting impression of the Philadelphian’s happy capacity for an intelligent appreciation of an infinite number of things apart from the mechanical daily routine. It is this civic character of the Philadelphian that forms such a striking contrast between him and his matter-of-fact brother in New York. His mode of living, the happy tradition of his environment, and





ST. PETER'S SPIRE  
Etched on copper by C. H. White



the fortuitous conditions which enable him to touch the past at innumerable points are largely responsible for it, and make it a common occurrence for the Philadelphian to daily pass the house formerly occupied by his grandfather as a matter of course, while we New-Yorkers, who have long since sold our grandsires' bricks to the wrecking firm, pass them without a twinge of conscience, even though they stare at us in mute protest from the rear wall of some Harlem dwelling.

At times, in my alley, reminders of the outer world appear in the form of a ponderous truck, which turns the narrow corner only with its front wheels, trusting to the curbstones and the heavy iron posts at either side of the street to send the rear wheels skidding sideways around the bend with a file-like screeching of iron and a pounding of hoofs that scatter the frightened children like multicolored pigeons to points of safety within the doorways.

This is an event which is to be expected once or twice daily, and to the driver it means a sort of Hell Gate triumphantly overcome without a pilot. And so, the excitement past, the alley once more resumes its quiet dignified demeanor. The clientèle from the tavern behind me come and go with much the same leisurely gait as they were accustomed to in the good old Enoch Story's time, apologizing first before pausing to watch the progress of your work. The robust, hearty party from the wagon-yard beyond makes his tenth visit, optimistically trusting that his boss will overlook the irregularity; with the waning light come, one by one, the stragglers from the water-front and disappear through the tavern's swinging doors; the aged tippler bows me good evening and follows suit; deep shadows form in strange arabesques on the weather-beaten walls, gradually consuming the lingering copper-colored spots of sunlight, when a childish voice whispers in my ear, "Say! me aunt sez yer gettin' stuck on her!" and I know that school is out and Alice is beside me.

This is the hour when Cuthbert Alley awakens from its monastic silence to the rush of many little feet and rings with the clear voices of children. The thing

happens before you are aware. You look from your copperplate to find the sun departed and the court blossoming out in countless spots of red and white and faded turquoise blue in the flying frocks of children, racing back and forth, and wearing their tiny faded shawls with a daintiness and a faint 1830 air in keeping with the quarter.

But there comes a time in this lovely Colonial city when the merry hum of voices ceases in these byways, when even the open-air element on the park benches grows serious, and something inexpressibly heavy takes hold of one's generous impulses and prompts each man to bolt his heavy shutters and seek the darkness. This is the Philadelphia Sunday, which a wise and just Providence has ordained shall come but once a week.

On this day I had been warned to sleep late by a man in whose judgment I had every confidence. "Never mind my reasons," he insisted, with some bitterness, when I questioned him. "Take my advice and keep to your bed." So, profiting by his advice, I left orders not to be called next morning, and it was not until I had patiently investigated that I discovered the origin of the unnatural restlessness that had taken hold of me, it seemed, with the dawn.

At first I thought it was in the adjoining room, and opened my door cautiously, only to have the sound die away; but on closing it, back it came with renewed fervor, and I made a hurried exit to the bath. It was there too, only more suppressed, and I was glad to have it go while filling the bath-tub; but when the water stopped running it was there again—less distinct, but with far greater pathos. It was plain that somebody was in distress on this bright Sabbath morning, and I suddenly became seized with a selfish desire to do for him what others had only half accomplished.

After dressing hurriedly I traced the thing to the park, whence the sounds led me, and discovered in the midst of a tired group of inoffensive townsmen, deserving of better treatment, a thin, oily, determined man fumbling with a small pine organ, or harmonium. Behind him stood an irregular row of prematurely gray citizens who muttered things while a buxom lady sang.





WASHINGTON MARKET  
Etched on copper by C. H. White

This frail contrivance that creaked and palpitated under the sustained punishment he administered was no organ in its prime—fully developed and rounded out,—but a sort of embryonic organ with many painful and obvious limitations. In early medieval times the man who first foisted organs upon us might have been supremely happy to play with it in the seclusion of his workshop, for it was impossible for him to do much harm with the medieval organ: the limited scale, the ignorance of counterpoint, and the lack of sufficient wind-supply made even a man of temperament re-

strain himself. Self-restraint is a good thing, and the early cottage organ had a *raison d'être*. Then again the medieval dilettante could only afflict his own domestic circle: he could not carry the box out with him. But in Philadelphia to-day they have produced an organ that brings organ-playing within the reach of the poorest man. One might tolerate this in a less thickly populated community; but the worst of it is, this Philadelphia organ is a collapsible, portable, folding affair, a little larger than a dress-suit case, the possessor of which immediately becomes his own tabernacle





ALONG THE SCHUYLKILL  
Etched on copper by C. H. White

and goes where he will, for there is nothing to prevent him. His organ is a thing that is neither here nor there: first you see him playing on it in the park and fly in consternation, only to hear the thing open with a pop, like an opera-hat, somewhere up the alley—he has outflanked you and is at it again!

This is a subject lending itself to minute classification and subtle analysis. In passing through Washington Square I discovered a new organist, in whom it became immediately apparent that there is something distinctly aggressive and vigorous in the method and heartless attitude of a man who rents his organ or pays instalments on it, with the option of discontinuing at his pleasure, not to be found in the proprietor of one of these machines. The first organist I had encountered had impressed me; at times he was capable of getting things out of his machine that lots of decent people would not tolerate,—but now I know that he was a guileful hypocrite, and never for a moment intended to let the thing open up and expand, as it were. It was clear to me now that he owned the music-box, and could not afford to take the chance of fouling his mechanism.

But with my second organist, inexpressibly busy beneath the shade-trees, the difference between the owner and the consignee of an organ was written all over the operator, so to speak. There was a sustained and feverish impulse to his efforts that placed him in a class by himself. Something in the curve of his spine and in the manner in which the head is firmly embedded between the shoulders, together with the bewildering piston-rod activity of the legs, so free from all restraint, makes one feel that it is no proprietor of an organ who can thus recklessly throw science to the winds and belabor this frail contrivance until the thin legs quiver convulsively beneath it. You feel instinctively that he is going to get his money's worth or blow out a cylinder-head, and doesn't care who likes it.

Surely this is throwing the rights of man to the four winds. Poor as I am, if I wish to make people feel in one hour all the aching vicissitudes of a painful past, it is only necessary for me to pay a small deposit on one of these telescoping organs, take the thing out with me, open it where I see fit, and beat and thrash it until I have satisfied my spleen.



By pulling out a harmless-looking white button I can fetch a long-drawn purgatorial wail from the depths of this small pine box that will cause the most God-fearing man to rush straight home and wilfully slap his inoffensive little brother. Of course he will be sorry when it is too late to repair the damage.

In an effort to avoid these things I had unconsciously wandered into the colored quarter, and was relieved to find it comparatively free from organs, although there, as elsewhere, the missions were having a busy time of it. Colored gentlemen in immaculate frock coats shouted revival hymns at every other corner to drowsy groups of negroes sprawled about the door-steps or festooned on the neighboring fire-escapes. On retracing my footsteps, I found the same minstrel in the same place, apparently as strong physically as when I first passed him, and I demanded of a negro the reason of it all. "Ah don' know, sah," he replied, "but you kain't stop him singin'."

Go where you will, there is a purged, sanctified, evangelistic something floating in the air that frustrates any attempt to escape. Solemn vistas of red brick meet the eye at every turn, with here and there a weary citizen dragging his feet listlessly in an aimless promenade.

I approached one of these pedestrians on the question of Sunday divertissement in Philadelphia, and he answered wearily, "Those that has rooms is sleepin'; those that ain't got rooms is walkin' the streets"; but in spite of the significance of this I shaped my course for Rittenhouse Square, elated at the thought of invading a park which, in addition to being beautiful like other Philadelphia squares, you feel must have a certain exquisite distinction and *recherché* air entirely its own, to properly harmonize with the exclusive character of its residents, so careful of their surfaces. And in this mood you enter a square commonplace enough not to be wondered at in New York, the home of the commonplace. In vain you look for the Philadelphia sky-line of chimney-pots and dormer-windows: nothing meets the eye but that which is inexpressibly modern, for Philadelphia. At one corner stands a massive white stone building like a public library, such as the rich New-Yorker

must have, if only to live up to; and beyond, the Beaux-Arts School reveals itself in colorless white patches, destroying what might possibly have been a dignified row of Georgian buildings, while here and there the New-Yorker may note, not without considerable distress, the unmistakable touch of Harlem Gothic superseding the Colonial.

Vague suspicions that this might not be Rittenhouse Square came over me after a cursory examination, but I soon dispelled these lingering doubts by making inquiries. "This is the place," remarked a coachman whom I questioned concerning this in a cul-de-sac between two houses facing the square. "Yes, you've got to have blue blood to get in here," he continued, giving the harness a vicious rub before resuming: "I've worked for 'em all and know what I'm talking about; it doesn't matter how much you have, but you've got to be the original article if you want to make it. Nowadays the codfish aristocracy has been driving a lot of the old people out of here; why, right at the corner some people bought a house and tried to butt in—gave a reception and got icicles for their pains. Yes, sir, the old aristocrats just handed them out ice-water, and plenty of it. You'd hardly believe it, but some of the old men down here has such blue blood they could stick a pen-knife in their only son if he married up-town people."

I must have appeared puzzled at the term, for he replied shortly: "North of Market Street—nothing doing; the trouble is in a town of this size people know all about you, and a decent Philadelphian from up-town would look like a canned article down here, where a soup-slinger from Baltimore would pass as the original unadulterated."

"North of Market Street" explained it all; things that had previously seemed shrouded in mystery suddenly became full of meaning when the young lady said, "You know the West Walnut Street people are so sorry that the Academy of Fine Arts is situated on Cheery Street, because, you know, it is absolutely impossible for any of us to go there and learn anything." The meaning escaped me. And now in turning the matter over in my mind there were other things

that this accounted for. I remembered, on returning to New York for a short visit, being questioned by my artist friend who wished to know whether there was really anything worth etching in Philadelphia's streets. It was only by the barest accident that I advised him to go there, and he remarked with ill-concealed satisfaction: "Well, you know, I *have* been there—that is to say," he put in rapidly, "I visited some *very* nice people on West Walnut Street . . . they were really . . . Well—ah, *really*, don't you know, and I stayed right in the house."

But I am nothing if not thorough in

a matter like this, and determined to find out whether this tradition was merely confined to coachmen and the better classes. In the centre of Rittenhouse Square I espied a policeman, and began, "How does this square compare with Logan Square?"

His face showed a curious mixture of pain and amusement. "This is the place just where we're standin'," he began, sternly. "Logan Square is north of Market Street; but it's all right, you know,—people boards there, . . . there's nice trees, but"—after an eloquent pause he suddenly exclaimed, "O H——, no!"

## The Hedge

BY HELEN HAY WHITNEY

I LIVE in a beautiful garden  
 All joyous with fountains and flowers;  
 I reckon not of penance or pardon,  
 At ease thro' the exquisite hours.

My blossoms of lilies and pansies,  
 Pale heliotrope, rosemary, rue,  
 All lull me with delicate fancies  
 As shy as the dawn and the dew.

But the ghost, Gods, the ghost in the gloaming,  
 How it lures me with whispers and cries,  
 How it speaks of the wind and the roaming,  
 Free, free 'neath the Romany skies.

'Tis the hedge that is crimson with roses,  
 All wonderfully crimson and gold,  
 'And caged in my beautiful closes  
 I know what it is to be old.



# The Right to Martyrdom

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

FAMILY tradition began Lucy Dodge's career at the maturity of three months, when her nurse, annoyed at a following man, wheeled about to him with a "Well, sir?" to have her wrath turned by the soft "I beg your pardon; but the Little Lady was smiling at me so sweetly . . ." At twelve, a man of thirty-five wrote verses to the "lovely fragile child," which were published in a magazine with his pen sketches of her. Now *fragile* applied to Lucy meant only the delicacy of gentle nurture and sensitive temperament. The color and spirit of health were really her chief claim to prettiness. At this same age, a neighbor's son of her own years ran away from home because, when he had borrowed his mother's shoes (without consulting that lady) in which to do honor to his divinity, his mother appeared, with a switch, in the very presence of that divinity. And Lucy, though she begged him off with tears, was all dimples of laughter! From the time she was fifteen or sixteen there were always a few of what she called her "suitors," threatening to make business for the undertaker or the biographer of famous men, just to make her sorry! Some one was always following her.

That was perhaps why she attached so little importance to Tom Latham's dog-like devotion; lovers seemed to her as natural as parents, and no more cause for conceit. "Doctor Tom" he was called, all through the thickly settled country to which, as soon as he finished his preparatory studies, he became at once druggist and physician. By the time the nurse had stopped, Tom had begun, following her around with a shawl for cool evenings in the hammock where she was probably sitting with some other fellow, or with her rubbers for wet grass into which she was sure to go skipping with some one else; while he talked to Mrs. Dodge—who didn't hesitate to say that

she had more confidence in Young Doctor Tom than in Old Doctor Green—or with Mr. Dodge, of whom it was noticeable that he was generally there to talk to.

Mr. Dodge's business was "managing his property": his by inheritance—a modest inheritance. To Lucy and the younger Felicia the leisurely elegance of a gentleman, the soft ways and sweet anxious face of a lady, mellow old mahogany, silver with the gray finish of time and use, and "moderate means," were the natural, nay, boasted, hall-marks of aristocracy.

Lucy herself was an insignificant little thing, picturesquely pretty, with a coquetry as spontaneous as the twinkling of little leaves in breezy sunlight, and back of all, the sweet seriousness of a tender heart. She flirted with everybody, of course—a puppy, a baby, her mammy, any man; but she wouldn't have hurt any one for worlds—and she seldom did. She was "dreadfully sorry" for her sweethearts, much sorrier, doubtless, than eventualities usually proved necessary. She had a way of being their confidante about the next girl; and they, a habit of finding themselves the "good friends" she had begged them to be. She was the sort of child whom people were always kissing on the street, and the sort of girl men wanted to pick up and carry off.

When Hugh Wilberding, Tom's partner in the drug-store, did just that, Tom was as much discussed as the elopement. Several onlookers felt rewarded when Hugh reappeared at the store, and Tom, grabbing his hat, made for the side exit. But Hugh stopped him with a hearty hand on his shoulder.

"Come, old man, what's the use? You never stood the ghost of a show."

"Of course I didn't." Tom sounded as if the very idea was disrespectful to the lady. "I didn't deserve her. But how about you? Oh, it's all right, of course, if you make her happy, but"—



and suddenly the great-eyed, soft-tongued, following hound stiffened into the watchdog ready to spring—"I give you warning, Hugh Wilberding, that if you don't, you'll have me to reckon with!" He put a big convincing fist into Wilberding's point of view just for a souvenir.

It was such arrant nonsense and such melodrama that Hugh only stepped back; his eyebrows went up, he began to laugh his huge laugh. And the friends of both advised Tom to "get along." He did, with the conviction of having committed himself to a trust. Of course it might be all right, but he had come to know Hugh Wilberding very well that summer.

Now Lucy's husband had been thought a nice enough chap from the day Tom Latham imported him as partner in the drug business that was thriving enough to interfere with a still more thriving doctor's trade. If he had delayed for such minor details as parental consent and six bridesmaids, there would have been no opposition and little surprise, except, perhaps, for the rapidity of the affair; though doubtless there would have been more inquiry into his family. Tom had not considered that in the business proposition, and he too had thought Hugh a nice enough chap to introduce; and it was Hugh's association with Tom that had won him the open hand in the town, where "family" was the password—where, indeed, the Dodges were not the only ones who had little else, except a few heirlooms to prove it.

Lucy had always said she would never marry until she found a man "just like papa"—her courtly, unbusied papa. But Wilberding's great advantage really was the attraction of being new and different. Lucy had always called the other boys by their first names. And Wilberding did not follow nor plead. She adored his easy-going air of command, his laughing defiance in taking his own way.

They had started for an ordinary drive, but somehow, without premeditation on either part, the big rollicking Zephyr was sweeping Miss Psyche over the county line to a magistrate's office. Between raptures he chuckled prophetically at the effect on the town next day. And between chuckles Lucy's cheeks glowed, her eyes shone, as she entered into the adventure and thrilled to the romance.

But it was midnight before the foolish formalities were over. Lucy was tired, and she insisted on finding a long-distance telephone and calling up her mother.

"Oh, what's the use? They know you're gone, well enough. Who ever heard of doing the repentant prodigal pair by 'phone?" He tried to joke her out of it, but, at tears, grew sulky.

The reaction had come for both.

"You wouldn't want them to worry, Hugh. I didn't think of that at first. And it is a solemn thing; it's for good and all, and life is so terribly long."

"Sure enough," he agreed, good-naturedly. "Two more good reasons for our having done it."

A third party arranged for Latham to step out of the partnership and leave Wilberding in possession of the drug-store. "Oh pshaw!" Hugh protested when it was first broached, very much amused at what he did not understand. "Tell Tom there's no quarrel between us." But when it became evident that Latham was practically giving away the business to let himself out, Wilberding decided it was too good a joke to spoil.

In a place of the size, especially since professionally as well as socially Tom was in the homes of all their friends, he kept out of the Wilberdings' way with difficulty. But he might have taken less trouble and still kept out of their minds altogether. When she was with him Mrs. Dodge ignored Lucy's existence, yet with the neighbors she gossiped pleasantly of the young couple. But when he saw Lucy now and then from a distance it seemed to him that her spirituelle little face never lost the fagged look of that morning when her bridegroom drove her back down the craning main street to her father's gate.

Shortly Tom ceased to see her at all.

"I'd hate to have to stop going out before I'd had time to show my trousseau!" Felicia consoled with her.

"But you see I didn't have a trousseau!" Lucy laughed.

"I'm glad that's a comfort to you. It would seem to other people that you had missed all the nice parts of getting married. I'm going to have a wedding, in the church, with a white tulle veil and a train as long as I can carry!" Felicia



had begun dreaming of everything about it but the bridegroom.

"I'm not so sure you will," Lucy reflected, suddenly sober. "Do you know that, after all, mamma didn't take that cashmere dress-pattern she ordered last month? It seems to be a good thing I didn't ask for all those things just now."

"How thoughtful and economical of you!" Felicia jeered. "What a shame none of us appreciated your running off!"

Lucy laughed with her. Of course she, too, would have enjoyed more of the "nice parts of getting married." But she remembered that winged flight of love; and she rippled into life like a bed of poppies in a breeze whenever her west wind of a husband came through the door.

Only when he was gone she seemed a little bent from the gale.

To be sure, she hadn't thought of all this. She hadn't had time to think of anything. But of course she would have gone ahead just the same, even if she had thought and known. Known! How much had she known? How much does a girl understand, even when she thinks she does?

"It's purely physical," she assured her mother, who had a most thoughtless way of happening on her in tears. "Yes, of course I'm homesick for you and all of them. I'm used to so many people around. There was always something going on in the evenings. And Hugh's away all day; though he has gotten a clerk now for after supper. So it's very nice that I am going to have some one so soon to be with me all the time. And when I'm able it will be such fun to fix up the house. I won't mind the cooking then. I'm not objecting, only"—she began to laugh—"getting married is worse than a move—it takes you so long to settle and feel at home. Now don't worry. Hugh'll do the worrying for me."

Of course he would, and of course she looked forward to having her spirits cleared in a few months, and to the end of this sudden rush of experiences. And when she first put the little Louise into her perambulator, she felt much richer with that coach of state than with the horse and buggy that had been sold to meet the bills.

But Lucy did not get back her bloom,

her brightness was wan; Louise was delicate; and the next year Paul was born.

An income sufficient to keep a young man in a boarding-house, fresh neckties, and an equine courting accomplice cannot give such an air of prosperity to a household of four. The drug-store was doing nicely on a merciful providential average of accidents, small ailments, and chronic patent-medicine toppers. But, unfortunately, in all the homes of the community the demand for Hugh's wares did not increase so rapidly as in his own. There were no more such pampering luxuries as their wedding equipage to cash. And there was no diluting the money for more than a drop for servant's wages.

Lucy continued to mind the cooking—and the nursery. When Hugh had had his breakfast and was gone, there were the two babies to bathe—Louise so weak the little mother was almost afraid to touch her, Paul so vigorous he was constantly just about to slip. Then the baby-food, which she was obliged to give them both, to prepare with measure and thermometer. After that, the house, and the needle. . . . It was such a surprise that love and willingness should, after all, be inadequate without the physical strength and money. The noble sentiments of the woman's home magazine popular throughout the neighborhood were always superior to confusing details like that. Love and religion—they seemed to be the two subjects on which people had least courage of honesty. Except in the annual crisis she would not call on the mother who seemed to have all she could do herself. She seemed to have more than previously; and in explanation, she mentioned, in her gentle way, that Mr. Dodge had been "unfortunate in his investments lately." People reflected that Mr. Dodge's modest inheritance was like to be a still more modest one for his children. With a dawning new sense, Lucy noticed and understood; and as she comprehended the present, she saw also into the past. At home, as the eldest daughter, she had supposed herself helpful enough. Now, with her new knowledge of what her mother's post had involved, she looked back on the amount that had not been asked of her, at the extent of what had been done for her, with a wonder at youth—a wonder that included



Hugh for not growing into the fresh outlook with her. Louise required constant attention, and Paul, who by a logic of his own was a vigorous little chap, drained her vitality equally in service and the extra love he drew from her. As for Hugh—with so much work, she couldn't play any more!

At first Hugh was proud enough that she cared so much for good housekeeping, but when she cared enough to fret, he told her moodily that he didn't see the point of having things attractive at the cost of people's being so. *He* could have been happy with holes in the curtains and the children unbathed! He didn't see, either, why, in a world of grown people all built alike, she was so particular about being invisible. He wanted his friends around to smoke with him in the evenings. Lucy had never been so attractive as when a row of buggies stood in front of her father's house while she supplied root beer and prettiness and gayety to a porch full of young men. But once married, women seemed to think there was nothing in the world but babies!

When he put in the soda-fountain and the store became the town club, Hugh took the after-supper watch himself, and left the clerk in charge in the mornings, when the house was too disordered to be pleasant to loaf in, and Lucy too busy—and too nervous—to entertain him, so that of course the thing for him was to keep away. Lucy protested against his ministering in person to the thirsty brother. Owning the drug-store, in the local code, was one matter, and being a soda-bartender quite another. Hugh *liked* it! That it proved, under his social gifts, the most profitable end of the business, only sharpened the pricking point; the reasonableness of all of which is left to the astute.

It seemed to Hugh that a fellow got mighty little comfort out of a home, and he took the bulk of his good-fellowship elsewhere; but Lucy's third yearly baby arrived, while she puzzled over the contradiction that marriage should defeat its own object—companionship, affection, home life.

This baby was so inert a little creature from the first that its degrees of pining were almost imperceptible, and even the light rash that was on it in the sixth

month, Lucy supposed must be some simple thing like heat. But when Old Doctor Green came, he found half-suppressed scarlet fever. The little thing dragged on for weeks, until Paul went down with a malignant case and died in twenty-four hours. They buried the two children the same day.

In the weeks of sanitation and of watching and trying to protect little Louise, Lucy went about with stooped shoulders as if she had lost the power to straighten up. Hugh cried, and talked and talked of the babies, but not Lucy. She contemplated him with dazed non-comprehension, and submitted to the petting with which he tried to console her, with passive wonder.

"Come, dear," he urged at last, "being so sorry won't make things any different except to make them worse."

"But I'm not sorry," she broke out, suddenly. "That's the worst of it. The baby never would have been—well, I know." Her face was in her hands.

"Blue goggles again?" he teased, with affectionate impatience. "Don't you know they make even the sunshine look green?"

"And I don't see, anyway, where enough shoes would ever have come from for them all. And still less how we would ever have educated them."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that now." An edge of impatience sharpened the jocularly. "What would the country do for magnates and philanthropists without the poor uneducated boy? I'm sure you think it's better to be President than—a writer. Come"—he pulled her to him—"we've lost something more than the babies—a pretty, happy little girl we used to know. Let's see if we can't get her back for a while. Now, look pleasant!" He was tickling her under the chin, peeping up at her, as one coaxes a child.

It was not a new debate between them, nor a new answer of his, this inconsequence, this loverlike tomfoolery. We express ourselves by results, not processes; we speak conclusions; and no one can follow nor share who has not travelled in fact or sympathy much the same way himself. Hugh's ability to lift her, or perhaps, more accurately, her physical ability to rise to the crest of his buoyance



and carelessness, was a receding tide. The waves had been running weaker; now an undertow of revulsion caught her. She broke from his hedging arm.

"Yes, and why is she gone? Do you know another reason I'm glad for them? I'll be giving out some of these times; that's the way things like this end; I'm nearly at my limit now; and I'd have died and left all those poor helpless little things with no one to look after them. You wouldn't! You'd rather look after the soda-fountain!"

That soda-fountain! At the climax Hugh laughed.

Anger often belittles its cause and so seems to exaggerate it; belittles it by its very force, and the more because the indignation is probably cumulative; the outburst is not over the real offence; some trifle is the last straw. Hugh's mere society was a strain on Lucy; he was never tired and never quiet. She no longer tried to make hers attractive to him. But his sparing them both the discomfort of being much together was entirely too consistent a solution.

Hugh laughed, and, laughing, regained his good humor, and, laughing, reached to draw her back to him. But Lucy, on a sort of compound principle of revolt, beat him off with the effective futility of little hands. "No, no. I hate you! *You* wouldn't bother!" She caught up Louise, and—their quarantine had just been lifted—ran sobbing and panting out of the yard toward her mother's.

She had no thought but the repulsion, no intention but the instinct to get away.

Though she reached home with the appearance of an ordinary visit, she lingered on for supper, and then afterward, waiting to see whether or not Hugh would come for her. As it grew late, something hardened in her. She put Louise on a couch and shared Felicia's bed. Her mother looked solicitous, but asked no questions, until next morning Lucy still made no move to go home. By that time she was ready to assert that she wouldn't go until he came for her; he might see how he liked it without her. . . .

"Lucy, Lucy!" her mother expostulated. "Don't say such things. Don't think them. You should go right home and say you're sorry."

Home!—and here all the bitter defiance dissolved,—she couldn't endure that house so full of what was not there.

The first night Hugh sulked at home, waiting for her. The second night he left the house open and stayed late at the store. What was she driving at, anyway? He had thought her reconciled to the soda-fountain. When they first told Mrs. Dodge about it and she had looked—how she had looked! Hugh always chuckled, remembering,—Lucy, after all her objections with him, had argued with her mother that Hugh must take the practical view, with four mouths to feed. And now here was another soda-water explosion! It was unintelligible, to Hugh.

The next day Louise, whom they had thought quite safe, went down with the fever.

For weeks Lucy's whole being was engrossed in watching and nursing, and in one prayer that reeled itself over and over the wheel of her brain—"Dear God, not *all* of them! That isn't necessary."

As Louise grew convalescent Lucy's fog of concentration lifted, and one by one the things of life stood out again. Somewhere from her subconsciousness came the knowledge that Hugh had been coming often and bringing things, but, as he had started back to the store which needed him, he had respected her quarantine. With self-consciousness came, too, a suspicion against which she flung every reason for doubt, which she guarded with the secrecy of a crime—the suspicion that she had not run away soon enough.

One morning her mother came up to say that Hugh insisted on seeing her; the doctor said Louise would run no possible risk now in being moved. . . . She stopped at Lucy's face. "Oh, my dear, my dear, you know I don't want to hurry you away, but you ought to go."

Of course she ought; she had never really meant not to go. It had been her strongest but by no means her first protest. She did not even expect it to do any good. Only she *had* to protest now and then. But of course she must go back and make up,—the same old story. With weary distaste she foresaw the usual reconciliation, for which she paid the price.



"It may be better now, dear. Things like this steady people. Try . . ."

The price!—"Lucy!" He was coming up-stairs. She heard his running steps, his voice with all the winning wilfulness, the impatience of restraint, the good-nature of indifference. "Lucy!" Her heart leaped with familiar response, and at the very familiarity turned sick with remembrance. His whole personality overpowered her. For several years she had had an increasing sense of helplessness against the inevitability of nature; now the inexorableness of human nature, his nature, ran her down like a great breaker. As it struck, in terror of him, of masculinity, the instinct of self-preservation taught her how to swim. She flung herself against the door and turned the key as Hugh touched the knob.

"No, *no!* Things never would be any better. You don't understand. I can't go back. Oh, mother, it would be wicked. I'll not see him. I don't dare. And I'll never go back." Then the mother's driven face suggested the first complication. "Yes, I know, dear, it's wicked, too, for me to impose on you here. But I have an idea; I was just thinking about it. . . . I'll tell you another time. I promise not to burden you long."

"Oh, child, as if that should matter! We could manage somehow. But he's your husband, Lucy."

"Yes"—she quieted suddenly from her paroxysm—"that's the trouble exactly. We won't argue about it if you don't understand. But I won't see him, and I'll never go back."

Mrs. Dodge did not find it hard to understand when she tried to talk to Hugh. It was the first time she had ever tried to talk to Hugh about Lucy, the first time she had interfered even by a suggestion.

"A woman ought to be satisfied with her home and children," he answered, irritably. "That's what she was meant for. Women used to be proud of their dozen. And yet Lucy pretends to be awfully devoted to ours. Well, I'm sure I should think she would be. I took Louise and Paul for a whole day in the woods not long ago, and I can't imagine what a woman could enjoy more than being with them."

"Perhaps an occasional social at the

soda-fountain for variety," Mrs. Dodge suggested, in her soft voice.

Lucy, left alone, wondered what her boasted "idea" was—what, *what* she could do. Of course her mother would say that was not the point; but Lucy knew now how much difference each additional member of the family made; she knew, too, that one of their best pieces of land on the edge of town had been sold for taxes, that the old home was leaking over their heads, that—oh, she knew a great deal more than a few years before, and there was more to know. Of course her mother would stand by her; equally of course Lucy wouldn't take advantage of it.

At last, when Hugh was some time gone, she started to Miss Nannie's, the local seamstress, to see if there might be some simple extra sewing for her.

She was weak from long anxiety, excited, and the effort turned her faint. In a sudden dissolving blackness of death she clutched at a fence paling. . . .

The next thing she knew Tom Latham had her in his buggy nearing her mother's.

Doctor Tom had just left the hotel, where a friend from St. Louis had offered him the management of a wholesale drug-house there. "A sure salary, better than your precarious income here, the opportunities of a city, and getting away from this little hole." For the moment "away" sounded like "heaven" to Tom. He had smiled often himself at his melodramatic oath of allegiance. Of his neighbor's wife he must not think; but to the girl who was lost he was eternally faithful. And some instinct, deeper than common sense or convention, never brought to the daylight of consciousness, kept him like a ghost lover haunting the trysting-place. Current gossip about the Wilberdings he knew was valuable chiefly as a compendium of other people's points of view. But there seemed to him reliable information in the insistence of Mrs. Dodge's cheerful philosophy about them to her friends.

Doctor Tom had grown a beard, which gave him the patriarchal benignity of the old-fashioned family physician, whom knowledge made tender, and ignorance reverent. He was expert at such code messages as Lucy's face: strained eyes drawn up at the inner corners, their





*Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens*

SHE FLUNG HERSELF AGAINST THE DOOR AND TURNED THE KEY





anxiety heightened by the vertical lines between; chin and nose peaked; blue, pinched little mouth.

When he and Mrs. Dodge had left her quiet, Mrs. Dodge, to whom he had come to stand for all the implications of the medical adviser, told him all about it.

"Oh, we mustn't let her break up her life," he said. "Wilberding must be *made* to see." But even as he spoke, with the knowledge of life to which his profession added daily, he remembered the Wilberding he had known.

"Oh yes, it sounds simple. But I tried. Tom—" she hesitated; it was the breaking of a vital reticence, the admission of a deep embarrassment—"it's a question of quality; he's not of us. Lucy was too unsophisticated to discriminate. Besides, youth covers so much. Characteristics, like features, stand out more and more with years. I've seen something of his people. . . . Oh, that fatality that makes a man repeat the shortcomings of his father, and a girl the mistakes of her mother!" It was the most candid moment of Mrs. Dodge's life. (And Lucy had thought her lover so different from her father.) "What do the generations accomplish? or is it true that the second knows a little better than the first how to deal with the same mistakes? In my day we wouldn't have questioned that Lucy ought to go on, till she died, if it happened so. Sometimes I think women were so anxious to meet the duty of martyrdom they encouraged the inquisitors. And now Lucy doubts her right to martyrdom; she says it isn't even right to Hugh."

"But she must take time to decide—"

"Decide? Oh, she has decided. I believe she'd starve to death rather than go back. The spirit of martyrdom, after all, isn't of any one creed or time. . . . So why we're discussing it, I don't know, except that I can't make up my mind to it—the scandal. . . . But, Tom, if you had seen her face when she shut him out! *She's afraid of him!*"

He stopped her abruptly. "Just a minute." He was a man of emergencies. He telephoned his friend at the hotel: "Hold that job open, will you, and don't mention it to any one until I see you again? I know just the man for you. He'll be a genius at managing your drum-

mers and mail-order department. He can sell anything to anybody. If a child comes in for licorice sticks, and he's out of candy, he'll send his customer away just as content with liver pills!"

Up-stairs, Lucy had no more doubts about herself, and her own puerility overwhelmed her. Even without the expensive dependence of the next few months, would she ever be able to support herself and Louise—and another? She must not burden her mother longer, she *must* not. Panic was on her, not discouragement, but the desperation of necessity and helplessness; and upon her, so, frantic, crept another idea,—a solution for all three of them. The thought was not mere mawkishness, and, in her extremity, even humor did not break the tension as she considered details. It must be quick and sure and not too horrid and not too shocking for the home folks, and—wasn't there some way complete enough to eliminate funeral expenses?

There were several interviews that day: Mrs. Dodge with Doctor Tom and later with a lawyer; Doctor Tom with the same lawyer (unknown to Mrs. Dodge) and with the St. Louis man; the lawyer and the St. Louis man, respectively, with Hugh Wilberding.

Hugh's resentment against his wife was sharp and new. Marriage was certainly not a cheerful condition! Yes, he'd be glad to quit the town and her. Divorce? Great idea! Yes, she could get it if she wanted, just so it was gotten. No, he wouldn't contest, even if alimony was—stipulated! He laughed his big laugh at that. The lawyer spoke gravely of "appearances."

Over the money arrangement Lucy seemed incredulous, but she promised not to worry, at least until they saw. When through a St. Louis bank the allowance was paid the first of next month, and the next, and the next, she wanted to drop legal proceedings. What did one want a divorce for except to marry again? And theoretically and personally she shuddered at that idea. She *hated* men. Even her father she saw in a new light, with a new judgment back of natural affection and the old admiration for his unoccupied high-breeding. Her mother's hushed ways and sweet, tired, patient face seemed to her at once the tomb-



stone and the monument of womanhood. The weaker sex, indeed! He that ruleth his spirit . . . He that endureth . . . He that overcometh . . . Wasn't he oftenest a woman? She could not think of Man without distaste and rebellion. So why should she want a divorce? But if Hugh insisted, it would be more dignified for her to get it.

Her mother thought she would never feel safe, nor be so, without absolute freedom. Before that came, the strain threw her into a dangerous illness, from which slowly she emerged, with only Louise, to reface life.

Later as time passed, when Doctor Tom advised the mountains or the shore, introduced a new sport, or encouraged a new interest, every one took it as semiprofessional, semipersonal, and wholly unobjectionable. In a small place where every one knows everything everybody does there is little play for the scandal of suspicion. Besides, Tom Latham was known to have been content for so long with so little, that, even when Lucy and Louise were seen with him on his long country drives, people expected it to be one of those occasional relationships, anomalous, but wholly unquestionable, something more than friendship and less than love. If some one fancied they would finally come to the conventional arrangement, some one else doubted if Lucy Wilberding had any inclination to a second experiment.

To be exact, Louise was in the buggy oftener than Lucy. Doctor Tom meant to make a strong woman of the neurotic child. One day she rushed in on her mother with a kind of news by no means unusual: "Oh, mamma, Doctor Tom has brought me a new croquet-set! Oh, don't you just love Doctor Tom?"

"Indeed I do," Lucy agreed, and sat pondering. She had had full opportunity to learn to value such a man and such a love; neither rebellion nor distaste was pertinent there; and even though touches of the color and spirit of health and some hints of the twinkling of little leaves in breezy sunlight were at last rejuvenating her, she would never go back to that incredible youthfulness that had taken her mother and Tom Latham for granted, with no more gratitude than conceit. She only hoped he would be as easily satisfied as the neighbors.

Still, she was not surprised when it came: "I want you to think of it while you're at the shore. I could take so much better care of you, Lucy, give you more of the things you ought to have. And in a few years now Louise will be growing up, and the silly conventions will hamper my doing for her."

"You dear boy! as if all you looked forward to was doing for us."

"Well?" as if he thought everybody knew that.

"No, Tom; I haven't any more love to give. My heart's been squeezed dry, turned wrong side out, and thrown away."

"I don't expect you to love me that way. I'm not sure I would want you to."

"But—what of the morality of a loveless marriage?"

"Oh, love! What is love? Is love always moral, even in marriage? You and Hugh loved each other, didn't you?" He did not press the point, nor she refute it. "What are the essentials in marriage? Congeniality, harmony, regard; the same standards even more necessary than the same tastes. Mere friendship is a good thing to marry on, if it is a real live friendship like yours for me."

"Why not keep it friendship, though?"

"And miss all the rest? I want you to know the *happiness* of love, dear, not its excitement. I've had an inside view of a great many families, you know, and the home life is usually finest where the love has least passion. There is a kind of love that is like the widow's oil—it can't be exhausted. I can teach you, if you'll let me. All I ask now is the privilege of making you happy, without a shadow of obligation on your part."

Lucy sat with clasped hands and drooped head. "Don't, don't, Tom. I mustn't listen. If you won't take the other reasons, I'll have to tell you that I don't consider myself free. I always thought divorce wrong; and even though it came, after all, to seem the only thing not wrong, I don't believe I could ever feel it right to marry again with Hugh alive. How can I say I have no obligation to him when I've lived on his money all these years? And, besides—I don't know how to tell you—but that day I wouldn't see him, mother was begging me to try again, but I didn't believe Hugh would ever learn to think beyond his happy-go-





Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

"WHY NOT LEAVE IT FRIENDSHIP, THOUGH?"





lucky inclination. When they told me about the allowance, wretched as I was, I laughed. Not that he was stingy with what he had, but he never took any responsibility. And it has never failed once! He has never even been reminded. Am I free if he isn't? I can't help thinking that I stopped one effort too soon; nor help hoping that some day when we have both learned enough . . ." She stammered. "He did love me; and I—it was partly because I did love him that I dared not stay, but—we could make it right for me to—love him still."

The doctor's old mare was taking the pleasures of freedom without bothering about its duties. Now, in silence, Tom reached for his whip and tickled her jogging flanks. She jumped with surprise, and looked around at him aggrieved, but, with an air of injured virtue, obliged him by stepping up a bit.

When he helped Lucy out, she turned back from the gate. "Tom," she said, "I'm sorry." The beard that Doctor Tom had grown to give him age and divert people's minds from the current prejudice that a physician must be married, had lent him a benevolent look that the temperamental sadness of the great soft eyes completed. Now the eyes were as full of tears as hers. "I love you dearly, you know it; you know how I mean. And you have shown me the happiness of love. Why, you're happy yourself—now aren't you?—just as things are." She laughed, half teasing, her prettiness, too, partly restored, even though irretrievably drawn and faded. "You don't know how often I wish there was something I could do for you; something I could pay or work for, or suffer for; something that would make me, but only me, perfectly wretched! But marrying you wouldn't do that!" she confided in him. "And I wouldn't insult you by giving you so little. I wouldn't want it in your place, and you know," she ended, smiling, "do unto others as you would have them do to you is the best rule."

"No, I know a better one," he answered, smiling too. "It's the crucial test of love. It's better even than doing unto others what's best for them; for that risks the arrogance or error of personal judgment. It is, Do unto others as *they* would have you do to *them*. But it's a

bad rule that doesn't work both ways, and you know a preacher must practise his own precepts. . . . You'll write me, if only a post-card or two, won't you?"

"Indeed yes; we mustn't let it make any difference. I couldn't get along without you, Tom; you know that."

A few days later, on the board walk at the seashore, she came face to face with Hugh Wilberding. He was walking with a woman, in a crowd of men and women, his hand on her arm, and laughing—a little boisterously, Lucy thought, reminding herself instantly of his hearty way.

The encounter stopped them both stock-still, and his party swept past with the characteristic fluidity of board-walk crowds, even the woman, though she looked back.

"Lucy!" the surprise was unqualified by any more personal feeling, until a tinge of admiration crept in. "My, you're looking mighty pretty!"

At which she looked prettier.

The crowd pressed against the little blockade they formed, and he turned to her side. "Is this the kid? Where were you going? To see the sights? Has she been through the Panama Canal? Come along, then; that's the greatest and newest show of the lot."

Lucy put Louise between them, and her cheeks flushed, her eyes shone, as she entered into the adventure and thrilled to the romance.

"And *you* look prosperous!" But weren't his clothes a little loud? Oh, people dressed so many ways at a place like this. "You're doing nicely with your company, Hugh?" She knew well that abrupt clouding of his bright breezy atmosphere. "Why, what's the matter? Was there any trouble?"

"Oh, I haven't been with them for several years. But never mind all that. Here's the tent. No, the ticket-man won't stop us, kid. March right in as if you owned the place."

"Oh!" Lucy had stopped short in sheer confusion, caught in a tangled net of impressions; his look and manner, his familiar proprietary air equally for that woman, them, and this cheap place; but the impetus of her thought still carried her straight ahead. "I supposed, of

course, you had been steadily at something good. But if you haven't it's all the more to your credit. . . . What, what have you done since?"

He looked at her suspiciously. "One thing and another. I don't know how this summer's spec will turn out." Then he turned on her sullenly. "Now look here, Lucy, if it's money you're after, I haven't any. You're the one who ran away, remember. I gave you all the honors of war with the understanding that you would never expect me to cash the indemnity. And I've never pestered you; you've been free—for anything.—Not that I'm not glad to see you!"

But Lucy had caught Louise to her, and was shrinking toward the exit. "Oh, never mind, never mind. You misunderstand. And I—have been making a mistake."

As she retreated she looked around with an instinctive hope that no one had seen her in such vulgar company.

Her thrill at meeting him was only an

automatic memory of loyalty. She had encountered him a wife still hopefully warm with life that might be revived; now she knew herself as cold and alien as death, and as emancipated.

"Do you know," she said to Tom Latham (they were driving again), "that in all our lives you have never but once really asked me to marry you?"

"I? I thought I was a standing offer, like a sign-post forever pointing you to The Lovers' Retreat—without going myself!" Then he leaned forward to see her face. "Lucy, do you mean you are going to?"

"Going to?" She laughed softly. "It appears that we have been happily married for about five years, only I didn't know it. And now— I never seem to have the right to make a martyr of myself, because it involves sacrificing some one else too.—Tom dear, as if it was in a woman, who values what she receives, not to give what she can."

## Gypsying

BY MARTHA G. DICKINSON BIANCHI

YOUR spirit makes a wanderer of mine!  
 I cannot choose but leave my hearth and go—  
 I care not where nor how—  
 If but on hill or sky you shine,  
 At pleasure of the gypsy wind  
 Like to the whirling leaves I blow!  
 I cannot choose but catch your hand and go.

The tenderness of yesterday from me  
 Is gone,—the poppy-drugs of passion go,  
 And duties that were dear;  
 I feel a tidal ecstasy,  
 The savage in me calls—I hear  
 My mate where'er deep waters flow—  
 I cannot choose but listen till I go.

In green gold glamour of the early Spring  
 The daffodils are dancing,—I must go!  
 In madrigals of flight  
 The sea-gull in me now takes wing,  
 The morning madness blurs my sight,  
 And when your pagan pipe you blow—  
 I lock my life a while, escape and go!



# Terrestrial Magnetism

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS

President of the Association of American Geographers

THE pulsations of a mysterious force are constantly circling our world.

They are not revealed directly to our senses, but the record of the tremors they produce in the delicately suspended magnetic needle is surely and indelibly fixed on sensitized sheets by the self-registering magnetograph. This force is called Terrestrial Magnetism. We do not know with certainty what it is; for, as yet, it is beyond the power of science to analyze it. Its fundamental secret is still unfathomed; but its phenomena are before us, and the task of physical science is to continue the study of these complex manifestations of an underlying cause in the hope to deduce more of the laws that govern them, to make them even of greater value than they have been in the affairs of every-day life and to science in general, and perhaps at last to reveal the origin and nature of the earth's magnetism.

The past ten years have witnessed a great revival of interest in this branch of geophysics. Most of the civilized countries have either completed magnetic surveys of their territories or are preparing to engage in the work on a larger scale than ever before. Magnetic observatories have multiplied till we see them even on some of the islands of the oceans. During two years the recent antarctic expeditions girdled the southern continent with magnetic stations on all sides of the south pole. Amundsen, in arctic furs, has been making magnetic researches for two years at the North Magnetic Pole near the northern edge of our continent, and an observatory is now established, 8500 miles south of his camp, on New-Year's Island at the end of South America. On August 5 last (1905), the brig *Galilee*, chartered by the Carnegie Institution, sailed from San Diego to begin the magnetic survey of the North Pacific, which will occupy about three years. It

is now planned to carry out, within the next fifteen or twenty years, a general magnetic survey of all the accessible regions of the globe—a vast enterprise that will require the concerted action of all civilized countries.

The past centuries have been paving the way for the general attack we may soon witness upon one of the most elusive and complicated problems of science. We shall give here just a glimpse of the slow and halting steps that have led up to the present point of vantage, of the practical good to the world that has resulted, and of the truth, slow in dawning, but at last ushered in by Humboldt and Gauss, that Terrestrial Magnetism is worthy of the profoundest physical and mathematical study; for as men of science learn more about it, they find that they are adding to the equipment they require for the study of the physics, both of the earth and of the cosmos.

Some Asian people, perhaps the Chinese, discovered, many centuries ago, that a kind of iron ore possessed a very peculiar quality. We call this ore magnetite or, in more common language, lodestone, and it is very widely distributed, especially in the older crystalline rocks. It was found that if a bit of lodestone were placed in water upon a piece of cork or straw braid it would turn till the axis of the stone assumed a north and south position. A phenomenon of magnetism had been discovered by means of an ore that is peculiarly susceptible to magnetic influence.

It is an open question whether the Chinese utilized the directive power of the lodestone, but it is certain that the first rude compass was not used on European vessels before the twelfth century of our era. By that time the true magnetic compass had been evolved through the discovery that if an iron or steel needle were stroked on a lodestone, it would receive the attractive and direct-



ive power of this ore. With this wonderful appliance placed at the service of navigation, the vessels that had hugged the coasts soon dared to venture even out of sight of land. A new impetus was gradually given to cartography, for now the true directions of the coast lines might be charted with some approach to accuracy. It was the happy fortune of Italian sailors to make the surprisingly excellent surveys of the directions and lengths of the Black Sea and Mediterranean coasts and along the Atlantic to British waters that have come down to us in the so-called Portulan maps.

Fogs at sea and the fading of the land beneath a water horizon were losing their terror for the sailor; and still the wonder grew over this mysterious directive force and the desire increased to learn more about it. Every step forward in utilizing the magnetic needle and in studying the behavior of the lodestone is a part of the history of our slowly unfolding knowledge of terrestrial magnetism, now co-ordinated as a distinct branch of science.

We do not know just when the discovery was made that every magnet has two opposite points, later called poles, whose properties differ from one another so that each attracts one pole and repels the other pole of every other magnet. This was a new starting-point for investigation, and Peregrinus, in the thirteenth century, added another of immense value in its bearing on magnetic theory. This was that if a magnet be broken in two, each part immediately possesses the two opposite poles and is a complete magnet in itself; and this led naturally to the discovery that every particle of a lodestone or steel magnet is a perfect magnet.

So step by step knowledge widened and deepened. Until the time of Columbus everybody supposed that the north pole of a magnet pointed to the polar star, and thus approximately to the true north. But during his first journey to the Western world, the great discoverer, on the evening of September 13, 1492, found that his needle did not point to the polar star, and that the variation increased as he went westward. He brought into view a new aspect of magnetism. Its directive force is not usually towards the true north; and it became known later that this variation from the geographical north

is not the same at different places nor the same at one place at different times. Columbus had discovered magnetic declination; and one of the chief purposes of magnetic surveys is to redetermine, at intervals, for the benefit of the mariner and the surveyor, the magnetic declination in all parts of the world, and finally, if possible, to deduce the law that governs this variation.

Some explorers who followed Columbus still treated the needle as pointing to the true north, with the result that their maps of parts of the Atlantic coast of our continent were very erroneous.

Eighty-four years after Columbus discovered magnetic variation, Norman published the new fact that if a carefully balanced steel needle is suspended on a horizontal axis so that it is free to move in a vertical plane, it will dip downward. This is called the dip or inclination of the needle. There is one spot in each hemisphere, in the arctic and antarctic areas, where the dipping-needle stands vertically, pointing towards the centre of the earth. These places are called the Magnetic Poles, and they do not coincide with the geographical poles. Sir James Ross, in 1831, with the dipping-needle located the position at that time of the North Magnetic Pole on the west coast of Boothia; and the great physicist Gauss, using mathematical science, which is so predominant in most magnetic researches, was able in his study at Göttingen to fix upon nearly the same position.

It was not till about the close of the seventeenth century that the study of the strength or intensity of the magnetic directive force was begun. Methods of measuring both the horizontal and vertical intensity were devised, and it was found that the total intensity increases as a rule from the equator to the poles. These three phenomena, Declination, Inclination, and Intensity, are known as the magnetic elements.

Their study is involved in great difficulties, for it was known long ago that all the elements are subject to daily and yearly variations, as well as to secular variation—or, in other words, progressive changes through long periods of time. But the study of the elements must proceed, and its field must cover the world. The fact has been established that the



fundamental problems of terrestrial magnetism cannot be closely investigated till science is provided with a series of separate pictures showing the changes that take place in the earth's magnetic condition in a definite period of time.

We do not, for example, know how long a period the secular change in magnetic declination may cover. The compass needle in London, when Queen Elizabeth reigned, pointed eleven degrees east of the true north. Eighty years later, when Cromwell was in power, it had turned back west till it pointed due north. Still moving westward, its declination in 1818 was twenty-four and one-half degrees west. Over three hundred years have elapsed since Queen Elizabeth, but the needle-point in London, after making its great excursion to the west, has not again pointed to the geographical pole on its eastern journey, and will not for years to come. This illustration may help the layman to appreciate Mr. Littlehales's recent remark that "as a system of organized knowledge, terrestrial magnetism presupposes and requires centuries of observations."

Two epoch-making discoveries have marked the progress of this study. William Gilbert, in the sixteenth century, wrote in Latin a great treatise on "The Magnet," in which he described the ingenious experiments by which he proved that the earth itself is a great magnet, and that it is the earth's magnetism which acts on all the little magnets that we see. His phrase "*Magnus magnes ipse est globus terrestris*" was for years printed on the cover of *Terrestrial Magnetism*, the only periodical devoted to this science, established and ably conducted by Dr. L. A. Bauer, the Director of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism in the Carnegie Institution. Gilbert placed the study upon a scientific basis, and he grasped the great truth, later elaborated by Faraday, that every magnet creates a field of force (the magnetic field) in the adjacent space, so that, in the words of Dr. Fleming, we "must think of these lines of force as closed loops, and they must be pictured as coming out of one pole of the magnet, passing through the circumjacent space, and entering again at the other pole, and so completing their circuit, partly inside

and partly outside the magnet." We thus derive some conception of the meaning of the Magnetic Poles of the earth.

But it was Gauss, the profound mathematician, some seventy years ago, who gave the greatest impetus to magnetic investigations. Before his time the question was still obscure as to the possibly large contribution to terrestrial magnetic phenomena by causes outside the earth's crust. Gauss proved the accuracy of his theory that practically all of the earth's magnetic field, or, in other words, magnetic secular variation, is due to causes within the earth's crust. About five years ago Gauss's theory was exhaustively tested and in the main verified with the aid of the manifold observations since his day. Dr. Adolf Schmidt, who made these investigations, found that only about one-fortieth of the globe's entire magnetic force is derived from causes exterior to the earth.

It was Gauss and Weber who founded the famous Magnetic Union, whose results were as beneficial to science in general as to terrestrial magnetism. The Union stimulated cooperation in the leading countries, and a widespread interest that led to the establishment of magnetic observatories, now numbering over forty, which record magnetic changes and measure the magnetic elements. Many exploring expeditions, from that day to the present, have been equipped for magnetic work and, from time to time, the results of all these investigations are tabulated or recorded on magnetic charts.

We may see on these charts the isogonic lines connecting places of equal declination; the isoclinic lines connecting places of equal inclination; the isodynamic lines connecting places of equal magnetic force; the agonic lines on which the direction of the magnetic needle is truly north and south; and the magnetic equator, near the geographical equator, but extending partly to the north and partly to the south of it, on which the dipping-needle rests in a horizontal position. These charts give a vivid idea of magnetic conditions at the time they are issued, but on account of changes in the magnetic elements it is necessary, every few years, to bring out new editions. Our Coast and Geodetic Survey now issues new charts every year.



The old question as to the cause of the earth's magnetism will always be discussed, though it may be one of the last to be answered, if indeed a conclusive answer is possible. Physicists have found that they can produce a magnetic field in two ways. They can magnetize iron or steel, and we have seen that all magnets have what Faraday named their magnetic field; or they can produce it by sending an electric current through a conducting circuit. It is inferred therefore, as has been succinctly expressed, that "the earth's magnetic condition may arise either from the materials of which it is made being permanently magnetized, like lodestone, or it may arise from electric currents circulating round the earth in its crust, or from both causes together."

If the magnetic state, as we observe it, is caused by the permanent magnetization of the materials of which the earth is made, it is quite certain that the magnetic condition must be confined to the upper part of the earth's crust. We know that heat rapidly increases as we penetrate beneath the surface, and at the same rate of increase, about  $1^{\circ}$  Fahr. for every sixty feet of descent, the temperature must become about  $1200^{\circ}$  Fahr. some twelve miles beneath our feet. All magnets heated red hot lose their magnetism, and it is impossible to magnetize iron, steel, or lodestone at such a temperature. It is, therefore, evident that if the earth's magnetism is derived from magnetized materials in it, this magnetic quality can exist only in the upper part of the terrestrial crust.

Some physicists hold, however, that a suitable disposition of electricity within the earth may account for its magnetism; and one of the leading authorities believes that the origin of terrestrial magnetism may be traced to the rotation of electricity with the earth around its axis. It is probable at least that if the magnetic condition of the earth is due to the circulation of electricity in its mass, these electrical currents may exist at a far greater depth than twelve miles, because heat is an excellent conductor of electricity.

The practical benefits which our knowledge of terrestrial magnetism has conferred upon the world are inestimable.

Its importance in every-day affairs rests chiefly, but not wholly, upon the directive power of the magnet. The compass needle makes safe and sure the routes, across the oceans, of the commerce-carriers that have linked the nations together in the closest social and business relations. It often guides the miner as he threads his way in a maze of underground tunnellings; and in the hands of the surveyor it points out the exact lines that divide one property from another, one state from its neighbor.

The magnet is a telltale, also, revealing some things we cannot easily discover. It told of the presence of highly magnetic rock on the island of Funafuti before the diamond drill brought the underlying formations within reach of geological study. Professor Rücker and Thorpe found in their magnetic survey of the British Islands, a few years ago, many irregularities in the magnetic effects at the surface which they attributed to the attraction of highly magnetized masses of rock beneath the surface. Dr. T. C. Chamberlain, of Chicago, wrote, some time ago: "Geologists interested in the more obscure problems of the physics of the earth welcome the appearance of a periodical devoted to terrestrial magnetism. Not a few geologists look with some hope to terrestrial magnetism for valuable contributions to the dark problems of the earth's interior. Magnetism may possibly reveal conditions of the interior now quite hidden from us."

Very little literature of the science is open to the layman, for the subject is largely treated in mathematical formula. It is not surprising that the finest type of scientific intellect is required to deal with its intricacies. Research and calculation are often rendered very difficult by irregularities apparently subject to no law, and by such facts as the lack of symmetry between the magnetic conditions of the northern and southern hemispheres and the ever-changing intensity of the magnetic forces, now pulsing slowly, then thrown into wavelets like the ripples on a stream, and again lashed into a furious magnetic storm, not evident to us, for the day may be calm and bright, but all the agitation written large on the record; and just as magnetism is more or less associated with such terres-



trial phenomena as earth currents and the aurora, so it also seems to link us in sympathetic touch with cosmical influences; for these violent magnetic storms are closely connected in some way with changes on the surface of the sun. The storms are always most frequent in the year, recurring every eleven years, when sun-spots are most numerous.

Not a few physical sciences were born and grew up long after terrestrial magnetism, complex and fickle as it is, was nevertheless partly harnessed and in service. It has lagged behind, for it has been much neglected, though its progress has been great since the days of Gauss. The instruments used have been improved, the physicist has been taught to make absolute magnetic measurements,

and the magnetograph has come to be regarded as probably the best mechanical means for recording the physical history of terrestrial and cosmical change. The new era of extensive magnetic surveys at sea under the auspices of the Carnegie Institution promises to yield very valuable results. Some of the antarctic expeditions were told, when they started south, that their magnetic observations, as they crossed large tracts of sea, clear of the land, might be expected to be very important, for they would be normal values unaffected by the local magnetic disturbance which so often vitiates observations at the land stations. The same comment applies to the magnetic surveys now inaugurated in the Pacific.

## Prophecy

*BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD*

JUST now the bluebird's wing  
 Flashed by the pane,—  
 What was the lovesome thing  
 Flashed in its train?  
 Hosts of the willow-plume  
 Powdering their gold,  
 Clouds of white-violet bloom  
 Misting the mould,  
 Winds that in fragrant shower  
 Fruit-petals blow,  
 Storms of the cherry-flower,  
 Apple-wreaths' snow,  
 Brooks in an arrowy swell,  
 Rainbows and foam,  
 Deep in the deepest dell  
 Thrushes come home,  
 Woods where the sunshine throws  
 Life in a flood,  
 Symbol and star the rose  
 Bursting her bud,  
 Lovers, with dear vague dreams  
 Filling each breast—  
 Gladder than gladness seems  
 All their unrest,—  
 Following the bluebird's wing,  
 Virginal vision,  
 This was the lovesome thing,  
 June's intuition!

# The Awkward Question

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

WINSTON and I were spending the summer together on the Sound, when one evening he came in, I could see, quite excited. He walked up and down the room and fussed around like any old woman.

At last this made me nervous. "For Heaven's sake," I told him, "learn to smoke a pipe like a man and you won't have such a rush of nerves to the fingers."

"Oh," he answered, "smoking wouldn't do me any good." He always took anything one said very literally. Then, after more fidgeting, he burst out with the problem I just put to you; or rather it burst out of him like a cork out of a toy gun. By his manner I saw he was for once dealing with something that had some relation to life instead of the kind of psychological probing which I always felt did duty with him for tobacco. I was younger then than I am now, so when he finally put it up to me what I would do,—

"It would depend," I answered, "on what it was the woman had done."

"What if you knew her to be insincere and intriguing; if you knew that while she had always kept herself on the right side of the line of what we call 'virtue,' she was really bad—bad and cowardly and lying—"

"I'd hate to have you write a character for me," I put in. He was getting pink and excited, and his voice sounded like a hysterical sewing-machine.

"You wouldn't laugh if it was *your* best friend—"

"Oho! it's a real case?" I asked.

"I never said so," he snapped at me, and I saw he was honestly distressed that he had given himself away.

"It's so easy to get a rise out of you, Winnie,"—I wanted to make his mind easy. "Would you have a nasty story to tell on your hypothetical lady or would you just *feel* she was wrong?" He was very strong on the feelings.

"Oh, I'd have stories to tell fast

enough," he eagerly assured me. "Of course, unless I was perfectly sure of my case I wouldn't feel it would be my duty—"

"So *you* feel it would be your duty to tell?" This brought him to the point.

"Why, I think I would *have* to tell. It wouldn't be right not to."

"If he really cared it might only have the effect of hastening the course of events," I suggested.

"Well, *I* should have done *my* duty," Winston asserted—that was his astonishing logic.

"Let's do our duty by all means, even if the heavens fall," I agreed.

"Well, that's the only way I *can* look at it." His manner was quite apologetic. A most extraordinary mind, Winston's; an orthodox nature without any fixed religious belief. Duty was his fetish, and he worshipped it after his own peculiar ritual; and when once, after days of quibbling and hair-splitting and soul-searching, he finally arrived by obscure and devious routes at what his duty was he acted as if it were some sacred command imposed on him by the Most High. That he had been going through his usual obscure mental torturings before he came to his decision I found out that evening at the Altares' where we were dining. We had been invited there to hear "a surprise." As we were taking our coffee, Mrs. Chadwick asked him, in her pretty, serious way,

"Mr. Winston, have you decided if one ought to tell or not?"

She was interrupted by a ring at the door; this gave the signal to Eleanor Altaire. "The moment for the surprise," she said, "has come. I have been commissioned by Ericson himself to tell you. He's succumbed at last. He's engaged, and he and Mrs. Delorme are coming to-night to receive our congratulations."

It *was* a surprise; for, somehow, no one imagined Ericson to be what one calls



a "marrying man." He was a great Viking of a chap with a blond beard and a trick of opening his blue eyes at you in a terrifying way, and as gentle as a lamb. The sort of man to get shipwrecked with, Ericson. I never knew him well, but I liked him, as every one had to; one could as soon have disliked a wise, silent child.

Among the strangest things on earth are the strange freaks that passion or love or affinity, or whatever you choose to call it, plays on one. I've spent hours in wondering what it was deep down in each of those people, in Ericson and Mrs. Delorme, that spoke to each other. I began wondering that evening, for they seemed to me to have for their only basis of companionship that he was a man and she was a woman. He was one of those men who have no surprises for you, who always do what you expect of them. You might as soon expect subtleties from a spring of clear water as from him; while the woman with him—I only saw her that single time—was one of the few people who leave in your mind a definite impression. First and last it was an impression of perfect roundness—nowhere an angle; every peculiarity by which one might take hold had been rubbed off. She was constituted to get through life with the least possible friction, and you felt that this had been achieved by some complicated polishing process, like the polishing of a gem.

After it was all over, Winston and I spent much of the time we had together trying to put into words the extraordinary impression she gave us. I remember that Winston tried to pin me down as to what sort of a woman, good or bad, I, as an unprejudiced observer, thought Mrs. Delorme was, if one could once scratch through her marvellous perfection of manner. What I had been mainly conscious of was a certain exotic charm which, young puppy that I was, I fancied I had discovered for myself, and that it was too rare a perfume for simple, great-hearted Ericson to have been aware of. I felt that only a complicated mind like my own could truly appreciate her charm, and that I was the type of man she ought naturally to have been drawn to. To my disgusted surprise, I found Winston felt the same thing.

"How she understood me!" he said, in

wonder. "How she understood!" and he nettled me by implying that in our daily intercourse he had found my mind a rather gross and dull instrument to deal with.

I fancy that many of the vicissitudes of Mrs. Delorme's life had been caused by the way she had of making each successive person feel that he was, so to speak, her discoverer, that her peculiar charm existed in all its poignancy for him alone. She was a little woman, tired, fragile, pathetic; that was the first thing that people observed about her, even before they noticed her eyes, which were unusually beautiful.

Of course their advent was the signal for the usual burst of felicitations. Then Ericson led Winston up to Mrs. Delorme.

"I want you to know him especially," he told her; "he's old Winston I've told you so much about."

Mrs. Delorme greeted him in the most charming way, and Winston said polite things in his dry little unemotional manner. But one didn't have to look far to see he was frightfully ill at ease.

She motioned him to a seat near her, and then it was that Mrs. Chadwick again put her question. Perversely enough, Winston's case had touched her imagination, and she wanted to have it out with him.

"Have you come to a conclusion as to what you would do?" she asked.

"What was your problem?" Eleanor Altaire asked Winston, but it was Mrs. Chadwick who answered.

I can't exactly describe what happened; it was as if her simple little sentence had been an exploding torpedo. Each one of us took it in a different way. I am sure that four of us, at least, were struck by its flying fragments, and while none of us turned a hair—none of us showed by a finger's breadth that anything had happened—yet really we each of us in our several ways showed we knew the danger-signal had been rung. Eleanor Altaire, with her extraordinary *flair* for the unpleasant situation, was first to act. I say first, but it all happened so quickly that no one hopelessly on the outside—like Mrs. Chadwick, for instance—would have known anything was wrong or that her commonplace words had set loose among us a whole Pandora box of emotions.

For in that moment, by some obscure

underground method, I knew that Mrs. Delorme, absurd as it seemed, was Winston's hypothetical woman. Eleanor Altaire knew nothing except that the air was thick to breathe and she was for changing the subject, and I, of course, for helping her, but Mrs. Delorme would have none of it.

"You feel in such a case that your duty would be to tell?" she asked Winston, with gentle interest. Her whole attitude was relaxed; her hands, pink palms upward, lay lightly in her lap, and she asked her question naturally, without emphasis, and yet I felt how she shivered with fear behind her mask of polite interest, and I trembled lest Winston would not see what I did. "Granted, I mean, that you knew, knew absolutely, that the woman was—horrid."

"That," Mrs. Chadwick put in, "is what he wasn't sure of the other day, whether one ought to warn one's friend or not. You've no idea," she smiled at Mrs. Altaire, "how seriously he took it. One would have thought he really did have to be somebody's executioner."

"What a dreadful game to play with oneself!" Eleanor Altaire said. "As if one were not always having to get out of awkward situations enough without creating artificial ones."

"But you have now decided that you ought to be—'executioner'?" Mrs. Delorme asked; "for it would amount to that, wouldn't it?" "I would like to know, you see," her gentle resigned attitude seemed to say, "whether you are going to kill my happiness—for, after all, it's my happiness."

Winston, whatever he was, wasn't a coward, and as if he were answering Mrs. Chadwick's question—he couldn't meet Mrs. Delorme's eyes, that was too much to ask of him—he said, with forced lightness. "Yes—I've decided that I ought to be, as you say, 'executioner.'"

"Without hearing the woman's side of the case?" Mrs. Delorme asked.

"In the instance I am supposing the woman would have no 'case,'" Winston answered, with sombre embarrassment, made to my mind all the more sombre, all the more embarrassed, from the light "society tone" which he clung to desperately as the only covering of his soul's nakedness.

"Wouldn't you feel you should give the woman warning?" asked Mrs. Chadwick (with her justice was a passion); "of what you intended to do, I mean."

"It would be only fair," came from Mrs. Delorme. She was gathered together in her chair, so that there seemed to be nothing left of her little frail body. She gave the effect of having somehow mysteriously got rid of it, of living only through her distressed eyes, which contradicted her gallant little smile.

Then Ericson and Altaire strolled up from the other side of the room, and Mrs. Delorme turned, frightened, helpless, and yet with a certain valor to Mrs. Altaire as if for help. She was going to die, if die she must, bravely, with her face to the enemy, and she was none the less brave because of her fear.

I saw Winston pull himself together, trying to shake off the appeal that the helplessness of the woman made on him—pull himself together as if he would tell Ericson the hateful story before his resolve weakened.

And as the two men who were chatting together, unconscious, good-humored, drew near us, I felt as if I must cry out to them: "Stop! Give us time, give us only a moment longer." It was a moment of spiritual breathlessness. It seemed to me that our suspense lasted long, and that it took them a long time to cross the room. At last they came upon us, and Altaire asked,

"What are you people chattering about?"

Then with a movement of supreme effort, of supreme courage, Mrs. Delorme raised her stricken eyes and brave smile to Ericson, as if she would have told him what it was that we strangely enough were discussing, and in her gesture we read, Winston and I, that, whatever happened, she would tell him her story, so that she might be first.

But before she could speak, Eleanor Altaire turned to her husband with her lovely smile. "We were all 'getting acquainted,' as the children say," she interposed. "Let's leave them at it," and she dragged Ericson away with her, while Altaire drifted over to Chadwick, who was puffing a solitary pipe by the fire.

It all happened in a moment, but it left



me breathless, as if I had personally escaped some danger; and for the moment I fairly hated Winston—Winston, who was going down his track of duty as remorselessly as an engine.

Now I think that his impersonal hatred of Mrs. Delorme was rather fine. He was willing to destroy her because in his heart he believed her bad and dangerous, and because he believed that she would, in her turn, destroy Ericson without being able to help herself. But at the time it was Mrs. Delorme's charm and her helplessness which won me.

"Don't you think, as a mere matter of justice, that one should tell?" Mrs. Chadwick picked up our topic again as unconcerned as a child playing with explosives.

"Abstract justice," I answered, "when one has no personal animosity against the accused, is often very ugly." I had hoped at the best that my evasion would only not clinch Winston's resolve more firmly, but it did more than that—it pulled him up a moment.

"Personal animosity?" he answered, an anxious note in his voice. "That wouldn't affect one, would it? One wouldn't do it out of personal animosity." I felt that he was almost justifying his act in the face of the silent woman in the chair who was listening with such charming attention.

I think it was at that moment that I realized how complicated the process must have been which had brought her outwardly to the degree of perfection she had obtained. She hid her quivering anxiety as if it were something to be ashamed of, and yet she let us know that it was there under her lovely manner, tearing her, torturing her. She even managed subtly to convey that she had too great a consideration for Winston and myself to trouble us with her trouble; that in this painful moment, which was so hard for all of us to bear—the more so that the world, in the shape of Mrs. Chadwick, was there to keep up appearances before—she would let us down as easily as possible; that if her happiness was to be killed then and there, it would die decently, with no painful noises, smothering its agony as best it might, and her wan, gracious heroism touched us more than tears could. She didn't resist her fate; she accepted it mutely, pathetically,

almost apologetically, as if she were sorry for Winston, sorry to give him such trouble—that she pitied him for being the instrument of vengeance which fate had chosen. For under Mrs. Chadwick's questions Winston was explaining, with what outward self-possession he might, why he had come to the feeling that he must tell.

"You're so cold-blooded about it," Mrs. Chadwick complained to poor Winston. "It almost makes me feel as if I were the woman. If you tell on me I warn you I shall put up a fight for my happiness. Sha'n't you, Mrs. Delorme?"

"I?" she asked gently, her eyes on Winston. "I shouldn't know how to fight for my happiness. I've had so little of it, that it seems to me only a visitor who must go soon anyway."

It was the only direct appeal she made on our sympathy, and Winston shivered under it.

"And because I have had so little happiness myself," Mrs. Delorme went on, "I decided differently from you. For, curiously enough," she said, turning to Mrs. Chadwick, "I have just now had to decide just such a question as Mr. Winston's, except that my case was a real one."

"Did you know the woman?" asked Mrs. Chadwick.

"I knew her well," Mrs. Delorme answered,—“so well that I found out the fallacy of the saying, to know all is to pardon all. I have never forgiven her, nor shall I ever, many things she did—but I cared for her in spite of everything. Many people did. I spent a great deal of time deciding whether I should tell or not—more even than you did, Mr. Winston. She was to marry—a man I cared for, a man so good that he wouldn't even have understood the motives that made her do the things she did. Mean motives and lies don't exist for him. What made it worse was that I was with them from the first. I knew all along I ought to tell him what sort of a woman she was. But she was so happy—and I didn't dream he cared. I never thought he could. I thought from day to day he would find out about her for himself. And so when I saw he didn't—I never told."

She ended abruptly, exhausted, with the air of a person who has used up all the words in the world, just as I felt as if





*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"YOU FEEL THAT YOUR DUTY WOULD BE TO TELL?" SHE SAID



all the air in the world had been used up; the nameless sense of oppression had fallen upon even Mrs. Chadwick.

"I'm glad you didn't tell," she said, shortly. "Aren't you, Mr. Winston?"

"Are you glad," Winston asked Mrs. Delorme, "that you didn't?"

"I used to be," she answered, her voice still more gentle, her face even paler, for the strain was beginning to tell on her. "I was until I met you, and you have shown me—so many good reasons why I ought. At first I had hard work not telling. But I saw how happy he was and how happy she was, and one day I saw why I mustn't tell, and it was this: I saw that she could love him better than any one else possibly could. She would have none of the arrogance of a good woman, none of the impatience or the indifference of the women who feel that, once they have been good enough to marry a man, they've done all one ought to expect of them. I felt he was surer of happiness with her than with any one; her very subtleties would serve to make life easier for him. She had never, after all, had much of a chance to be better, I argued with myself. She was, as we all are, a creature of circumstance, and I argued that the man she cared for was her chance."

"Oh, how can we ever judge anybody!" Mrs. Chadwick cried out.

"I can judge very easily; it's giving the sentence that Mr. Winston and I find so hard—but I've given sentence now."

"You mean you're going to tell?" Mrs. Chadwick's voice was hushed and shocked.

"Yes, I mean that," the other woman answered.

"Just because of a chance conversation like the one we've been having?" Mrs. Chadwick demanded, her kind eyes clouding. "Why, I brought it up—"

"I understand," Mrs. Delorme interrupted; "you don't like the responsibility of having a hand in it. I didn't and Mr. Winston didn't, but now I *must* tell, for what he has said has shown me that if I don't tell some one else may. There are other people who may be at this moment debating themselves if in humanity and decency they mustn't tell. I wasn't the only one this woman hurt."

Mrs. Chadwick looked at me and at Winston and at Mrs. Delorme, as if she

would read in our faces what it all meant; or rather as if she wanted us to deny the truth that had peered at her so long, and that now all of a sudden stood facing her; but we none of us affirmed or denied. So Mrs. Chadwick looked the truth firmly in the eyes without a glimmer of recognition.

Nothing in her right normal world could be as hateful as what she saw spread so clearly before her; she wouldn't, so far as she was concerned, admit that it was Mrs. Delorme herself of whom we were talking.

"I hope you won't do it," she insisted, with a more or less successful attempt at lightness.

"Are you going to, really?" Winston asked Mrs. Delorme.

Mrs. Chadwick lifted her head as if she had been flicked with a whip. She might pass the truth by on the other side, but she simply couldn't stand what seemed so like cold-blooded brutality. But Mrs. Delorme answered with the unemotional softness of tone that had not failed her once:

"Yes, I must, I think. You see, I've suffered more from her than any one else—so it had better be me."

"And what will she do?" Mrs. Chadwick demanded.

"Who knows, who cares?" answered Mrs. Delorme. "What will he do, what will he do, is what troubles me. It will be hard to make him believe it—very hard. It isn't as if it were only one thing that she'd done. It's what she *is* that I'll have to explain."

"But isn't she, after all, what he thinks she is?" interposed Mrs. Chadwick. "We aren't any of us all one thing right through. Doesn't his thinking her good, and her loving him to think so, *make* her good?" Her confused, eager pleading fairly tumbled out of her mouth, and she looked back and forth with artificial brightness from Winston to Mrs. Delorme. Yes, Mrs. Chadwick would have fought for her own happiness to her last breath, and she was willing to fight, too, for the happiness of the woman whom she pretended she didn't know. But Mrs. Delorme couldn't fight—with her, happiness was only a casual visitor, she had told us—and she only answered with her infinite gentleness:



*Drawn by W. D. Stevens*

"MAKE HER LISTEN—MAKE HER UNDERSTAND," WINSTON CONTINUED



"Your sophistries are very kind, Mrs. Chadwick; I've no doubt she's repeated them to herself often and often, while all the time she's known they were sophistries—just as you know they are."

We were all silent for a moment, all of us withdrawn within ourselves. It was a moment of breathing-space; the lull, it seemed to me, before the final breaking of the storm. I had a confused feeling of wanting to take the poor bruised child out in the darkness somewhere that she might cry quietly where no one could see her. Then out of the silence came Winston's voice, very small, as from a distance:

"You mustn't tell."

Mrs. Delorme raised her head and looked at him as if she hadn't understood.

"You mustn't tell," he repeated, in the same monotonous voice, as if he were talking in his sleep; and I knew from the abject look of him that he was terribly ashamed of himself; and not because he had strayed from the line of duty, but because he had ever dreamed of telling, because he had caused Mrs. Delorme so much pain.

"It's too late now; I've got to," she answered, sweetly and kindly. It was as if she had resigned herself to death, and had gone so far into the shadows of sorrow that there was no calling her back to life.

"You mustn't," was all he could find to repeat. "Don't you see you mustn't?—Tell her." He turned to Mrs. Chadwick, throwing to the winds the decency of pretence we had so carefully preserved. "Tell her how wrong it would be." He spoke without emphasis or passion, as if he had been cowed by the disaster of his own making.

For the first time in his life perhaps his

sense of duty was routed by some higher sense, all the usual forces of his life were in disorder, his only thought was to save the happiness of the still, gentle woman before him, as one would save one's worst enemy from a burning house. He had lost sight of what she had done; her immense resignation and helplessness had blotted it out.

But before Winston could plead his queer case further or Mrs. Delorme could answer, Mrs. Chadwick had gathered her up with an abrupt—

"Come, let us get a little air, you and I," and that the little drama might have a touch of the grotesque to lighten its fantastic tragedy, Mrs. Chadwick threw over her shoulder a look at Winston for all the world like an angry, indignant little girl who flings out a "Now see what you've done" at a bad little boy, while Winston continued to chant his "Make her listen—make her understand."

You see why it was he didn't tell, and what put to flight all the prejudices of his whole life. It would be so with all of us. Youth and beauty are the great extenuating circumstances of life, and charm is even greater, while helplessness is the greatest of all.

Winston wouldn't have forgiven an old or tactless woman—nor a woman who fought for herself. And Mrs. Delorme triumphed, as I have no doubt she desperately hoped she might, by her non-resistance. She left him nothing to take hold of, no point of attack, and she made Winston like her, and there you have justice as we measure it out one to another. It all comes back to a question of personality.



# The Awakening of Helena Richie

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

## CHAPTER XXV

BENJAMIN WRIGHT lay in his great bed, that had four mahogany posts like four dark obelisks. . . . He had not spoken distinctly since the night of his seizure, though in about a fortnight he began to babble something which nobody could understand. Simmons said he wanted his birds, and brought two cages and hung them in the window, where the roving, unhappy eyes could rest upon them. He mumbled fiercely when he saw them, and Simmons cried out delightedly; "There now, he's better—he's swearin' at me!" The first intelligible words he spoke were those that had last passed his lips: "M-m-my f-f—," and from his melancholy eyes a meagre tear slid into a wrinkle and was lost.

Dr. Lavendar, sitting beside him, put his old hand over the other old hand, that lay with puffed fingers motionless on the coverlet. "Yes, Benjamin, it was your fault, and mine, and Samuel's. We were all responsible because we did not do our best for the boy. But remember, his Heavenly Father will do His best."

"M-m-my f—" the stammering tongue began again, but the misery lessened in the drawn face. Any denial of the fact he tried to state would have maddened him. But Dr. Lavendar never denied facts; apart from the question of right and wrong, he used to say it was not worth while. He accepted old Mr. Wright's responsibility as, meekly, he had accepted his own, but he saw in it an open door.

And that was why he went that evening to the Wright house. It was a melancholy house. When their father was at home, the little girls whispered to each other and slipped away to their rooms, and when they were alone with their mother, they quivered at the sight of her

tears that seemed to flow and flow and flow. Her talk was all of Sam's goodness and affection and cleverness. "He could make beautiful poetry," she would tell them, reading over and over with tear-blinded eyes some scraps of verse she had found among the boy's possessions; and most of all she talked of Sam's gladness in getting home, and how strange it was he had taken that notion to clean that dreadful pistol. No wonder Lydia and her sisters kept to themselves, and wandered, little scared, flitting creatures, through the silent house, or out into the garden, yellowing now and gorgeous in the September heats and chills.

Dr. Lavendar came in at tea-time, as he had lately made a point of doing, and sat down beside Mrs. Wright in Sam's chair.

"Samuel," said he, when supper was over and the little girls had slipped away; "you must comfort your father. Nobody else can."

The Senior Warden drew in his breath with a start.

"He blames himself, Samuel."

"Blames himself! What reason has *he* got to blame himself? It was my fault."

"Oh, my dear," said the poor mother, "you couldn't tell that he was going to clean your pistol."

Samuel Wright looked heavily over at Dr. Lavendar.

"Well," said the old minister, "he gave Sam the money to go away. I suppose that's on his mind, for one thing. He may think something went wrong, you know."

"Oh," broke in the mother, beginning to cry, "he was so glad to get home; he said to me the night he got back, 'Mother, I just had to come home to you and father.' I'm sure he couldn't have said anything more loving, could he? And he kissed me. You know he



wasn't one to kiss much. Yes; he couldn't stay away from us. He said so."

"Go and see him, Samuel," urged Dr. Lavendar. "You, too, have lost a son, so you know now how he has felt for thirty-two years. His was a loss for which he knows he was to blame. It is a cruel knowledge, Sam?"

"It is," said the Senior Warden. "It is."

"Then go and comfort him."

Samuel went. A great experience had wiped the slate so clean of all the years of multiplications and additions of resentment and mortification, that the thought of facing his father did not stir his dull indifference to the whole dreary matter. When Simmons saw him coming up the garden path, he said under his breath, "Bless the Lawd!" Then, mindful of hospitality, offered whiskey.

"Certainly not," said Samuel Wright; and the old habit of being displeased made his voice as pompous as if he cared—one way or the other. "Can you make him understand that I'm here, Simmons? Of course, I won't go up-stairs unless he wants to see me."

"He'll want to see you, suh, he'll want to see you," said Simmons. "He's right smart to-day. He kin use his left hand. He dun shuck that fist at me this mawn-in'. Oh, laws, yes, he'll want to see you."

"Go and ask him."

Simmons went, and came back triumphantly. "I done tole him. He didn't say nothin'. So it's all right."

The visitor went ponderously up-stairs. On the first landing he caught his breath, and stood still.

Directly opposite him, across the window of the upper hall, was a sofa with a horsehair cover and great, shiny, slippery mahogany ends. Samuel Wright put his hand up to his throat as if he were smothering. . . . He used to lie on that sofa on hot afternoons and study his declensions. It had no springs; he felt the hardness of it in his bones, now, and the scratch of the horsehair on his cheek. Instantly words, forgotten for a generation, leaped up:

Stella  
Stellæ  
Stellæ  
Stellam—

Mechanically his eyes turned to the

side wall; an old secretary stood there, its glass doors curtained within by faded red rep. He had kept his fishing-tackle in its old cupboard; the book of flies was in a green box on the second shelf, at the left. Samuel looked at those curtained doors, and at the shabby case of drawers below them where the veneer had peeled and blistered under the hot sun of long afternoons, and the sudden surge of youth into his dry, middle-aged mind, was suffocating. Something not himself impelled him on up the half-flight from the landing, each step creaking under his heavy tread; drew him across the hall, laid his hand on the door of the secretary. . . . Yes; there they were: the pasteboard box; the flannel book to hold the flies. He put out his hand stealthily and lifted the book,—rust and moth-eaten rags.

The shock of that crumbling touch and the smell of dust made him gasp—and instantly he was back again in middle age. He shut the secretary quietly, and looked around him. On the right side of the hall was a closed door. *His* door. The door out of which he had rushed that windy March night thirty-two years ago. How hot with passion he had been then! How cold he was now. On the other side of the hall a door was ajar; behind it was his father. He looked at it with sombre indifferent eyes; then pushed it open and entered. He saw a little figure, sunk in the heap of pillows on the big bed; a little shrunken figure, without a wig, frightened-eyed, and mumbling. Samuel Wright came forward with the confidence of apathy. As he stood at the foot of the bed, dully looking down, the thick tongue broke into a whimpering stammer:

"M-m-my f—"

And at that, something seemed to melt in the poor locked heart of the son.

"*Father!*" said Samuel Wright passionately. He stooped and took the helpless fingers, and held them hard in his own trembling hand. For a moment he could not speak. Then he said some vague thing about getting stronger. He did not know what he said; he was sorry, as one is sorry for a suffering child. The figure in the bed looked at him with scared eyes. One of the pillows slipped a little, and Samuel pulled it up, clumsily to be sure, but with the decided touch of



pity and purpose, the touch of the superior. That fixing the pillow behind the shaking helpless head, swept away the last traces of the quarrel. He sat down by the gloomy catafalque of a bed, and when Benjamin Wright began to say again, "M-m-my f—" he stopped him with a gesture:

"No, father; not at all. He would have gone away anyhow, whether you had given him the money or not. No; it was my fault," the poor man said, dropping back into his own misery. "I was hard on him. Even that last night, I spoke harshly to him. Sometimes I think that possibly I didn't entirely understand him."

He dropped his head in his hand, and stared blankly at the floor. He did not see the dim flash of humor in the old eyes.

#### CHAPTER XXVI

THE day that Sam Wright was buried Helena had written to Lloyd Pryor. She must see him at once, she said. He must let her know when he would come to Old Chester—or she would come to him, if he preferred. "It is most important," she ended, "*most* important." She did not say why; she could not write of this dreadful thing that had happened. Still less could she put down on paper that sense of guilt, so alarming in its newness and so bewildering in its complexity. She was afraid of it, she was even ashamed of it; she and Lloyd had never talked about—things like that. So she made no explanation. She only summoned him with a peremptoriness which had been absent from their relations for many years. His answer, expected and despaired of, came three weeks later.

It was early in October one rainy Friday afternoon. Helena and David were in the dining-room. She had helped him with his lessons,—for it was Dr. Lavendar's rule that Monday's lessons were to be learned on Friday; and now they had come in here because the old mahogany table was so large that David could have a fine clutter of gilt-edged saucers from his paint-box spread all around. He had a dauby tumbler of water beside him, and two or three *Godey's Lady's Books* awaiting his eager brush. He was very busy putting gamboge on the curls of a

lady whose petticoats, by a discreet mixture of gamboge and Prussian blue, were a most beautiful green.

"Don't you think crimson-lake is pretty red for her lips?" Helena asked, resting her cheek on his thatch of yellow hair.

"No, ma'am," David said briefly; and rubbed on another brushful. Helena put an eager arm about him and touched his ear with her lips; David sighed, and moved his head. "No; I wasn't going to," she reassured him humbly; it was a long time since she had dared to offer the "forty kisses." It was then that Sarah laid the mail down on the table; a newspaper and—Lloyd Pryor's letter.

Helena's start and gasp of astonishment were a physical pang. For a long time afterwards she could not bear the smell of David's water-colors; gamboge Chinese white and Prussian blue made her feel almost faint. She took up the letter and turned it over and over, her pallor changing into a violent rush of color; then she fled up-stairs to her own room, tearing the letter open as she ran.

Her eyes blurred as she began to read it, and she had to stop to wipe away some film of agitation. But as she read, the lines cleared sharply before her. The beginning, after the "Dear Nelly," was commonplace enough. He was sorry not to have answered her letter before; he had been frightfully busy; Alice had not been well, and letter-writing, as she knew, was not his strong point. Besides, he had really expected to be in Old Chester before this, so that they could have talked things over. It was surprising how long Frederick had hung on, poor devil. In regard to the future, of course—here the page turned. Helena gasped, folding it back with trembling fingers: "Of course, conditions have changed very much since we first considered the matter. My daughter's age presents an embarrassment which did not exist a dozen years ago. Now, if we carried out our first arrangement, some kind friend would put two and two together, and drop a hint, and Alice would ask questions. Nevertheless"—again she turned a page—nevertheless, Lloyd Pryor was prepared to carry out his promise if she wished to hold him to it. She might



think it over, he said, and drop him a line, and he was, as ever, hers, L. P.

Helena folded the letter, laying the edges straight with slow exactness. . . . He would carry out his promise if she held him to it. She might drop him a line on the subject. . . . While her dazed mind repeated his words, she was alertly planning her packing: "Can Sarah fold my skirts properly?" she thought; but even as she asked herself the question, she was saying aloud, "Marry him? Never!" She slapped the letter across her knee. Ah, he knew that. He knew that her pride would come to his rescue! The tears stung in her eyes, but they did not fall. . . . Sarah must begin the next morning; but it would take a week to close everything up. . . . Well; if he had ceased to want her, she did not want him! What a letter she would write him; what indifference, what assurances that she did not wish to hold him to that "first arrangement"; what anger, what reproach! Yes; she would "drop him that line"! Then it came over her that perhaps it would be more cutting not to write to him at all. She raised her rag of pride but almost instantly it fell shuddering to the dust—*Sam Wright*. . . .

She sat up in her chair, trembling. Yes; she and David would start on Monday; she would meet Lloyd in Philadelphia on Tuesday, and be married that morning. Her trunks could follow her; she would not wait for the packing. George must do up the furniture in burlap; a railroad journey across the mountains would injure it very much, unless carefully packed.

She rose hurriedly, and taking her travelling-bag out of the wardrobe, began to put various small necessities into it. Suddenly she stopped short in her work, then went over to the mantelpiece, and leaning her arms upon it looked into the mirror that hung lengthwise above it. The face that gazed back at her from its powdery depths was thinner; it was paler; it was—not so young. She looked at it steadily with frightened eyes; there were lines on the forehead; the skin was not so firm and fresh. She spared herself no details of the change, and as she acknowledged them, one by one, the slow, painful red spread to her temples. Oh,

it was horrible, it was disgusting, this aging of the flesh! The face in the mirror looked back at her helplessly; it was no weapon with which to fight Lloyd Pryor's weariness. Yet she must fight it, somehow. It was intolerable to think that he did not want her; it was more intolerable to think that she could not match his mood by declaring that she did not want him!—"It's only because of Sam Wright," she assured herself, staring miserably at that white face in the glass; "I must get more sleep, I mustn't let myself look so worn out."

In such cross-currents of feeling, one does not think consecutively. Desires and motives jumbled together until Helena said to herself desperately, that she would not try to answer Lloyd's letter for a day or two. After all, as she had so clearly indicated, there was no hurry; she would think it over a little longer.

But as she thought, the next day and the next, the wound to her affection and her vanity grew more unbearable, and her feeling of responsibility waned. The sense of guilt had been awakened in her by her recognition of a broken Law; but as the sense of sin was as far from her consciousness as ever, she was able to argue that if no one knew she was guilty, no further harm could be done. So why kill what lingering love there might be in Lloyd's heart by insisting that he keep his promise? With that worn face of hers, how could she insist! And suppose she did not? Suppose she gave up that hungry desire to be like other people, arranged to leave Old Chester—on that point she had no uncertainty—but did not make any demand upon him? It was perfectly possible that he would be shamed into keeping his promise. She said to herself that, at any rate, she would wait a week until she had calmed down and could write with moderation and good humor.

Little by little the purpose of diplomacy strengthened, and with it a determination to keep his love—what there was of it—at the price of that "first arrangement." For, after all, the harm was done; Sam Wright was dead. She was his murderer, she reminded herself, sullenly, but nothing like that could ever happen again, so why should she not take what poor happiness she could get?



Of course this acceptance of the situation veered every day in gusts of misery and terror; but, on the whole, the desire for peace prevailed; yet the week she had allowed herself in which to think it over, lengthened to ten days before she began to write her letter. She sat down at her desk late in the afternoon, but by tea-time she had done nothing more than tear up half a dozen beginnings. After supper David rattled the backgammon-board.

"You are pretty slow, aren't you?" he asked delicately, as she loitered about her desk, instead of settling down to the usual business of the evening.

"Don't you think, just to-night, you would rather read a story?" she pleaded.

"No, ma'am," said David, cheerfully.

So, sighing, she opened the board on her knees. David beat her to a degree that made him very condescending, and also extremely displeased by the interruption of a call from William King.

"Nobody is sick," David said politely; "you needn't have come."

"Somebody is sick further up the hill," William excused himself, smiling.

"Is Mr. Wright worse?" Helena said quickly. She lifted the backgammon-board on to the table, and whispered a word of manners to David, who silently stubbed his copper-toed shoe into the carpet.

"No," the doctor said, "he's better, if anything. He managed to ask Simmons for a poached egg, which made the old fellow cry with joy; and he swore at me quite distinctly because I did not get in to see him this morning. I really couldn't manage it, so I went up after tea, and he was as mad as—as David," said William, slyly. And David, much confused, kicked vigorously.

"Do you think he will ever be able to talk?" she said.

William would not commit himself. "Perhaps; and perhaps not. I didn't get anything clear out of him to-night, except—a bad word."

"Damn?" David asked with interest.

William chuckled and then remembered to look proper. But David feeling that he was being laughed at, hid his face on Helena's shoulder, which made her lift him on to her knee. There, in the drowsy warmth of the little autumn

fire, and the quiet flow of grown people's meaningless talk, he began to get sleepy; gradually his head slipped from her shoulder to her breast, and when she gathered his dangling legs into her lap, he fell sound asleep.

"It isn't his bedtime yet," she excused herself. She rested her cheek on the child's head and looked over at the doctor. She wore a dark crimson silk, the bosom filled with sheer white muslin that was caught together under her soft chin by a little pearl pin; her lace undersleeves were pushed back so that William could see the lovely lines of her white wrists. Her parted hair fell in soft, untidy waves down over her ears; she was staring absently across David's head into the fire.

"I wish," William said, "that you would go and call on old Mr. Wright sometime. Take David with you. It would cheer him up." It seemed to William King, thinking of the forlorn old man in his big four-poster, that such a vision of maternity and peace would be pleasant to look upon. "He wouldn't use David's bad word to you, I am sure."

"Wouldn't he?" she said.

For once the doctor's mind was nimble, and he said in quick expostulation: "Come, come; you mustn't be morbid. You are thinking about poor Sam and blaming yourself. Why, Mrs. Richie, you are no more responsible for his folly than I am."

She shook her head. "That day at the funeral, I thought how they used to bring the murderer into the presence of the man he had killed."

William King was really displeased. "Now, look here, you must stop this sort of thing! It's not only foolish, but it's dangerous. We can none of us play with our consciences without danger; they cut both ways."

Mrs. Richie was silent. The doctor got up and planted himself on the hearth-rug, his back to the fire, and his hands under his coat tails.

"Let's have it out: How could you help it because that poor boy fell in love? You couldn't help being yourself—could you? And Sam couldn't help being sentimental. Your gentleness and goodness were like something he had never seen before. But you had to stop the



sentimentality, of course; that was just your duty. And I know how wisely you did it—and kindly. But the boy was always a self-absorbed dreamer; the mental balance was too delicate; it dipped the wrong way; his mind went. To feel it was your fault is absolute nonsense. Now there! I've never been so out of patience with you before," he ended smiling; "but you deserve it."

"I don't deserve it," she said; "I wish I did."

"When I spoke about goodness," the doctor amended, "I didn't mean to reflect on his father and mother. Mrs. Wright is one of the best women in the world. I only meant—" William sat down and looked into the fire. "Well; just plain goodness isn't necessarily—attractive. A man—at least a boy like Sam, admires goodness, of course; but he does sort of hanker after prettiness;" —William's eyes dwelt on her bent head, on the sheer muslin under David's cheek, on the soft incapable hands that always made him think of white apple-blossoms, clasped around the child's yielding body; —"Yes; something pretty, and pleasant, and sweet; that's what a man—I mean a boy, Sam was only a boy—really wants. And his mother, good as she is, is not, well; I don't know how to express it."

Helena looked over at him with a faint smile. "I thought goodness was the finest thing in the world; I'm sure I used to be told so," she ended dully.

"Of course, *you* would feel that," the doctor protested; "and it is, of course it is! Only, I can understand how a boy might feel. Down at the Wrights' there was just nothing but plain goodness, oh, very plain, Mrs. Richie. It was all bread-and-butter. Necessary; I'm the last person to say that bread-and-butter isn't necessary. But you do want cake, once in a while; I mean when you are young. Sam couldn't help liking cake," he ended smiling.

"Cakes and ale," Helena said.

But the connection was not clear to William. "Just plain, ugly goodness," he went on; "then he met you; and he saw goodness, and other things!"

Helena's fingers opened and closed nervously. "I wish you wouldn't call me good," she said; "I'm not. Truly I'm not."

William laughed, looking at her with delighted eyes. "Oh, no; you are a terrible sinner!"

At which she said with sudden, half-sobbing violence, "Oh, *don't*; I can't bear it. I am not good."

The doctor sobered. This really was too near the abnormal to be safe; he must bring her out of it. He must make her realize, not only that she was not to blame about Sam Wright, but that the only shadow on her goodness was this same morbid feeling that she was not good. He got up again and stood with his back to the fire, looking down at her with good-natured determination.

"Now look here!" he said masterfully; "conscience is a good thing; but conscience, unrestrained by common sense, does a fine work for the devil. That isn't original, Dr. Lavendar said it; but it's true. I wish Dr. Lavendar knew of this morbid idea of yours about responsibility—he'd shake it out of you! Won't you let me tell him?"

"Oh, no! no! Please don't!"

"Well, I won't; but he would tell you that it was wrong not to see straight in this matter; it's unfair to your—to Providence," William said. He did not use religious phrases easily, and he stumbled over "unfair to your Heavenly Father," which was what Dr. Lavendar had said in some such connection as this: "Recognize your privileges and be grateful for the help they have been in making you as good as you are. To deny what goodness you have is not humility, it's only being unfair to your Heavenly Father." But William could not say a thing like that; so he blundered on about Providence, while Helena sat, trembling, her cheek on David's hair.

"You are as good as any mortal of us can be," William declared, "and better than ninety-nine mortals in a hundred. So there! Why Mrs. Richie"—he hesitated, and the color mounted slowly to his face; "your loveliness of character is an inspiration to a plain man like me."

It was intolerable. With a breathless word, she rose, swaying a little under the burden of the sleeping child; then, moving swiftly across the room, she laid him on a sofa. David murmured something as she put him down, but she did



not stop to hear it. She came back and stood in front of William King, gripping her hands together in a passion of denial.

"Stop. I can't bear it. I can't sit there with David in my arms and hear you say I am good. It isn't true! I can't bear it—" She stopped short, and turned away from him, trembling very much.

The doctor, alarmed at this outbreak of hysteria, and frowning with concern, put out his kind protesting hands to take hers. But she cringed away from him.

"Don't," she said hoarsely; and then in a whisper: "He is not—my brother."

William, his hand still outstretched, stared at her, his mouth falling slowly open.

"I told you," she said, "that I wasn't—good."

"*My God!*" said William King. He stepped back sharply, then suddenly sat down, leaning his head on his clenched hand.

Helena, turning slightly, saw him. "I always told you I wasn't," she cried out angrily; "why would you insist in saying I was?"

He did not seem to notice her, though perhaps he shrank a little. That movement, even if she only imagined it, was like the touch of flame. She felt an intolerable dismay. It was more than anger, far more than terror; it seemed to envelop her whole body with a wave of scarlet. It was a new, unbearable anguish. It was shame.

She had an impulse to tear it from her, as if it were some tangible horror, some burning slime, that was covering her flesh. With a cry, she broke out:

"You don't understand! I am not wicked. Do you hear me? I am not wicked. You must listen!"

He made no answer.

"I am not wicked—the way you think. My husband killed my baby. I told you that, long ago. And I could not live with him. I couldn't! Don't you see? Oh, listen, please! Please listen! And Lloyd loved me, and he said I would be happy. And I went away. And we thought Frederick would divorce me, so we could be married. But he didn't. Oh, he didn't, *on purpose!* And we have been waiting for him to die. And he

didn't die—he wouldn't die!" she said with a wail. "But now he is dead, and—"

And what? Alas, what? She waited a second, and then went on, with passionate conviction. "And now I am to be married. Yes, you see, I am not as wicked as you think. I am to be married; you won't think me wicked then, will you? Not when I am married? I couldn't have you say those things while I sat and held David. But now I am to be married." In her excitement she came and stood beside him, but he would not look at her. Silence tingled between them. Over on the sofa, David stirred and opened his eyes.

"The child," William King said; "be careful." He went and lifted David to his feet. "Go up-stairs, my boy." He did not look at Mrs. Richie, who bent down and kissed David, mechanically.

"I dreamed," he mumbled, "'at my rabbits had earrings; an'—"

"Go, dear," she said; and the child, drowsily obedient, murmured good night. A minute later they heard him climbing up-stairs.

Helena turned dumb eyes towards the silent figure on the hearth-rug, but he would not look at her. Under his breath he said one incredulous and tragic word:

"*You?*"

Then he looked at her.

And at his look she hid her face in her bent arm. That new sensation, that cleansing fire of shame, swept over her again with its intolerable scorch.

"No! No! I am going to be married; I—"

The front door closed behind him. Helena, alone, crouched, sobbing, on the floor.

*But the Lord was not in the fire.*

## CHAPTER XXVII

"**I**S old Mr. Wright worse?" Martha called down-stairs, when the doctor let himself in at midnight.

"No."

"Well, where on earth have you been?" Mrs. King demanded. She was leaning over the banisters in her gray flannel dressing-gown, her candle in its hooded candlestick, throwing a flickering light on her square, anxious face.

William, locking the front door, made no answer. Martha hesitated, and then came down-stairs.



"I must say, William, flatly and frankly, that you—" she paused. "You look tired out, Willy?"

William, fumbling with the guard-chain, was silent.

"Come into the dining-room and I'll get you something to eat," said his wife.

"I don't want anything to eat."

Martha glanced at him keenly. His face was white and haggard, and though he looked at her, he did not seem to see her; when she said again something about food, he made no answer. "Why, William!" she said in a frightened voice. Then with quick common sense, she put her alarm behind her. "Come up-stairs, and go to bed. A good night's sleep will make a new man of you." And in a sort of cheerful silence, she pushed him along in front of her. She asked no more questions, but just as he got into bed she brought him a steaming tumbler of whiskey and water. "I guess you have taken a little cold, my dear," she said.

William looked at her dumbly; then realizing that there was no escape, drank his whiskey, while Martha, her candle in one capable, bony hand, waited to make sure that he drained the last drop. When he gave the glass back to her, she touched his shoulder gently and bade him go to sleep. As she turned away, he caught that capable hand and held it in both of his for a moment.

"Martha," he said, "I beg your pardon."

"Oh, well," said Martha, "of course, a doctor often has to be out late. If you only don't come down with a cold on your lungs, it's all right."

"I sha'n't come down with a cold on my lungs," said William King.

The letter Helena wrote Lloyd Pryor after she had picked herself up, sobbing, from the floor, had no diplomacy about it. Things had happened; she would not go into them now, she said, but things had happened which made her feel that she must accept his offer to carry out their original plan. "When I got your letter, last week, I did hesitate," she wrote, "because I could not help seeing that you did not feel about it as you used to. But I can't hesitate any longer. I must ask you—"

Lloyd Pryor read as far as that, and set his teeth. "Lloyd, my friend," he said aloud, "it appears you have got to pay the piper."

Swearing quietly to himself he tore the letter into many small pieces, and threw them into the fire. "Well," he said grimly, "I have never repudiated yet; but I propose to claim my ninety days,—if I can't squeeze out of it before that!" He sat a long time in his inner office, thinking the thing over: if it had to be, if the piper was inexorable, if he could not squeeze out, how should he safeguard Alice? Of course, a girl of nineteen is bound to resent her father's second marriage; her annoyance and little tempers Lloyd Pryor could put up with, if only she need never know the truth. But how should the truth be covered? They could all three go to Europe for a year. If there was going to be any gossip—and really the chance of gossip was rather remote; very few people had known anything about Frederick Richie or his affairs—but if they went to Europe for a year, any nine days' wonder would have subsided before they got back. As for the offensiveness of presenting Helena to his daughter as a stepmother, Pryor winced, but admitted with a cold impartiality, that she was not intrinsically objectionable. It was only the idea which was unpleasant. In fact, if things were not as they were, she would make an admirable stepmother—"and she is good-looking still," he thought, with an effort to console himself. But, of course, if he could squeeze out of it— And so his answer to Helena's letter was a telegram to say he was coming to Old Chester.

William King, driving down the hill in the October dusk, had a glimpse of him as the stage pulled up at the gate of the Stuffed Animal House, and the doctor's face grew dully red. He had not seen Helena since that black, illuminating night; he had not seen Dr. Lavendar; he had scarcely seen his own wife. He devoted himself to his patients, who, it appeared, lived back among the hills. At any rate, he was away from home from morning until night. William had many things to face in those long drives out into the country, but the mean self-consciousness that he had been



fooled was not among them. A larger matter than mortification held him in its solemn grip. On his way home, in the chill October twilights, he usually stopped at Mr. Benjamin Wright's. But he never drew rein at the green gate in the hedge; as he was passing it the night that Pryor arrived, he had to turn aside to let the stage draw up. A man clambered out, and in the dull flash of the stage lanterns, William saw his face.

"Lloyd?" some one said, in a low voice; it was Mrs. Richie, waiting for him inside the gate. William King's face quivered in the darkness.

"That you, Nelly?" Mr. Pryor said;—"no, no; I'll carry my own bag, thank you. Did a hamper come down on the morning stage? Good! We'll have something to eat. I hope you haven't got a sick cook this time. Well, how are you?"

He kissed her, and put his arm around her; then withdrew it, reminding himself not to be a fool. Yet she was alluring! If only she would be sensible, there was no reason why things should not be as pleasant as ever. If she obliged him to pay the piper, Lloyd Pryor was coldly aware that things would never be pleasant again.

"So many dreadful things have happened!" she burst out; but checked herself and asked about his journey; "and—Alice?"

"Oh, pleasant enough; rather chilly. She's well, thank you." And then they were at the door. And in the bustle of coming in, and taking off his coat, and saying "Hullo, David! Where's your sling?" disagreeable topics were postponed. But in the short twilight before the parlor fire, and at the supper-table, the easy commonplaces of conversation tingled with the consciousness of the inevitable reappearance of those same topics. Once, at the table, he looked at her with a frown.

"What's the matter, Nelly? You look old! Have you been sick?"

"Things have happened," she said with an effort; "I've been worried."

"What things?" he said; but before she could reply, Sarah came in with hot waffles, and the subject was dropped.

"You need more cinnamon with this sugar," Mr. Pryor said with annoyance. And Helena, flushing with anxiety, told

the woman to add some cinnamon at once. "Oh, never mind now," he said. "But you ought to look out for things like that," he added when the woman had left the room. And Helena said quickly, that she would; she was so sorry!

"Dr. Lavendar," David announced, "won't let you say you don't like things. He says it isn't polite. But I don't like—"

"Dry up! dry up!" Mr. Pryor said irritably; "Helena, this young man talks too much."

Helena whispered to David to be quiet. She had already arranged with him that he was not to come into the parlor after supper, which was an agreeable surprise to him; "For, you know, I don't like your brother," he said, "nor neither does Danny." Helena was too absorbed to remonstrate; she did, however, remember to tell Mr. Pryor that David had asked if she was coming up to hear him say his prayers.

"I told him I couldn't to-night. Lloyd, what do you suppose he said last night? He said, 'Does God like ladies better than gentlemen? I do.'"

It made him laugh, as she had hoped it would. "I fancy that it is a reflection upon me," he said. "The young man has never liked me." And when he had clipped off the end of his cigar and struck a match under the mantelpiece, he added, "So you hear him say his prayers? I didn't know you were so religiously inclined."

"I'm not religiously inclined; but, of course, one has to teach a child to say his prayers."

"Oh, I don't object to religion," Mr. Pryor assured her; "in fact, I like it—"

"In other people?" she interrupted gayly.

"Well, yes; in other people. At any rate in your charming sex. Alice is very religious. And I like it very much. In fact, I have a good deal of feeling about it. I wouldn't do anything to— to shock her, you know. I really am perfectly sincere about that, Helena."

He was sincere; he looked at her with an anxiety that for once was quite simple.

"That's why I wrote you as I did about the future. I am greatly embarrassed about Alice."

She caught her breath at the suddenness of his reference, but she knew him



well enough not to be much surprised. If a disagreeable topic was to be discussed, the sooner it was taken up and disposed of, the better. That was Lloyd's way.

"Of course," he went on, "if Alice knew of our—ah, acquaintance, it would shock her. It would shock her very much." He paused. "Alice's great charm is her absolute innocence," he added thoughtfully.

That comment was like a blow in the face. Helena caught her breath with the shock of it. But she could not stop to analyze its peculiar terror. "Alice needn't know," she began—but he made an impatient gesture.

"If I married you, it would certainly come out."

He was standing with his back to the fire, one hand in his pocket, the other holding his cigar; he blew three smoke rings, and then smiled. "Will you let me off, Nelly?"

"I know you don't love me," she broke out passionately—

"Oh, now, Helena, not a scene, please! My dear, I love you as much as ever. I think you are a charming woman, and I greatly value your friendship. But I can love just as much, not to say more, if you are here in your own house in Old Chester, instead of being in my house in Philadelphia. Why, it would be like sitting on a volcano!"

"I cannot stay in Old Chester any longer," she said; "dreadful things have happened, and—"

"What things? You said that before. Do explain these mysterious allusions."

"Mr. Wright's son," she began—and then her voice broke. But she told him as well as she could.

Mr. Pryor gave a frowning whistle. "Shocking! Poor Nelly!"

"You see, I must go away," she said, wringing her hands; "I can't bear it!"

"But, my dear," he protested, "it wasn't your fault. You were not to blame because a rash boy—" Then a thought struck him; "but how the devil did he discover—?"

When Helena explained that she supposed old Mr. Wright had told his grandson, Pryor's anger broke out: "He knew? How did *he* find out?"

Helena shook her head; she had never

understood that, she said. Lloyd's anger always confused her, and when he demanded furiously why she had not told him about the old fool—"he'll blazon the whole thing!"—she protested, quivering, that Mr. Wright would not do that.

"I meant to tell you, but I—I forgot it. And anyway, I knew he wouldn't; he said he wouldn't; besides, he had a stroke when he heard about Sam, and he hasn't spoken since. And Dr. King—" she winced—"Dr. King says it's the beginning of the end."

"Thank God!" Lloyd said profoundly relieved. He stood frowning for a minute, then shrugged his shoulders, "Well, of course, that settles it; you can't stay here; there's no question about that. But there's a very pleasant little town, on the other side of Mercer, and—"

"It isn't just the going away," she broke in; "it's being different from people. I never thought about it much before; I never really minded. But now—oh, I don't want to trouble you, Lloyd, or talk about right and wrong, and religion, and—that sort of thing—"

"No; please don't," he said.

"But you promised—you promised!"

"I promised," he said, "and I have a prejudice in favor of keeping my word. Religion, as you call it, has nothing to do with it. I will marry you; I told you so when I wrote to you. But I felt that if I put the matter before you, and told you how difficult the situation was, and appealed to your generosity, for Alice's sake—"

"I appeal to *your* generosity!—for the sake of other people. It isn't only Alice who would be shocked, if it was found out. Lloyd, I don't insist on living with you. Keep the marriage a secret, if you want to; only, I must, I must be married!" She got up and came and stood beside him, laying her hands on his arm, and lifting her trembling face to his; he frowned, and pushed her hands away.

"Go and sit down, Nelly. Don't get excited. I told you that I had a prejudice in favor of keeping my word."

She drew back and sat down on the sofa, cowering a little in the corner. "Do you suppose I have no pride?" she breathed. "Do you suppose it is easy for me to—*urge*?" He saw her fingers tremble as, with elaborate self-control, she



pleated the crimson silk of her skirt in little folds across her knee. For a moment they were both silent.

"Secrecy wouldn't do," he said. "To get married, and not tell, is only whipping Satan round the stump as far as Alice is concerned. Ultimately it would make double explanations. The marriage would come out, somehow, and then the very natural question would be: 'Why the devil were they married secretly?' No; you can't keep those things hidden. And as for Alice, if she didn't think anything else, she'd think I had fibbed to her. And that would nearly kill her; she has a perfect mania about truth! You see, it leads up to the same thing:—Alice's discovery that I have been like most men. No; if it's got to be, it shall be open and aboveboard."

She gasped with relief; his look of cold annoyance meant, just for the moment, nothing at all.

"I shall tell her that I have met a lady with whom I was in love a long time ago—"

"Was in love? Oh, Lloyd!" she broke in with a cry of pain; at which intrusion of sentimentality Lloyd Pryor said with ferocity: "What's that got to do with it? I'm going to pay the piper! I'll tell Alice that, or any other damned thing I please. I'll tell her I'm going to be married in two or three months; I shall go through the form of an engagement. Alice won't like it, of course. No girl likes to have a step-mother; but I shall depend on you, Helena, to make the thing go as well as possible. That's all I have to say."

He set his teeth and turning his back on her, threw his half-smoked cigar into the fire. Helena, cowering on the sofa, murmured something of gratitude. Mr. Pryor did not take the trouble to listen.

"Well," he said, "the next thing is to get you away from this place. We've got to stage the drama carefully, I can tell you."

"I can go at once."

"Well; you had better go to New York;—what will you do with your youngster?" he interrupted himself. "Leave him on Dr. Lavendar's doorstep, I suppose?"

"My youngster?" she repeated. "Do you mean David?"

Mr. Pryor nodded absently; he was not interested in David.

"Why," Helena said breathlessly, "you didn't suppose I was going to leave David?"

At which, in spite of his preoccupation, Lloyd Pryor laughed outright. "My dear Helena, even you can hardly be so foolish as to suppose that you could take David with you?"

She sat looking at him, blankly. "Not take David! Why, you surely didn't think that I would give up David?"

"My dear," said Lloyd Pryor, "you will either give him up, or you will give me up."

"And you don't care which!" she burst out passionately.

He gave her a deadly look. "I do care which."

And at that she blenched but clung doggedly to his promise. "You must marry me!"

"There is no *must* about it. I will. I have told you so. But I did not suppose it was necessary to make your giving up David a condition. Not that I mean to turn the young man out, I'm sure. Only, I decline to take him in. But, good heavens, Helena," he added, in perfectly genuine astonishment, "it isn't possible that you seriously contemplated keeping him? Will you please consider the effect upon the domestic circle of a very natural reference on his part, to your *brother*? You might as well take your servants along with you—or your Old Chester doctor! Really, my dear Nelly," he ended banteringly, "I should have supposed that even you would have had more sense."

Helena grew slowly very white. She felt as if caught in a trap; and yet the amused surprise in Lloyd Pryor's face was honest enough, and perfectly friendly. "I cannot leave David here," she said faintly. And as terror and despair and dumb determination began to look out of her eyes, the man beside her grew gayly sympathetic.

"I perfectly understand how you feel. He is a nice little chap. But, of course, you see it would be impossible?"

"I can't give him up."

"I wouldn't," he said amiably. "You can go away from Old Chester—of course you must do that—and take him with



you. And I will come and see you as often as I can."

He breathed more freely than he had for weeks; more freely than since the receipt of that brief despatch:—"F. is dead," and the initials H. R. So far from having used a sling and a smooth stone from the brook, the boy had been a veritable armor-bearer to the giant! Well; poor Nelly! From her point of view, it was of course a great disappointment. He hated to have her unhappy; he hated to see suffering; he wished they could get through this confounded interview. His sidewise, uneasy glance at her tense figure, betrayed his discomfort at the sight of pain. What a pity she had aged so, and that her hands had grown so thin. But she had her old charm yet; certainly she was still an exquisite creature in some ways—and she had not grown too fat. He had been afraid once that she would get fat. How white her neck was; it was like swan's-down where the lace fell open in the front of her dress. He put his arm around her and bent his head to touch her throat with his lips.

But she pushed him away with a flaming look. "David saves you, does he? Well; he will save me!"

Without another word she left him, as she had left him once before, alone in the empty parlor. This time he did not follow her to plead outside her closed door. There was a moment's hesitation, then he shook his head, and took a fresh cigar.

"No," he said, "it's better this way."

## CHAPTER XXVIII

"IF it was *me* that was doin' it," said Sarah, "I'd send for the doctor."

"Well, but," Maggie protested, "she might be mad."

"If it was me, I'd let her be mad."

"Well, then, why don't you?" Maggie retorted.

"Send for him?" Sarah said airily impersonal. "Oh, it's none of my business."

"Did you mention it to her?" Maggie asked in a worried way.

"I did. I says, 'You're sick, Mrs. Richie,' I says.—She looked like she was dead.—'Won't I tell George to run down and ask Dr. King to come up?' I says."

"An' what did she say?" Maggie asked

absently. She knew what Mrs. Richie had said, because this was the fourth time she and Sarah had gone over it.

"'No,' she says, 'I don't want the doctor. There's nothing the matter.' And she like death! An' I says, 'Will you see Mr. Pryor, ma'am, before he goes?' And she says, 'No,' she says; 'tell Mr. Pryor that I ain't feelin' very well.' An' I closed the shutters again, an' come down-stairs. But if it was me, I'd send for Dr. King. If she ain't well enough to see her own brother—and him just as kind!"—Sarah put her hand into the bosom of her dress for a dollar bill—"Look at that! And you had one, too, though he's hardly ever set eyes on you. If she ain't well enough to see him, she's pretty sick."

"Well," said Maggie, angrily, "I guess I earned my dollar as much as you. Where would his dinner be without me? That's always the way. The cook ain't seen, so she gets left out."

"You ain't got left out this time, anyhow. He's a kind man; I've always said so. And she said she wasn't well enough to see him! Well; if it was me, I'd send for Dr. King."

So the two women wrangled, each fearful of responsibility, until at last, after Maggie had twice gone up-stairs and listened at that silent door, they made up their minds.

"David," Maggie said, "you go and wait at the gate, and when the butcher's cart comes along, you tell him you want on. An' you go down street, an' tell him you want off at Dr. King's. An' you ask Dr. King to come right along up here. Tell him Mrs. Richie's real sick."

"If it was me, I'd let him wait till he goes to school," Sarah began to hesitate; "she'll be mad."

But Maggie had started in and meant to see the matter through: "Let her be mad!"

"Well, it's not my doin'," Sarah said with a fine carelessness, and crept up-stairs to listen again at Mrs. Richie's door. "Seemed like as if she was sort of—*cryin'*!" she told Maggie in an awed whisper when she came down.

David brought his message to the doctor's belated breakfast-table. William had been up nearly all night with a very sick patient, and Martha had been care-



ful not to wake him in the morning. He pushed his plate back, as David repeated Maggie's words, and looked blankly at the table-cloth.

"She's never really got over the shock about Sam Wright's Sam, has she?" Martha said. "Sometimes I almost think she was—" Mrs. King's expressive pantomime of eyebrows and lips meant "in love with him"—words not to be spoken before a child.

"Nonsense!" said William King, curtly. "No; I don't want any more breakfast, thank you, my dear. I'll go and hitch up."

Martha followed him to the back door. "William, maybe she's lonely. I'm very tired, but perhaps I'd better go along with you, and cheer her up?"

"Oh, no," he called back over his shoulder; "it isn't necessary. But it's kind in you, Martha, to think of it."

"I'd just as lieves," she insisted, flushing with pleasure.

He tried to get his thoughts in order as he and Jinny climbed the hill. He knew what, sooner or later, he must say to Mrs. Richie, and he thought with relief, that if she were really ill, he could not say it that day. But the sight of David had brought his duty home to him. He had thought about it for days, and tried to see some way of escape; but every way was blocked by tradition or religion. Once he had said stumbly to Dr. Lavendar, that it was wonderful how little harm came to a child from bad surroundings, and held his breath for the reply.

"An innocent child in a bad home," said Dr. Lavendar, cheerfully, "always makes me think of a water-lily growing out of the mud."

"Yes!" said the doctor, "the mud doesn't hurt it."

"Not the lily; but unfortunately, Willy, my boy, every child isn't a lily. I wouldn't want to plant one in the mud to see how it would grow, would you?"

And William admitted that he would not.

After that he even put the matter to his wife. "Martha, you're a sensible woman; I'd like to ask you about a case."

"Oh, well," said Martha, simpering, "I don't pretend to any very great wisdom, but I do know something about sickness."

"This isn't sickness; it's about a child. Do you think a child is susceptible to the influence of an older person who is not—of the highest character? If, for instance, the mother was not good; do you suppose a child would be injured?"

"Not good?" said Martha, horrified. "Oh, William! Somebody in Upper Chester, I suppose?"

"But she is a devoted mother; you couldn't be more conscientious yourself. So do you think her conduct could do any harm to a child?"

"Oh, Willy! A child in the care of a bad woman? Shocking!"

"Not bad—not bad—" he said faintly.

"Most shocking! Of course a child would be susceptible to such influences."

William drew arabesques on the table-cloth with his fork. "Well, I don't know," he began.

"I know!" said Martha, and began to lay down the law. For if Martha prided herself upon anything, besides her common sense, it was the correctness of her views upon the training of children. But she stopped long enough to say, "William, please! the table-cloth." And William put his fork down.

He thought of his wife's words very often in the next few days. He thought of them when David stood rattling the knob of the dining-room door, and saying "Maggie says please come and see Mrs. Richie." He thought of them as Jinny pulled him slowly up the hill.

Sarah was lying in wait for him at the green gate; Maggie had sent for him, she said; and having put the responsibility where it belonged, she gave him what information she could. Mrs. Richie wasn't well enough to see her brother before he went away on the stage; she wouldn't eat any breakfast, and she looked like she was dead. And when she (Sarah) had given her a note from Mr. Pryor, she read it and right afterwards kind of fainted away like. An' when she come to, she (Sarah) had said, "Don't you want the doctor?" An' Mrs. Richie said "No." "But Maggie was scared, Dr. King; and she just sent David for you."

"Quite right," said William King. "Let Mrs. Richie know I am here."

He followed the woman to Helena's door, and heard the smothered dissent-



ing murmur within; but before Sarah, evidently cowed, could give him Mrs. Richie's message that she was much obliged, but did not wish—William entered the room. She was lying with her face hidden in her pillows; one soft braid fell across her shoulder, then sagged down and lay along the sheet, crumpled and wrinkled with a restless night. That braid, with its tendrils of little loose locks, was a curious appeal. She did not turn as he sat down beside her, so he leaned over to touch her wrist with his quiet fingers.

"I did not send for you," she said in a muffled voice; "there is nothing the matter."

"You haven't had any breakfast," said William King. "Sarah, bring Mrs. Richie some coffee."

"I don't want—"

"You must have something to eat."

Helena drew a long, quivering breath; "I wish you would go away. There is nothing the matter with me."

"I can't go until you feel better, Mrs. Richie."

She was silent. Then she turned a little, gathering up the two long braids so that they fell on each side of her neck and down across her breast; their soft darkness made the pallor of her face more marked. She was so evidently exhausted that when Sarah brought the coffee, the doctor slipped his hand under her shoulders and lifted her while she drank it.

"Don't try to talk; I want you to sleep."

"Sleep! I can't sleep."

"You will," he assured her.

She lay back on her pillows, and for the first time she looked at him. "Dr. King, he has quarrelled with me."

William flinched, as though some wound had been touched; then he said, "Don't talk of it now."

She turned her face sharply away from him, burying it in her pillow.

"Mrs. Richie, you must try to eat something. See, Maggie has sent you some very nice toast."

"I won't eat. I wish you would go."

There was silence for a moment. Then, suddenly, she cried out, "Well? What are you going to do, all of you? What did Dr. Lavendar say?"

"Dr. Lavendar doesn't know anything about it."

"I don't know why I told you! I was out of my head, I think. And now you despise me."

"I don't despise you."

She laughed at that. "Of course you do."

"Mrs. Richie, I'm too weak myself to despise anybody."

"I wish you would go away," she said.

"I will; but I am going to give you a sedative first."

"David's bromide?" she said sarcastically. "A broken finger, or a broken—well, anything. Dr. King—you won't tell Dr. Lavendar?"

"Tell? What kind of a man do you suppose I am! I wish you would tell him yourself, though."

"Tell him myself?" she gave him another swift look that faltered as her eyes met his. "You are crazy! He would take David away."

"Mrs. Richie," said William, miserably, "you know you can't keep David."

"Not keep David!"

She sat up in bed, supported on each side by her shaking hands; she was like a wild creature at bay; she looked him full in the face. "Do you think I would give him up, just to please you, or Dr. Lavendar, when I quarrelled with Lloyd, to keep him? Lloyd wouldn't agree that I should have him. Yes; if it hadn't been for David, you wouldn't have the right to despise me! Why, he's all I've got in the world!"

William King was silent.

"You think I am wicked! But what harm could I possibly do him?" Her supporting arms shook so that the doctor laid a gentle hand on her shoulder.

"Lie down," he said, and she fell back among her pillows.

"Who could do more for him than I can? Who could love him so much? He has everything!" she said faintly.

"Please take this medicine," William interposed, and his calm, impersonal voice was like a blow.

"Oh, you despise me! But if you knew—"

"I don't despise you," he said again. And added, "I almost wish I did."

But this she did not hear. She was saying desperately, "I will never give

David up. I wish I hadn't told you; but I will never give him up!"

"I am going now," the doctor said. "But sometime I am afraid I must tell you how I feel about David. But I'll go now. I want you to try to sleep."

When he had gone, she took from under her pillow that letter which had made her "faint like." It was brief, but conclusive:

"The matter of the future has seemed to settle itself—I think wisely; and I most earnestly hope, happily, for you. The other proposition would have meant certain unhappiness all round. Keep your boy; I am sure you will find him a comfort. I am afraid you are a little too excited to want to see me again immediately. But as soon as you decide where you will go, let me know, and let me be of any service in finding a house, etc. Then, when you are settled and feel equal to a visit, I'll appear. I should certainly be very sorry to let any little difference of opinion about this boy interfere with our friendship. L. P."

Sitting up in bed, she wrote in lead-pencil, two lines:

"I will never see you again. I never want to hear your name again."

She did not even sign her name.

## CHAPTER XXIX

TO have David go away for the long-anticipated trip with Dr. Lavendar, was a relief to Helena struggling up from a week of profound prostration. Most of the time she had been in bed, only getting up to sit with David at breakfast and supper, to take what comfort she might in the little boy's joyous but friendly unconcern. He was full of importance in the prospect of his journey; there was to be one night on a railroad-car, which in itself was a serious experience; another in hotel; hotel! David glowed at the word. In Philadelphia they were to see the sights in the morning; in the afternoon to be sure, Dr. Lavendar had warned him that it would be necessary to sit still while some one talked. However, it is never necessary to listen. After the talking, they

would go and see the ships at the wharves, and Liberty Bell. Then—David's heart sank; bed loomed before him. But it would be a hotel bed;—there was some comfort in that! Besides, it is never necessary to sleep. The next day going home on the cars they would see the Horseshoe Curve; the very words made his throat swell with excitement.

"Did the locomotive engine ever drop off of it?" he asked Helena.

"No, dear," she said languidly, but with a smile. She always had a smile for David.

After the Horseshoe Curve there would be a night at Mercer. Mercer, of course, was less exciting than Philadelphia; still, it was "travelling," and could be boasted of at recess. But as David thought of Mercer, he had a bleak revelation. For weeks his mind had been on this journey; beyond it, his thought did not go. Now, there rushed upon him the staggering knowledge that after the night in Mercer, *life would still go on!* Yes; he would be at home; in Miss Rose Knight's school-room; at supper-table with Mrs. Richie. It is a heavy moment, this first consciousness that nothing lasts. It made David feel sick; he put his spoon down and looked at Mrs. Richie. "I shall be back," he said blankly.

And at that her eyes filled. "Yes, darling! Won't that be nice?"

And yet his absence for the next few days would be a relief to her. She could think the whole thing out, she said to herself. She had not been well enough to think clearly since Lloyd had gone. To adjust her mind to the bitter finality meant swift oscillations of hate and the habit of affection—the spirit warring with the flesh. She would never see him again; she would send for him! She despised him; what should she do without him? Yet she never wavered about David. She had made her choice. William King's visit had not shaken her decision for an instant; it had only frightened her horribly. How should she defend herself? She meant to think it all out, undisturbed by the sweet interruptions of David's presence. And yet she knew she should miss him every minute of his absence. Miss him? If Dr. King had known what even three days without David would mean to her, he would not have wasted





*Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark*

Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

SHE LAY BACK ON HER PILLOWS AND LOOKED AT HIM





his breath in suggesting that she should give him up! Yet the possibility of such a thing had the allurements of terror; she played with the thought, as a child, wincing, presses a thorn into its flesh to see how long it can bear the smart. Suppose, instead of this three days' trip with Dr. Lavendar, David was going away to stay? The mere question made her catch him in her arms as if to assure herself of his presence.

The day before he started, Helena was full of maternal preoccupations. The travelling-bag that she had begun to pack for herself—for so different a journey!—had to be emptied of its feminine possessions, and David's little belongings stowed in their place. David himself had views about this packing; he kept bringing one thing or another—his rubber boots, a cocoon, a large lump of slag honeycombed with air-holes; would she please put them into the bag?

"Why, but darling, you will be back again on Saturday," she consoled him, as each treasure was rejected.—("Suppose he was *not* coming back! How should I feel?")

He was to spend the night before the journey at the Rectory, and after supper Helena went down the hill with him. "I wish I hadn't consented to it," she said to herself;—"do you like to go and leave me, David?" she pleaded.

And David jumping along at her side, said joyously, "Yes, ma'am."

At the Rectory he pushed the door open and bounded in ahead of her. "I'm here!"

Dr. Lavendar put down his *Spirit of Missions*, and looked over his spectacles. "You don't say so! And you're here, too, Mrs. Richie? Come in! And give me my orders about this young man."

Helena, hesitating in the hall, said she had only come to leave David. But Dr. Lavendar would not listen to that.

"Sit down! Sit down!" he commanded genially.

David, entirely at home, squatted at once upon the rug beside Danny.

"Dr. Lavendar," she said, "you'll bring him back to me on Saturday?"

"Unless I steal him for myself," said Dr. Lavendar, twinkling at David, who twinkled back, cozily understanding.

Helena stooped over him and kissed

him; then took one of his reluctant hands from its clasp about his knees and held it, patting it, and once furtively kissing it. "Good-by, David. Saturday you'll be at home again."

The child's face fell. His sigh was not personal; it only meant the temporariness of all human happiness. Staring into the fire in sudden melancholy, he said, "'By." But the next minute he sparkled into excited joy, and jumped up to hang about her neck and whisper that in Philadelphia he was going to buy a false-face for a present for Dr. Lavendar; "or else a jew's-harp. He'll give it to me afterwards; and I think I like a jew's-harp the best," he explained.

"David," Helena said in a whisper, putting her cheek down against his, "Oh, David, won't you please, give me—'forty kisses'? I'm so—lonely."

David drew back and looked hard into her face that quivered in spite of the smile she had summoned to meet his eyes. It was a long look, for a child; then suddenly, he put both arms around her neck in a breathless squeeze. "One—two—three—four—" he began.

William King, coming in at that moment for his evening smoke, saw her drooping over the child, and then that quick embrace. His face moved with pain, and he stepped back into the hall with some word of excuse about his coat. When he returned, she was standing up, hurrying to get away. "Saturday," she repeated to Dr. Lavendar; "Saturday, surely?"

"Why," the old man said smiling, "you make me feel like a thief. Yes; you shall have him Saturday night. Willy, my boy, do you think Mrs. Richie ought to go up the hill alone?"

"Oh, it will be bright moonlight in a few minutes," she protested nervously, not looking at the doctor.

"I will walk home with Mrs. Richie," William said.

"No; oh, no! please don't." The dismay in her voice was unmistakable.

Dr. Lavendar thrust out a perplexed lower lip. "If she'd rather just go by herself, Willy, there are no highwaymen in Old Chester, and—"

But William King interrupted him gently. "I wish to speak to Mrs. Richie." And Dr. Lavendar held his tongue.



"I am sorry to bother you," William said, as he held the gate open for her; "but I felt I must speak to you."

Helena made no reply. All the way down the street, almost to the foot of the hill, Old Chester's evening stillness was unbroken, except for the rustle of fallen leaves under their feet. Then suddenly, as the great disk of the hunter's moon lifted slowly up behind the hills, the night splintered like a dark crystal; sheets of light spread sharply in the open road, gulfs of shadow deepened under trees and beside walls. It was as abrupt as sound. William King broke into hurried words as though he had been challenged: "I knew you didn't want me to walk home with you, but indeed you ought not to go up the hill alone. Please take my arm; the flagging is so uneven here."

"No, thank you."

"Mrs. Richie, please don't feel that I am not your friend, just because— Indeed, I think I am more your friend than I ever was. You will believe that, won't you?"

"Oh, I suppose so; that is the way saints always talk to sinners."

"I am far enough from being a saint," William King said with an awkward effort to laugh; "but—"

"But I am a sinner?" she interrupted.

"Oh, Mrs. Richie, don't let us talk this way! I have nothing but pity, and— and friendship. The last thing I mean to do, is to set myself up as a judge of your actions; God knows I have no right to judge anybody! But this matter of David, that's what I wanted to speak to you about. My responsibility," he stopped, and drew in his breath. "Don't you see, my responsibility—"

Still she did not speak; she was marshalling all her forces to fight for her child. How should she begin? But he did not wait for her to begin.

"I would rather lose my right hand than pain you. I've gone all over it, a hundred times. I've tried to see some way out. But I can't. The only way is for you to give him up. It isn't right for you to have him! Mrs. Richie, I say this, and it is hard and cruel, and yet I never felt more"—William King stopped short—"friendly," he ended brokenly.

He was walking at a pace she found hard to follow. "I can't go quite so

fast," she said faintly, and instantly he came to a dead stop.

"Dr. King, I want to explain to you—"

She lifted her face, all white and quivering in the moonlight, but instead of explanations, she broke out: "Oh, if you take him away from me, I shall die! I don't care very much about living anyhow. But I can't live without David. Please, Dr. King; oh, please; I will be good! I will be good," she repeated like a child, and stood there crying, and clinging to his arm. All her reasons and excuses and pleadings had dropped out of her mind. "Don't take him away from me; I will be good!" she said.

William King, with those trembling hands on his arm, looked down at her and trembled too. Then roughly, he pushed her hands away. "Come on. We mustn't stand here. Don't you suppose I feel this as much as you do? I love children, and I know what it means to you to let David go. But more than that, I have a—a regard for you, and it pains me inexpressibly to do anything that pains you. You can't understand how terrible this is to me, and I can't tell you. I mustn't tell you. But never mind, it's true. It isn't right, no, it isn't right! that a woman who—you know what I mean. And even if, after all, you should marry him, what sort of a man is he to have charge of a little boy like David? He has deceived us, and lied to us; he is a loose liver, a—"

"Wait," she panted; "I am not going to marry him. I thought you understood that."

He drew away from her with a horrified gesture. "And you would keep an innocent child—"

"No! No! I've broken with him—on account of David."

"Broken with him!" said William King; he caught her by the wrist, and stared at her. Then with a breathless word that she could not hear, he dropped her hand and turned his face away.

Again, in their preoccupation, they stood still; this time in a great bank of shadow by the wall of the graveyard, half-way up the hill.

"So you won't take him from me?" she said; "I will leave Old Chester. You need never see me again."



"Good God!" said William King, "do you think that is what I want?"

She tried to see his face, but he had turned his back on her so that she stood behind him. Her hands were clasping and unclasping and her voice fluttering in her throat. "You won't take him?"

"Mrs. Richie," he said harshly, "do you love that man still?"

But before she could answer, he put the question aside. "No! Don't tell me. I've no right to ask. I—don't want to know. I've no right to know. It's—it's nothing to me, of course." He moved as he spoke out into the moonlight, and began to climb the pebbly road; she was a step or two behind him. When he spoke again his voice was indifferent to the point of contempt. "This side is smoother; come over here. I am glad you are not going to marry Mr. Pryor. He is not fit for you to marry."

"Not fit for—*me!*" she breathed.

"And I am glad you have broken with him. But that has no bearing upon your keeping David. A child is the most precious thing in the world; he must be trained, and—and all that. Whether you marry this man or not makes no difference about David. If you have lived—as you have lived—you ought not to have him. But I started the whole thing. I made Dr. Lavendar give him to you. He didn't want to, somehow; I don't know why. So don't you see? I *can't* leave him in your care. Surely you see that? I am responsible. Responsible not only to David, but to Dr. Lavendar."

"If Dr. Lavendar is willing to let me have him, I don't see why you need to feel so about it. What harm could I do him? Oh, how cruel you are—how cruel you are!"

"Would Dr. Lavendar let you have him, if—he knew?"

"But that's over; that's finished," she insisted, "oh, I tell you, it's over!"

The doctor's silence was like a whip.

"Oh, I know; you think that he was here last week. But there has to be a beginning of everything—that was the beginning. I told him I would not give David up to marry him; and we quarrelled. And—it's over."

"I can't go into that," the doctor said. "That's not my business. David is my business. Mrs. Richie, I want you quiet-

ly, without any explanation, to give the boy back to Dr. Lavendar. If you don't, I shall have no choice. I shall have to tell him."

"But you said you wouldn't tell him! Oh, you break your word—"

"I won't tell him your affairs," said William King. "I will never do that. But I'll tell him my own—some of them. I'll say I made a mistake when I advised him to let you have David, and that I don't think you ought to be trusted to bring up a little boy. But I won't say why."

"Dr. King, if I tell him just what you've said, and he consents to let me keep him, will you interfere?"

William reflected heavily. "He won't consent," he said; "he'll know I wouldn't say a thing like that without reason. But if he does, I shall be silent."

There was a despairing finality in his words. They were at her own gate now; she leaned her head down on it, and he heard a pitiful sound. William King's lips were dry, and when he spoke the effort made his throat ache. What he said was only the repetition of his duty as he saw it. "I'd rather lose my right hand than to make you suffer. But I've no choice. I've no choice!" And when she did not answer, he added his ultimatum. "I'll have to speak to Dr. Lavendar on Sunday, unless you will just let me settle it all for you by saying that you don't want David any long—"

"*Not want David!*"

"I mean, that you've decided you won't keep him any longer. I'll find a good home for him, Mrs. Richie," he ended in a shaking voice.

She gave him one look of terror; then opened the gate and shut it quickly in his face, drawing the bolt with trembling fingers. As she fled up the path, he saw her for an instant as she crossed a patch of moonlight; then the darkness hid her.

### CHAPTER XXX

IT was incredible to David as he thought it over afterwards, but he actually slept away that wonderful night on the railroad! When he climbed on to the shutting-up shelf behind red and green striped curtains, nothing had been further from his mind than sleep. It was his intention to sit bolt upright and watch the lamps swinging in the aisle, to



crane his neck over the top of the curtains and look out of the small hinged window at the smoke all thick with sparks from the locomotive engine, and at the mountains with the stars hanging over them, and—at the Horseshoe Curve! But instead of seeing all these wonders that he and Dr. Lavendar had talked about for the last few weeks, no sooner had he been lifted into his berth than, in a flash, the darkness changed to bright daylight. Yes; the dull, common, every-night affair of sleep, had interfered with all his plans. He did not speak of his disappointment the next morning as he got dressed—somehow—in the jostling, swaying little enclosure where the wash-stands were; but he thought about it, resentfully. Sleep! “When I’m a man, I’ll never sleep,” he assured himself; then cheered up as he realized that absence from Sarah had brought at least one opportunity of manhood—he would not have to wash behind his ears! But he brooded over his helplessness to make up for that other loss. He was so silent at breakfast in the station that Dr. Lavendar thought he did not like his food.

“You can have something else, David. What do you want?”

“Ice-cream,” David said, instantly alert.

“At breakfast!” David nodded, and the ice-cream appeared. He ate it in silence, and when he had scraped the saucer, he said,

“Can you ever get back behind, sir?”

“Behind what?” Dr. Lavendar asked. He was looking at David and wondering what was different about the child; he did not have quite his usual aspect. “I must have left off some of his clothes,” Dr. Lavendar thought anxiously, and that question about getting back behind suggested buttons. “Are your braces fastened?” he asked.

“And do it over again,” David said. “Is there any way you can get back behind, and do it over again?”

“Do what over again?” Dr. Lavendar said. “If they’ve come unfastened—”

“I don’t like sleeping,” said David. “If I could get behind again, I wouldn’t.”

Dr. Lavendar gave it up, but he fumbled under David’s little coat and discovered that the buttons were all right. “There seems to be something different

about you, David,” he said, as they pushed their chairs from the table. David had no explanation to offer, so Dr. Lavendar consulted the waitress: “Is there anything wrong about this little boy’s clothing? He doesn’t look just right—”

“I guess he hasn’t had his hair brushed, sir,” said the smiling young girl, and carried the child off to some lair of her own, whence he emerged in his usual order.

“Thank you, my dear,” said Dr. Lavendar. He took David’s hand, and out they stepped into the world! For a moment they stood still on the sidewalk to get their breaths in the rush and jostle of the crowd that surged along the street, a simple, happy pair—an old man in a blue muffler and broad-brimmed felt hat, a child in a little surtout and visored cap. David gripped Dr. Lavendar’s hand tight, and looked up into his face; its smile, beaming upon all these hurrying people, reassured the child, and he paced along beside the old gentleman in grave content. They stopped at the first shop-window, and gazed at a row of fish bedded in ice—beautiful iridescent mackerel, fat red pompoms, and in the middle, in a nest of seaweed, green-black creatures, with great claws that ended in pincers and eyes that looked like pegs stuck into their heads. David stared, open-mouthed; then he put a hand into his pocket.

“How much would one cost, sir?”

“I don’t know,” said Dr. Lavendar.

“I think I will buy one, and take it home; I can keep it in a cage.”

At which Dr. Lavendar said gravely, that he feared the creatures would not be happy in a cage—“And, besides, people eat them, David.”

David was silent; then, in a suppressed voice, he said, “Are they happy when people eat them? I think they’d rather be in a cage; I would hang it in my window.”

But Dr. Lavendar only said, “Dear me! What have we here?” and drew him to the next shop, at the door of which stood a wooden Indian, a tomahawk in one hand, and a cigar-box in the other. Dr. Lavendar bade David wait outside while he went into this shop, which the little boy was perfectly satisfied to do,



for it isn't every day you get the chance to examine a wooden Indian, even to climbing up on his pedestal and feeling his tomahawk with respectful fingers. When Dr. Lavendar came out, David took his kind old hand, and burst into confidences.

"When I'm big I'm going to fight Indians. Or else I'll drive fast horses. I don't know which. It's hard to decide, ain't it, sir?"

"Very hard. If you choose the horses, I'll give you Goliath."

David was silent; then he sighed: "I guess I'll fight Indians, sir," he said.

But a moment later he was cheerfully confidential: he had thirty cents to spend! "Dear, dear," said Dr. Lavendar, "we mustn't do anything rash. Here, let's look in this window."

Oh, how many windows there were, and all of them full of beautiful things! Dr. Lavendar was willing to stop at every one; and he joined in David's game of "mine," with the seriousness that all thoughtful persons give to this diversion.

"That's *mine*!" David would cry, pointing to a green china toad, and Dr. Lavendar would say gravely,

"You may have it, David; you may have it."

"Now it's your turn!" David would instruct him.

"Must I take something in this window?" Dr. Lavendar would plead. And David always said firmly that he must. "Well, then, that's *mine*," Dr. Lavendar would say.

"Why, that's only a teacup! We have thousands of them at our house!" David boasted. "I should think you would rather have the toad. I'll—I'll give you the toad, sir?"

"Oh, dear me, no," Dr. Lavendar protested; and so they sauntered on, hand in hand. When they came to a bookstore, Dr. Lavendar apologized for breaking in upon their "game." "I'm going to play *mine*, in here," he said.

David was quite content to wait at the door and watch the people, and the yellow boxes full of windows, drawn by mules with bells jingling on their harness. Sometimes he looked fearfully back into the shop; but Dr. Lavendar was still playing "mine," so all was well. At last, however, he finished his game and came to the door.

"Come along, David; this is the most dangerous place in town!"

David looked at him with interest. "Why did you skip with your eye when you said that, sir?" he demanded. At which the clerk who walked beside them laughed loudly, and David grew very red and angry.

But when Dr. Lavendar said, "David, I've got a bone in my arm; won't you carry a book for me?" he was consoled, and immediately began to ask questions. It seemed to Dr. Lavendar that he inquired about everything in heaven and earth and the waters under the earth, and at last the old gentleman was obliged, in self-defence, to resort to the formula which, according to the code of etiquette understood by these two friends, signified "stop talking."

"What is—" David began, and his companion replied glibly:

"Layovers for meddlers and crutches for lame ducks."

And David subsided into giggles, for it was understood that this remark was extremely humorous.

After that they went to dinner with a gentleman who wore a long black coat and no shirt; at least, David could not see any shirt. Dr. Lavendar called him Bishop, and they talked a great deal about uninteresting things. David only spoke twice: His host took occasion to remark that he did not finish all his mashed potato—"Some poor child would be glad of what you waste," said the gentleman with no shirt. To which David replied, "If I ate it, what then, for the poor child?" And the gentleman said in a grave aside to Dr. Lavendar that the present generation was inclined to pertness.

His second remark was made when the clergymen pushed their chairs back from the table; David, however, sat still. "We haven't had the ice-cream yet," he said gently. "Hush! Hush!" said Dr. Lavendar. And the gentleman laughed very hard, and said that he had to send all his ice-cream to the heathen. David, reddening, looked at him in stolid silence. In the afternoon there was a pause; they went to church, and listened to another gentleman, who talked a long, long time. Sometimes David sighed, but he kept pretty quiet, considering. After the talk



was over, Dr. Lavendar did not seem anxious to get away; David twitched his sleeve once or twice to indicate his own readiness, but it appeared that Dr. Lavendar preferred to speak to the talking gentleman. And the talking gentleman patted David's head and said:

"And what do you think of foreign missions, my little boy?"

David did not answer, but he moved his head from under the large white hand.

"You were very good and quiet," said the talking gentleman. "I saw you, down in the pew with Dr. Lavendar. And I was very much complimented; you never went to sleep."

"I couldn't," said David, briefly; "the seats are too hard." The talking gentleman laughed a little, and you might have thought Dr. Lavendar skipped with his eye;—at any rate, he laughed.

"They don't always tell us why they keep awake," he said. And the talking gentleman didn't laugh any more.

At last, however, they stopped wasting time, and took up their round of dissipation again. They went to see Liberty Bell; then they had supper at a marble-topped table, in a room as big as a church!

"Ice-cream, suh?" suggested a waiter, and David said "Yes!" Dr. Lavendar looked doubtful, but David had no doubts. Yet, half-way through that pink and white mound on his saucer, he sighed, and opened and shut his eyes as if greatly fatigued.

"Finished?" Dr. Lavendar asked.

"No, sir," David said sadly, and started in with a spurt; but the mound did not seem to diminish; and suddenly his chin quivered. "If you have to pay for what I don't eat, I'll try," he said; "but my breast is cold." Reassured on this point, and rubbing his little chilly stomach, furtively, David put down his spoon and slipped out of his chair, ready to make a night of it. For, supper over, they went to see a magician!

"I don't know what Mrs. Richie will say to me," said Dr. Lavendar. "You won't get to bed before ten o'clock!"

"She'll say 'all right,'" said David. Then he added, "The gentleman at dinner tells lies, or else he's foolish. It would melt before the heathen got it."

Dr. Lavendar, singing to himself—

Hither ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,—

did not hear the morals of his bishop aspersed. He took David's hand, and by and by they were sitting staring open-mouthed at a man who put eggs in a pan, and held it over a fire, and took out live pigeons! Oh, yes, and many other wonders! David never spoke once on his way back to the hotel, and Dr. Lavendar began to be worried for fear the child was overtired. He hustled him to bed as quickly as possible, and then sat down under the far-off chandelier of the hotel bedroom, to glance at a newspaper and wait until David was asleep before he got into his own bed. He did not have to wait long for the soft breathing of childish sleep. It had been poor David's intention to go over in his mind every single thing he saw the magician do, so that he wouldn't leave out anything at recess on Monday. Alas, before he could begin to think, the sun was shining again!

It was Dr. Lavendar who did the thinking before the sunlight came. Twice, in his placid, wakeful night, he rose to make sure the child was all right, to pull up an extra blanket about the small shoulders or to arrange the pillow, punched by David's fist to the edge of the bed. In the morning he let the little boy look out of the window while he packed up their various belongings; and when it was time to start, David could hardly tear himself away from that outlook, which makes such a mystical appeal to most of us—huddling roofs and chimneys under a morning sky. But when he did turn to look at Dr. Lavendar tucking things into his valise and singing to himself, it was to realize again the immutable past. "You can't get back behind, and begin again," he said slowly. Dr. Lavendar, understanding, chuckled.

"Can God?" said David.

At that Dr. Lavendar's face suddenly shone. "David," he said, "the greatest thing in the world is to know that God is always beginning again!"

But David had turned to the window to watch a prowling cat upon a roof; and then, alas, it was time to start.

"Well," said Dr. Lavendar, as, hand in hand, they walked to the big, roaring



place where the cars were, "Well, David, to-morrow we shall be at home again! You sit down here and take care of my bag while I go and get the tickets."

David slid sidewise on to the slippery wooden settee. He had nothing to say; again he felt that bleak sinking right under his little breast-bone; but it suddenly stopped in the excitement of seeing Mrs. Richie's brother coming into the waiting-room! There was a young lady at his side, and he piloted her quickly across the big, bare room, to the very settee upon which David was swinging his small legs.

"I must see about the checks, dear," he said, and hurried off without a glance at the little boy who was guarding Dr. Lavendar's valise.

The sun pouring through the high, dusty window, shone into David's eyes. He wrinkled his nose and squinted up at the young lady from under the visor of his blue cap. She smiled down at him, pleasantly, and then opened a book; upon which David said bravely, "You're nineteen. I'm seven, going on eight."

"What!" said the young lady; she put her book down, and laughed. "How do you know I am nineteen, little boy?"

"Mrs. Richie's brother said so."

She looked at him with amused perplexity. "And who is Mrs. Richie's brother?"

David pointed shyly at the vanishing figure at the end of the waiting-room.

"Why, no, dear, that's my father!"

"I know," said David; "he's Mr. Pryor, Mrs. Richie's brother. He comes and stays at our house."

"Stays at your house? What on earth are you talking about, you funny little boy! Where is your house?"

"O' Chester," said David.

The young lady laughed and gave him a kind glance. "You've made a mistake, I think. My father doesn't know Mrs. Richie."

David had nothing to say, and she opened her book. When Mr. Pryor returned, hurrying to collect the bags and umbrellas, David had turned his back and was looking out of the window.

It was not until they were in the train that Alice remembered to speak of the incident. "Who in the world is Mrs.

Richie?" she demanded gayly, "and where is Old Chester?"

The suddenness of it was like a blow. Lloyd Pryor actually gasped; his presence of mind so entirely deserted him, that before he knew it, he had lied—and it is a mistake to lie hurriedly.

"I—I don't know! Never heard of either of them."

His confusion was so obvious that his daughter gave him a surprised look. "But I'm told you stay at her house, in Old Chester," she said laughing.

"What are you talking about!"

"Why, father," she said blankly; his irritation was very disconcerting.

"I tell you I never heard of such a person!" he repeated sharply; and then he realized what he had done. "Damn it, what did I lie for?" he said to himself, angrily; and he began to try to get out of it: "Old Chester? Oh, yes; I do remember. It's somewhere near Mercer, I believe. But I never went there in my life." Then he added in his own mind, "Confound it, I've done it again! What the devil has happened? Who has told her?" Aloud, he asked where she had heard of Old Chester.

She began to tell him about a little boy, who said—"it was too funny!" she interrupted herself, smiling—"who said that *you* were 'Mrs. Richie's brother,' and you stayed at her house in Old Chester, and—"

"Perfect nonsense!" he broke in. "He mistook me for some one else, I suppose. Alice, I must look over these papers; don't talk now, dear."

Alice subsided into her book; but after a while she began to frown, and then she put her book down. Old Chester: Where had she heard of Old Chester? Yes; she remembered. A gentleman who came to call,—King? That was his name; Dr. King. He said he had come from Old Chester. And he had spoken of somebody—now, who was it? Oh, yes; Richie; Mrs. Richie. Then once last spring when her father went to Mercer he said he was going to Old Chester; yet now he said he had never heard of the place. He had forgotten it. Of course, he must have forgotten it; or else— She did not follow in her mind the alternative which his confusion so inevitably suggested. In the recoil from it she was plunged into re-

morse for a suspicion which she had not even entertained. Truth was so much to this young creature, that even the shadow of an untruth gave her a sense of uneasiness which she could not banish. She looked furtively at her father, sorting out some papers, his lips compressed, his eyebrows drawn into a heavy frown, and assured herself that she was a wicked girl to have wondered, even for a minute, whether he was perfectly frank. He! Her ideal of every virtue. And besides, why should he not be frank? It was absurd as well as wicked to have that uneasy feeling. "I am ashamed of myself!" she declared hotly, and took up her book. . . .

But David had thrown the smooth stone from the brook!

It was a very little stone; the giant did not know for many a day where he had been hit; yet it had struck him in the one vulnerable point in his armor—his daughter's trust in him. How the wound widened does not belong to this story.

When Dr. Lavendar came bustling back with his tickets, David was absorbed in thought. He had very little to say on the long day's journey over the mountains. When they reached Mercer where they were to spend the night, he had nothing whatever to say; his eyes were closing with fatigue, and he was asleep almost before his little yellow head touched the pillow. In the morning he asked a question.

"Is it a Aunt if you don't know it?"

"What?" said Dr. Lavendar, winding his clean stock carefully around his neck.

But David relapsed into silence. He asked so few questions that day, that crutches for lame ducks were referred to only once.

They took the afternoon stage for Old Chester. It was a delicious October day. David sat on the front seat between Dr. Lavendar and Jonas, and as Jonas told them all that had happened during their

long absence, the child felt a reviving interest in life. Dr. Lavendar's humming broke out into singing; he sang scraps of songs and hymns, and teased David about being sleepy. "I believe he's lost his tongue, Jonas; he hasn't said boo! since we left Mercer. I suppose he won't have a thing to tell Mrs. Richie, not a thing!"

"Well, now, there!" said Jonas, "her George gimme a letter for you, and I'll be kicked if I ain't forgot it!" He thrust his left leg out, so that his cow-hide boot hung over the dashboard, and fumbled in his pocket; then thrust out the right leg and fumbled in another pocket; then dived into two or three coat pockets; finally a very crumpled note, smelling of the stable, came up from the depths and was handed to Dr. Lavendar.

"Slow down these two-forties on a plank road, Jonas, till I get my glasses on," said Dr. Lavendar.

After he read the letter he did not sing any more; his face fell into deeply puzzled lines. "I must ask Willy what it's all about," he said to himself. Certainly the note did not explain itself:

"DEAR DR. LAVENDAR: If it will not inconvenience you, will you let David stay at the rectory to-night? And perhaps for a few days. I am not sure whether I shall be able to keep him—I may have to give him back to you. Will you let him stay with you until I can decide what to do?  
HELENA R."

"I wonder if that brother has interfered?" thought Dr. Lavendar. "Something has happened; that's evident. Keep him? Well, I guess I will!" He looked down at David, his old eyes beaming with pleasure. "Mrs. Richie wants you to stay with me to-night; what do you think of that?"

"I wanted to see the rabbits," said David; "but I don't mind staying—very much."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]





WATER-TOWER AND ROMAN REMAINS

## Our Nearest Point in Antiquity

*BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS*

**B**ECAUSE Chester is the handiest piece of English antiquity for new Americans to try their infant teeth on, I had fancied myself avoiding it as unworthy my greater maturity. I had not now landed in Liverpool, and often as I had hitherto landed there, I had proudly disobeyed the charge of more imperfectly travelled friends to be sure and break the run to London at Chester, for there was nothing like it in all England. Having indulged my haughty spirit for nearly half a century, one of the sudden caprices which undermine the firmest resolutions determined me to pass at Chester the day which must intervene before the steamer I was going to meet at Liverpool was due. Naturally I did everything I could to difference myself from the swarm of my crude

countrymen whom I found there, and I was rewarded at the delightful restaurant in the Rows, where I asked for tea in my most carefully guarded chest-tones, with a pot of the odious oolong which observation has taught the Britons is most acceptable to the palate of our compatriots, when they cannot get green tea or Japan tea. Perhaps it was my mortifying failure in this matter which fixed me in my wish never to be taken for an Englishman, except by other Americans whom it was easy to deceive.

The Americans abounded in Chester, not only on the present occasion but in my three successive chance visits to the place; and if they were by an immense majority nearly all of the same sex, they were none the worse for that. By pretty twos, by pretty threes, by yet larger lovely





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#### INTERIOR OF CHESTER CATHEDRAL

groups, and, in serious, middle-aged instances, singly, they wandered in and out of the plain old cathedral; they strayed through the Rows or arcades by which Chester distinguishes herself from other cities in having two-storied sidewalks; they clustered in the shops where the prices were adjusted to their ignorance of English values and they could pay as much for a pair of gloves as in New York or Chicago; they crowded the narrow promenade which tops the city wall; they haunted the historic houses, where they strayed whispering about with their Baedekers shut on their thumbs, attentive to the instruction of the custodians; they rode on the tops of the municipal tram-cars with apparently no apprehension from their violation of the sacred American principle of corporational enterprise in transportation; they followed on foot the wanderings of the desultory streets; at the corners and before the quaint facades the sun caught the slant of their lifted eye-glasses and flashed them into an involuntary conspicuity. In all his round I doubt if his ray could have visited countenances

of a more diffused intelligence, expressive of a more generous and truly poetic interest in those new things of the old English world on which they were now feeding full the longing and realizing rapturously the dreaming of the years and years of vague hopes. I could read from my own past the pathos of some lives, restricted and remote, to which the present opportunity was like a glad delirium, a glory of unimagined chance, in which they trod the stones of Old Chester as if they were the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. These and such as these have forever the better of those born to the manner; as for those assuming to be naturalized to the manner, they are not worthy to be confounded with such envoys from the present to the past. It is only the newest Americans who ever really see England, and they are apt to see it in the measure of that simplicity for which sincerity is by no means a satisfactory substitute.

It could well be in a passion of humility that a sophisticated traveller might wish to hide himself from them in the depths of that Roman bath which



apparently so few visitors to Chester see. We found it with some difficulty, by the direction of a kindly shopwoman who, though she had lived all her life opposite, could only go so far as to say she believed it was under a certain small newspaper and periodical store across the way. Asking the young man we found there, he owned the fact, and leaving a yet younger man in charge, he lighted a stump of candle, and led to a sort of cavern back of his shop, where the classic relic, rude but unmistakable, was. Rough, low pillars supported the roof and the modern buildings overhead, and the bath, clumsily shaped of stone, attested the civilization once dominant in Chester. Our guide had his fact or his fable concerning the spring which supplied the bath; but whether it is in summer or in winter that this spring almost wholly disappears, I am ashamed not to remember.

The Rome that was built upon Britain underlies so much of England that if one begins to long for its excavation one must be willing to involve so much medieval and modern superstructure in a common ruin that one's wisdom must be doubted. So far as the Roman remains showed themselves to a pretty ignorant observer they did not seem worth digging out in their entirety; here and there an example seems to serve; they are the unpolished monuments of life in a remote and partially settled province, not to be compared, except at Bath and York, with those of Pompeii or Herculaneum. To be sure, if one knew they underlay New York, one would gladly level all the sky-scrapers in the town, that they might be given to the light. But in Chester it is another matter. There is already an interesting if not satisfying collection of antiquities in Chester; and if it came to question of demolishing the delightful old wall, or the Rows, with God's Providence House, and Bishop Lloyd's House, or even the cathedral, though it is, to my knowledge, the least sympathetic of English cathedrals, one would wish to think twice. At the wall, especially, one would like to hesitate, walking perhaps all the way round the city on it, and pausing at discrete intervals to repose and ponder. It does not convince everywhere of an equal

antiquity; there are parts that are evidently restorations and parts that are reproductions, and the gates frankly own themselves modern. But there are towers that moulder and bastions that have plainly borne the brunt of time. In the circuit of the wall you may look down on the roofs of old Chester within, and that much larger and busier new Chester without, which stretches with its shops and mills and suburban cottages and villas into the pretty country, as far as you like. But our affair was never with that Chester; except where the country began under the walls, and widened away beyond the river Dee, with bridges and tramways presently lost to the eye in the shadow of pleasant groves, we cared for nothing beyond the walls. There were places where these dropped sheer to the waters of the Dee, which obliged us at one point of its flow with a vivid rapid, or (I will not be sure) the swift slope of a dam, where a man stood midway casting his line into the ripple. He could by some stretch of the imagination have been a Jolly Miller who lived on the river Dee, though I remember no mills in sight; and by an equal stroke of fancy, he could have been casting his line for the salmon with which the sands of Dee are also associated in song. I do not insist that the reader shall hazard either conjecture with me; but what I say is that all England is so closely netted over and embroidered with literary reminiscence, with race-memories, from the earliest hours of personal consciousness, that wherever the American goes his mind catches in some rhyme, some phrase, some story of fact or fable that makes the place more home to him than the house where he was born. That is the sweetness, the kindness of travel in England, and that is the enchanting strangeness. To other lands we relate ourselves by an effort, but there the charm lies waiting for us, to catch us and hold us fast with ties running to the inmost and furthest of our earthly being.

At one point in our first ramble on the wall at Chester we came to a house built close upon it, of such quaintness and demureness that it needed no second glance, in the long June twilight, to convince us that one of Thomas Hardy's heroines lived there; or if it did, no pos-



sible doubt of the fact could be left when we encountered at the descent to the next city gate the smartest of red-coated sergeants mounting the wall to go and pay court to her. Afterwards we found many houses level with the top of the wall, with little gardened dooryards or leafy spaces beside them. I do not say they all had Hardy heroines in them; there were not sergeants enough for that; but the dwellings were all of an insurpassable quaintness and demureness, or only less quaint and less demure than the first. One of the most winning traits of the past wherever you find it is its apparent willingness to be friends with the present, to make room for it when it can, and to respond as far as possible to its commonplace and even

sordid occasions. Like old walls that I had known in Italy, the old wall at Chester lent itself not only to the domestic but the commercial demands of to-day, and if the shops which it allowed to front upon its promenade were preferably those of dealers in bric-à-brac and second-hand books, still the principle is the same. In one of these shops was an old (it looked old) sun-dial which tempted and tempted the poor American, who knew very well he could not get it home without intolerable inconvenience and expense; and who tore himself from it at last with the hope of returning another day and carrying it all the way, if need be, to New York in his arms. As is the custom of sun-dials, it professed to number only the sunny hours; but he had

(or is this his subsequent invention?) the belief that somewhere on its round was indelibly if invisibly marked that gloomy moment of the September afternoon when King Charles looked from the Phoenix tower hard by the shop where the dial lurked, and saw his army routed by the Parliamentarians on Rowton Moor. To be sure, the moment was bright for the Parliamentarians; there is the consolation in every defeat that it is the victory of at least one side, and in this instance it was the right side which won.

You are advised that if you would see Chester Cathedral aright you had best look at it across the grassy space which lies



ROMAN-COLUMN HOUSES, OLD CHESTER





KING CHARLES'S TOWER

between it and the wall near Phoenix tower. It is indeed finest there, for it is a fane that asks distance, and if you go visit it by the pale twilight at nine o'clock of the long June day, the brown stone it is built of will remind you less than it might at noonday of the brown-stone fronts of the old New York streets. But who am I that I should criticise even the material body of any English cathedral? If we had this one of Chester in the finest American city, in Boston itself, we should throng to it with our guide-books if not our prayer-books, and would not allow that any ecclesiastical structure in the country compared with it. All that I say to my compatriots of either sex, who come to its Perpendicular Gothic fresh from the Oblique Doric of their Cunarders or White Stars at Liverpool, is: "Wait! Do not lavish your

precipitate raptures all upon this good but plain edifice. Keep some of them rather for the gentler and lovelier dreams of architecture at Wells, at Ely, at Exeter, and supremely the minster at York, to which you should not come impoverished of the emotions you have been storing up from the beginning of your æsthetic consciousness. Yet, stay! Forbear to turn slightly from your first cathedral because some one tells you it is not the best. It will have more to say to that precious newness of yours (you cannot yet realize how precious your newness is) than fairer temples shall to your more shop-worn sentiments." It is always well in travel to cherish the first moments of it, for these are richer in potentialities of joy than any that can follow; and it is doubtless in the wise order of Providence that such a city as Chester



should lie so near the great port of entry for three hundred thousand Americans that they may have something so worthy of their emotions while they have still their sea-legs on, and self-respectfully reel under the stroke.

I have said how constantly one met them, how inevitably; and if they were wondering, willingly or unwillingly, what Chester could be bought for and sent home, in bulk or piecemeal, and set up again, say an hour from New York, just beyond Harlem River, I do not know that I should blame them. Of course, there would be the question of the customs; the place could not be brought in duty free; but some nobler-minded millionaire might expand to the magnitude of the generous enterprise and offer to pay the duties if an equal sum toward the purchase could be raised. We should of course want only the Chester within the walls, but the walls and gates must be included.

Why should such a thing be impossible? Such a thing on a smaller scale, different in quantity but not in quality, had been dreamt of by a boldly imaginative Chicagoan, if we could believe the

good woman in charge of the Derby House, up the little court out of Nicholas Street, where all that is left of the old town mansion of the noble Stanleys remains. This magnanimous dreamer had the vision of the Stanleys' town house transplanted to the shores of Lake Michigan, and erected as a prime feature of the great Columbian Fair. He offered to buy it in fulfilment of his vision, so ran the tale, of whoever then could sell it; but when the head of the family to which it once belonged heard of the offer, he bought it himself in a quiver of indignation conceivably lasting yet, and dedicated it to the public curiosity forever, on the spot where its timbered and carven gables have looked into a dingy little court ever since the earliest days of the Tudor architecture. If we could trust the witness of the cards which strewed the good woman's table, it was American curiosity which mainly wreaked itself on the beautiful but rather uninhabitable old house our Chicagoan failed to buy. By hungry hundreds they throng to the place, and begin to satisfy their lifelong famine for historic scenes in the mansion where Charles the First sojourned while

in Chester, and whence the head of the house was taken out to die by the axe for his part in the royalist rising of 1657. So, in my rashness, I should have believed, but for the correction of Mr. Havell Crickmore, who says, in his pleasantly written and pleasantly pictured book about "Old Chester," that the Earl was "beheaded during the great Rebellion," which would shorten his life by some ten years, and make his death date 1647, not 1657. It does not greatly mat-



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THE RIVER DEE, NEAR CHESTER





CHESTER CASTLE

ter now; he would still be dead, at either date, and at either a touch of heroic humor would survive him in the story Mr. Crickmore repeats. Colonel Duckenfield of the Cromwellian forces asked him if he had no friend who would do the last office for him. "Do you mean, to cut my head off? Nay, if those men who would have my head off cannot find one to cut it off, let it stand where it is."

I have always liked to believe everything I read in guide-books, or heard from sacristans or custodians. In Chester you can believe not only the bleak Baedeker, with its stern adherence to fact, but anything that anybody tells you; and in my turn I ask the unquestioning faith of the reader when I assure him that he will find nothing so medieval-looking out of Nuremberg as that street—I think it is called Eastgate Street—with its Rows, or two-story sidewalks, and its timber-gabled shops with their double chance of putting up the rates on the fresh American. Let him pay the price, and gladly, for there is no perspective worthier his money. I am not in the pay of a certain pastry-cook of the Rows, who makes the wedding-cakes for all the royal marriage feasts; but I say he will serve you a toasted tea-cake with the afternoon oolong he will try to put off on an American, such as you cannot,

buy elsewhere in England; only, you must be sure to eat the bottom half of the tea-cake, because most of the rich, sweet Cheshire butter will have melted tenderly into that. Go then, if you will, to the cathedral which I have been vainly seeking to decry, and study its histories, beginning with the remnants of the original Norman church of the Conqueror's lieutenant and nephew Hugh Lupus, and ending with a resolutely medieval restoration of the carvings in the eastern transept, wherein Disraeli and Gladstone are made grotesquely to figure, the one in building up the Indian Empire and the other in disestablishing the Irish church. Somewhere in the historical middle distance are certain faded flags taken from the Americans at the battle of Bunker Hill, which we should always have won if our powder had not given out, and let the enemy capture these banners. The beauty of the Chapter House will subdue you, if you rebel against the sight of them, and I can certify to the solemnity of the Cloister, which I visited with due impression; but with what success a young girl was sketching a perspective of the cathedral I did not look over her shoulder to see.

How perverse is memory! I cannot recall distinctly the prospect across the Dee from the Watergate to which the Dee used to float its ships and from





KING EDGAR'S HOUSE

which it now shrinks far beyond the green flats. But I remember that in returning through a humble street from the Watergate, the children on the door-steps were eating the largest and thickest slices of bread and butter I saw in all England, where the children in humble streets are always eating large, thick slices of bread and butter. For the pleasure of riding on the municipal trams, and of realizing how much softer and slower they run than our monopolistic trolleys, we made, whenever we had nothing else to do, an excursion "across the sands of Dee" by the bridge which spans its valley, with always fragments of Kingsley's tender old song singing themselves in the brain, and with the visionary Mary going to call the cattle home, and the cruel, crawling foam from which never home came she.

Oh, is it fish, or weed, or floating hair,  
in the tide that no longer laps the green

floor that once was sand? Ask the young girls of fifty years ago, who could make people cry with the words! It was enough for me that I was actually in the scene of the tragedy, and more than all the British, Roman, Saxon, or Norseman antiquity of Chester. At the suburban extremity of the tram-line, or somewhere a little short of it, we were offered by sign-board a bargain in house-lots so phrased that it added thirty generations to the age of a region already old enough in all conscience. We were not invited to buy the land brutally in fee simple, outright; but it was intimated that the noble or gentle family to which it belonged would part with it temporarily on a lease of nine hundred and ninety-nine years. I hope we fully felt the delicacy, the pathos in that reservation of the thousandth year, which was the more appealing because it was tacit.

These lots were no part of the vast



estate of the great noble whose seat lies farther yet out of Chester in much the same direction. It was one of the many aristocratic houses which I meant to visit in England, but as I really visited no other, I am glad that I gave way in the matter of a shilling to the driver of the fly who held that the drive to the place was worth that much more than I did. I tried hard for the odd shilling, as an affair of conscience and of public spirit; but the morning was of a cool-edged warmth, and of a sky that neither rained nor shone, and the driver of the fly was an elderly man who looked as if he would not lie about the regular price, though I pretended so strenuously it should be six and not seven shillings for the drive, and I yielded. After all (I excused my weakness to myself), it would have been seven dollars at home; and presently we were in the leafy damp, the leafy dark of the parkway within the gates of the great nobleman's estate beyond the Dee. Eight thousand acres large it stretches all about, but it is visibly bounded only by the beautiful Welsh hills to the westward, and four miles we drove through the woodsy quiet of the park, which was so much like the woodsy quiet of forest-ways not so accessible at home. Birds were singing in the trees, and on the hawthorns a little may hung yet, though it was well into June. Rabbits—or if they were hares I mean no offence to the hares—limped leisurely away from the roadside. Coops of young pheasants, carefully bringing up to be shot in the season for the pleasure of noble or even royal guns, were scattered about in the borders of the shade; and grown cock and hen pheasants showed their elect forms through the undergrowth in the conscious pride of a species dedicated to such splendid self-sacrifice. In the open spaces the brown deer by scores lay lazily feeding, their antlers shining, or their ears pricking through the thin tall stems of the grass. Otherwhere in paddock or pasture, were two-year-olds or three-year-olds, of the blooded hunters or racers to whose breeding that great nobleman is said to be mostly affectioned, though for all I personally know he may be more impassioned of the fine arts, or have his whole heart in the study of realistic fiction. What I do personally know is that

at a certain point of our drive a groom came riding one of his cultivated colts, so highly strung that it took fright at our harmless fly, and escaped by us in a flash of splendid terror that left my own responsive nerves vibrating.

From time to time notices to the public “earnestly requested” the visitor not to trespass or deface, instead of sternly forbidding him with a threat of penalties. They know how to do these things in England, and when our monopolists, corporate or individual, have come more generally to fence themselves away from their fellow citizens they will learn how gracefully to entreat the traveller not to abuse the privileges of a visit to their grounds. Whether they will ever posit themselves in the landscape with the perfect pride of circumstance proper to a great English nobleman's place, no one can say; and if I mention that there was a whole outlying village of picturesque and tasteful houses appropriated to the immediate dependants of this nobleman, it is less with the purpose of instructing some future oil-king or beef-baron in the niceties of state, than of simply letting the reader know that we drove back to Chester by a different way from that we came by.

As for the palace of the nobleman, which did not call itself a palace, it was disappointing, just as Niagara is disappointing if you come to it with vague preconceptions of another sort of majesty. I myself was disappointed in the Castle of Chester, which one would naturally expect to be Norman, “or at least Early English,” but which one finds a low two-story edifice of Georgian architecture enclosing a parade-ground with a main gate in the form of a Greek portico and a side entrance disguised as a small classic temple. But the castle is in the definite taste of a self-justified epoch, and consoles you with the belated Georgian—the Fourth Georgian—surviving into our own century not so very long after its universal acceptance. One could not build a castle in any other than classic terms in 1829, and I dare say that forty years later it would have been impossible to build an ancestral seat in any other style than the Victorian Gothic-Tudor-Mansard which now glasses its gables, roofs, and finials with so much



satisfaction in the silvery sheet of water at its feet. The finest thing about it is that the nobleman who imagined or commanded it was of the same name and surname as the Norman baron whom William the Conqueror appointed to hold Chester for him, when he had reduced it after a tedious siege, and to curb the wild Welsh of the dim hills we saw afar.

I am not good at descriptions of landscape-gardening, but I like all the formalities of cropt lawns and clipt trees, and I would fain have the reader, if I could, stand with me at the window within the house which gives the best sight of these glories. That exterior part of the interior which is shown to the public in great houses seems wastefully rather than tastefully splendid. The life of the place could hardly be inferred from it; but there was a touch of gentle intimacy in the photograph, lying on one of the curiously costly tables, of the fair and sweet young girl who had lately become the lady of all that magnificence. She looked like so many another pretty creature in any land or clime that it was difficult to realize her state even with the help of the awed flunky who was showing the stranger through. He was of an imagination which admitted nothing ignoble in its belongings, so that in passing a certain bust with the familiar broken nose of the master he respectfully murmured,

"Sir Michael Hangelo."

"Who?" the stranger joyfully demanded, wishing to make very sure of the precious fact; and the good soul repeated,

"Sir Michael *Hangelo*, sir."

Of course it was Sir Michelangelo, Bart.; nothing so low as the effigy of a knight could be admitted to that august gallery.

Am I being a little too scornful in all this? I hope not, though I own that in the mansions of the great it is difficult not to try despising them. The easy theory about a man whom you find magnificently housed in the heart of eight thousand acres, themselves a very minor portion of his incalculable possessions, is that he is personally to blame for it. In your generous indignation you wish to have him out, and his pleasure-grounds divided up into small farms. But this is a kind of equity which may be as

justly applied to any one who owns more of the earth than he knows how to use. Who are they that fence large parts of Long Island, and much of the Hudson River scenery, which they have studded with villas never opened to the public like that great house near Chester? I know a man who has two acres and a half on the Maine shore of the Piscataqua, and tills not a tenth of it; but I should be sorry to have him expropriated from the rest. We all, who have the least bit more than we need, are in the same boat, and we cannot begin throwing one another overboard, with a good conscience. What the people struggling for their lives in the water have a right to do is another matter. They are the immense majority and they may vote anything they choose, even a cruel injustice.

The American, newly arrived in Chester after his new arrival in Liverpool, will be confronted with a stronghold of the past which he will not be able to overthrow perhaps during his whole stay in England, though he should spend the summer. Immemorial custom is entrenched there not only in the picturesqueness, the beauty, the charm, but the silent inexpugnable possession which time from the beginning has been fortifying. The outside has been made as goodly as possible, but within is the relentless greed of ages, fed strong with the prey of poverty and toil. But let him not rashly fling himself against its impregnable defences. It is not primarily his affair. Let him go quietly about with his Baedeker, and see and enjoy all he can of that ancient novelty, so dear to us new folk, and then when he is worn out with his pleasure, and sits down to his toasted tea-cake in that restaurant of the Rows where they will serve him a cup of our national oolong, let him ask himself how far the beloved land he has left has been true to its proclamations in favor of a fresh and finally just *Theilung der Erde*.

Having answered this question to his satisfaction, let him by no means hurry away from Chester that night or the next morning in the vain belief that greater historic riches await him in cities farther away from his port of entry in the heart of the land. Scarcely any shall surpass it, for if not a Roman



capital like York or London, it was long a Roman camp, and a temple of Apollo replaced a Druid temple on the site of the present cathedral. The Britons were never pushed farther off than the violet hills where they still dwell, strong in their unintelligible tongue, with a taste for music and mysticism which seems never to have failed them. From those adjacent heights they harried in frequent foray their Roman and Saxon and Norman invaders, and only left off attacking Chester when the Early English had become the Later.

Chester was not only one of the stubbornest of the English cities in its resistance of William the Conqueror, but it held out still longer against Oliver the Conqueror in the war of the King and the Parliament. What part, if any, it had in the Wars of the Roses, I excuse myself for not knowing. The strong Henry Fourth led the weak Richard Second a captive through it, and there is record that the weaker Henry Sixth tried in vain to recruit his forces in it for his futile struggle with fate. The lucky Henry Seventh who had newly married royalty, and was no more king by right than the pretender who afterwards threatened his throne, sent a Stanley to the block for having spoken toler-

antly of Perkyn Warbeck. But if there was any party in Chester for that pretender, there was none for the Stuart calling himself Charles III., for when he sent from Scotland an entreaty to the citizens for help, they took it as a warning to fortify their town against him. After that they had peace, and now the place is the great market for Cheshire cheese which is made in the fertile country round about, and vies with the New Jersey imitation in the favor of our own country.

The American who means to stop in Chester for the day, which may so profitably and pleasantly extend itself to a week, cannot do better than instruct himself more particularly in the history of which I still find myself so ignorant, for all my show of learning. I would have him distrust this at every point, and correct it from better authorities. Especially I would have him mistrust a story told in Chester of the American who discovered a national origin in the guide-book's mention of one of the Mercian kings who extended his rule so far from the midland counties. The traveller read the word American, and pronounced it as the English believe we all do. "My dear," he said to his wife, "this town was settled by the 'Murricans."

## The Lover

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

HOW soft thou sighest,  
Beloved and nighest!  
And yet thou liest  
In thy dear throat:  
Thy heart, sweet scoffer,  
For all I proffer,  
Intends no offer  
In that soft note.

Yet still for pity  
Sigh on, my pretty,  
Dole out thy ditty  
And do thy will!  
Though I be dying  
Of that false sighing,  
Thy tongue to lying  
Gives sweetness still.

Since lie breeds blisses,  
Which truth dismisses,  
Would thou with kisses  
Wert false as well!  
Lending thy leisure  
By that false measure  
To pour in pleasure  
Where pain must dwell.

Then I, love-wasting  
And homeward hasting,  
Then I, death-tasting,  
Would call it ruth!  
To have thee sighing  
While I lay dying,  
Would make such lying  
More sweet than truth.

# The Man in the Shadow

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

They pulled with the strength that was in them,

But 'twas not for the pewter cup,  
And not for the fame it would win them

When the length of the race was up;  
For the college stood by the river,

And they heard with cheeks that glowed  
The voice of the coxswain calling,

At the end of the race, "Well Rowed!"

—*From a class poem.*

THE late afternoon sunlight slanted down into the busy street through the trees of the Public Garden; flower-beds behind the iron fence appeared in the fresh green background as blustering dabs of brilliant color; the air was soft and clean; and smelled of the season. It had been the sort of day which whispers of other scenes, old faces, of gentle memories and painted possibilities. Now along the street came the ebb-tide of the day's work swept out from the business part of the city and jostling homeward. There was a leavening of summer attire in the stream; straw hats bobbed above the crowd, and women's gowns were soft and bright. It was spring.

Among the home-goers was a man distinguished a little from the rest by a refined and patient expression. His shoulders sloped as if they had borne much; his eyes were open in a wide stare as if astounded at the repetition of life's misfortunes; and his clothes, from his derby hat, shiny from his wife's endless brushings, to his shoes, flattened by the monotony of his daily life, told of the practice of much respectable economy. Trouble had felt of his throat, one would say, but never had succeeded in throttling him. There was a quiet reserved strength in the furrows of his forehead and in the solidity of his chin, and the wrinkles at the corner of his blue eyes, extending back to the gray hairs, declared that there was a fund of persistent hope in Carter Clews.

Looking up suddenly from the plodding of his way, he saw four men coming down the steps of a hotel toward an open carriage which had drawn up to the curb. Three were inclined to the stoutness of middle age, and all were laughing prosperously; they were dressed as well and as plainly as affluent American gentlemen, except for gay hatbands, the badge of membership to some college club, and were chatting vociferously of Commencement dinners and baseball games and class reunions; it was evident that they were four successful men on a holiday, and straining to be young again. The clean-shaven man with a crooked nose addressed his tall distinguished companion as "Newt," and "Newt" in turn spoke of "twenty-fifth annual dinners" to the short man with the prominent ears who was getting into the carriage; while the fourth, whose manners were nervous, dyspeptic, and querulous, shifted his feet with constitutional impatience, and at the same time carried a flickering smile of inherent geniality. An air of importance seemed to surround them so that, as they stood on the sidewalk under the hotel portico, the passing wayfarers stepped aside to avoid the charmed circle, some scowling enviously, others smiling tolerantly and sympathetically.

Carter Clews smiled with boyish pleasure. For one of them was "Newt" Riggs, who used to row on the crew and was now a corporation attorney in Chicago; and there was Billy Drowson, who used to flunk examinations as easily as if he had meant to do it; and the third was Joe Crane, who was making his two hundred thousand a year in metal-refining in Colorado; and the little man was Lapham, the surgeon, who had been marshal of the class. It had been a long time since he had seen any one of them, but he recognized two by their recent pictures in the newspapers, and the others by the similarity to their youthful ap-



pearance, which still lurked beneath the changes of twenty-five years.

The last had just seated himself comfortably in the carriage when Clews succeeded in pushing his way into the gap they had left in the crowd. Both Joseph Crane and Lapham, seeing him take a step toward them, opened their eyes in innocent surprise; neither of them recognized him. He stopped for a moment of embarrassed hesitation, and in that moment he felt with a sharp old pang, which years of attempted philosophy had not dulled, that he belonged among them no more. They were successful men.

Upon the four, settled luxuriously in the ample corners of the victoria, there fell a bath of the warm slanting light of the spring sunset, but Carter Clews had stepped back into the gray shadow of the portico. There was no charmed circle around him; a clerk, in haste to get home to his evening meal, bumped him rudely. The carriage started away with a laugh and the scrape of a wheel on the curb.

"Say!" said a man who had been leaning against the wall with the vulgar grace of those who loaf about the doorways of hotels, "did you see that short feller with the Panama hat? That's William Drowson, the reform Governor of —."

"Oh, thank you," said Clews, nodding gravely. "He was my roommate when we were in college."

Once more he started on his way. His daily trudge to and from his office was the result of a calculation that enough car fare was saved each year to buy an extra gown for his daughter. It was characteristic of him.

When he turned into the street where he lived he noticed that in spite of the struggling little grass-plots in front of the houses and the soft spring-sweetened air of the evening, the scene was more obnoxious than ever. Before he reached the door of the new yellow-brick apartment, squeezed between two old houses to whose bow fronts still clung the suggestion of a respectability long since dead and buried, the incident of his first meeting with his four old classmates had caused him a host of bitter reflections and comparisons. He found himself defending his self-respect. All

the teasing of life that he had endured through long years now assailed him as never before.

Life had toyed with him, showing her splendors and snatching them from under his fingers; had taught him culture and then laughed at him.

He lived in an apartment, since suburban life was wearing and expensive, but he never had quite got over his contempt for this sort of abode or manner of living. For years he had periodically told his wife what sort of a country place he would have, always beginning, "When we get on our feet and things are straightened out—" The description included an avenue overhung with trees, and was generally illustrated by a hasty pencil sketch of a very expensive house, and interrupted by a dissertation on interior decoration and fine rugs and beauty and comfort. His wife never failed to listen to him half entranced, and yet in need of all her courage, since as time flew by it seemed a greater and greater shame that this dream, like the others, would never come true. Sometimes he spoke of Edith's "coming out," which, though absurd from the first because of their circumstances and seclusion, became triply ridiculous when his daughter had grown too old for it. They were surrounded by inferior persons; inferior persons occupied the apartment below them and had a copy of the *Rubaiyat* on their parlor table, overbound in soft leather, with a claret stain on the back. He treated them with such unruffled dignity and courtesy that they said he must be a gentleman, and they always spoke as if a gentleman were a species nearly extinct.

The rattle of his key brought his wife and daughter to the door, and the usual smiles and kisses of welcome, which made each home-coming seem a special occasion and above the rank of an every-day occurrence, reminded him of the old duty of keeping his feelings to himself. He raised his head, put on his armor of patience, and girded up his loins with the vestiges of the cheer and humor which had years before made him such an attractive boy.

"Was there any mail to-day?" he asked.

"A note from Brown, Culver, and Co.,"



replied his wife, furtively. She was a little woman with great vitality in her eyes.

"They want their money?" he asked.

"Yes."

"We'll have to get it together somehow, Alice. We always have. They've all been paid sooner or later, haven't they?" He was obviously anxious that his wife should not be troubled, and for the moment thoughtless of his own worry. It was just like him.

His daughter hastened to assist at the burial of an unpleasant subject. "There was a postal card came to-day for you, dad."

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Clews; "it had been to all of the four places we have lived since we came back from Iowa, and so it was late in getting here."

"It was the announcement of the twenty-fifth anniversary dinner of your class," added Edith, taking his hat and following him into the front room.

"You've never been to the dinners," said his wife, somewhat anxiously. "You'll go to this one, won't you?"

"Where's the postal?" he asked, quietly.

"Do go, dad," urged Edith, pointing to the card on the mantel. "You belong there. Both mother and I have spoken of it. We don't like to have you forgotten." She put her hand upon her father's shoulder.

Clews took the card down, holding it under the light of the lamp on the centre-table. His fingers trembled a little as he read it.

"The last dinner I went to was in our Senior year, just before I graduated and went West," he said, after a moment. "I was toast-master at that dinner. It was a spring night like this. I remember a little crowd of us sat under a tree in the college yard and talked until daylight. My stars, but the world looked good then! We promised each other half in fun that the one who got to be forty-five years old and wasn't successful should jump into the river. And then we went up—all six of us—went up to my room for a cold bath, and I built a fire and heated the poker and burned my name into the mantelpiece, and the rest were rubbing themselves with towels."

"It's only six. The dinner's at eight. You'll have plenty of time, father," suggested Edith.

Clews did not hear; he was still holding the card under the light. Crane and Drowson and Riggs and Lapham and poor Wright, who had died the next year, had been there. He wondered whether it was because he was oversensitive that he had thrown away those old friendships. He remembered the meeting of the afternoon, and concluded it would have been embarrassing for them if they had recognized him; they would have known at once that there were very few mutual interests now, and would discern the same distinctions and differences which had that afternoon seemed to push him back into the shadow of the portico.

He tossed the card aside. His wife could see upon his face, which now was in the full light of the lamps, the unmistakable sign that the accumulation of years of disappointment was no longer to be contained in silence. Expressions of bitterness and passion she had never before seen now played about his mouth. All her sympathy went out to him; the weakness was only human, and she knew what regret it would mean to him when he had marred the unbroken record of his patience. She could not bear to see the one outburst of a vessel proved so strong. She turned away.

"I've been a miserable fizzle!" he cried. "Unknown and forgotten because I deserve it. I've got to die like a rat in an everlasting obscurity!"

Edith looked straight at him as he dropped into a chair, her eyes wide with astonishment and reproach. "That is not true!" said she, softly, and with sudden understanding.

"Perhaps it's a bad dream!" he shouted, jumping once more to his feet. "It's been my fault. No wonder I'm forgotten! Everybody flocks around a victory, but who cares where the man is who's failed to do big things? Once he marched in the front line promising a great deal, and now he's got to watch the procession from the sidewalk!" He folded his arms and stared straight ahead into the gloomy shadows of the corner. "It would be better," he began again, "if a man can't make himself felt and has got to walk around unknown—like a ghost of what was in him once—to keep his promise and—"

"Don't!" cried Edith, awed by his unwonted state of mind.



He looked up at her quickly, and seeing the trembling of her upper lip, drew a long breath and squared his shoulders. "Well, perhaps we all have our compensations," he said. "Isn't dinner ready?" He was looking out the window into the smoky dusk of the city.

"Ours is ready," answered his daughter, firmly. "You are going to your class dinner, aren't you?"

"Oh, I think I won't go this time," he replied, carelessly, drawing a newspaper from his pocket. "Perhaps next year—"

"Oh yes," begged his wife, stepping out of the shadow. "For me!"

Clews smiled indulgently, and looked at his watch.

"Come," said Edith, seeing the momentary advantage. "You've just time to dress."

"I'll get your evening clothes. They're put away," added his wife.

"They won't know what to think of the light. It's been a long while since I had them on," Clews said, yielding. "It's been some years since they were out of camphor."

When he appeared in them a little later they were wrinkled and there was an obvious scarcity of room at the waist. He looked doubtfully at himself in the mirror. Then suddenly he smiled. "I've had them ever since we were married," said he. "Their style looks rather quaint, doesn't it? But I've had some very happy minutes inside the old coat. Do you remember this tie, Alice?"

She examined it critically and then smiled. "Why, for mercy's sake! That was the first thing I ever made you," said she, happily.

"I hadn't forgotten," he answered, and Edith followed him to the door with her hand thrust into his arm.

"Crawling out of my hole!" he muttered so that only his own ears heard it. As he went slowly out into the hallway and down the noisy wooden stairs, his wife and his daughter leaned over the banisters, looking at him anxiously.

The night was so soft and alluring that many people, driven from the breathless warmth of indoors, had come out to perch on their steps; through open windows came the rattle of pianos or the sound of phonographs. Those whom Clews met

on the street hardly could be said to be walking; their gait was always a contented amble. Vigorous hurdy-gurdies were playing in the light from the show-windows of drug-stores; policemen stopped on corners to take off their helmets and wipe their foreheads. Clews was the only one in a hurry.

At last he turned the corner into the avenue, and beyond the rows of houses, many of which were dark and deserted for the summer, shone the gay lights of the hotel. As he looked he saw a little group of laughing men going up the steps, and although he knew he was already late, he walked over into the mall and seated himself on a park bench in the shadow of a statue erected to some public man. He nodded to this statue as if it were a former acquaintance, and after a few moments he got up again, squared his shoulders, and walked briskly across the street and up the steps into the lobby.

The clerk leaned over the desk toward him. "Seventy-six?" he asked. Clews nodded, and then said, in a strong, carrying voice, "Yes, my class—seventy-six."

"Just down at the end of that corridor," directed the other, and Clews drew off his coat as he walked.

There were others standing with him at the check-room who nodded to him. "Did you go to the game?" asked one.

"No," said Clews, guiltily. "How did it come out?"

"Great guns! don't you know how it came out? Why, we beat 'em! My boy plays first base. I go to all the games."

"I wish I could—I wish I'd gone to-day. But my work is rather confining," explained Clews. "I have a daughter," he added, as if to even accounts. "And of course if I had a son he'd be out there at the University too."

"There are several prominent members of the class here to-night," returned the other, changing the subject. "Drowson is here, and Crane is toast-master. We're late, I think."

"Yes," answered Clews. He could hear the clinking and the confused clamor of many voices beyond the reception-room. With his new acquaintance he followed a knot of men who opened the door, exposing the two large tables filled with diners. The noise within burst out



as if impatient of confinement, and drew the attention of several guests of the hotel, who peered down the corridor with mild curiosity.

When the man who was with Clews hesitated for a moment, looking for a vacant seat, a dozen voices rose up to greet him, and several men stood up to shout to him boyishly, "Oh, Billy, here's a seat!" or, "Here you are, Lawton!"

Clews was dazed for a moment with the brilliance of the lights, the white linen, the black suits, and the flowers upon the tables. At that moment it seemed to him that he would give up all hope of other happiness to hear some one shout his name and call him to them. But their eyes were upon him merely to see who had come in, and he hurried to a vacant place to escape their stare.

When he looked up, having finished his oysters, he found he had seated himself far away from the speakers and at another table, but he could see, by looking down the length of the room, that Drowson and Crane were chatting together.

Clews was lonely. His neighbors on either side were engaged in an exchange of pleasantries with others across the table. Of the men who sat near him he remembered only two as acquaintances of undergraduate days, and the old associations recalled by their faces were so hazy that he was convinced that he had never known either of them well. One of them, a slight, wrinkled little man with eye-glasses, might have been the coxswain of his dormitory crew, but he was not sure. They certainly did not recognize him. No one singled him out for a pleasant word. Once a broad-shouldered, beaming, red-haired stranger across the table, being unengaged for the moment, and seeing the expression on Clews's face, raised his glass and nodded an invitation to drink with him. Clews returned a good-natured smile. But it was too plain that the other had seen that he was lonely and unhappy; the act was obviously one of charity. There was no comfort in it. He reflected that there had been no necessity of giving himself the pain of sitting unrecognized and unknown among friends of old days, like Crane and the others who had never bothered to find him in his obscurity. It

was to be expected that they should care nothing; human nature does not permit men to be interested in so commonplace a thing as failure. He determined grimly never to suffer another experience like this. "The world likes success and sunlight," he said to himself. "I'll fight it out alone after this, and in my own little corner." Bitterness of thought alternated with contempt for himself for being capable of bitter thinking.

A waiter finally thrust a demi-tasse of coffee deftly over Clews's elbow; it surprised him to note how swiftly the dinner had passed. Crane had introduced Drowson with an accompaniment of cheers and hand-clapping, and Drowson had made a speech which impressed every one, and Colingwood had been cajoled into singing "I'm a Lonely Lubber on the Briny Deep," and had yielded with the same embarrassed excuses he put forth when the song was already famous in undergraduate days. Chairs were gradually moved back a little from the table, the room became foggy with the smoke that curled from the cigars. It was warm; shirt-bosoms lost their stiffness, and hands were reaching out for glasses of cool, sparkling wine, which seemed to taste too good to be harmful; a contented fulness and laughter tugged at nearly a hundred waistcoats. To Clews, straining to enter with the rest into the enjoyment, the hazy room, the mumble of voices and speeches, and the wilting roses beside his plate, all seemed to be the clearer details of an incoherent unreality.

Crane, the toast-master, was rapping for silence. A group of men had gathered at the end of one of the tables, and were vainly and without harmony endeavoring to revive an old song they had once sung together in past years with some proficiency; when they had been suppressed by shouts of derision from the majority Crane spoke slowly and clearly.

"Before we break up," he said, "I want you to drink one more toast with me. We have toasted ourselves and each other, but this toast is to a man who is not here."

The interest and curiosity of every one was aroused; a few flares of matches to light fresh cigars made the only stir in the room. Even Clews, who had been



looking at the bottom of his coffee-cup, leaned back in his chair to listen; it was plainly going to be a eulogy of some classman who had died.

"Twenty-five years ago, after our last college dinner," began Crane, quietly, "there were six men in our class sitting together under a tree in the yard and talking about what we would do. We said we would all be successful at forty-five. If not we were going to jump into the river. I was one of those men—"

"Why didn't you jump?" laughed a man who had just begun to listen.

"Billy Drowson was another," Crane went on, smiling, because he could afford to smile. "Wright was there—he died the next year. Then there were Lapham and Riggs. But there was another. He was a prominent figure in our class—a fine fellow—the smartest one of the six—very honorable and good-hearted. I will not name him. He is not here."

Clews gulped down the contents of his glass and shut his teeth hard.

"We all thought he would have a brilliant career. But perhaps he is more or less forgotten now. He came out of college and was married, and his father died and left him a mother and two sisters and an inheritance of debts. That cut him off from the professional schools and he went West, and I have found out that he went into a business where there was no chance in the world of advancement. But it had to be done because that offered a way of bearing the burdens and obligations that were on him. It was just like him. It was an unselfish thing to do. Perhaps working to pay off his father's debts was quixotic, but it amounts to being well inside the limits of honor. It certainly needs no apologies. Then he had to take care of a wife and three others besides. His health became very bad—he used to work sixteen hours a day sometimes, and when he was forty years old he found himself very much out of order. Then he came back East. Part of his burdens had been removed, but it was too late to start life as he might have started it once. He had burned out in the service like a faithful, honest, well-made candle. His light had been dim, but it had also been steady. I suppose he is alive, although I don't know. But all of us who knew

him best are sure that wherever he is he is still putting up a good fight, and though he hasn't got the cheers and the lime-light, he's pulling mighty well! I know it!"

The room was very still as Crane paused. He had spoken slowly and with a boyish simplicity that commanded the eyes of all the men about the tables.

"I found out about him at this late day because I felt I had been a fool to let his friendship slip away from me simply because he had gone West, and the others who knew him as I knew him felt the same. We've tried to locate him, but we lost the scent after we found he had come back from Iowa. It was disappointing—because we had planned to go back to-night, Drowson and Lapham and Riggs and myself and this other man, and sit under the tree in the yard where twenty-five years ago we'd promised to reach success, before we came back to attend this dinner. I feel sure that this missing man—this lost member of the class, I might say, for I can't find any one who knows where he is—ought to be there. We think he comes as near success as any one of us."

Crane stopped for a moment, and, leaning over, brushed a little pile of cigar ashes off the table-cloth. Clews, now hot with an unnamable emotion, now cold with excitement, sat gazing with motionless staring eyes across the length of the room toward Crane. The latter was red with the embarrassment of a subject which he knew was too big for him; Clews was very white.

The speaker raised his head once more and looked about at the eyes that were upon him. "I think you all understand," he said, appealingly. "We learned years ago at the University that faithful duty really counted, and not the dollars and the shouts alone—and having a name in encyclopædias. The kind of success we are looking for isn't always gilt-edged; the band isn't always playing for it to march by! When I looked up this man I found a good, clean, honest story—a story of devotion and loyalty, and the kind of courage that held out when nobody was looking on or waving hats! I think we all ought to be glad he is a 'Seventy-six' man, and that we are not so narrow or

ignorant as to count him a lost cause and a failure. I want you to drink a toast to him with me—gentlemen, to the man who does his job in a shadow!" Crane's voice had dropped to a whisper. The whole class came to its feet together!

Clews realized that this toast was to him. Had his head been cool he would have arisen with the rest, unmarked and unknown—it was the old custom of remaining seated when so honored that betrayed him. It left him a second behind the rest, and the speaker's big blue eyes were upon him at once, growing wider and wider in an opening bloom of recognition, and staring and staring like a man who sees into another world. Crane lowered his glass and some of the yellow liquid trickled down on the table-cloth. "Good God!" he exclaimed, and his suppressed voice penetrated to every corner of the room.

Clews stumbled back into his chair. Sitting there, with the others upon their feet, he became the central figure. For a single second there was complete silence, and then "Seventy-six" raised its voice in a great generous roar, increasing, billowing up, surging into Clews's ears. He looked up with wet cheeks and smiled like a pleased boy. This was his class, cheering—and for him!

Much later in the night, at an hour when only a few stray lights were burning in the dormitories, some undergraduates who had stayed over for Commencement and were returning to their rooms after an evening in town, saw five men, old enough to be their fathers, quarrelling in the moonlight in the middle of the yard.

"It was this tree," said one. "I know it."

"I tell you you are wrong. We know what we are talking about," came two other voices.

"I've been out here every year," asserted a third. "It's absurd to suppose I've forgotten!"

The undergraduates, who had stopped at a doorway, grinned significantly. "Scandal in gray hairs," said one.

Still later in the night Clews returned to his wife and daughter, who had been sitting up anxiously watching the hands of the clock walk into the morning. Governor William Drowson was with him, wearing a Panama hat which was no longer a decorous covering for the head, and blinking good-naturedly at the light.

"Alice," said Carter Clews, "this is Billy. I roomed with him when I was a Freshman. He's going to spend the night with me."

## Eucharist

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

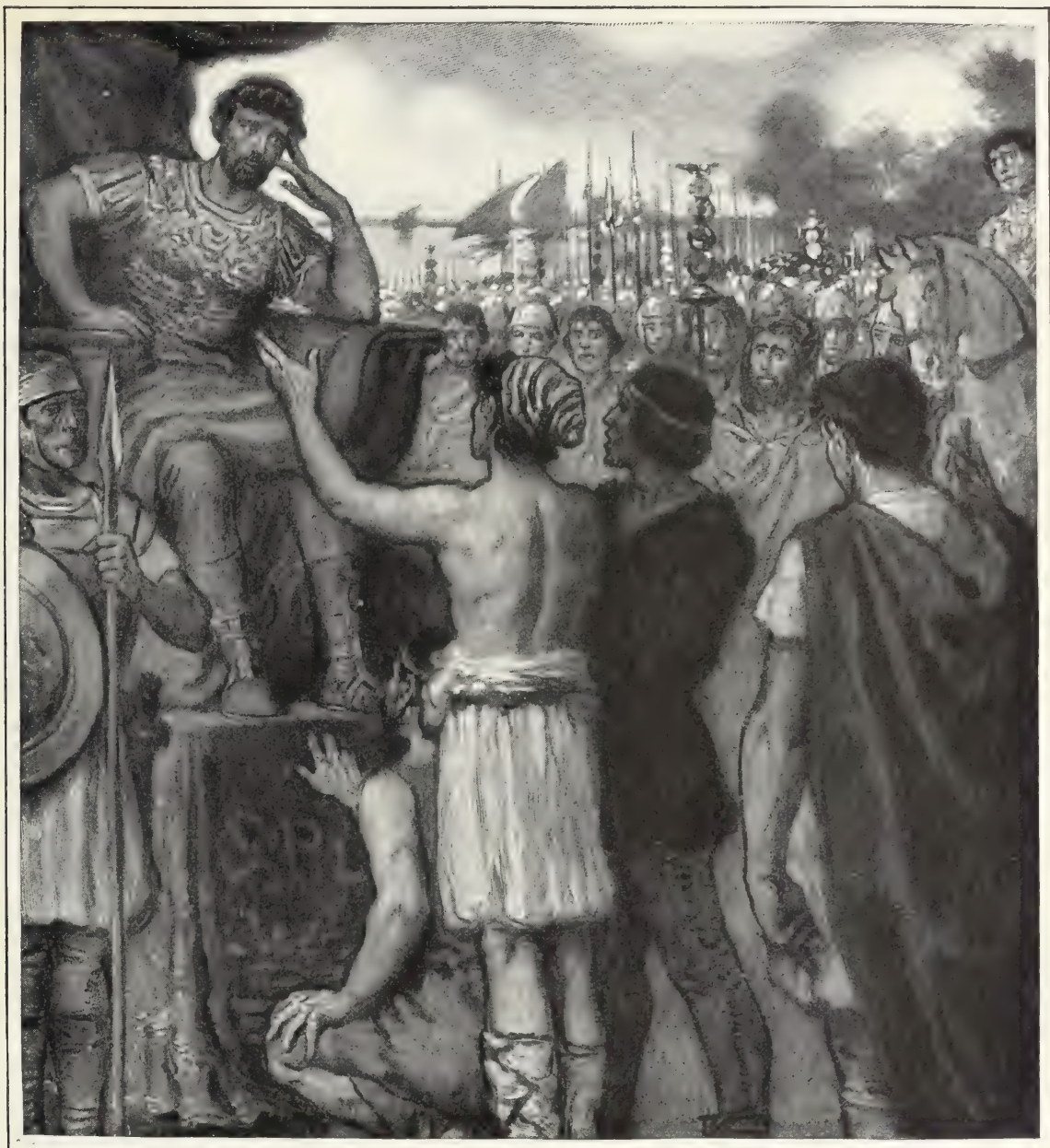
THANKS be for doubt that ends  
 In clearer light;  
 Thanks be for loss that lends  
 Fresh faith to sight.  
 Grew not the fallow brown,  
 Spring stood afar;  
 Did not the sun go down,  
 Never a star.

Thanks be for shame that whips  
 On to emprise;  
 Thanks be for pain that strips  
 Self of disguise.

Through the quiet, common chord  
 Overtones thrill;  
 In the seed dropped abroad,  
 June liveth still.

Thanks be for life that lives  
 Stronger through strife;  
 Thanks be for death that gives  
 Ending to life.  
 Song of the silence born,  
 Freedom of thrall,  
 Spirit from flesh outworn—  
 Thanks be for all.





## Sertorius

*BY SARA KING WILEY*

SERTORIUS, in mid-stress of strenuous fate,  
Meets the swart seamen of the magnetic hills,  
And hears the old sweet tale  
That unto all men comes or soon or late,  
Tale of escape from burdens, hope that thrills  
Forever and men's hearts reiterate,  
And shall, until in man desire shall fail:  
"A way beyond, only a little way,  
Are those twin isles,"  
Thus do the tempters say,  
"And there the mouth of man forever smiles  
And his soul sings elate,

And there is rest, yea, full and perfect rest,  
 Therefore these isles are called Isles of the Blest.  
 Soft on that shining shore the purple sea,  
 Rippling the amber sand with bubbly foam,  
 Rolls the fine shells of pearl and ivory.  
 Throughout the turning year the gay winds roam  
 Past perfumed bowers where crimson roses swing,  
 And golden birds all clearly trilling sing.  
 Refreshed and green with pleasant sprinkling showers  
 There is an April world forever sweet,  
 Whose luscious fruit ripens of itself, and flowers  
 Flutter in sunlight round the straying feet."

Sertorius, the grave, the honor-crowned,  
 Servant of learning and of liberty,  
 The patient and unpausing laborer,  
 Feels all his strength in sudden passion drowned  
 Come like the calling of the eager sea  
 Blown inland through the scorching fields astir  
 With the sea-breeze—  
 A yearning for bright space and lulling ease;  
 The full slow draught of peace  
 With beauty to beguile;  
 A thirst that reason's power cannot control,—  
 And in him passes as he lists the while  
 The dread unspoken drama of the soul.

The assembled hordes watch, when the tale is said,  
 The face of him on whom their fortunes wait;  
 Pale, pale and sunken as the newly dead,  
 With lowered lids that burning eyes conceal,  
 Whence the tears globe and flow,  
 A trembling hand the trembling lips to hide,  
 He shrinks upon the eminence of state.  
 The fierce Cilicians murmur and withdraw—  
 Distrust blows on the crowd its icy flaw;  
 The silver morning sees his allies gone,  
 Sertorius in a double risk alone.

Even where the weakling falls  
 The valorous rise;  
 Boldly the clarion of duty calls  
 To sacrifice;  
 And in him fires the living strength  
 Through years of service slowly won,  
 A store that faileth not.  
 And free at length  
 From his own spirit's chain,  
 He lifts again  
 With dignity the burden of his lot,  
 Nor hearkens when the alluring voices call.  
 Onward he goes, a will at one with good,  
 To find the lasting peace of rectitude  
 Nobly to live and worthily to fall,  
 Another conqueror beneath the sun.



# Petticoat Push

BY ROSE YOUNG

BRAD and I were in the top of the green apple tree. Than had the chloride of sodium. He sat in a crotch just below us, and at our commands extended us a clawlike hand, the none too clean palm of which nested the salt. He watched us wistfully. He was not well that summer, and had learned from certain intimate experiences to let green apples alone. Once, however, his desire got the best of his discretion, and we caught him unostentatiously plucking an apple.

*"You'll have It! You'll have It!"* Brad and I shrieked, so realistically that Than dropped the apple and involuntarily thrust his hand in front of his stomach with protective instinct. He had had It so often and withal so sharply that he did not want to have It again.

"Less us quit eatin'," decreed Brad, and fortified the decree with the reason: "I'm about to bust." Under cover, Brad's kind-heartedness was always rescuing Than from Brad's thoughtlessness. The truth was that he couldn't stand that wistfulness 'on Than's wizened face. "Throw away the salt, Than, en less see who can climb the highest."

Of course Than could. He was a slim stick of a boy, lighter that summer than even I, who wore petticoats. In the fork of an upright branch above our heads he swayed back and forth in triumph. Brad and I looked at each other and blinked. It was an understood matter that Than should have his comforts.

From the top of the apple-tree the Twin Oaks world lay before us in the beautiful Twin Oaks quiet; a part of us, yet remote from us, a tenuous, tremulous dream-picture, pastel-tinted by gracious distances—dun gold on the wheat-fields, gray-green in the woods and the pastures, brick red and cream white where the houses showed, pearl-streaked copper on the Rillrall and Perch Creek, hyacinth and rose at the

sky-line. "My goodness! my goodness!" I breathed in futile, inadequate exaltation. In those days life was always rippling up to me and rippling over me in waves of inexpressible gladness.

"Brad," I proposed, the need of some sort of physical expression spurring me on, "less us big ones see who can swing out from the crooked limb and jump the farthest toward the buggy-house."

Brad and I scrambled down to the crooked limb, where we swung for a critical moment, side by side, like bodies on a gibbet. "Let all holts go!" cried Brad, and with a last forward urge we dropped to the ground. "Your mark's ahead of mine," he announced, hardly glancing to see whether it was or not. In his voice there was a flat note that I was learning to dread.

"Shuckin's! You *let* me beat again." I charged at him threateningly. "Look-a-here, I'm not little or sick. You don't have to look out for me. Why don't you try? It's getting so we don't have any fun."

He became fearfully embarrassed, and turned away and plucked two blades of grass and stretched them along his thumbs and whistled on them with fiendish shrillness. Then he sat down under the apple-tree, and every time I asked, "Why don't you try?" he put the grass blades to his mouth and whistled. I found me some blades. "Bet I can whistle louder 'n you," I suggested, being by nature adaptable to circumstances that I could not control. I sent forth a terrific blast. He followed with one patently restrained.

"You beat," he said, lackadaisically.

"Aw!"—my wrath mounted high—"why don't you *try*?" I sat down beside him, and seeing that further evasion was impossible, he lay back on the grass, put the frazzled brim of his hat over his eyes, and met the issue.

"Unh! It's petticoat push," he said,

laboriously, as if he were dragging up a phrase that he had hacked out of the depths of human experience. "Y' see, jest as sure as I get goin' good en hard I hear you rustlin' along en I quit tryin'. Aw! what's a feller want'er beat a girl for? En petticoat push ain't a-goin' to let him if he does want'er."

I know now as well as you do that petticoat push was his boy's name for the appeal of the Eternal Feminine, but I did not know it then. Indeed, the door of life at which he stood awkwardly and furtively knocking was so far beyond the range of my vision that I got entirely wrong impressions of the significance of his attitude, and he had to work long and hard to show me that he did not have in mind any personal aggressiveness on my part; rather something that must have trailed along with me out of eternity, something insidiously light and fluffy that got in his way and tripped him when he tried to beat me at foot-races, at brook-jumping, at bareback riding. "'Tain't you," he declared over and over. "It 'ud be the same with any girl. I jest cayn't do my best 'gainst a girl. En what with petticoat push an' Than bein' weak, I'll get so I won't know what is my best, not havin' anybody that I'll work to beat." I could hear the helpless, resentful fatalism in his tone. I could see the irons on his spirit. His tribute to the Eternal Feminine was far from being voluntary.

"The petticoats oughtn't to make any difference if I am big and strong and maybe can beat you even if you try," I protested.

"They do make a difference, though." He sighed. Then presently he began to blink, drowsy with the relaxation that followed a confession; drowsy, too, with the sun-drenched, fruit-musky air. A moment later the Eternal Masculine fell asleep.

*Sui generis*, the Eternal Feminine stayed awake and worried. In spite of his assurances I could not escape the feeling that I housed a traitor within me—a traitor that, with rustle and swish, took unfair advantages of him and jeopardized the whole scheme of our lives. I did not want that scheme jeopardized. It suited me. To be sure, I nursed projects whose consummation would some

day carry me away from Twin Oaks over the hills into the far-away lands that steam-cars penetrated. But as yet I was well content (most of the time at least) to stay on at Twin Oaks with my father and mother, and as long as I stayed on at Twin Oaks I wanted the old Twin Oaks order, with Brad and Than in their old places. All around us were mute evidences of that order, Twin Oaks places that we had jumped from, raced to, tumbled out of. Beyond Twin Oaks the "big road" stretched away to Camelot Paddocks, where my father kept his string of thoroughbreds. From Camelot, too, rang up tantalizing echoes of the joy that we had known so well how to get out of life. And from Henway Wood, and from the Eldridge Farm—where Brad and Than lived—and from Sugar Tree Hill, and from Melrose Bottoms, more echoes. Why, Brad and I had pushed and shoved each other over all that corner of the Western county. Give up the old way? The old keen zest of rivalry? The old breath-snatching victories? The old eye-opening defeats? I put the matter to myself child fashion: Give up all our fun?

"Not much!" I said, out loud, and that minute became an arch-conspirator with a definite plot. At the sound of my voice Brad stirred. Sat up. Rubbed his eyes. Noticed the lengthening shadows among the orchard trees.

"Hoopee! we got to go. 'M on, Than."

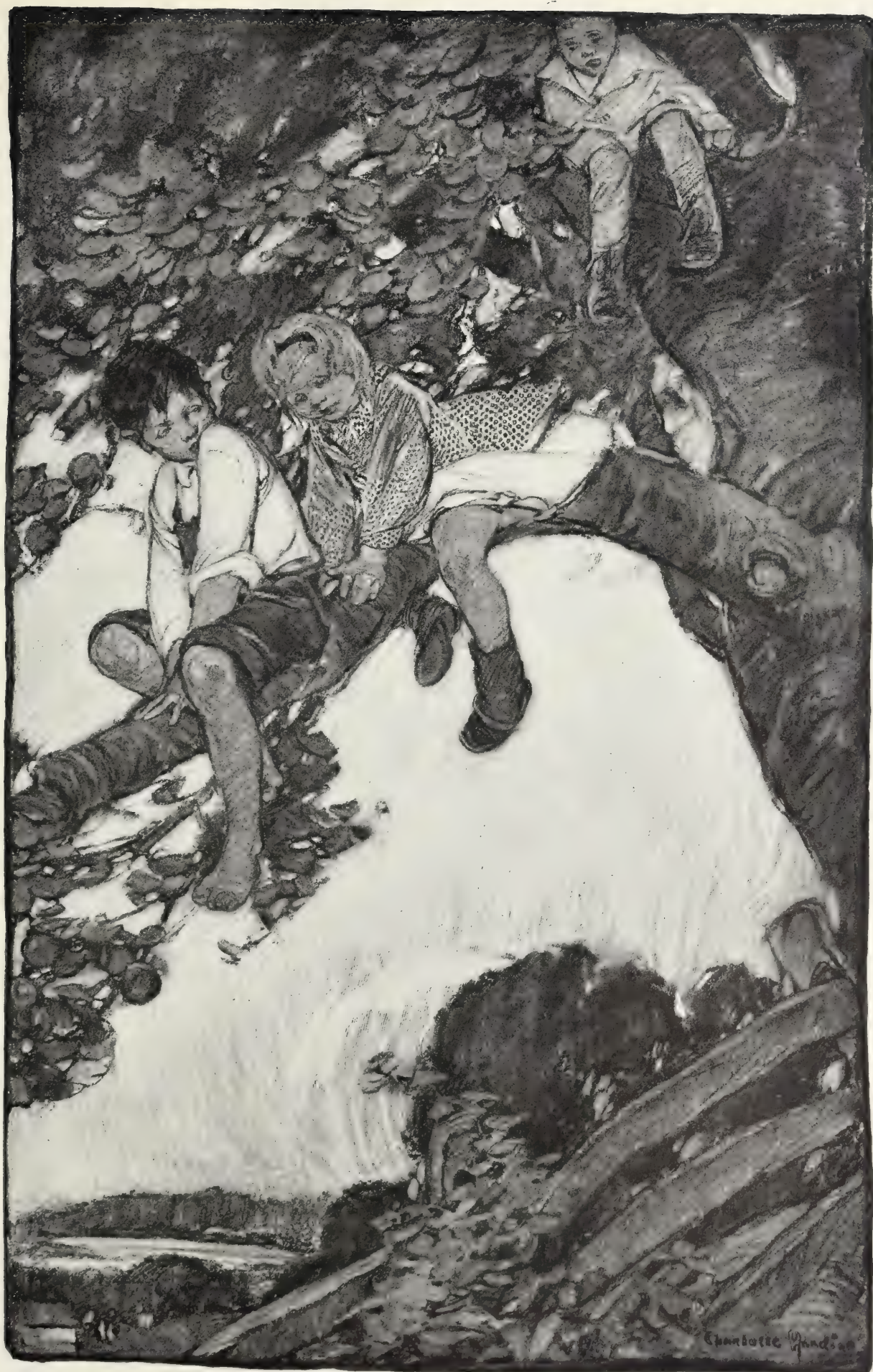
The three of us walked down the orchard path together, the high orchard grass tickling our knees all the way. At the rail fence between the orchard and Henway Wood we indulged in a parting jump. I came down hard on my hands and knees.

"Hurt yourself?" asked Brad. Psha! That note again.

"Naw, I didn't 'hurt mythelf,'" I lisped in mincing exasperation.

Snickering, the boys turned and flitted into the depths of the wood. I lingered to watch them as far as I could see them. Then I climbed back to the top of the rail fence. Clinging to the topmost rail was a gashed scallop of embroidery. I picked it off and flung it to the winds of heaven. "It's good-by to you and your kind, my honey!" I sang after it. Then I jumped to the ground and ran home by way of the orchard path.





*Drawn by Charlotte Harding*

Half-tone plate engraved by G. Smith

BRAD AND I SCRAMBLED DOWN TO THE CROOKED LIMB



Stressful days followed. It is not easy for a country child to get to a distant town to make purchases unaccompanied by her mother. I particularly desired to be unaccompanied by my mother. However, there came a morning when my father, previously harangued, said that I might ride into Shiloh with him if I would hurry into my riding-habit. If I would hurry into it! I finished buttoning it after I was on my pony.

When my father and I had gone up the long lane and reached the crest of Sugar Tree Hill, he turned in his saddle, as he always did, to get the view of Twin Oaks from Sugar Tree. "Don't we love it, little child, don't we love it!" he said, his clean-cut young face, with its grave mouth and dancing eyes, all aglow. I turned, too. I was thrilled, too. I thrilled easily, often without excuse or reason, but on this occasion I knew the reason. From the quiet house, from the yard and the barns, from Miss Nigger's cabin, from the old-fashioned spring-house, from the beehives and the rose-garden, from the acres upon acres of orchard-land, wheat-land, corn-land, my child life was calling to me, singing to me of young spring weather and wonderful Junes, of childhood's friendships and childhood's ways, emphasizing for me the value of the things that had always been. When my father and I rode forward, I was uplifted by a sense that I was on a worthy mission.

It was mid-afternoon when my father and I rode back up the Twin Oaks driveway. My face was flushed with virtuous success. I had felt more sure of potential success than of potential virtue when I started out, but fate had been kind to my teetering soul. Under my arm there was a parcel in yellow wrapping-paper, and I had not told one single lie to get it. I cantered to the barn beside my father, turned the pony over to Poke, our hired man, and ran back to the house. At the back hall door I came face to face with my mother.

"Come into the sitting-room and show me your purchases," she said, welcomingly. I followed, stiffening.

"Father has your things in his saddle-bags," I told her.

"Aren't these too large for Than?" she asked, when she had untied my parcel.

"They're not for Than, mother."

"Aren't they too small for Brad?"

"They're for me, mother."

She sat down on the sofa with the overalls straddling her knees and looked at me, all her delicate beauty—pencilled brows uplifted, gay eyes widened, straight lips parted—inquiring of me, influencing me, opening my heart irresistibly. I stood up before her and explained the trouble that had come between Brad and me, and my plans to overcome it. "For, mother," I concluded, forlornly, whacking one boot with my riding-whip, "it has just got so we don't have any fun. The petticoats used to be only in my way—they wad up when I run, you know, and catch on fences when I jump. Now they are in his way, too. They keep swishing around and making him remember that I am just a girl."

"Don't you want him to remember that?"

"Why, mother, when you are running a race with anybody, you don't want him to remember anything except to try to beat you if he can. It's got so now that I never know when I really beat and when he just lets me beat. I'd as lief play with girls as play that-a-way."

Over my mother's face stole the shadow that I could so easily put there. "Racing and winning! Racing and winning!" she marvelled. "Why are you always talking of racing and winning?"

"It's just in me, mother," I admitted, with a sombre head-shake, not knowing how either to justify or to condemn anything so elemental. "I want to race. I want to win."

My mother clasped her thin white hands on the overalls and bent a more concentrated gaze upon me. I think that her mouth tried not to laugh; I know that her eyes tried to understand. "I don't know *what* to do with you," she sighed at last. "I suppose you will have to go on and learn life in your own way. The main thing is to learn."

"And I notice that I don't learn unless I do try things, mother," I corroborated, eagerly. I was glad that she was not going to put a ban on the overalls, but I wanted to comfort away that look on her face, make her feel sure that she was doing right by me; for I knew that she longed earnestly to do right by me. "When





*Drawn by Charlotte Harding*

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"SUPPOSE I PUT ON THE OVERALLS AND SEE HOW I LOOK?"





people say, 'Don't climb up there, Neill,' or, 'Don't run out on that place; you'll fall,' why, I've got to climb and I've got to run before I know whether I'll really fall or not."

My mother did not look greatly comforted. "Well, and if you fall?"

"Well, I've learned, haven't I?"

"Yes, and broken your leg maybe— Oh, little child, it would be all right if you were a boy, but a girl with your ways and temperament— Oh, the danger of it, the danger of it!"

"Suppose I put on the overalls and see how I look," I suggested, parrying with the situation, confused by her distress.

There may have been something comfortingly feminine in the suggestion, for she laughed helplessly, and was good enough to show an interest in my appearance in the overalls; and if she could not vouchsafe approval, neither would she vouchsafe adverse criticism. I think that she sympathized with my own dubiety.

"Well," I said at last, and slowly, "I reckon I'll go on over to the Eldridges' now." I kissed my mother and left her.

I remember that I chose the front stairs as a means of egress from the house. The front of the house was more deserted than the back. And I remember that I slipped like a thief through the yard into the vegetable-garden.

"Ki-yi! Whah yeh gwine, bub?" came a gala shout from the kitchen window. Turning, I saw Miss Nigger. I waved my hand at her silencingly. I could rely upon her. She and I were devoted to each other's interests. From the garden I reached the shelter of the orchard. This far from the proximity of mirrors I began to recover hopefulness. When I cleared the fence between the orchard and Henway Wood without leaving frazzles on the top rail, my complacence was noteworthy. In the wood my spirits rose steadily. I took long steps. I forgot Brad Eldridge. I forgot that I wore overalls. My soul was in communion with the soul of the wood, and in the gay volatility of that comradeship it mattered not at all how my legs were dressed. Sometimes I stopped and hugged a tree. Sometimes the fragrance of the wood made my senses revel, and dizzied by the sweetness of bark and hull and leaf and

petal, I saw visions. Beautiful colors, beautiful shapes, beautiful sounds, flashed and rang through the wood. The trees were moving their branches in the rhythmic pantomime that must reveal thrilling secrets to those so fortunate as to have an understanding with trees. From my point of view the tops of the trees quivered into the blue-gold steady sky and shook with the mystery of heaven. Something in me, too, shook with the mystery, leaped suddenly skyward, and fled away home up the joyful path that the children do not quite forget. I spread out my arms and hopped after the flying thing, sorry that some of me was left behind—

"The geewhillikins! Thought you wuz a gran'daddy-long-legs." Brad Eldridge parted some elderberry bushes and stepped out into the wood path. The sunlight flickered across his freckled face, revealing the frank disgust with which he regarded my habiliments.

"Anyway, now we can start even," I maintained, abashed, but holding myself determinedly to the mark of my high endeavor. "Now you needn't have to let me beat just because you hear me rustling along."

He sat down on the root of a scrub-oak tree, picked up a twig, and chewed it thoughtfully in an impressive, old-mannish way that he had. Now and then his lips twitched or his nostrils pulsated. He had a mobile face. On it I followed the progress of his mind from uncomprehending and disapproving to understanding, considering, admitting. "So that's what you're up to," he said at last. He selected another twig and chewed that. I did not hurry him and he took his time. "It may work," he continued, with a second glance of close scrutiny. "It may work. Less us go en try the race across the home pasture en see."

I met the proposal with alacrity. The race across the home pasture had been, for years, one of his easy victories until this summer of complex problem. I had beaten him across three times during the last month, though the going across the home pasture was not what the Eternal Feminine ordinarily picks out for herself. The mole-hills were abundant and crumbled treacherously underfoot, and there were two brooks to jump.

We managed to laugh as we went through Henway Wood—not hilariously, but sufficiently to reestablish us in our customary friendliness. We came out of Henway Wood at the junction of the home pasture with the Eldridge farm. There we saw Than scudding across the Eldridge wheat-flat toward us.

"Mist' Eldridge," called Brad, as Than came up to us, "lemmy interduce you to Mist' Gordon."

"Howdy, Mist' Eldridge," said I, gravely.

"Howdy, Mist' Gordon," said Than, as gravely. We were used to the ways of one another. After circling around me once, Than took the innovation casually. It did not mean to him what it meant to Brad and me. When we had told him our programme, he accommodately climbed upon the fence to act as starter. Then we lined up below him and, with his little peaked face in his hands, he gave the word:

"One for the money,  
Two for the show,  
Three to make ready,  
En four to  
Go!"

Brad and I shot away with some of the impetus and the animus of the thoroughbreds on the Camelot training-track. All went well for a rod or two. Then Brad lagged and finally stopped short. "Try stuffin' your plait up under your hat," he ordered, with grim peevishness. I tucked my wheat-colored rope under my boy's field hat and we started again.

There was no doubt that I could run faster without the petticoats, and life assumed its old high color when presently I saw Brad settle into the swinging dog-trot that had been his last resort, for a long race and a hard one, in the days when he had really tried. My cheeks were flaming and my heart was thumping as I passed him at the sycamore windbreak.

"Go it, Neill!" shrieked Than from the rail fence.

"Why don't you come on, little Braddy?" I howled, with joyous derision, and glanced back at him over my right shoulder. He began to work his doubled-up arms as if they were pistons, sprinted ahead of me, and cleared Perch Creek

with a running leap. Then he looked back at me and called, calmly,

"What's that you were sayin', Neill?"

"Good boy!" I shouted, and sailed over after him. Following determinedly in his tracks, I soon found that I was overtaking him. I ran another ten yards with my eyes on the mole-hills. When I looked up again I saw that Brad was walking.

"Aw! 'tain't any use," he protested, when I came up with him. "Overalls or no overalls, I don't want'er beat."

We flopped down on some grass hummocks then and there and considered the situation in frowning gloom. Brad dug into the ground with a stick and kept a silence that I, for my part, was too sick at heart to break. We paid no heed to Than's hoot-calls.

"There's just one thing more to try," announced Brad at last, his eyes fixed moodily on some scrubby plants in the middle distance, "and that's some of them mullein leaves." For the benefit of my stupidity, he added, impatiently: "Make a mask of 'em, make a mask of 'em, en cover up your face with it. I saw your face when I looked back jest now."

Anything that so smacked of the histrionic was sure to find favor in my eyes. I endorsed the mullein-leaf expedient with unrestrained enthusiasm. As mullein grew in rank clumps all over the home pasture, we soon found some leaves that were not too much bug-ravaged for our purposes. We sat down and pinned four of the leaves together with twigs; we punched out eye-holes and a nose-hole and a mouth-hole; then Brad, with lad's skill, extracted some string from among the scraps of iron, pebbles, and broken jew's-harp in his pocket, and tied the mask over my face. Mullein is prickly, but I suffered eagerly.

"There!" said Brad, his lips twitching again, "shouldn't think the lady could get through that."

We squared off again, toed another mole-hill and made another start. In spite of the fact that I was heavily encumbered by the harness found necessary to curb the Eternal Feminine, I found satisfying zest in the experiment. I liked experiment, liked it all the more if it gave me a good acting part. The mullein made me perspire and the fuzz tickled





*Drawn by Charlotte Harding*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"THAN" CLIMBED ON THE FENCE TO ACT AS STARTER





my lips, but I kept up with Brad all the way to the persimmon-tree. There I began to fall behind. I redoubled my efforts buoyantly. It was like old times for him to shoot off ahead as he was doing now. He was trying. So was I. The mullein leaf about my nostrils I popped with my whiffing. The mullein leaf about my mouth I ate, to get it out of the way.

"Why don't you come on, little Neilly?" mocked Brad over his shoulder. Then he ran straight forward until he was within a rod of the last haystack. There he began to drop back. I knew that he was not tired.

"Faugh! you go on!" I goaded. But he lagged more and more until I came up with him. I came up in a walk, for he had stopped stock-still and was shamefacedly spinning around on his heel. His loose lips were jerking in their curious way.

"Mask or no mask, I don't want a beat," was all he would say.

I snatched off the mask in black despair. "Looks like everything's over for us two," I said, acrimoniously. "You'd as well go on home. I don't care about *walking* across the pasture with you."

Red and sullen and hurt, he turned about and retraced his steps toward Than.

I watched him for a moment in silent but hot rebellion. Then I softened and saddened.

"Good-by, Brad," I called. That it was indeed good-by in a way I understood now. Good-by to the old fusses and squabbles and even, equal rivalry. Good-by to my old bland sense of self-sufficiency. Brad was determined to favor me, to look out for me. He must walk the beaten track of human experience. So must I. The petticoats had conquered. In unrelieved misery I heard their despised fluffiness swishing to the tune of the future—my future.

"Good-by," Brad called back after a moment's steadying pause. He wheeled about suddenly, his face widened and brightened by one of his boy smiles, humorously and unquenchably optimistic. "I'm a-comin' over on Pete after supper. He ain't been to the plough to-day. He'll be fresh. You have the pony saddled ready, en we'll go a-ridin',"—he was older than I; he had caught the tune of the future more harmoniously than I had caught it; he put both hands to his mouth and trumpeted in a musical crescendo that, mounting recklessly to its top note, roused the knolls to echo:

"—*a-ridin', ridin', ridin'!*—*a-ridin' up the hill!*"

## The Oratory

BY JULIA C. R. DORR

**S**TILL in the vaulted temple of my heart  
 There is an oratory thine alone—  
 A sweet, hushed, sacred chantry all thine own.  
 There do I fly when I would be apart  
 To dream and dream, for there I know thou art  
 Albeit I see thee not. There is thy throne;  
 There art thou crowned, and as at altar-stone  
 Fain would I kneel and let the day depart!  
 While this remains I cannot lose thee, dear,  
 Though countless centuries between us roll;—  
 Though earth dissolves, and planets disappear,  
 And all the splendor of the starry scroll  
 Dies out of heaven, what room is there for fear?  
 Love still shall answer love, soul call to soul!

# Honey-Ants of the Garden of the Gods

BY HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., LL.D., Sc.D.

ANTS and bees are inveterate seekers of sweets. Both have found a way to lay by their gatherings against a time of need. The measureless diversity in unity that marks the course of nature appears in that these two kindred creatures have reached the same end by ways most diverse. The bee keeps her treasure in wrought honeycombs; the ant resorts to living structure. She has not only acquired the habit of aphid-culture, but in a few species, at least, utilizes certain of her fellows as living honey-jars. The story of this habit as seen in the honey-ants of the Garden of the Gods (*Myrmecocystus hortus-deorum*) is now to be told.

In A.D. 1832 Dr. Pablo de Llave made known the existence of Mexican ants some of whom have spherical abdomens filled with honey. His information and specimens came from a resident of Dolores, a village near Mexico city, who said that these honey-charged forms were there held to be great delicacies, being freely eaten, and served at marriage and other social feasts.

This account greatly interested naturalists; but little more was known of the insect until 1879, when the writer of this article left Philadelphia for New Mexico, where the ants were reported to abound, hoping to remove this long reproach from American entomology. During a brief visit to the Garden of the Gods in Colorado, the honey-ants were found nestled upon the ridges. The trip to New Mexico was deferred; camp was made within the Garden, and study of architecture and habits was begun.

The Mexican species (*Myrmecocystus melliger*) had been reported as making no outer nest. The Colorado species, or variety, heaps around its one central gate a low moundlet of pebbles and sand, the dumpings from the galleries, halls, and rooms dug in the rock beneath. These

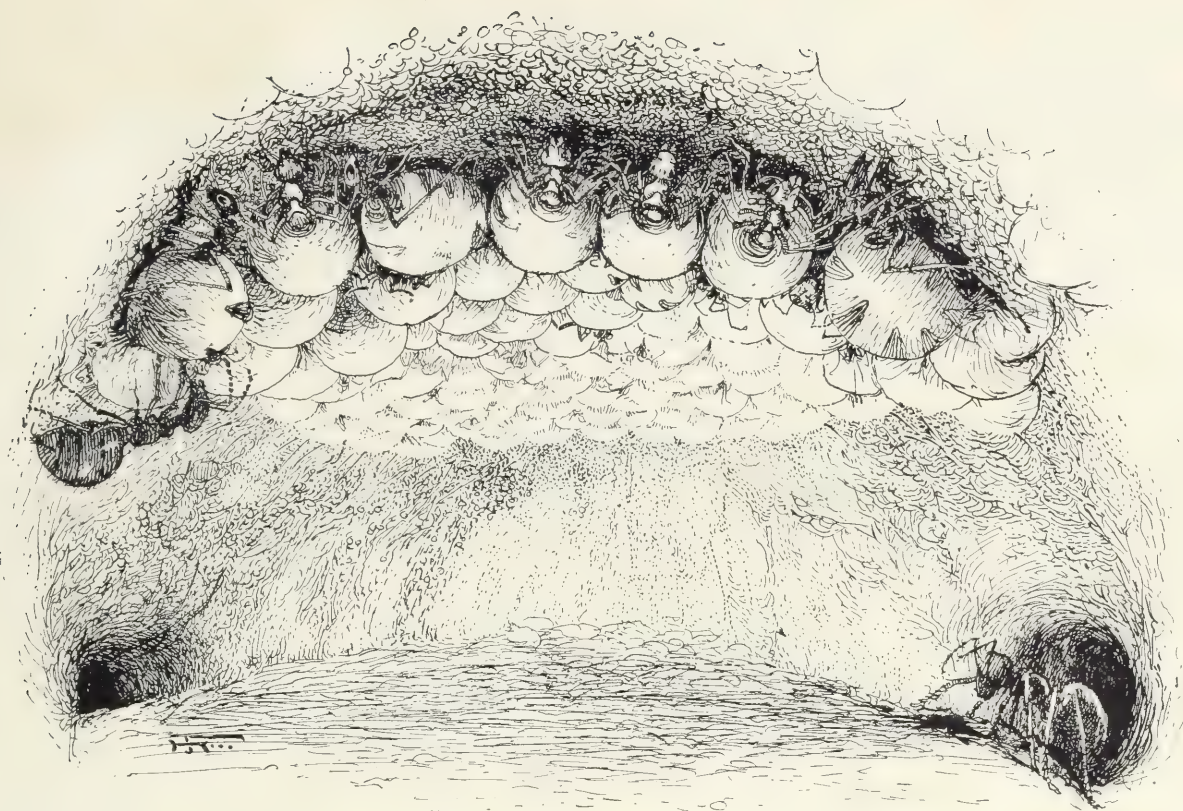
moundlets are not huge cones outfitted for nesting uses, but are the natural outtake of the mining gangs within.

In form they are like a Turk's-head pound-cake, and are not above four inches in height, with a base girth of thirty-two inches. They have one main gate, a straight tubular opening less than an inch wide, slightly funnel-shaped at the top. This cuts through the mound perpendicularly, and is deflected at an angle more or less abrupt. Thence it leads into a series of branching galleries and rooms which in populous formicaries occur in stories. These inner chambers are vaulted spaces of irregular shape; are five to six inches long, three or four wide, rising from a half-inch to an inch and a half at the centre.

A nest upon the summit of a ridge made in the friable red sandstone that there prevails was chosen for thorough exploration. Its uncovering kept two men for half a week at work with chisel and hammer, including the time taken in measurements, sketches, and plaster casts. The nest-interior sloped toward the base of the hill, and occupied a space, in round numbers, eight feet long, three feet high, and a foot and a half wide. In other words, there were thirty-six cubic feet of rock fairly honeycombed by the series of galleries and stored chambers. All this was not only dug away, but was carried through the interlacing galleries, up the central gangway, and dumped around the gate. It is a busy underground scene that one's fancy calls up, not wholly free from that marvel which in primitive ages simple-minded men were wont to couple with mining-works and miners and evoke therefor the aid of gnomes and the "swart faery of the mine."

However, it was not the wonders of the architecture that gave chief zest to this





HONEY-ANTS ASSEMBLED UPON THE ROUGH ROOF OF A VAULTED CHAMBER

search. As the chisel, deftly wielded, uncovers this large room, a rare scene is in view. The vaulted roof is beaded with rich amber-colored spheres, from beneath which protrude the yellow trunks and legs of living insects. These are the honey-bearers, whose rotund abdomens with their stores of sweets have made their species famous among the emmet tribes. As the light breaks in—the first these cavernous halls have ever known,—a faint wave of movement stirs throughout the compact group of “linked sweetness.” The shock of the income sunshine, and the confusion that has seized and scattered so many of their fellows, as their habitation crumbles about them, do not loose their hold upon their perch. It could hardly be by chance that the roof to which they cling has been left rough and gritty, instead of being smoothed off as are the galleries. At least, so it is, and the fact aids the rotunds to keep their place.

The writer has somewhat anticipated. When the delightful vision of one of those vaulted storerooms, with its roof crowded with honey-bearers, had located and identified their nests, the first question that arose was—whence do the ants get their honey? The theory that the

rotunds “elaborated” it was dismissed as a vain imagination. It was plain enough that they must be sedentary creatures, and that the bulk of the store within their immense abdomens must have come from the workers, the true honey-gatherers. Of these there were three castes, the majors, minors, and minimis or dwarfs.

But whence do the workers get their supply? From the aphids, of course! Here experience failed to be a true guide, for in the whole vicinage there was not an aphid found. Even the wild rose-bushes, which there abounded, were barren of these familiar emmet herds. In sooth, neither aphids nor ants were found on our first day’s search among the near-by shrubbery. The nests were as silent and apparently as empty of life as cemeteries. As this implied a nocturnal habit, a nest convenient to our tent was chosen for observation, and nightfall was awaited. The sun set at 7.30 o’clock, and the garden began to darken, although the snowy summit of Pikes Peak was still aglow. A few ants appeared within the gate. They advanced to the top of the crater; they were followed by others who swarmed upon it. They pushed out upon the gravelled slopes of the mound, the upper part of which was





A DISH OF HONEY-ANTS AS SERVED AT MEXICAN WEDDING BANQUETS

soon covered with yellow insects moving restlessly to and fro. There were no rotunds or semi-rotunds among these mustering squadrons; all were workers with normal abdomens.

Presently an ant left the mound and started over the ridge northward. Another—several—a score followed. Soon a long column trailed along the ridge. It was so dark that it could be traced only by stooping close thereto; and a lantern had to be used.

Fifty feet from the nest the column descended the slope and entered a copse of scrub-oak, within which most of the ants were lost at once. A few were traced to a bush several feet within the thicket, but their secret was not unravelled that night. The next night also we were baffled. On the third night the ants were again out at the pale of day, and began to move at once, but at a slower pace, perhaps because the scent upon the track had been weakened by a heavy rain during the afternoon. There was no acknowledged leader. A dwarf worker held the van over most of the way; then a minor pushed to the front. But there was no proof of actual leadership at any time in any part of the line. The ancient observation of King Solomon on the harvesting ants of Palestine held good of these new-world emmets:—"without guide, overseer, or ruler."

In seventeen minutes the ants reached a low tree or bush and were soon distributed over it. Their forms could be traced hunting trunk, branches, and leaves, but it was nearly three hours before the object of their search was found. This delay will not seem unreasonable if the reader will picture the observer wedged in among thick, low branches of a dwarf-oak, holding up a lantern with one hand and using the other to clear space for it,

keeping motionless lest he alarm the timid insects and again fail of his quest. In the course of these slow investigations the end of a branch was reached upon which were a number of ants hovering around clusters of brownish-red galls. They moved from gall to gall, not tarrying long upon any one, and often touched them with their mouths. That was all that could be seen in the dim light at the distance one must keep. But it was enough. The secret was out! For even in the feeble lantern-light, as it played among the branches, the ants' abdomens were seen to be swollen by the sweets which they had lapped.

With an assistant's aid the branch was cut off without disturbing the workers, and was carried to the tent, and braced up within a pail of water to hinder the ants' escape. But they made little effort to leave, so intent were they upon their honey-gathering. They were kept in view during the rest of the night, and thus—and by many like experiments that followed—appeared the object of their nocturnal forays and the present source of honey-supply. What was it?

Some of the galls exuded minute globules of a white, transparent saccharine liquid, which the ants greedily lapped. This sugary sap issued from the several points upon the gall, which in some cases became beaded with six or more droplets. During the night one gall would yield at least three series, and this explained the flitting of the ants from gall to gall. The successive exudations invited frequent returns. Thus in emmet experience our proverb "as bitter as gall" must needs be modified; and for our ants also the well of Marah became a fount of sweetness.

Some gall-bearing twigs were put into the artificial nests. They received no attention. This led to more careful selec-



tion, and twigs having bleeding galls were introduced. These were instantly attacked and cleaned of their beaded sweets. Examination explained this difference in behavior. The favored galls were livid and greenish in color and soft in texture. They contained the immature forms of a gall-fly, *Cynips quercus-mellaria*. The neglected galls were all hard and of a darker color, with a circular hole near the base through which the mature gall-fly had escaped. The galls were all small, the largest being three-eighths of an inch in diameter. Thus our honey-ants were shown to be garnering the nectar of galls whose flow was probably stimulated by the trituration of gall-fly larvæ.

The ant honey stored within the rotunds has an aromatic flavor suggestive of bee honey, and is agreeable to the taste. An analysis made by a competent chemist of the product of the Mexican species showed a nearly pure solution of sugar of fruits, differing from grape-sugar in not crystallizing. The Mexicans and Indians have, or had at the period of these studies, several uses for the ant honey. They eat it freely. The late Professor Cope, when in New Mexico, had a plate of rotunds offered him as a dainty relish. Dr. Loew reported that the Mexicans press the insects and use the honey at their meals. They were also said to prepare from it by fermentation an alcoholic drink. Another naturalist learned that

the natives apply it to bruised and swollen limbs. It has been suggested seriously that these ants might by culture attain the rank of bees as honey-producers. The difficulty of farming the colonies, and the limited quantity of the product, would prevent a profitable industry. The average amount of honey in a single rotund was by weight about forty (0.3942) grams, a little over eight times (8.2) that of the ant's body. But counting the number of rotunds in a nest at six hundred—the utmost that observations would justify—the entire product would be only two-thirds of a pound troy, collected at the cost of all the honey-bearers' lives. Such results disbar these insects from the field of human industry.

Let us go back to the home nest. The time chosen for the foragers' exode was in all colonies the same, about sunset at 7.30 P.M. Always there remained a large force, some of whom were seen at all hours of the night on guard around the gate and patrolling the mound, even pushing the pickets beyond. The return home began about midnight and continued until the dayspring, between four and five o'clock. The incomers were challenged by the sentries, who guarded the approach with military vigilance. The antennal countersign was always exacted. One could not but wonder, as he saw the sharp arrest and the crossed antennæ, how keen must be the sense—the homologue doubt-



NIGHT-WORKERS GATHERING HONEY FROM OAK-GALLS

less of smell—by which recognition was made. As in human industries, there were plainly degrees of success among the returning workers, for some came with well-laden abdomens, and others scantily provided. Nor did size determine the measure of success, for some of the best-filled honey-bags were borne by the dwarf workers.

It had been assumed that the function of the rotunds was that of a storeroom, a provision against a time of need for the family dependents. But the naturalist, while knowing the value of analogy and of circumstantial evidence, must seek "the sensible and true avouch of [his] own eyes." This was not easily had, although observations continued for more than four months in artificial nests taken from Colorado to the writer's home. However, some progress was made.

It was proved that foraging workers, to which caste the rotunds belong, when returning as "repletes" were tolled by the sentinels and watchers. There was no such general levy of octroi as seen at the gate of the mound-making ants, but enough to show that the habit was well fixed. From a gall-covered branch occupied by foragers a minim was laid upon her nest. She was much flustered, and failed at first to recognize that an unknown power, like the jinn of Eastern story, had borne her through the air to her own door. The watchers also showed

surprise at so unorthodox an advent. But appetite quickly silenced speculation, and two dwarfs and a minor arrested the newcomer, and took toll from her mouth of the syrup with which her crop was charged. A worker-major put upon the mound was similarly treated.

That the workers are fond of the honey which the rotunds carry was seen while excavating a nest. Some of the tense abdomens were accidentally ruptured. The excitement that racked the formicary, the martial ire and fervor to assail a foe, the instinct to save larvæ, pupæ and other dependents, were suspended in the presence of this tempting delicacy, and amid the ruins of their home the workers clustered around their unfortunate comrade, and greedily lapped the sweets from the honey-moistened spot. It was a pitiful sight, and noted to the disparagement of the ants, until the observer remembered that human beings have displayed equal greed and ignoble self-gratification amid their country's wreck.

Over against this, one may put a fact apparently more to the credit of our Mel-ligers. From time to time the rotunds died in their artificial nests. The bodies hung to their perch for days ere the death-grip relaxed and they fell. Sometimes the attendant workers failed to note the change for a day or more, and caressed and cleansed them with wonted care. When they perceived the truth, and set



HONEY-ANT WORKERS OBTAINING HONEY FROM A HONEY-BEARER





WORKER HONEY-ANTS DRAWING HONEY-BEARERS INTO A GALLERY AND UP A PERPENDICULAR SURFACE

about to remove the body, the abdomen was first severed from the thorax. Then the parts were taken to the "cemetery," that common dumping-ground for the dead which ants maintain. The abdomens, with their tempting contents, were never violated. The amber globes were pulled up steep galleries, rolled along rooms, and bowled into the graveyard along with juiceless heads, legs, and trunks. Did this spring from an instinctive sentiment by which nature protects the living honey-bearer? At least, the workers seemed to draw a line between the use of the honey when exposed by accident, and when held intact within the abdomens of the rotunds, whether living or dead.

That workers within the formicary feed from the rotunds as they do from repletes at the gates, was seen in the artificial nests. Here is an example noted and sketched. The rotund stood with her head erect, her body elevated upon her legs at an angle of  $45^\circ$ , and regurgitated a drop of honey, which hung to the mouth parts. This was received by a major, who stood opposite and in like posture, and by a minim that stood almost erect and stretched up from below. Another major, attracted to the banquet, got her share by reaching over the back of the first

worker and thrusting her mouth into the common "dish."

It added something to the inquiry that rotunds hold the place of dependents. The workers plainly rank them with the queen, virgin females, males, and larvæ. They were not fed, for their full crops guaranteed them against possible hunger. But the workers hovered about them as they hung upon the roof, cleansing them as they did the larvæ. In natural sites when the honey-rooms were broken open and rotunds disturbed from their perches, workers of all castes ran eagerly to them and dragged them into the unbroken interior. Sometimes several united in removing one rotund. A single major was seen dragging a rotund by interlocked mandibles up the perpendicular face of a cutting,—backing up the steep with her bulky protégé. Thus the behavior of the active class of the commune showed that honey-bearers are classed with dependents, and receive care which cannot well be accounted for save by value attached to their stored food.

Hoping to prove beyond doubt the functions of honey-bearers, a number were placed along with workers in a nest, and all denied food. Some water was given, but otherwise their fast was unbroken for over four months. The plan



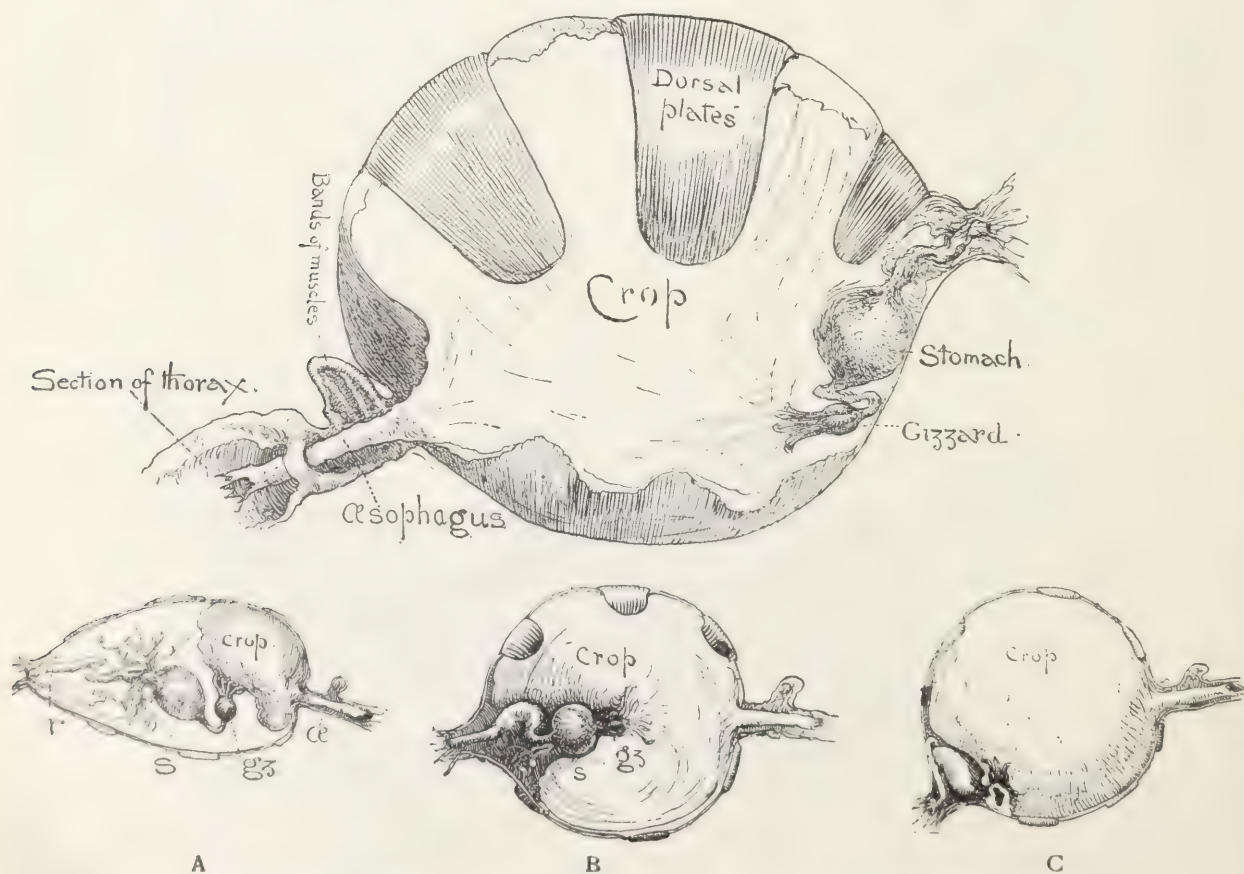
was to force workers by hunger to go to their living storerooms. But the perverse *Melligers* made the rotunds' lodgings within the heart of the nest, and no strategy could lure them into view. Yet, during four months the workers, whose movements were observable, were in perfect health and in good condition. Indeed, they seemed more vigorous than their congeners in other nests. When the formicary was opened, the survivors looked more like foragers returning from a banquet of oak-gall nectar than the victims of a four months' fast. The rotunds, too, were in good health; and, oddly enough, their abdomens, though somewhat diminished, seemed to have been but sparingly tapped! The complement of this experiment, a nest of workers alone, also denied food, came to an untimely end by accident.

The imprisoned honey-ants uncovered many other interesting traits; but space permits the record of but one more: from the zoologist's standpoint, perhaps, the most interesting of all. Are the rotunds a separate caste? The question had been often asked, and the facts as observed required a negative. No sign of a separate caste appeared among the cocoons or cal-

lows. Accurate body measurements showed no difference between the workers and the honey-bearers except in the distended abdomen. The conclusion was reached that the worker-majors for the most part, and sometimes the minors, grow into rotunds by gradual distension of the crop and expansion of the abdomen.

The change of anatomy by which this occurs can easily be understood by lay readers with the aid of accompanying cuts. In ants, the alimentary or intestinal canal passes as a nearly straight tube through the thorax into the abdomen. There it has two special expansions, the crop and the stomach, which are united by the gizzard. The crop is in the fore-part of the abdomen; the canal opens directly into it, and therein the gathered nectar is first stored. Its elasticity, great in all ants, is highly developed in the *Melligers*, and admits of immense expansion.

The walls of the abdomen which contain the above parts are composed of ten hard, chitinous, segmental plates, five dorsal and five ventral. These overlap one another, like roofing slates, from base to apex. They are set upon a strongly muscular inner membranous lining, which, like the crop, is highly elastic. In ordinary



GRADUAL EXPANSION, FROM A TO C, OF THE CROP IN A HONEY-ANT



condition this inner coat does not show, and the ant's abdomen appears as a solid subcylindrical object. But in excessive feeding the crop expands, and pressing upward and downward, forces apart the segmental plates at various degrees of separation, according to the amount of food taken. In the honey-bearer the three middle plates become wholly isolated, appearing as minute islets on the tensely stretched translucent abdominal membrane.

Meanwhile, the backward pressure of the expanding crop forces the other organs before it, until they lie huddled together in the extreme end of the now

rounded abdomen. It seems strange that creatures could live in such a condition, and in apparent good health. But so it is. Their habit is sedentary in the extreme, as they keep closely to their perches; but they can readily shift their positions, and when laid upon a smooth surface can move about with some celerity.

The point here to note is the gradual stages by which a worker passes into the rank of honey-bearer. Large numbers were kept under observation, and finally dissected, and the progress from "replete" to "rotund," as shown in the illustrations, was well established.

## The Mirror

BY MARGARET RIDGELY PARTRIDGE

ADAPTED FROM THE PERSIAN OF RUMIS

A LOVER sought his loved one's dwelling-place,  
And all audacious, craved its hidden grace;  
Without the rose-wreathed door he, fearless, knocked—  
Oh grief! to find the cruel portals locked.

Then from within, sweet as the perfumed air,  
Music's own voice cried: "Who awaits me there?"  
Now heed ye well the Lover's bold reply,  
"Behold, my Rose of Irene, it is I!"

"Go hence, within my garden rich with bloom,  
For Me and Thee besides, there is no room."  
The Lover left, to meditate apart  
The cause and cure of his imperfect heart.

In great humility he sought once more  
An entrance at the fair forbidden door;  
Again the voice of nightingale and lute  
Cried: "Who comes here, my garden to salute?"

The Lover answered, freed from his old self,  
"I pray thee lift the veil, it is *Thyself*!"  
"Since thou hast learned the human heart to win,  
Enter!" replied the voice, "I am within."

# A Misshuffle

BY HERMAN WHITAKER

**S**HARP as the rattle of a boy's stick along a paling, echoes preceded Elder Peter Murray's wagon down the Twelfth Concession, conveying unfair warning of his approach to Elspeth McIntosh as she sat at the receipt of custom by the log toll-house;—*unfair* because Elspeth's keen eyes sufficed for the detection of the victims whom she squeezed dry of news before opening the gate. Her vision, indeed, was such that she was credited with a good three-mile guess at any Zorra man, and she had the homeward rattle of the township's wagons scaled in such accurate notation that she could name each driver on the blackest night.

"That 'll be Peter o' the Slashing," she now mused, giving the Elder the pseudonym that set him apart from Peter "Swamp," Peter "Poet," Peter "Cripple," and eleven other Peters of the clan. "He'll know what Sib Sanderson paid for Gourock's cow, an' if the woman's wi' him I'll be finding out whether the shawl's a real Paisley that Janet Gordon's mother's uncle sent her frae the States. . . . But no," she continued as the team slowed to a walk at the toe of the hill below the toll-house, "yon's Sailor McKay, making one leg of it wi' the Elder to mairket. Ah, weel, then I'm to know just what the minister said when he heard of Geordie 'Piper's' thirst at the Embro fair."

There was a tang of frost in the air, enough to account for the crimson and gold of the maple woods, so, sliding hands under armpits, Elspeth settled down on the stoop by the gate as affording greater ease in the formulating of her *questionnaire*; a familiar position that drew a remark from the Elder's companion.

"She's unlimbering her guns; an' man! there's no better shot wi' the mouth, long range or short, i' the twa townships of Zorra. It's terr'ble the way she picks the bones of a man's knowledge. I'm feel-

ing always like a wrung dish-clout when she's through wi' me."

"Yes, yes, Cap'en," Elder Peter sighed, "she iss fery bad, but no worse than Jeames Ross, the postmaister. Between her an' Elspeth, she losses an hour efery time she goes to mairket."

"Noo ye'll hail her real brisk," the sailor advised, "telling her ye're in a hurry."

The Elder's white beard wagged his doubt; yet, for very need, he drew his long features into a dismal reflection of the cheery haste that radiated from the mariner's rubicund visage. "Elspeth, woman," he said, pulling up at the gate, "here's her shilling, so she'll please to let us through, for the Cap'en is to haf' an airy appointment in town."

Elspeth did not stir. Her face, which was round, full, and vacant as the moon, and her figure broad almost as she was tall, alike expressed the absolute immovability that philosophers deny. Indeed she made the Elder's challenge serve as a hinge for her opening question.

"It 'll be the grain-buyer, Cap'en? I'm hearing that your fall wheat's just rotten wi' smut, an' doubtless he's kicking. . . . They're lying? Weel, weel! An' you too, Elder. Donald Cameron was through here yesterday, an' he says as the seed-grain he bought from you is foul wi' mustard. He'll be having the law of ye for harboring nox'us weeds."

At this hardy aspersion on the fair fame of his corn, the Elder's white beard quivered in an obsession of indignation; he forgot his hurry. "Her land foul, iss it? She'll haf' the law of her, will she? Then see you, Elspeth, she'll haf' the law of Tonald Cameron for the twa bad tollars she gave her. Foul lan'! Mustard in her crain! Intee!"

Thus well started, Elspeth went on, dipping, dipping, dipping, till she touched dry bottom in their wells of information; and even then she held them



while she delivered herself of a diatribe on the scandalous management of the post. "He held my last letty a week," she shrilly declaimed. "I tell't it by the stamp o' the main office. An' even then 'twas like drawing teeth to get it. One wad think, be his goings on, as he owned all the lettys, an' that he gave you one as a special favor after ye'd gone bankrupt on civility. But I got even with him this once. Ay, that I did."

"What did ye to him?" the Cap'en inquired.

Nodding vindictively, she swung wide the gate. "He'll be telling ye, so there's no need for me to be wasting breath. Noo dinna forget to clean the mustard oot o' your wheat, against the sheriff's coming, Elder."

"Hoots! ye—" But Elspeth had vanished in the toll-house by the time the Elder had stopped his team, so she missed his slip from grace. His beard was still quivering when he reined in at the post-office a quarter-mile below.

The postmaster, a man broad and squat as the Elder was long and thin, was digging potatoes in the patch beside the office, and without even straightening, he jerked a nod over the stake-and-rider fence.

"There'll be lettys, Jeames?"

"Ay, there's a bagfu'." The shadow of annoyance which darkened his features at the Cap'en's question deepened into injury when the sailor hailed again.

"Mebbe some for us?"

"Hoo should I ken?" Straightening, the postmaster swept a protesting hand over potatoes, lying fat and shiny, and undug drills. "Ye'll see for yersel's that I'm busy. I havena lookit i' the bag for three days."

"Yes, yes," the Elder soothed, "we see. An' the potatoes? She'll be showing them at the fair, Jeames?"

"They *are* mighty fine." Mollified, the postmaster stooped to a concession. "An' if I finish the patch be sundown, I'll mebbe see if there's anything for ye."

"If ye wad, Jeames, we'd tak' it very kindly," the mariner said. He had been kicking the Elder to move on before the gift of tongues took Jeames, but he nailed them with a question before the Elder could even shake his lines.

"What was Elspeth skirling at? I could hear her clean to here. . . . Kep' her waiting?" he snorted, when the Elder told. "Man, she held me twa hours be the clock, i' the frost, at mid-night, wi' me hammering on the door to raise auld Nickie. 'It's yersel', Jeames?' she says, when she did come out. 'An' have I kept ye long? I was dreaming that a thousand woodpeckers was tapping on my wall.' Woodpeckers? Hoots!"

Here anger choked him, and before he could recover the power of speech the Elder made good his escape. "What aff him an' Elspeth," he sighed, amid the wagon's rattle, "Sorra is on the twa horns aff a tilemma." Then, sighing again at the very futility of the hope, he added, "She iss a lone womans, he a lone mans—if they wad only pe marrying one on the other, then oor affliction will pe cut in twa."

"Man, but that's a braw idee. Wher-ever did *ye* get it?" Accent and the Cap'en's face of red astonishment both implied that pearls of thought dropped not often from the Elder's lips; but ignoring the spirit, the latter meekly accepted the compliment in the letter.

"It iss a tream, a tream," he sighed again.

The Cap'en coughed, thoughtfully. By reason of two essays in matrimony and a vast sweethearting in and out of foreign ports he had evolved a very liberal philosophy of love, which, in the ensuing pause, he reduced to a single sentence.

"Man!" he exclaimed, breaking silence. "Given pro-peen-quity an' a jog i' the ribs an' the deevil would marry an arkangel."

And overlooking the sailor's diabolical and evangelical confusion of sex, the Elder answered, "She would gif", she would gif"—he pondered a moment, fixing the exact cash value of the fusing of two nuisances—"she would gif' fife cents to see it."

"I'd give ten." After he had thus raised the Elder's spendthrift offer, the Cap'en added, "An' I'll be drapping Jeames a hint to-night."

The hint, as delivered, carried wider meanings than Webster accords its usage. "Jeames," the Cap'en said when,

at sundown, they found the postmaster still grubbing—"Jeames, I'm astonished at ye! A man o' your intelligence digging your ain 'taties when such a fine woman of her hands as Elspeth's to be had for the asking. It's wastefu', too; flying i' the face o' providence to run twa establishments where one wad do. Think o' the saving i' light an' firing alone. Yes, yes!" He anticipated the postmaster's shake of the head. "I ken she's no exactly what one wad call tender eating, but, Jeames, man, ye'll never tak' a prize in a beauty show yersel', an' any kind of a chicken makes good soup for old teeth. Did ye never think o't?"

"Am no saying that I haven't." The postmaster answered with caution.

"Weel, what d'ye think o't?"

"It's a weighty subjec', Cap'en, an' big." The postmaster's screwed-up brow amply testified to its avoirdupois, while his eyes squinted out in a vain attempt at circumnavigation. "There's savings, yes, an' there's wastes—licenses an' a' that. Ye didna tak' count o' the licenses, an' they're doddered expensive."

"That's so, that's so—a," the Cap'en agreed. "It garns a man sair to pay for something that he canna put to uses. Yes, McNab grumbled a full year over his'n." But not permitting his sympathies to side-track him, he ran on: "But me an' Elder Peter, here, is baith agreed that you, being a public character in a way, orter get a free license frae the township."

"Na, na!" Though pleased, Jeames modestly waved away the gratifying distinction. "I doubt, Cap'en, that I'm public to that extent. Forbye should the township buy the likes o' me a licenses?"

"Whoosh—h!" The sailor blew the objection into thin air. "Grant that ye lackit a bit publicity yersel'—which I dinna admeet,—Elspeth's public, too. Her publicity added to yourn wad mak' the pair of ye public as the town pump. Man! ye dinna just ken how public ye are."

"Then there's the preacher?" The postmaster took up new ground. "Willum McCleven was telling me just t'other day as Elder McTavish wouldna consider less than a twa-dollar bill for a marrying."

"Ou, ay? But then ye'll be seeing that he has to mak' up for the funerals that go scot free, though using up a sight more power. But I'll answer for the meenister, Jeames. He'll do it for naething an' mak' i' the time he'll gain at the gate. So don't be letting Elder McTavish stand i' your light."

"Then there's Elspeth?" The postmaster brought up in his last ditch. "She micht no ha' me?"

For the first time the Cap'en gave pause, while his critical eye took in the postmaster's parts. "To be frank, Jeames, I wouldna blame her."

"Yes, I'm certain ill-fa'ured," Jeames agreed. "Geordie McDonald was telling t'other day of the time he had the tremens. 'I saw maist ugly things,' he says, 'maist terr'ble things, but there wasna one as could touch Jeames Ross.' I doubt I'm too ill-fa'ured, Cap'en?"

"An' Geordie no lacks imagination when he's sober," the sailor agreed. Then he returned to the charge. "But hoots! Jeames, did ye ever hear of a woman red i' the thatch, ill-fa'ured an' fifty, that missit the chance o' showing the other weemen as she could do it again? If you were auld Nickie himsel', she'd tak' ye. So birk up, my man, an' as I'm going by the night, I'll mebbe steal time to slip Elspeth a word. Tak' your time, an' give her a bit to get used to the thought o't, for, Jeames, as you say, ye're certain ill-fa'ured."

The word proved as liberal in its interpretations as the hint. "Elspeth, woman," he said, after she had wrung him clean of market news, "I saw Jean Gordon the day, an' she makit me real angry. I was telling what a wonder it was that a woman o' your pairts hadna been able to catch a second man, an' she gives her head a toss like that. 'Opportunities, said ye? Hoots! Elspeth's scared every marrying man frae the Twel'th Concession.'"

Jean's head-fling must have fallen short of the one Elspeth now executed. "Humphwa!" she said, curling her nose in a sneer. "Jumps the auld cat that a-way? Then she'd better be looking to her ain man an' him dropping into dyspepsia what of her cooking. He's her last chance; a pur body at that as no one else would ha'. Opportunities in-



deed! I could ha' that fule postmaister ony day."

"He's speired ye, Elspeth?" Cunning doubt lurked in the question.

"Pish! I have but to raise a finger."

"Ou, ay, I believe ye." But the mariner's accent so belied his words that the sting of his unbelief sank deep in Elspeth's bosom.

"I'll show ye!" she rasped, shaking her fist after his wagon.

Having thus implanted the seeds of love, the mariner was at pains to see that they received proper tilth. Skilled, as aforesaid, in all that pertained to the tender passion, he did not expect tropical growth from such stern soil; was not discouraged when Jeames gave no sign in many weeks. First the seed, then the root, and these must swell and toughen before they could disrupt the overlayer of Zorra granite and put forth green shoots and flowers of love. Market-day after market-day the Cap'en contented himself with judicious prodding, in which he had the able assistance of the entire township.

The township's advice took many colors. "Jeames," one man would say, "I'm noticing yer fence is in sair disorder. Noo, if ye on'y had a woman body to drive in a stake at odds?"

"Ay, there's Rab Gourlay," another confirmed. "Never had a bushel o' grain on the mairket till he marrit. His woman saves him an' the dog many a step, keepin' the cows out o' the corn."

"It is the nature of man to marry, Jeames," the minister argued. "And it is written, 'Go ye forth and populate the airth.'"

With Elspeth the township also lent valuable assistance. "Womans," McNab told her one day, "postmaister's speiring real pratty aff you. It iss just now that he iss telling as he never see your beat wis a hoe."

Which and other verbal delicacies Cap'en McKay reinforced with weekly reports of this woman's pity, that girl's scorn of Elspeth's solitary condition. Though, in his broad travel, he had seen nothing more astonishing than the successive altitudes Elspeth's head reached without damage to her neck, though her nose gave sign of retaining a permanent uptwist, the Cap'en was not discouraged.

He rightly felt that love's ferments were at work in Elspeth, and was not a bit surprised when, one morning, she sent a message by him to Jeames.

She would "like to ha' Mr. Ross come an' tak' a dish tea wi' her that afternoon."

This was the green shoot; when, two weeks later, Jeames boldly smoked a pipe on Elspeth's porch in the face of the homeward travel, the township rightly held that the plant was come to flower. Metaphorically, the minister rolled up his sleeves in readiness for the job; literally, Cap'en McKay extracted the price of a license from fifty subscribers at five cents each.

"He'll surely mak' a finish inside the month," the Cap'en informed his victims; and when a second month went by without Jeames calling for the money that burned the Cap'en's pocket, he felt that expostulation was incumbent upon him.

"It's sort o' held that ye've compromised Elspeth wi' the violence o' your loving," he urged on Jeames. "Man, ye must mak' an end."

Jeames, who was smoking on his stoop, blew an inquisitive cloud. "In what way's she compromised?"

"In what way? Now, didna McNab see ye splitting her kindling, an' is there a marrit woman i' the twa Zorras that gets so much of her man? None but ane that's blind wi' love wad do such a fule trick. Dods! I'm thinking a jury wad give her damages on that alone."

But though the sailor injected the most serious conviction into his answer, Jeames smoked calmly. "Na' hurry, there's na hurry. Next to hanging, marrying's the maist seerious o' businesses, an' there's many the man as did the second that wishit he'd done the first."

"Elspeth 'll be growing impatient." The skipper switched his argument.

"She's no showing it, then," Jeames bluntly answered.

This was a most alarming truth. When, that very morning, the Cap'en had hinted that men were slippery fish and required the gaff as soon as they took the hook, Elspeth had quietly answered: "Ah, weel! there's ithers. Everybody kens that I could ha' him if I wanted, an' that's the main point."

"But think o' the waste, Jeames." The Cap'en now resurrected his most powerful argument.

"Ay, 'twad be a saving, but"—Jeames peered cunningly through a veil of smoke—"no so much as if one person ran baith toll an' post."

The sailor whistled; then, across the garden, the pair eyed each other. "Ye're meaning, Jeames—" he softly inquired. "Ye're meaning—"

"I'm meaning naething." Rising, Jeames retired indoors, adding, however, before he closed the door, "The toll-house contrac' rins out next month."

The Cap'en was half-way down to town before he recovered sufficient breath to voice his feeling. "Save us!" he then exclaimed. "He's allowing to underbid her on the toll, an' he'll no speir her to marry gin' he losses that. Ah, weel, marry or no, Zorra stand to be rid of Elspeth. It's maist funny."

The enormity of the joke rendering it too rich for one man's digestion, the Cap'en imparted it upon the market to McNab, who retailed it to Elder Peter, who told some one else, and by noon the town buzzed with the news. In another community Elspeth must needs have heard of the postmaster's plottings, but even in their joking the Zorra townships bore themselves with characteristic Scotch thrift. Instances there be of their saving a joke through the allotted threescore years of a man's life, to let him in on the odd ten only because of the impossibility of cracking it upon his tombstone. Ay, the townships lingered over their jokes like a gourmand, turning and tasting to get the full flavor, so were not likely to be spendthrift with such meat as this. If indulging secret glee, Zorra pushed and prodded as before, tendering advice and encouragement to Jeames and Elspeth—which usurpation of their saturnine powers of overseeing things doubtless incited the fates to include the townships in the joke.

Thus it came to pass. Making a triple leg home from market with Neil McNab, the Cap'en and Elder Peter sighted, from a rise which commanded the post-office, Jeames Ross in solemn performance of a Highland fling whose vagaries took him all over the potato-patch.

"It 'll be the toll-house contrac'," the

mariner at once divined. "He's gat it." He felt the surer of his guess when nearer approach showed him a letter in the postmaster's hand, but he banished knowledge from his countenance when, entering the post-office, they found Jeames reperusing the epistle while resting from his terpsichorean efforts.

"Weel, Jeames," he greeted, "we obsairved your pirouettings i' the garden. There's on'y one thing as justifies a man i' such upliftings—Elspeth's consented? Ye have oor congratulations."

The postmaster glowered upon their innocent felicitation. "If that's the dog ye're following, he'll loss ye i' the woods."

"N—a?" The Cap'en's surprise almost deceived McNab. "Hoo then? Wi' a' that—"

"—tea-drinking?" McNab supplied.

"—kindling-splitting?" the Cap'en followed.

"—her dancing i' the garden?" Elder Peter finished.

"Naething! Naething!" Jeames waved down the tender insinuation. "Just a bit neighboring, yon. As for the bit fling, I'm no denying as I'm upliftit, for I'm in receipt o' advices that the toll-house contrac's let to me."

"Ye dinna say!" the three exclaimed, and in a breath the question followed: "Does Elspeth ken?"

Jeames nodded. "There was a big letty for her i' this mail, an' I sent it up wi' Geordie 'Piper.' I'm no doubting that it was to give her warning."

Just then the mariner's visage lightened to a sudden thought—a thought that offered an explanation of Elspeth's unholy calm in the face of the postmaster's lukewarmness. "Jeames," he asked, "when does the mail contrac' rin oot?"

"Nex' month. I sent in my tender last week."

"No competitors?"

Jeames stared as one affronted by blasphemy. For twenty years he had ruled that office, and was it likely now that any one would dare—"Whoa!" he blew away the thought. "Man, the suggestion shows that ye dinna realize the deeficulties an' responsibilities o' this office. D'ye reckon as the postal powers wad trust it oot o' my hands?"

The Cap'en hastened to placate his





*Drawn by F. Luis Mora*

Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

JEAMES BOLDLY SMOKED A PIPE ON ELSPETH'S PORCH





*Drawn by F. Luis Mora*

"I'VE WON THE MAIL CONTRAC'"



outraged feeling. "Na, na! I was just wondering. An' what 'll the office be turning ye, Jeames?"

"Thirty the month."

"An' the toll?"

"A hun'ed the year." The postmaster tossed off the figures with the ease of one accustomed to dealing in large amounts.

"Why, she'll pe the richest shentlemans i' Zorra!" Elder Peter admiringly exclaimed. "But Elspeth, she'll pe—"

"We're weel rid o'—" McNab interrupted, then paused in his turn as the gate clicked under Elspeth's own hand.

As she came up the path, the sailor's eye glued to a large official-looking envelope, and his secret hypothesis took surer form.

McNab nudged him. "She wouldna pe in Jeames' shoes?"

"No for the post an' toll baith," Elder Peter whispered.

Jeames himself seemed to divine the moment as critical, and as Elspeth swept in, blocking the door, he sought to abate the tension with explanations. "It's yersel', Mistress McIntosh? Ye're welcome, varra welcome! An' I see ye have the letty I sent up. Ah, weel, I was hippit to think as we couldna baith ha' it, but a man's first duty's to himsel'; he must no let his feelings come betwixt him an' his betterment. Beesness is beesness. But there's na hurry. Of coorse I'll ha' to move the post up til' the toll. But ye'll just tak' your time moving out; any day i' the next week. Ye'll see—" The surprise on Elspeth's face gave him pause.

"Wull ye tell me," she demanded of the Cap'en, "what this gey fool's blethering about?"

Not loath to assist in a crisis that was steering boldly toward the historical, the skipper complied. "He's telling that he underbid ye on the toll."

"Imph!" Jeames wilted under the sublime contempt of her sniff, and her next words caused the others to exchange head-waggings that testified their astonishment at the depth of the postmaster's duplicity. "So that's why ye counselled me to put in a high bid? Weel, ye had your pains for pay. I didna bid at all."

"No bid!" Three voices united in one.

"But the letty?" Jeames indicated the document with futile finger.

"The letty, oh yes!" Triumph irradiated Elspeth's face till it rivalled the harvest-moon. "I've won the mail contract, an' I just slippit doon to tell ye no to be in a hurry moving oot. Any day i' the next week—"

Scandalized astonishment monopolized the postmaster's face, then retired in favor of righteous indignation. "Womans!" he shouted. "Tak' shame! 'Twas yersel' told me as I'd better bid forty the month, as the extry ten wad go fine on the housekeeping!"

"Housekeeping? Imph!" Elspeth's sniff rang like a clarion of victory. "Ye have my congratulations i' your new vocation, Mr. Ross. Guid day!"

From stoop to gate they watched her triumphant progress. The hopes of the townships were bound to her apron-strings; she required only the laurels which the desperate postmaster now twined for her head. Her footsteps seemed to knell the passing of his ease, dignities and emoluments, and, roused by the gate's clicking to his imminent jeopardy, he called after her.

"Hoots, Elspeth, woman! Wha's the hurry?" As she turned, he ran hastily on. "I've a proposal to make. It's held be the neighbors here as you an' me, being public characters, of a sort, should marry on ane anither. They're even tak'n a bit subscription for the licenses. It on'y bides your word."

Elspeth's fling outdid anything the Cap'en had ever seen in the way of head-tossing. "Ay? Then ye'd better put it by for your burying, forbye should a postmistress at thirty-five the month marry on a worn-out tollman at a hun'ed a year?"

The gate clicked behind her, and as she strode off up the concession the four stared solemnly after.

"Thirty-five the month!" the Cap'en murmured.

"A jilting tae boot!" McNab sighed.

"An' the township scunnered!" Elder Peter groaned. "This was a sair misshuffle."

The Cap'en turned on Jeames. "If an oath 'll releve ye, dinna mind us."



THE LIBRARY OF NEW YORK'S SOCIAL CLEARING-HOUSE

## A Social Clearing-House

*BY MARY R. CRANSTON*

THE business of advising social workers and philanthropists has become a recognized occupation.

There are to-day regular clearing-houses of social progress. As financial clearing-houses simplify business transactions for bankers, so do these social clearing-houses relieve specialists of endless routine by collecting and collating social facts. Such bureaus prevent overlapping and the multiplication of wasteful effort, and give expert advice when difficulties arise in new social undertakings.

The American Institute of Social Service is such a clearing-house for the United States.

Previous to the year 1894 social institutes were non-existent. To-day there are such institutes in England, France, Belgium, Russia, Italy, Denmark, Swe-

den, and Germany, as well as in the United States, while steps are being taken towards their formation in Japan, China, India, and Poland. Thus in response to a distinct need are the various elements in all countries drawing together for the benefit of humanity, each association forming part of a world movement which shall bind the nations of the earth together in a union of international peace and comity.

These institutes have the same object—an understanding of cause and effect in national life, social, economic, religious, and moral. For the purpose of stimulating preventive rather than remedial work, which has for so long been so ineffectual, each organization has adopted its own method of work, the one best suited to its country's needs.



The Musée Social of Paris was the first association of this character. Having for its nucleus an exhibit of social economy at the Paris Exposition of 1889, the first time such a thing had ever been attempted, and attracting much notice because of its novelty, the Musée Social was formed in 1894 by a small circle of Frenchmen and endowed by one of their number. To-day it is a power in France, and the fountainhead for social information in that country.

It happened, as it sometimes does, that men in far-distant countries, unknown to each other, were thinking and working along the same lines. In America there were at this time two men planning just such an organization in New York city. In 1898 Josiah Strong, the well-known author of *Our Country*, and William H. Tolman founded what is now known as the American Institute of Social Service, of which they have been since the beginning, respectively, president and director.

Although no official connection exists between them, the more recently formed institutes have been guided in their organization by the one in New York.

The American Institute of Social Service is composed of forty members, one hundred associates, and one hundred collaborators, men and women identified with social work in its broadest aspect. President Roosevelt is an associate who gives hearty and much valued endorsement to the Institute's work and aims. The collaborators, men and women in foreign countries, and many corresponding members throughout the United States, form a strong social chain of many links. Through them the institute receives periodicals, books, and reports of social progress from the four quarters of the globe.

Holding a charter from the Regents of the University of the State of New York, the work of the institute is educational as well

as constructive. Educational in the sense that it tends to mould public opinion, it is a conserving influence in opposition to irrational isms and ologies, and at the same time the radical force which encourages the substitution of improved for out-of-date methods. Constructive, in adapting entirely or in part work done in one locality for a certain purpose to another far distant, and needing just such a form of activity for a widely different situation. As in all enterprises which are not money-making, the financial question is a serious one and makes it necessary for the institute to charge a small fee for work done for inquirers by the staff. At the same time its resources are absolutely free to any one who will go there and do his own reference work, whether he be an American or from a foreign country. Such students are constantly doing research work in the library and supplementing it with personal investigation in New York city—an ideal laboratory for this purpose.

A lens which gathers up the rays of so-



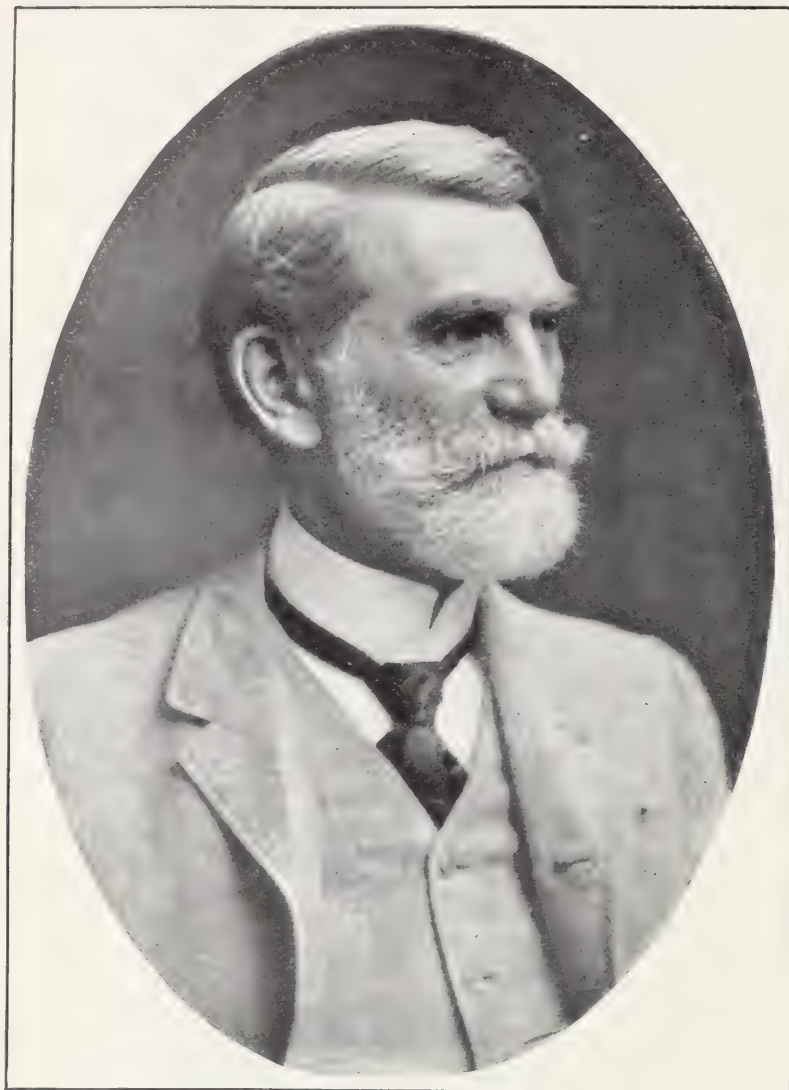
DR. GEORGE ZACHER

Chief of the Imperial Insurance office, and a point of contact in Germany

cial light from all directions, the Institute is sought alike by old and young, wise and ignorant, rich and poor, capitalist and laborer, practical business man and idealist, the orthodox and the freethinker, the emancipated woman and the housewife—

teous as regards their opponents, but no less bent upon annihilation. Young people are encouraged to use the Institute, for in so doing they, the men and women of to-morrow, will heed the experience of those of to-day—will gain a knowledge of social service which will stimulate them to continue, without interruption, work carried on by the present generation.

College students work up graduation theses, their professors find data for lectures. Industrialists are given advice in developing the social or artistic side of factory towns and sites; pension systems and plans for sick-benefit associations are made up for them, or perhaps suggestions are given for a luncheon room or rest room for employees. A business man will want to know if industrial betterment pays in dollars and cents; unsound theorists must have practical ideas substituted for their proposed wildcat schemes; a wide-awake club member will have outlined for her a course of study for her club year; the woman suffragist will look into the rights and wrongs of her sex; the conscientious mother will ask about child-study; the perplexed housekeeper will want to know where she may find a remedy for the domestic - service problem.



DR. JOSIAH STRONG  
President of the American Institute of Social Science

in fact, representatives from all walks of life find the way to it sooner or later.

Boys and girls look up such questions for debate as "Municipal Ownership," "Is a Lie Ever Justifiable?" "Are the American People Degenerating?" "Is Immigration a National Evil or a National Benefit?" "Should Girls Work in Factories?" A spirited debate upon the last-mentioned subject recently took place in a New York settlement. The little girls went post-haste to the Institute, eagerly seeking facts and figures which would enable them to "smash the boys." The latter appeared next day, more cour-

Social workers seek suggestions for organizing boys' clubs or forming a social settlement, the best architectural plan for a social centre in a small town, how to start a village improvement association, how to teach citizenship, and others of like character.

In a word, this clearing-house for social betterment is a place where may be seen humanity's needs and the way to meet them, or, as Dr. Strong tersely puts it, where "the experience of all is available for each."

With a literary department engaged in classifying and cataloguing publica-



tions, a lecture department preparing illustrated reading lectures to be rented, with lantern slides, for a nominal sum or given by one of its staff lecturers, and a publication department which issues a monthly bulletin of social news, the Institute is doing a broad work—work which supplements that of the public schools, colleges, and universities by coordinating theoretical knowledge and social forces.

Although primarily for reference, the library circulates publications all over the United States and even in foreign countries. Books and periodicals which may be easily obtained from publishers or found in the public libraries are not lent, but reports of organizations and other pamphlets containing valuable information, and difficult if not impossible to procure shortly after publication, are widely circulated. Whenever possible, duplicate copies of pamphlets are obtained for distribution among those whom they will most benefit. This accomplishes two things: it gives publicity

to good work and offers practical suggestions to those in need of them.

Much reference work is done by correspondence, and consists in sending out, upon request, bibliographies upon concrete social questions. These lists are rarely comprehensive, because each inquiry is treated individually, the institute sending precisely what is wanted rather than a bewildering list of references. A most interesting phase of the work is the diversity of requests upon the same topic from widely distant parts of the country—sometimes of the world. A man in Massachusetts may want to know the history of municipal ownership of public utilities, another in Ohio will ask for the arguments against it, another in California for arguments in favor of it, a Georgian will want both sides, a subject of King Edward will want the situation in the United States, and so on. In this way the Institute may be said to have its finger upon the world's pulse, foreseeing tendencies long before they crystallize into definite achievements.



LUNCH-ROOM OF A FACTORY WHICH EMPLOYS A SOCIAL SECRETARY



What is now known as the socialization of the school is an instance of this kind. When the Institute was first organized, Chicago and New York had vacation schools in connection with the public schools, and, in addition, New York had her fine system of free lectures, but elsewhere no interest was manifested in making the public school the centre

tion. To-day, through its wider use, the public school is reaching more people than ever before, and it is thought by many that it will, in time, supplant the social settlement.

Innumerable illustrations could be given, but a few will suffice, to show the scope of the Institute's work.

During the recent war a Japanese gentleman in Tokio wished to inaugurate a movement for the establishment of a national hospital. He asked for information about hospitals in this country and in Europe, their construction and management. Reports and photographs of representative hospitals in America and abroad were collected and sent to him, giving precisely the facts he desired. Without such a centre for social advice it probably would have required a personal visit to various countries, consuming valuable time and a great amount of money, to gather the data needed by this gentleman, and at the end of his quest a doubt would have remained whether or not the best places had been visited.

The juvenile court is another example of quick accomplishment through social service. More than twenty-five years ago Massachusetts had a children's court, but not until social work was organized did the idea cross the State line. To-day a majority of our large cities have children's courts.

Within the last year the movement has spread to Great Britain and Ireland. Juvenile courts have been established and are now in operation in Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Bradford, and in London and Leeds in a modified form. Still more recently has the Institute sent literature to Germany, while in Sweden and Italy it has received evidences of deep interest in the subject.

Within the past few months the tide of immigration has been diverted toward the Southern States in response to a need



EMILE CHEYSSON  
A French Collaborator

of social life in the community. Then, one by one, requests for advice about socializing the schools came from various cities and towns. In the meantime, foreseeing the demand for it, and recognizing it as a new and desirable movement, the Institute's library department had collected, here, there, and everywhere, every scrap of information obtainable as to what was being done by any association which could be adapted to the use of the public school, and in this way made all possible preparation for supplying such informa-



for labor in that section. Realizing the benefit as well as the danger which immigration brings, the people of the South are casting off their old-time conservatism as an outgrown garment. The Institute perceives this awakening through requests for aid from many sources. Among others was one asking for a study outline upon immigration from all points of view, but particularly as it relates to the South. The organization making the study will form centres of investigation in Southern seaport towns for the purpose of learning the best way to assimilate the foreign element soon to become part of its population.

The question is sometimes asked, what has the Institute done—what definite, tangible thing has it accomplished?

For one thing, it has created a new profession, that of the social secretary, a person employed in factories and department stores to look after the health, comfort, and happiness of the workers. In the human hives which industries have become it is no longer possible for the employer to have a personal knowledge of factory conditions or his employees, hence abuses easily creep in—through nobody's fault, but simply because it is nobody's business to correct them. The social secretary is to do this, to be the point of contact between the firm and its employees.

Pioneers who first took thought for the well-being of working people were regarded as cranks, visionaries who would soon discover the wastefulness of spending money in beautifying factory surroundings, establishing lunch-rooms, and otherwise making life livable for the workers.

As for giving factory girls seats with backs to them, or footstools, or books to read, these things were considered silly coddling. Experience has shown the humanitarian employer wiser than his critics, for improved factory conditions are to-day found profitable for both employer and employed.

Only those in touch with such work can have the faintest idea of the very genuine interest in their working people manifested by many capitalists who have the reputation of being mere money-lovers—of the amount of money they will spend or the lengths to which they will

go to add to the pleasure and comfort of their force. The time is rapidly approaching when the sanitary, cheerful factory will be the rule instead of the exception.

International expositions have long been considered valuable agencies in making the nations of the world known to one another through exhibits of resources, commerce, and industry from each of them. Since the Paris Exposition of 1889, the first to provide for an exhibit of social economy, each succeeding exposition has enlarged the scope of this department, making it more and more useful.

The American Institute of Social Service has had notable exhibits of social conditions in the United States, at Paris in 1900, Glasgow in 1901, St. Louis in 1904, and Liège in 1905, and is now preparing one more complete than any of the others, for Milan in 1906.

Educational exhibition cabinets containing mounted photographs lettered in English and in the language of the country holding the exposition have attracted much attention and received the highest awards.

Daily making reports upon social questions, giving advice as to suitable activities for different needs and how to engage in them, as well as carrying on at the same time a systematic scheme of original investigation upon its own account, the institute is far removed from theories and dry economics. Social service as interpreted there is a work of deep, absorbing interest. It cannot fail to be so when the tide of life is seen in its fulness. Pessimists prate about the evil in the world, and certainly there is enough of it, but social service, by showing society in its every phase, discloses such an immense amount of good, of pure altruism where least expected sometimes, that it is an inspiring, compensating study.

The thing most distinctly seen at the Institute, the fact which stands out with all the clearness of lightning in a murky sky, is that there *is* a force which is guiding our destinies, call it God, nature, what you will, ever leading onward and upward, bringing nearer the day which shall give abundant recognition to the brotherhood of man and the unity of life.



## Editor's Easy Chair.

AMONG the letters which come to the Easy Chair from time to time is one of recent date so suggestive that we cannot pass it without making some effort to solve the mystery perplexing the writer. His puzzle is, briefly, "why a second-class writer cannot sell his best work, while he can dispose of his worst. We smaller people are in the sweep of a flood of literary commonplaces, and it seems hopeless to stay the tide or to scramble out of it to those pedestals where the writing-men of our fathers' day used to stand and enjoy the emotions appropriate to discovering the commonplace so far beneath them. I make a living, such as it is, by writing for a newspaper, but have put out a few magazine articles, books, and plays. I find, however, that the attempt to be serious or unusual is resented by managers and publishers, while glib trifles, to which I am ashamed to append my name, are accepted—once in a while. Of course, one may be wrong in his self-estimate, and the things I write may grow more intolerable the more I mull over them. . . . The only explanation I find is that the magazine is becoming more and more a rival of the newspaper; that its tone is reflected in books; that it is narrowing its field to comport with the practical habit of a race whose literature is the cheap journal, and, possibly, that those who work for the daily press lose the literary touch." The perspective here opened is so far-reaching that even an Easy Chair essay can scarcely indicate its scope; and it differs from ordinary perspectives in widening to its vanishing-point instead of narrowing. At that point it is so vast as to include the whole question of our economic life, but perhaps the personal question implicated will most interest our readers as well as our correspondent; and we will at any rate begin with that.

Our correspondent has himself intimated a defect in his case in allowing that he is not perhaps the best judge of his own work. Yet we would not agree too sweepingly with him here. We are rather inclined to think that an

author really is the best judge of his work, and that where he feels it glib and trivial he is right. If he feels it to be altogether glib and trivial he had better not tempt the weakness of managers and publishers, who if they were long restricted to excellence might form a taste for it. But we understand our correspondent to be regretting their actual preference for that which seems to be well enough, or at any rate to be as well as he could do at the time, and which has in it something that appeals to the lighter moods of the serious, or to the serious moods of the lighter. There is an immense demand for that sort of middling merit in the arts, and quantitatively it gives more pleasure than supreme merit. All the same, our correspondent's quarrel with the favor of his second best or third best would be just if it shut him from hope for his best. We do not believe it does that, quite, and we do believe that in a public so avid of the inferior as ours there is also some desire for the superior. It is not sufficient consolation to say that managers and publishers may ultimately be brought to see that there is an increasing desire for the superior; they now often profess to like it themselves; but they think they know their customers and they sacrifice a private preference in purveying the inferior. The worst of them is that they are apt to deal deceitfully with the author, and abuse his trust by telling him that his best work is over the heads of their customers, when simply they do not find it interesting themselves.

We for our own part do not think that "those who work for the daily press lose the literary touch," or necessarily lose it, just as we do not believe that the magazines are degenerating into newspaperism in the worst or worse sense. Some little recent study of the magazines, the cheaper as well as the dearer, has brought us the conviction that magazines have never been so conscientiously, so ably, and intelligently edited as at present. The poorest of them has something worth reading in its verse and prose; they have developed a variety and amount



of literary cleverness which would have been incredible thirty or twenty years ago, and if they tend to resemble the vaudeville of the daily press rather than the legitimate drama of the older-fashioned and weightier periodicals, why, the vaudeville of the daily press is sometimes, like the vaudeville of the stage, admirable art.

If it is ever otherwise it is when the performers are trying to escape the ordinary, and to be elect and fine. We fancy a latent smile in our correspondent's despair of "those pedestals where the writing-men of our fathers' day used to stand and enjoy the emotions appropriate to discovering the commonplace so far beneath them." He seems aware that so far as they imagined holding themselves aloof from the commonplace they were in the midst of it and the very stuff of it. It is always the factitious, timid, cheap authors who try to stand on the pedestals apart from their fellow men. But the literature which such authors have produced—that is to say, three-fourths of all the literatures—no more lives in the minds of readers than the poor fiction which swarms from the press, suns itself for its little hour in the popular curiosity, and then drops exanimate, and leaves no trace in earth or air. Much trash of the past is reprinted and accepted as literature, but that is because criticism has been as factitious and artificial as literature. It is still so, and the public is largely as vulgar and ignorant now as it was in the past. But we believe a brighter day is coming, not because the authors or critics will have reformed, but because the readers will. Even now the popularity of a book is no proof of its badness, though most popular books are bad, or, rather, null. No author, however excellent, would spurn acceptance by half a million readers because it brought him self-doubt. On the contrary, the master who halts among the minor thousands must always ask himself what vital defect keeps him there. The great masters have been among the most popular authors, and have shared the universal acceptance of some of the 'prentice hands. Shakespeare, Cervantes, Defoe, Bunyan, Dickens, Tolstoy, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Longfellow, George Eliot, Mark Twain: it has not

been through their commonness but through their humanness that they have pleased as widely as their inferiors. It must have been through its transcendent humanness, not its commonness, that some rumor of even the Divine Comedy reached the lowest of the people, so that the poor women of Verona pointed Dante out to their children in the streets as the man who had been in hell.

It might be well for the author who has done something which he knows to be good in form and genuine in substance to ask himself whether it does not lack some quality which the heart demands: whether he has not satisfied a technical pride in it rather than a need of the race: a very silly longing, perhaps, very childish, very inartistic, but after all not so very disgraceful, and perfectly honest and sincere. We are not saying, we hope, that he ought to abase the lowest of his high aims to gratify such a longing, and we would be far from having him study the crude performances of most of the big sellers in the hope of instruction. There is yet no instruction in the buyers themselves, so far as they have made themselves articulate. They are intellectually only so much better than "the gray barbarian" as "the Christian child" may be. They like primitive and gaudy color, giants and giant-killers, easy tears and plenty of them, hairbreadth escapes and golden joys in the end; and yet they like something better, something, they cannot say what, and we cannot say nor any one, and can only intimate as the human interest. Of course they like something they have had before, something that varies as little as may be from the thing they already know by rote, so that they may set the story-teller right, as children do, if he ventures out of the record. They will be satisfied if he gives them no more than they ask; but if he gives them something they have never heard of before, that stirs their fancy and moves their heart, they elect him master by that universal suffrage without which the favor of no prince or priest in the realm of art avails.

Flaubert, who created a masterpiece for the few, was not greater than Zola, who counted his readers by hundreds of thousands; there must have been some weak point in his matchless mail through



which his strength escaped so that he could not conquer the multitude and bring them to his feet, as that simpler and cruder great genius did. Turguénieff failed of Tolstoy's world-wide hearing, but wonderful artist as he was, will any one pretend that his mastery was beyond that of Tolstoy? His art was really far short of that because it lacked, with all its beauty and truth and tenderness, the secret, nameless, universal something that makes Tolstoy sovereign and almost divine. Cooper is of such rough magic as to seem a clumsy juggler to the instructed eye; and Mrs. Stowe is often of such an unskilful touch that the sensitive nerves shrink from it. Yet both of these authors moved the world, and Hawthorne, incomparably their superior, is still the prophet of a following so small that it can only count among the minor literary cults. One book of Jane Austen's is worth, for delicate veracity and self-sacrificing fidelity to art, all the books that Walter Scott wrote, yet she is the goddess of an idolatry beside which the worship of Scott is a race-religion. So bleak and grim a genius as Ibsen's has something in it which touches the soul and has been one of the prime forces of his time, with such power upon the future that all drama hereafter must bear some impress of it.

What is the secret, then? We wish we knew! Sometimes we have been ready to say that it was sentimentality, which is one of the universal solvents, in so much that if there could be a spectrum analysis of the feelings of an inhabitant of Mars or Venus, or even of Jupiter, it would show the same constituents, the kindly impulses and gentle hopes as well as the mawkish tears and silly smiles, the insensate longings and feeble fancies, the cruel vanities, the pitiful ideals to which the book of the year appeals in the tellular multitude. Sentimentality is not a bad thing altogether; it is the medium through which most religions convince the heathen and restore the reprobate; but it is no more morality than it is art. It is that element through which the ordinary fellow man and fellow woman can be made to feel that they are getting somewhere and getting there in the company of a great soul who loves and admires them. But it must be genuine;

the great soul must be of the quality of the little ones, or it will never lead them. Neither Zola, nor Tolstoy, nor Scott, nor Cooper was a sentimentalist, and sentimentality is not, strictly speaking, a sea of slop in which the world is solely bathed. There is some genial atmosphere, some finer ether in which it swims, and which transmits the vital ray and keeps it from hardening into a gelid slush, while it veils the vast wash from the deadly fires in which it would go off in a tepid steam.

The thing is to imagine what this atmosphere, this ether is, and then supply it. Perhaps it could be done by the hypothetical method, dear to science. One might play, or bet that it was this or that, and then by a series of careful experiments arrive at the fact that it was so. But what shall we play, what shall we bet it is? On what fortunate hazard of the die shall our correspondent win for his best the favor that his second-best enjoys? Shall he study his second-best to learn where it is better than his best, and then imitate it? To say this were indeed a counsel of imperfection, and we do not say it. We say rather that he shall analyze his best, and surprise, if possible, the secret of its failure to please. Has he done his best mostly for his own pleasure, and with an eye to avoiding the commonplace, and so missed the universal? Or is it that his judges, his managers and publishers mistake the commonplace, the glib and trivial, for the universal? There may be, there must be, something in that, and we have long suspected it. They are not cynics, those poor managers and publishers, though they try to seem it, when they tell the author that his work is above the heads of their customers, who do not want good literature and will not buy it. Their hearts are really in the right place, though their heads may be set a little aslant or askew. But even this is not true of them all, or else we should never see a good play or a capital number of some magazine which may be read through without loss of self-respect, as often happens. It may be that a legislative investigation would serve a good purpose in this matter, or at least as good as in some others. A committee of the House, or the Senate, might sit in the metrop-



olis with power to summon publishers and managers, and examine witnesses, and in the case of fraudulent literature, ascertain why it was printed or staged. If the manager or publisher could prove by reliable testimony that he really liked the stuff, of course nothing could be done with him, but if it could be shown that he staged or printed it, knowing it to be counterfeit, in the belief that the ignorant public would think it was genuine, then perhaps he could be made to disgorge his gains from it, and be deprived thenceforward of all right to manage or publish. A specific penalty such as attends the manufacture of adulterated foods might be visited upon him.

We are not very confident that this will ever be done. In the mean time we may well ask ourselves whether the situation is actually so bad as it seems. What has evidently happened is that a change has come upon all the conditions, and just as the old, simple, piecemeal production in other kinds has been superseded by the output of machinery, so the hand-made literature of the past is destined to be replaced by the manufactured article. We may yet find our novels and plays bearing the legend, "Made in Germany," like so many of our utensils, and a whole variety of wearing apparel. The English manufacturers of fiction are not yet crowded from our markets, and there is in literature as yet a real preference for the domestic fabric; but the Germans are very quick and enterprising; and possibly the Japanese may be their only competitors when the evolution is complete. The Chinese, with their imitative skill, may produce an American literature which shall avenge the injuries they have suffered at our hands, and be worse than any boycott in being so exactly like the real thing.

The reading public is not the old reading public, with a critical taste of more or less refinement and the wish, more or less conscientious, to read good things. What we have now to satisfy is not a palate, it is a maw, asking to be filled with whatever will produce an agreeable feeling of distention. It hates to be an aching void, as it has been so long; of

quality, when it does not loathe it, this maw is insensible; quantity, preferably quantity that looks like quality, is what the maw will and must have. The question is simply of educating the maw, and it would be unworthy of the optimism of the Easy Chair to despair of such an end. If it was possible to educate the palate, surely it is possible to educate the maw. At present it is filled with the east wind, raw, vaporous, innutritious, but it need not always be so.

There is as much good work done as ever, and though there is vastly more bad work done it is not out of the former proportion to the good, but only apparently so. The worst perhaps is that criticism is corrupted, or overworked into hopeless despair. With the swift and multitudinous succession of worthless books it cannot cope; it gives up, or worse yet it puts on a smirk and lying front, and talks of virility, passion, intensity, thrilling interest, and not a dull page from cover to cover. A senator, or a divine, or a railroad president, is invoked to do the press-agent's work in a private letter for publication, and the press flares with his praise of a trashy fiction. The public libraries, so far as they supply the latest novels, are public enemies; no fiction less than a year old should leave their shelves, after which most fictions would have dropped from them into the dust.

Yet, there must be something vital for to-day in the false literature which wins a vast popularity, though tomorrow it lies extinct; it had for a little moment the vital spark which glows eternal in the true literature. The error of most minor literature is to shine with a reflected light from this, and to seek the distinction which narrows its appeal and weakens its effect. But no real service to the world in letters is quite ignored; no good work is ever done in vain. If one manager or one publisher will not have your best, try another. Being men, they are all much alike, but not quite. The worst of them have their unguarded hours in which they believe that a serious or unusual thing will go with their public. This is the faithful author's opportunity. It is not a great opportunity, but it is an opportunity.



## Editor's Study.

WHO are the children of Athene—of what distinct order of imaginative creators? We have said of them that they are those who must wait their time, implying that the aim and character of their work demand maturity and complete equipment for its execution; and we have distinguished between them and those imaginative writers who are natively creative, who, as soon as they write at all, seem to begin anywhere—anywhere they receive a vivid impression in their contact with nature and human nature—and to follow the way of their will rather than premeditated paths of choice, by a kind of natural selection such as from the beginning there is in the world of things. Thus Milton belongs to the Athenaic order, and Shakespeare does not.

The fact that Athene issued from the brain of Zeus in full panoply is not the most significant feature of the birth of this goddess. The really significant thing about it is that it was not a birth at all. The goddess was without generation, and thus met the passionate expectation of the Hellenic mind for a divinity absolutely distinct from Nature, lifted out of that genetic course which included in its continuous cycle all things, binding them together in universal kinship. The fact that this myth is pre-Homeric shows that in a very early stage of Hellenic development the mind of the race resented this elemental bond, since in its oldest phases the Athene legend asserted the supremacy of Intellect as the means of human emancipation from the closed circle of Nature. Even Apollo was confined within this circle, and his cult served only for illumination. Athene alone was free, and her cult was the supreme inspiration of Hellenism in the direction of liberty, especially the liberty of thought. From any deeply religious feeling among the people, it was Demeter whose cult was preeminent, while Athene was quite detached from the Sacred Mysteries and from any mystical association—far more so than Apollo was. Near as she was, in a very intimate sense, to the Athenians, who bore her

name, and who dedicated a special shrine to her, all their own, in the Erechtheum, which was thus, through this intimacy, distinguished in their thought and feeling from the more eminent and more beautiful Parthenon, the cynosure for all Greece more than for these “neighboring eyes,” the cynosure for all time, from its association with the supreme triumphs of Hellenic plastic art—yet this nearness was psychical rather than mystical, and kept the goddess in her unique position distinctly remote from that of all other divinities. The Pan-Athenaic procession was not more different, in its character and all its meanings, from the Eleusinian than Athene herself was from all the other personages in the Pantheon. She was the embodiment of pure Hellenism, in its psychical consciousness, free from Pelasgic entanglements and from merely physical functions and obligations.

The Athene myth was not possible before that stage in the development of psychical consciousness which lays stress upon choice—an attribute distinguishing Athene in a sense not applicable to Nature or to Deity. In Athene Reason such as is man's highest heritage was raised to its highest power—in a divine embodiment. Speculation in her was a loftier Instinct, transcending that which wrought blindly in the closed circuits of Nature and in the lower brain of man. Mistress of the domain of Choice, she stood for deliberation and poise in the shifting elements and in the currents of the human will—for control and waiting patience, and so for virtue, merit, and progressive achievement in the conflict of the higher against the lower nature. In the contests of heroes, whether gods, half-gods, or men, against dragon powers, all embodiments of evil forces, she was apt to be present for aid at the critical moment. She was thus closely associated with the labors of Heracles. Ruskin beautifully suggests some likeness in her to that ineffable Spirit nearest the thought of the Christian soul and which must not be quenched or resisted; cer-



tainly she represented to the Greek his nearest approach to the conception of the divine Paraclete.

Athene's operation in any connection with the elements was never as a part of Nature, never innate, but of choice. Her transcendency was inviolate. She never made, nor could have made, the sun or the moon stand still, but it seemed natural to the Greek fancy to attribute to her the guidance of the wind and of all shifting currents for a wise purpose—also every variety of gracious ministration. She presided over the humble arts through which mortals gain advantage over physical forces. Civilization was her care. Above all she was the inspiration of Hellenic art and culture.

Such was the goddess to whom Ernest Renan aspired to pray, though compelled by obdurate and uncontrollable fate to devote his entire intellectual life to the singular destiny of a singular race as sharply in contrast with the Hellenic as could be imagined.

Tennyson's phrase, "careless of mankind," was but a terse translation of the passionate note of revolt against the Olympian gods which was characteristic of Hellenic thought from its early expression in the Promethean drama; but of divine concern for man Athene was the express embodiment. The possibilities of that culture which was her supreme care belonged to man only—not to nature nor to the immortals. Hence very pertinently this culture is known to us as the Humanities.

The children of Athene, then, are the promoters of culture in its continuous and increasing course from age to age. They are not merely writers and artists, but, first of all, men and women who have realized for themselves in faculty and sensibility the scope of human possibilities, have at least stood at the summit of ascent in their time attainable—on the heights of Courage, Control, and selective Wisdom,—have, in a word, gained psychological maturity. They create an atmosphere of aristocracy in its largest sense, in which the finest manners are as essential as the finest poetry. All life is subdued to the spirit which creates for it the most excellent Form. Here Pericles shines equally with Phidias and Sophocles.

The form of life is vitally significant only when all of the material of life is plastic to the creative spirit; and herein we find the true meaning of classic distinction, something not necessarily implied in the academic. But, in using the word "creative," we bring ourselves at once back into a world wholly genetic. Our modern philosophy knows no other kind of world. What was really signified in the myth of Athene was the spontaneous impulse of the Hellenic mind to realize for itself what Huxley in his celebrated Romanes lecture attempted to realize for modern science—the conception of a kind of development which apparently contradicts the tendency of evolution in the whole universe as known to us outside of man's psychical life—the conception of a world whose phenomena depend upon Choice. Huxley was thinking of ethics. This the Greeks also thought of, but of something far more than that, including æsthetics, and ideals so transcendent that they must have divine embodiment.

We behold in the course of human history, at every epoch, first of all a marked difference between races, and then, in each eminent race, certain preeminent makers of art, of literature, of science, and of history itself as a social record, reflecting the form of life—all together constituting what we call culture in the highest plane of human action as determined by a selection sharply distinguished from that which is operative in the natural world.

Regarding especially the field of literature, we find it as difficult to establish any precise classification of writers, with hard and fast lines dividing one type from another, as it would be to construct a philosophy of history. We can only follow flowing lines often so shaded as to seem to confuse what we expect them to distinguish.

In one respect—the sense of form—authors are easily divided into two classes; and herein it is that the children of Athene are clearly disclosed and their relations to the organic constitution of human culture distinctly manifest. But it must be understood that this sense of form is psychical as distinguished from a native sense. Nature is morphological in orb and orbit and in crystal, flower,



and myriads of other forms. Passion in its tension and swift vibration begets the rhythmic cycle—the invisible shape—of dance and song. All this is elemental and, so far as human development is concerned, belongs to the foundation story. It is in the superstructure that the psychical sensibility and faculty are developed to the degree which makes that consciously æsthetic form essential to art possible. We rise from the mute mysteries of Demeter, from the blind architectonic of the Titans and their sympathetic ministrations to all of Earth's children, from the Nature-cult of Pan, and even from that of Apollo with its alloy of Delphic ecstasy and mysticism, to the clear sky of Athene's heaven and come within her uplift of the human spirit. Here we know form not only as visible contour, but as style, canon, method, scope—in so far as these have classic distinction. We can follow the course of this Athenaic order of literature from Homer—or so much of Homer as is implied in the individual coordination and shaping of an earlier cycle of poems—to Tennyson.

The continuity of culture is represented in this order of literature, which until the present generation has been most intimately associated with civic and social progress. All classic oratory, ancient and modern, comes within its province. The great poets, from Æschylus, who was a soldier, to Chaucer, who was not only soldier but courtier and diplomatist, Knight also of his shire in Parliament, were men of affairs. Dante and Spenser were such against their will, by the accident of force or fortune. The whole Athenaic line, arrayed as masters of form in life and letters, were actively and speculatively organizers and supporters of civilization as a system of order.

The Athenaic distinction, so closely associated from the beginning with the outward forms of polite and aristocratic society and with the objective forms which in art and literature are the products of projective imagination, was blurred and confused when the era of subjectivism set in, when Coleridge succeeded Addison, and Wordsworth, Pope. But long before this era Shakespeare, in the most objective form of literature,

that of the drama, had furnished a singular example of spontaneous subjectivity in his characterization and speculation. What wonder that Voltaire excluded him from the classic scheme altogether, and that in his own times Ben Jonson said he had no art, because he did not embellish and disguise Nature? Surely in him the Athene type was broken, and a new type was born for the modern culture, for new humanities. He stands forth as the unique representative of native genius, whose creative imagination lies next to nature and has the spontaneity of the dream. It is true the old line of Athenaic succession went on after his time, finding its consummation in Milton, then declining into the masters of literary elegances in the age of Queen Anne, and lastly reviving in the statuesque excellence of Tennyson.

But all genius is native—as truly so in its Hellenic examples and in all masters of form as it was in Shakespeare or Keats. In the Athene type it halts, waiting upon equipment and discipline, aware of its scope and registering in consciousness its arc in the first curve of it. Thus it appears in its time, and in its most eminent instances achieves through psychical excellence its immortality. Without such patience, often made possible by circumstance and opportunity, the native genius, following its own course, undisturbed by precedents or rules, having in many cases no retrospect and no conscious intimation of its possibilities, working as in the blind aloofness of a dream, with all the forces of Nature at its back, according to its capacity to receive, and reinforced by the fountains of human sympathy that spring up within, emerges as inevitably as the flowers blossom or as the lightning is precipitated from the cloud, and accomplishes the measure of its destiny. Thus a Bunyan comes to us, or a Hawthorne. Whatever the limitations of scope may be, they are revealed later. Often the light feebly flits and soon goes out. Sometimes an art is in due time born of Nature—or from that mean which Nature makes—and even, through patience and discipline, a rare psychical excellence is attained, a richer experience, perhaps, than is developed in the children of Athene. Thus we had our Shakespeare.



## Maternal Instinct

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

"**S**PEAKING of maternal instinct," said the Judge, rousing himself suddenly from his reverie, "one of the most curious—"

"Excuse me, Judge," interrupted the Colonel, "no reference whatever has been made to maternal instinct. At the moment, our esteemed friend the Bishop is presenting—indeed, through a series of moments extending over a considerable period of the past has been presenting—his views upon Pan-Anglican—"

"Speaking of maternal instinct," repeated the Judge firmly, "one of the most curious, and I may say one of the most touching, exhibitions of that tender trait that ever have come under my observation occurred during my recent visit to Mexico. You all will remember—"

"May I suggest, my dear Judge," put in the Bishop, suavely, "that you withhold for a brief season what I am sure is the very interesting statement that you are about to make to us? Permit me to explain that I am just arrived at the critical point in my argument when, from the premises which with some outlay of thought I have carefully assembled, I am about to deduce what I believe will be my convincing conclusions. A little kindly delay on your part will enable me—"

"Oh, come off, Bishop," said the Doctor. "You've been giving us the Pan-Anglican racket right along for what seems about a week. The Colonel and I are just limp with it. Let the Judge come in with his maternal instinct. It can't be sleepier than the stuff you've been unloading,

and you can finish up—if anybody keeps awake—when he gets through."

"My cloth forbids me to show resentment," the Bishop answered coldly; "and, I may add, I am rather bitterly accustomed, in this company, to sowing upon fallow ground. Believe me, Judge, my feelings need not be in the least considered. Pray proceed."

"You all will remember," continued the Judge, "that from motives of health my



THE GOAT WAS A CREATURE OF TRUCULENT HABIT



journey southward was made in a sailing-vessel: a brig, small in size but having a roomy and comfortable cabin, that bore the somewhat incongruously poetic name—she was of an old-fashioned chunky build, and an exceptionally heavy sailer—of the *Mermaid's Dream*. Her commander, Captain Bascom, also was built chunkily; and among his many agreeably old-fashioned characteristics was a warm-hearted kindness that found its most marked expression in his devotion to the lower orders of animals. In point of fact, the *Mermaid's Dream* was so filled with his domestic pets that she was in the way of being a marine menagerie. The dominant member of this interesting company was a goat named William: a creature of a somewhat truculent habit, whose playful diversion it was to steal up behind such of the seamen as unwarily stood beside the low rail and to butt them overboard—indeed, our passage was appreciably delayed by our frequent stoppages to lower boats to collect and to bring on board again the mariners whom William thus had jettisoned. In addition to the goat, we had with us three dogs, a monkey, a couple of parrots, a canary, and four cats—who became, by kittenish accretions on the part of three of them, no less than nineteen by the time that we reached Vera Cruz.”

“Now it looks as if we were getting there,” said the Doctor. “With fifteen kittens to work on, maternal instinct ought to have had a right good show. When the kittens were shied overboard, did the mother-cats jump in after them?”

“The kittens were not shied overboard,” the Judge replied. “Such cruelty on Captain Bascom’s part would have been impossible. They were reared in the normal manner until weaned; and thereafter were fed liberally on condensed milk—of which, to provide for precisely that contingency, the Captain had brought along an exceptionally large supply. No doubt, had the occasion arisen, the mother-cats—they were unusually intelligent animals—would have gone into the sea to the rescue of their offspring; but the exhibition of maternal instinct to which at present I am referring was on the part of a creature that came up out of the sea and boarded us. You will be surprised, I am sure, when I state that this creature was a flying-fish.”

The Bishop moved uneasily, and the Doctor whistled.

“Two of Captain Bascom’s pets which I have not yet mentioned,” the Judge continued, “were a duck and a drake, for whose accommodation a commodious open coop had been placed just abaft the mainmast. They were of a rare breed, and the Captain valued them highly. You therefore can imagine his chagrin when, in a bit of a gale that struck us just as we were entering the Gulf of Mexico, the duck—who unfortunately was taking her daily airing on deck at the moment—was caught up in the rush of wind and blown overboard. What added very appreciably to the Captain’s

pained annoyance was the fact that the duck had just begun her maternal duties with a nest of ten eggs—and with her loss, therefore, he perceived that the loss of his prospective brood of valuable ducklings was imminent.”

“What gosh-darned hard luck!” exclaimed the Doctor.

“My dear Doctor,” said the Bishop, in kindly yet reproving tones, “I recognize the kindness of heart that prompts your words. But permit me to say, speaking with a loving intent, that the unseemliness of your language cannot but be, to one of my cloth—”

“I am glad to say”—the Judge spoke with insistence—“that a happy inspiration of my own temporarily saved the situation. As a simple, yet usually adequate, safeguard against distress incident to attacks of stomachic pain, I habitually carry with me a hot-water bag. With the cook’s assistance—in the thick of the gale—I filled this vessel with hot water and placed it upon the eggs; and for a considerable period, during which the wind and the sea subsided, by frequent refillings of the bag I continued the process of incubation that the death of the unfortunate duck so lamentably had interrupted.”

“It would seem, at this point in your narrative, Judge,” observed the Colonel, “that the maternal instinct honors are easy between you and the hot-water bag. Your resourcefulness in emergency does you credit. How did it work?”

“For a season,” replied the Judge, “it worked admirably. Indeed, I am persuaded that but for an unfortunate accident my crude yet effective incubating appliance would have brought the nest of eggs to a successful hatching. Unhappily, during the third day of my ministrations the cook—who was a well-meaning but awkward person—while in the act of refilling the hot-water bag dropped it on the galley fire: with the result that a hopeless hole was burned in it before he could rescue it. Farther use of the bag being impossible, we again stood face to face with disaster—which was made more imminent by Captain Bascom’s injudicious attempt to coerce the drake into doing the duck’s work by lashing him down on the eggs; and by the drake’s kicking at such a rate that three of the eggs were broken before we could cast him loose again. I may say that at this stage of the proceedings our attitude was that of despair.”

“Why the dickens didn’t you and the Captain take turns in sitting on the eggs yourselves?” asked the Doctor. “Didn’t that occur to you?”

“It did not,” the Judge replied severely. “Nor, fortunately, was farther action of any sort on our part necessary. The matter was taken out of our hands, I may say providentially, by the timely arrival—to which I have already referred—of the flying-fish. A school of these interesting creatures happened to be hovering near us at the very moment when Captain Bascom and I stood



beside the forsaken nest utterly despondent; and a member of that school—flying over the brig's rail, and almost miraculously dodging in between our accumulated legs—entered the open coop and landed fairly on the seven eggs remaining in the nest.

"For a moment, gentlemen," the Judge continued, after pausing impressively, "the flying-fish—she was of an unusually stout and matronly habit—seemed to be surprised, and even alarmed, by her strange environment. But in another moment—her maternal instinct obviously quickened by an accurate grasp of the situation in which she found herself—she heaved a little sigh of pleased contentment and nestled down upon the eggs as though they had been her own."

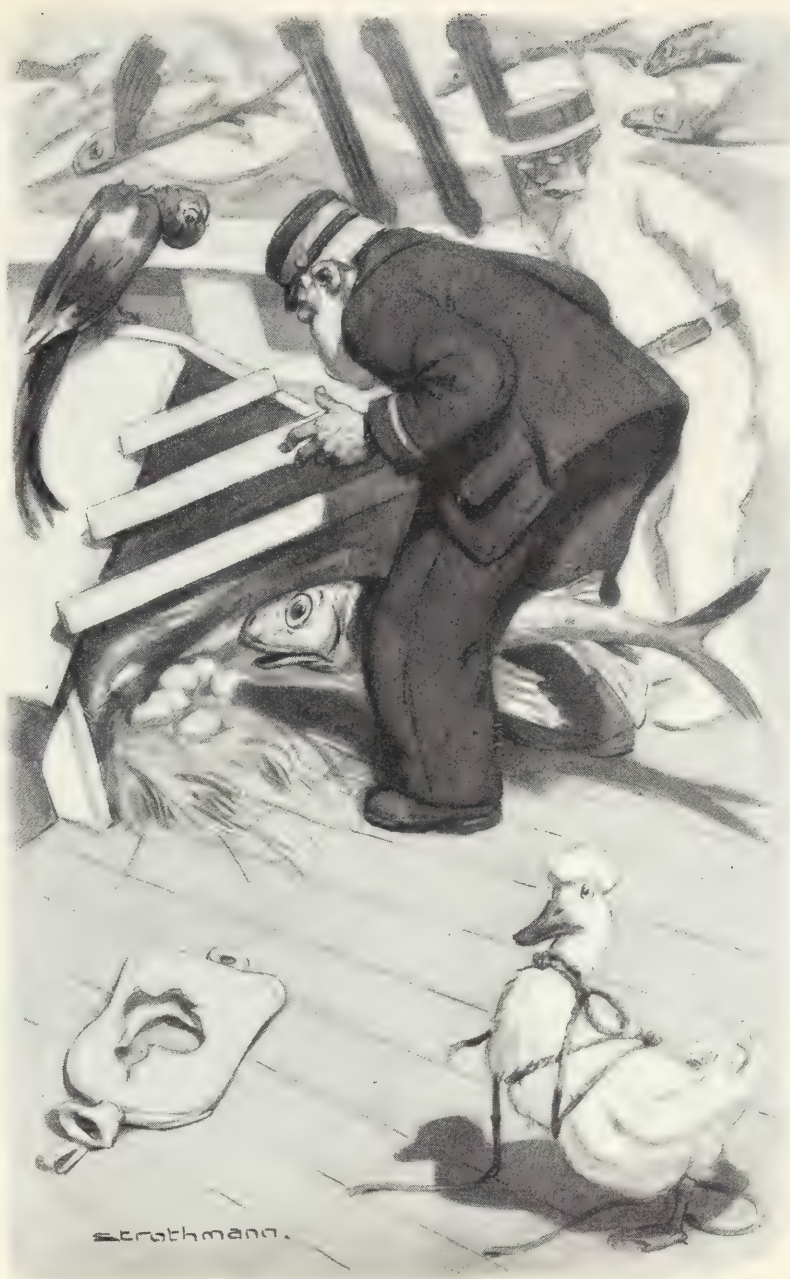
"If you don't mind, Judge," said the Colonel, "I think that we will interrupt you long enough to have—ginger ale, as usual, of course, for the Bishop—drinks all round. Personally, I feel that at this juncture I need a stimulant."

Assenting with an affable gesture to this proposal, the Judge waited through an interval of dead silence—broken only by the popping of the Bishop's ginger ale—and then resumed his narrative.

"As I tell you, gentlemen, that motherly flying-fish took at once to her vicarious duties as though she purposely had come aboard to perform them. She continued them, I may add, with an unabated zeal. Day after day—while the *Mermaid's Dream* sailed slowly onward through the golden sunshine across the tropic waters of the Gulf—she brooded over those orphaned eggs with a touching devotion that won, with a single exception, all our hearts. The exception was the drake: whose attitude—possibly because he felt, in some obscure way, that he had been hocussed unknowingly into contracting a second marriage—was that of perturbed bewilderment. Being, however, a bird of a philosophic temperament, he ultimately arrived at a tolerant acceptance of the curious situation and seemed to try to make the best of it. Yet from time to time—presumably when the inconsequence of his own position occurred to him—we

would find him standing beside the nest, his head tipped meditatively to one side, regarding the new domestic arrangement in pondering thought.

"The flying-fish, for her part, satisfied with the rectitude of her own intentions, ignored the drake altogether and continued steadfastly to lavish upon the eggs which she had adopted a mother's tender care. Instinctively following the custom of the departed duck, she assisted the process of incubation by absenting herself from the nest for a half-hour or so every day; and during those brief periods of absence she permitted herself the indulgence of a short plunge overboard. As she refused the food that we offered her on board, we assumed that at such times she ate a hurried meal. Invariably she returned at the appropriate moment to her self-imposed duties; and invariably—with a rare perception of the re-



ENTERED THE OPEN COOP AND LANDED ON THE SEVEN EGGS





CROWNED BY THE RESULT FOR WHICH SHE HAD LONGED

quirements of the case—carefully dried and warmed herself, before returning to the nest, by lying for a while on the hot deck in the full blaze of the tropic sun.

"Because of these unnatural bakings to which her sense of maternal duty led her to subject herself, combined with her prolonged absences from her native element, the faithful creature grew pitifully wan and haggard; and I am persuaded that she would have perished in the performance of her worthy work but for a small attention on my part that a little mitigated her suffering.

"It was a mere trifle that I did for her—only to place a vessel filled with sea water in such a position beside the coop that, without deserting the nest, she could occasionally plunge her poor parched head into the grateful fluid—but the look of gratitude that she gave me when I thus ministered to her welfare was so intense that I shall remember it as long as I live."

The Judge paused, as though awaiting comment—which the Bishop supplied, indirectly, by observing interrogatively: "You

are acquainted, Judge, I presume, with the requirements of the Ninth Commandment?"

"Perfectly, Bishop, perfectly," the Judge replied with a genial frankness. "Beside the many opportunities which I have enjoyed to listen to your statements of alleged fact, and to similar statements made by other members of this company, I may say that in my professional capacity I am up against that Commandment most of the time. With your permission—having answered your irrelevant question, I trust, satisfactorily—I will proceed:

"Persisting heroically in her superb self-sacrifice, the motherly devotion of that admirable flying-fish was crowned by the happy result for which she longed: seven sturdy little ducklings safely were hatched out from the seven eggs on the very day that the *Mermaid's Dream* dropped anchor at Vera Cruz. Really, gentlemen, it would have done your hearts good to see the poor thing's pride in her little brood! What the drake thought about it we could only infer from his actions. For some moments, when the hatching was accom-

plished, he stood before the nest gazing wonderingly at the heads of his own unmistakable progeny peeping out from beneath the fin-fringed person of the flying-fish. Then he waddled uncertainly across the deck; fluttered up to the rail; plunged overboard—and swam as fast as he could swim to the shore. It was evident that the situation had got beyond his grasp!"

"My sympathies," said the Bishop, rising and moving toward the door, "distinctly are with the drake. This situation has got beyond *my* grasp—a good way beyond it! I trust, Judge, that you will excuse me if I now leave you. I have an episcopal appointment that will not brook delay."

"Really, Judge," said the Colonel, "you are coming it rather strong, you know. I think I'll go too."

The Doctor, after regarding the Judge for some seconds with a dismayed admiration, exclaimed earnestly: "Gosh, Judge—all the other corkers ain't in it!" Then the Doctor also left the room.





## The Glad Young Chamois

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

HOW lightly leaps the youthful chamois  
 From rock to rock and never misses!  
 I always get all cold and clamoris  
 When near the edge of precipisses.

Confronted by some yawning chasm,  
 He bleats not for his sire or mamois  
 (That is, supposing that he has'm),  
 But yawns himself,—the bold young lamois!

He is a thing of beauty always;  
 And when he dies, a gray old ramois  
 Leaves us his horns to deck our hallways,—  
 His skin cleans teaspoons, soiled or jamois.

I shouldn't like to be a chamois,  
 However much I am his debtor.  
 I hate to run and jump; why, Damois,  
 Most any job would suit me bebtor!

### On Different Sides

EMPLOYER (*a rigid moralist*) to applicant for position as office-boy. "Both father and mother dead—hum—very sad!—With whom do you live, then?"

BOY (*timidly*). "Me and me grandfather lives in Houston Street."

EMPLOYER. "Your grandmother is dead too, then?"

BOY. "No, sir. She lives in New Jersey, sir!"

EMPLOYER (*severely*). "In New Jersey—what's she doing in New Jersey? This is

scandalous!—shameful! Why doesn't she live with your grandfather? They should live together!"

BOY (*in tears*). "'Cos she's me father's mother, sir, and he's me mother's father, sir!"

(*He gets the place.*)

### Truth will Out

OFFICE-BOY. "Please, Mr. Jones, my grandmother is dead, and so I must get off early to go to the funeral match—I mean the baseball ceremonies—that is—"

# Silence

Speech is great; but silence is greater.—CARLYLE

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

SILENCE! That's the greatest gift  
Man can cultivate.  
Sort of thing that's sure to lift  
Him from trouble great.  
When you're in the blackest hole,  
Getting deeper in,  
That's the time to keep control  
Of your chin.

When you get into a fuss  
With some other chap,  
Do not add unto the muss  
With a verbal rap.  
Hold your tongue right warily,  
Not a bit of slack,  
There'll be fewer things to be  
Taken back.

Speeches of the quarrelsome  
Easily unloosed  
Raise the Dickens when they come  
Home again to roost.

Nothing's harder to digest  
Than an acid word—  
Few can stand it at the best,  
So I've heard.

When you sit by her you love,  
Heart too full to speak,—  
Eyes like Heaven's blue above,  
Dimples in her cheek,—  
What's the use of trying, pray,  
Feelings to confess,  
When your thoughts the words you'd say  
Can't express?

So pretend that you are dumb  
As you walk your way.  
Let your motto bright be "Mumm!"  
Nothing for to say!"  
Let the other fellow show  
Off his cheerful chin,  
While in silence deep you go  
In and win.

## Literal

AGNES was being hurried off to bed at her usual hour, 8 P.M., despite the fact that there were guests in the house.

"Why, Agnes, you go to bed with the chickens, don't you?" a visitor sympathetically remarked.

"No, I don't," replied Agnes, resenting his reference to her youth, "I go to bed with mamma."

## The Bishop's Poverty

A PROMINENT churchman, who is very fond of a good story at the expense of the cloth, tells of an amusing incident in connection with an ordination ceremony in Virginia. As is usual on such occasions, the bishop present wore a red university hood at the back of his surplice.

Among the most interested of the congregation was an old-time ducky from Richmond. After the ceremony he was asked by some one how he had liked the proceedings.

"I was clean taken by de preachin' of de bishop," answered the negro, "an' at de same time I felt kinder sorry for him. He ain't got no wimmen to look after him, has he?"

"Why, what do you mean, Sam?"

"I noticed, sah, whenever de bishop turned round, dat de back of his coat was busted an' de red undershirt was a-show-in' through."



PORCUS. "When I look into your eyes I dream of home."  
PORCINA. "Yes; I've got a sty in one of my eyes."



### No Hurry at All

A LAZY and loquacious man whose farm lies just outside of Worcester, England, called at a neighbor's house recently.

"Sit down, sit down!" exclaimed the neighbor.

"I don't know as I ought," replied the farmer, but, nevertheless, he sat down. After some talk about crops, the farmer said slowly: "I don't know as I ought to be sitting here; I came over to see if I could get a ladder: our house is afire."

### He Kept It

LITTLE four-year-old Billie had an already vivid imagination, continually fed by the wonderful tales of James, the gardener. Not long ago he approached this prolific narrator with, "James, my kite's gone."

"Whar to, sonny-man?" the old negro asked.

"Into heaven," replied Billie, impressively. "It flew-ed, and flew-ed, until it went clean thro' the skies."

"But you had de string, honey; wharfore didn't you pull him down agin?"

"'Cause, James," the child continued, "when God saw *that* kite he cut the string and kept the kite."

### Another Daniel

SEVERAL years ago, the teacher of the infant class in a Brooklyn Sunday-school asked a friend to take the class for her for two Sundays. The friend hesitated, on the score of inexperience, but yielded on being assured that she would not be asked to teach anything; that her part would be merely to tell a Bible story to the children one Sunday, and let them repeat it to her on the following Sunday. She chose the story of Daniel, and was rewarded by breathless attention on the part of her



### Love at First Sight

hearers; but, being somewhat embarrassed by the newness of the situation, she finished by saying, "And now, children, perhaps some of you have heard this story before, and can tell me if I have left out anything." At this a hand was waved joyously, and a little boy's voice piped out, "That man's other name was Webster."

### Absent-mindedness

THERE was an absent-minded professor in a famous Western university who used to take long walks late in the evening. One night he was walking alone in deep meditation when he collided with a cow.

Thinking it was his friend the school-teacher, he politely doffed his hat and made a profound bow, saying, "I beg your pardon, madam."

After going a little farther he really did collide with the school-teacher. Recalling his previous experience, he exclaimed in utter disgust, "Is that you again, you brute!"





### A - Disadvantage

**M**Y sister, she plays mud-pies,  
And sits right in the sun;  
She looks just like a gipsy,  
And she has a lot of fun.

**B**UT I'm so fair I have to  
Keep clean, 'cause no one knows  
The difference when *she's* dirty,  
But you see, on me, it shows.

### The Little Unborn Story

**W**HEN the sun has slipped away,  
And the sky is sleepy-gray,  
And the birdies are all quiet in the tree,  
Then I curl up by the grate—in the shadow  
—and I wait;  
And oh! a little Story comes to me.

And it tells itself along,  
Softly, like a Happy Song,  
And all I have to do is just attend;  
It's the best I ever heard—ev'ry little single  
word,  
And I listen, oh, I listen till the end.

But I never can see why,  
That, no matter how I try  
To *tell* it as the others want me to,  
Ev'rything that it's about—flickers—flickers  
—and goes out!

That's why I cannot tell it—now—to you.

LAURA CAMPBELL.

### Awful Way to Spend the Sabbath

**A** PROMINENT minister tell's the follow-  
ing story about a friend of his residing  
in Pennsylvania. This friend, who is an  
Episcopalian, recently engaged as nurse a  
Scotch girl who had just landed in this  
country.

One Sunday the lady induced the nurse,  
who is the strictest sort of Presbyterian,  
to attend a beautiful church which had just  
been erected.

When the girl returned, the mistress  
asked her if she had not found the church  
a fine one.

"Yes, ma'am," responded the girl, "it  
is very beautiful."

"And the singing," said the lady, "wasn't  
that lovely?"

"Oh, yes," replied the nurse, "it was  
very lovely, ma'am, but don't you think  
it's an awful way to spend the Sab-  
bath?"











